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The Pacific Monthly Company

PACIFIC MONTHLY BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON

LUTE PEASE, Editor.
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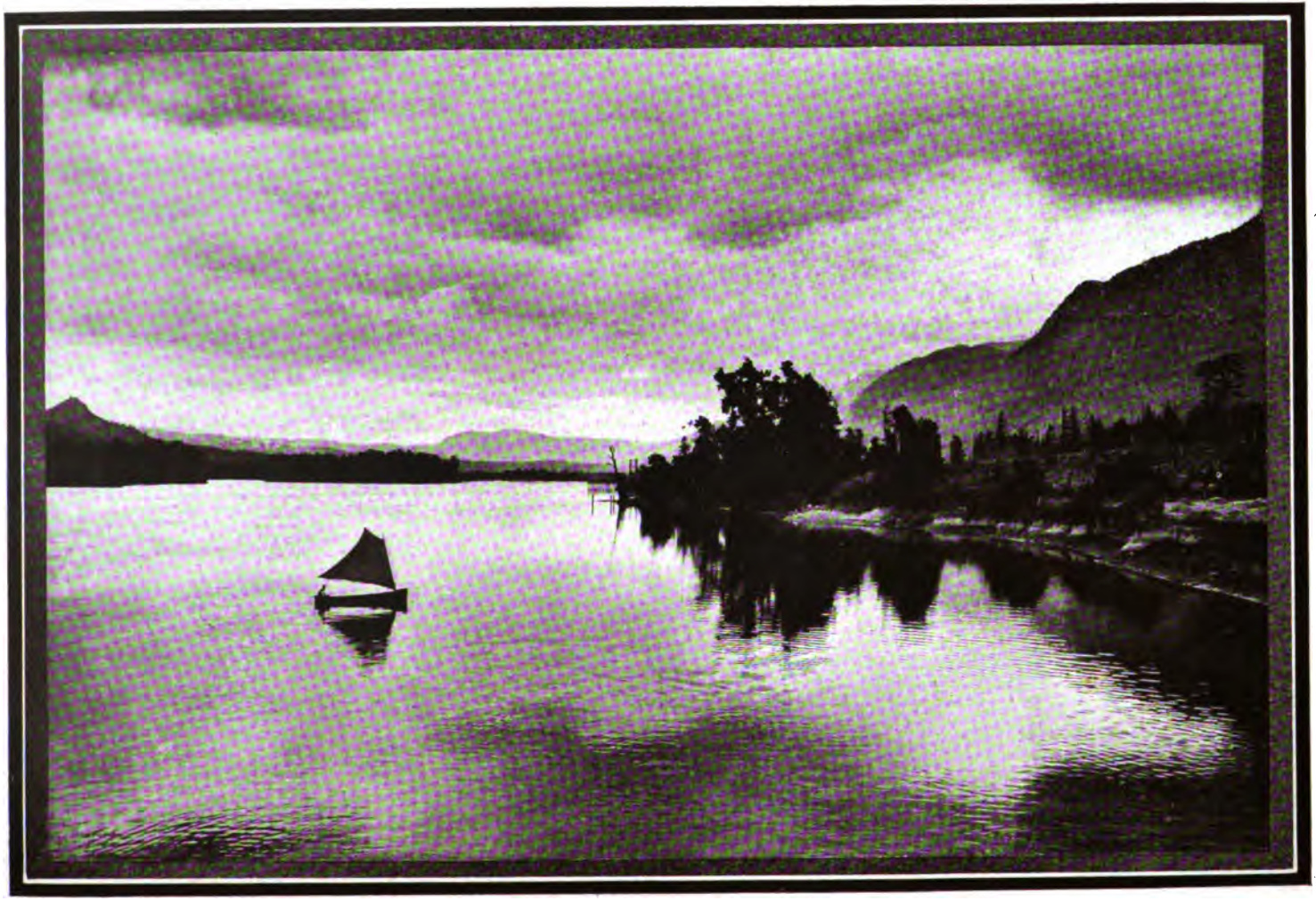
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The PACIFIC MONTHLY



VOL. XXI JANUARY, 1909 No. 1

The Story of the "North Bank" Road

By Lute Pease

DEVELOPMENT is the potent spirit of a mighty age, and James J. Hill its prophet, exponent, avatar in our Northwest, has just smoothed down another pathway for its stately march. Today a new railroad is no great novelty, yet it may be worth while to pause a moment, to reflect upon the meaning of one of these magnificent preliminary achievements for progress. In the words of a speaker at the banquet given a few weeks ago by the city of Portland, Oregon, to Mr. Hill, in celebration of the completion of the "North Bank" Road:

"The highway is the artery of social life and the avenue of social progress, and the railroad is the highway of today. It is not actual space that separates men, it is the difficulty of overcoming space. London is nearer Portland today than Boston was to Charleston a hundred years ago. When George Washington at Mount Vernon stepped into his coach for the journey to Philadelphia, where this nation was born, he started on a four or five days' journey. Today you go from New York to Washington in four or five hours.

"This is what the railroad has done. It has lengthened life and shortened space, those two great limitations upon our existence—time and space. Space has been cut down by steam and our lives have been relatively lengthened. It stands to reason, therefore, that for economic reasons and sociologic reasons and vital reasons, the railroad is the prime necessity of intercommunication between modern men. It has superseded all other land highways and is to our life the only highway. If we consider man as a problem, we find that he is a gregarious animal. That is, everywhere he has been found in flocks and tribes. He will not live isolated. And to this fact is greatly due the evolution of man;—his rise and progress. Had he lived alone, his aspirations, his struggles, his knowledge, would have died with him; but man has handed his aspirations and knowledge from man to man and from generation to generation, until today he dares to speculate upon the origin of that very life and intellect which enables him to speculate.

"He has gathered between his palms the lightning and he weighs the stars. We have this structure: The progress of man resting upon society. Society resting upon intercourse and exchange, and intercourse resting upon highways. It is, therefore, not too much to say that highways control

man's life and development. The first rude trail between tribes was a beginning of civilization."

As an example of what the coming of a railroad may mean to a region, the story of the "North Bank" or Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway, is interesting. Glance at the map of this continent. From Mexico to the Yukon River there is but one feasible *down grade* outlet from the great interior to the coast region; — the Columbia River gorge. This stream, the second largest in the United States and the only one of importance in the West commercially, with its deep-water channel, enormous lumbering industry and the greatest salmon fisheries in the world, cuts straight through the Cascade range, dividing Washington and Oregon, and offering the only way out of the vast Inland Empire not over mountain pass.



Photograph Courtesy of The Oregonian.
A SNAP SHOT AT JAMES J. HILL.

Grades are the mighty problem in railroad building. As a chain is as strong as its weakest link, so the economy of railroad operation is practically governed by its steepest grade.

The Harriman system has long possessed a line down the south bank of the Columbia, the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, which was completed nearly a quarter of a century ago. But the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroad builders, striving to reach Puget Sound in the most direct fashion, each climbed the slopes and tunnelled under the summits of the Cascade range in Washington, and the heavy grades and the snow blockades of winter have staggered both roads at times ever since. Years ago Mr. Hill realized the necessity for having an outlet down the easy Columbia River grade, and, becoming the leading power and influence with both roads, he felt that the time for action had arrived. But the Harriman interests in control of all lines at the Southward, were a force to be reckoned with. When C. S. Mellen was at the head of the Northern Pacific, a "gentleman's agreement," to last five years is said to have been entered into between the Harriman and the Hill interests, by which it was understood that each would respect the other's territory.

Mr. Harriman has recently stated that his proposition to the Hill people was that they should run their trains over the "O. R. & N." (his line down the south bank of the Columbia), in return for which concession the Harriman interests should have the privilege of using the Northern Pacific line from Portland to Puget Sound. At best, of course, this could scarcely be more than a temporary arrangement. It does not appear to have appealed to the Hill people, to the extent of committing them to a definite agreement thereon. At any rate, the year 1905 saw the Hill forces actively started on the North Bank Road. "Some day some road would have it," remarked President Elliott, of the Northern Pacific, at the time. "We wanted to be that road."



THE GATEWAY TO THE GREAT INLAND EMPIRE.
The Columbia River Provides the Only Feasible Down-Grade Outlet to the Pacific.

Mr. Hill remarked that along the north shore of the Columbia River is room but for one railroad: "I suppose the Northern Pacific would be jealous of the Great Northern building there, and we would be jealous of their building there, so we concluded that we would build jointly, and build a road that had no adverse grade." Naturally, public announcement was not made prematurely.

Victory By Strategy.

The newspapers are fond of referring to the achievement as a "wonderful instance of railroad strategy." The first right-of-way for the new line was secured, it is said, before 1903,—agents for the Hill line working with the utmost circumspection. For the next two years reports began to thicken, of railroad rights-of-way being purchased; interesting statements of purchases by the Northern Pacific—which from the beginning has had a branch line from Puget Sound to Portland,—purchases of water-front areas at Portland and tracts suitable for railway terminals, etc. The preliminary surveys had been very quietly made, but the Harriman people at last awoke to the situation when a big construction force was in active operation along the north bank of the Columbia. A long, foolish, futile and very expensive contest followed.

The Harriman interests rushed a corps of engineers and workmen up the Columbia River to checkmate their rivals by covering strategic points. Concealment no longer being necessary, official announcement of the new project was finally made by President Howard Elliott, of the Northern Pacific, through Assistant General Passenger Agent A. D. Charlton, at Portland, in September, 1905. He stated that the Great Northern and Northern Pacific companies had organized, and now jointly owned the "Portland and Seattle Railway Company," which would promptly build a line from a junction with the parent lines in the interior, down the north bank of the Columbia River to Vancouver, Washington, thence bridging the Columbia and Willamette Rivers to Portland, thus giving a new, easy and



AN INCIDENT OF THE WARFARE BETWEEN THE RIVAL ROADS IN 1906.
Wallula-Pacific (or Columbia Valley) Graders Cutting Down the Grade of the Hill Line.



Photograph by S. M. Mattison.

BEFORE THE RAILROAD.



THE HILL SYSTEM'S NEW 3000-FOOT BRIDGE ACROSS THE COLUMBIA, AT VANCOUVER.
A Big Item in the Cost of Entrance to Portland.

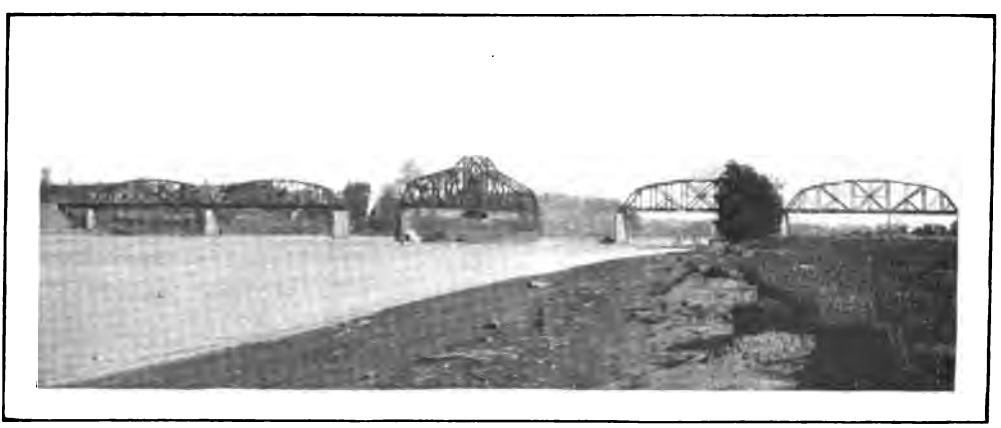
direct line from tide-water on the Pacific, to and from the East. And Mr. Elliott's announcement concluded with a request for the kindly co-operation of the people of Portland and the State of Oregon.

The news was confirmed about a month later by both Mr. Hill and Mr. Elliott at a banquet given them by the city of Portland at the Lewis and Clark Fairgrounds. The enthusiastic banqueters there promised Mr. Hill that Portland should have a "forty-foot channel to the sea," to which the railroad-builder replied: "When you get a channel down to forty feet, depend upon it all the cities of the Pacific Coast will have to take their hats off to you, because you have one supreme advantage: Nature made the pass;—water follows the line of least resistance, and so does commerce."

Mr. Elliott made this striking point in his speech at the banquet: "The foreign commerce of the world, outside of the Orient, amounts to $27 a person a year; the foreign commerce of the whole Orient, $3.50 a person a year. It is only a question of a few years before they double and treble that foreign commerce. Will that not mean much to the United States, and especially to the Pacific Coast?"

Effect of the Announcement.

The effect of the official announcement was electrical. Mr. Hill was hailed as the deliverer of Oregon from the thralldom of Harriman, although the chief



THE HILL SYSTEM'S NEW BRIDGE ACROSS THE WILLAMETTE, NEAR PORTLAND.
It Has the Largest Draw-Span in the World.



TYPICAL TUNNEL ON THE NEW NORTH BANK ROAD (SPOKANE, PORTLAND AND SEATTLE R. R.)



TUNNEL AT CAPE HORN, ON THE COLUMBIA.

complaint against Mr. Harriman was his failure to make good on promises to provide increased railroad facilities to the State of Oregon. Oregon, and especially Portland, rejoiced. People were quick to realize the great significance of the city's position as a common terminal of the two great rival transportation systems of the West. The news seemed especially propitious with the success of



Photograph Courtesy of The Portland Telegram.

HILL PARTY ARRIVING IN PORTLAND RECENTLY TO CELEBRATE COMPLETION OF THE "NORTH BANK" ROAD.

From Left to Right: Louis W. Hill, President Great Northern; James J. Hill; Francis B. Clarke, President the Spokane, Portland and Seattle; Howard Elliott, President of the Northern Pacific.

the Lewis and Clark Fair, then in full swing. Real estate began to jump in value. "What we most need now," said T. B. Wilcox, the leading exporter of Oregon, "is a channel to the sea, deep-enough for the greatest vessels." And Portland decided, with enthusiasm, to have such a channel. It was realized that through this easy, "water-grade" gateway from the interior, must run much of the Oriental freight. The grain

of the whole Columbia River Valley, and all the Northwestern territory tributary to the Northern Pacific and Great Northern lines, would logically come down the Valley. At Portland, Astoria and Vancouver, new warehouses, docks, and elevators would be built. Then, too, the Hill interests would add a new and potent factor in the perennial effort to secure help from Congress to make and keep a deep-water channel from Portland to the sea. It meant the beginning of Portland's growth as a great city.

"It fixes the destiny of the city as the chief mart of the entire Columbia River basin: The first consequence of building the North Bank Road must be that all tributary commerce will seek here its natural and inevitable depot. This means that the outlook of all Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho will be down the

Columbia River to Portland." Perhaps. happy thought!—it would divert a deal of the grain business from Tacoma to new elevators at Portland. Remarked the Portland *Oregonian*, jubilantly, giving Mr. Harriman a "dig":

"The meaning of the Northern Pacific-Great Northern construction down the north bank of the Columbia into Portland, is that Oregon is at last free from the Harriman thralldom. * * * We have, in the proposed North Bank road a most striking illustration of the historic Hill railroad policy. Mr. Hill is a traffic creator. If there is business to be had, he goes for it, and if there is business to be developed, he develops it. He overlooks no practical opportunities; he is deterred by no obstacles; he never wears out the public patience, and forfeits general confidence and respect, by waiting until he fears someone else may build, and then bottling up a country by monopolizing rights-of-way, so that nothing may be done until he gets ready to pull the cork, which may be, and probably will be,—never. There is no dog-in-the-manger odium to be attached to Mr. Hill; no you-shant-make-hay-and-I-wont policy about him. He is not afraid of trespassing upon the enemy's territory. The terms of the ancient division-of-territory agreement between himself and Mr. Harriman he regards, evidently, in a Pickwickian sense. Having crossed the Rubicon of the Columbia into Portland, it may be hoped that this modern railroad Caesar will not stop until he has traversed all parts of Oregon. Who, or what is there to stop him?"

Harriman Tried to Stop Him.

It is said that the attempt cost the Harriman system some millions, not only in "bluff" construction work and bringing legal proceedings in the courts of Oregon and Washington; but also hurried purchases of terminal lands and rights-of-way at Puget Sound points and Astoria. Real estate owners secured hitherto undreamed-of prices. Already having possession of all rights-of-way down the north bank of the Columbia to the mouth, the Hill interests quietly absorbed, in the open market, the Astoria and Columbia River Railroad, which connects Portland with Astoria on the south bank of the river. The Harriman people revived the old Wallula Pacific, or Columbia Valley Railroad, which had been incorporated years before, and rushed more gangs of graders and engineers to the north bank of the Columbia. The war lasted a year and a half, and was, at times, quite bitter. "Every means of disturbing the rival crews was resorted to, from rolling rocks down from the bluffs upon them, to securing legal processes from the courts; injunction writs of various kinds, and condemnation suits issued from the Washington courts with surprising frequency, during the time the warfare was at its height.

"One day the Hill forces were holding a certain strategic point; the next the Harriman contractors would take possession by force of numbers, only to be routed next day by a hand-to-hand encounter, reinforcements having arrived over night. It was a dull day without an encounter between rival graders. Many were wounded in the skirmishes, and once there was imminent danger of a pitched and serious battle." It is said, however, that at times the "scraps" were almost farcial; the graders, having little interest in either side, tossing rocks at one another with grins more or less good-natured.

From the beginning, the good faith of the project was attacked vigorously by the Hill people, who contended that the Wallula Pacific was projected merely to hamper the Portland and Seattle road, and was never intended to be built. The Hill interests won everything, the courts holding that the opposition did not have a *bona fide* project, that it was purely a movement to harass the building of the Hill line. The best interests of the whole people being served by having as many roads as possible, and as it was evident that the Hill interests actually intended to build a road, their contention was upheld by the courts, from "consideration of public policy."

Early in the spring of 1907 the Harriman interests gave up the fight. The offices of the "Wallula Pacific" were vacated, its officials scattered, its contractors paid off and dismissed, and its construction material sold. Aside from intrinsically interesting features, the public's interest in such fights lies in the fact that the expense eventually goes

upon the railroad company's books, and becomes a part of that sum upon which "fixed charges" are ultimately based. The quite unnecessary trouble between the rival interests seems to have been finally adjusted by an agreement whereby Mr. Hill received no further interference, in consideration of non-interference with Mr. Harriman's movement upon Puget Sound. The extension of the Harriman line from Portland to Seattle will doubtless be the next important railroad work in the Northwest, and the Harriman interests are relieved from all bother and anxiety about crossing the Columbia River, by reason of the "common-user" clause in the government's franchise for the great Hill bridge, crossing the Columbia at Vancouver. Henceforth, says Mr. Harriman ("mellowed by the benign influences of an outing spent in the sunny climate of Southern Oregon") Mr. Hill and I will keep the hatchet buried and will work hand in hand for the development of the Pacific Northwest.

The Line.

Connecting at Portland with the southern terminus of the Northern Pacific, the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway as actually completed, extends in a straight line across the Willamette River, the "Peninsula," Columbia Slough, Shaw's Island and the main Columbia to Vancouver, Washington; thence along the shore of the Columbia eastward to a junction with the Northern Pacific again, at Pasco, Washington; a total of 230 miles of new construction. The new road shortens the distance from Portland to Spokane by nearly sixty miles, and its lack of adverse grades and short curves gives it an even greater advantage over any other line from tidewater to the Inland Empire.

No other strip of railway construction of equal length in the West matches in quality the "North Bank." Originally announced to cost about $8,000,000, the total expense involved in the projects is said to have reached nearly $45,000,000. "But," remarked Mr. Hill, in one of his Portland speeches, "let me say to you in good faith, the North Bank Road cannot fail, because we have 22,000 miles of good, prosperous road—about ten per cent of the total mileage of the United States—behind us."

Starting the grade just ten feet above the celebrated flood-water mark of 1894, a uniform lift of only two tenths of one per cent per mile is maintained with precision throughout the distance. No curve on the line exceeds three degrees. In the grading, more than 18,000,000 cubic yards of material, about one third rock, was moved. A total of five miles of solid rock was cut through. There are thirteen tunnels, varying in length from 150 feet to 2,350 feet. For a time, 7,000 men were employed on the work. It was completed in the wonderfully short time of two and one-half years, and reflects credit alike upon the road's president (during the construction period) Charles M. Levey (now third vice-president of the Northern Pacific), and upon its chief engineer, N. D. Miller.

The general offices of the road are in Portland. Its chief officials are: Francis B. Clarke, president; M. P. Martin, secretary and treasurer; F. S. Forest, general superintendent; H. M. Adams, general freight and passenger agent; R. H. Jenkins, assistant general freight and passenger agent; F. D. Keuttner, auditor.

Costly Entrance to Portland.

To effect an entrance into Portland from the north bank of the Columbia was a very costly undertaking, but it was carried out with the unswerving thoroughness that characterized the building of the entire line. In the short distance separating Vancouver from the Oregon metropolis, two great double-track bridges and a long concrete viaduct had to be built. The bridge over the Columbia is one of the greatest in America, the total length of the steel structures being nearly 3,000 feet. It is provided with a 446-foot draw-span, the solid concrete pivot-pier of which, it happened, was built over eighteen years ago for the Union Pacific, when that road was planning a line to Puget Sound from Portland (a project that never got beyond a start). Most of the piers for this bridge

reach a depth of eighty feet below low water, and are of solid concrete up to ten feet below low water; thence are built up with granite masonry backed by concrete.

Shaw's Island is crossed by a twenty-six-span steel viaduct, 2135 feet long, on concrete piers. Then comes the Columbia-Slough bridge, 1466 feet long; and finally, the Willamette River bridge, 1762 feet, just below Portland, with a draw-span 521 feet in length—the greatest draw-span in the world.

Materials used in the bridges:
Cement 76,000 barrels.
Timber in foundations, 7,000,000 feet.
Piles, 300,000 lineal feet.
Concrete in piers, 68,000 cubic yards.
Granite masonry, 10,876 cubic yards.
Steel and iron, 43,000,000 pounds.

The Last Spike.

With fitting ceremony, in the presence of a large crowd of invited persons, the golden spike was driven home by Chief Engineer Miller, March 11, 1908, at Sheridan's Point, on the Columbia. Here, speakers called attention to the fact that just a little over 100 years ago, Lewis and Clark, the first white men into the Oregon country, passed that point on their historic expedition. Within a stone's throw of the same point, just fifty-two years before, a little band of Oregon's first settlers,—some forty men, women and children,—held their ground against repeated attack from 200 to 300 very confident and blood-thirsty Indians. Reinforcements arriving from Fort Vancouver at the west and Fort Dalles at the east, the savages were put to flight, a number of their leading warriors being captured and duly hanged by way of warning to their tribesmen.

The scene of this "last-spike" driving is one of the most picturesque and romantic in America. Indeed, the North Bank road is bound to become popular as a tourist route. Throughout its length it has no superior in point of scenic beauty and grandeur. "Nature has builded in this region with a lavish recklessness. The towering crags, the rock-ribbed hills, the huge boulders, the snow-capped peaks, the aclivities clad with fir and pine; Table Mountain, Castle Rock, St. Peter's Dome and the rest, the rich and varied coloring, the silvery mountain streams trickling down the fronts of lofty cliffs; the wonderful waterfalls; the Columbia itself, now widening to an almost placid stream, now thundering and foaming over and through great rocks, or narrowing to a swift, deep current as it dashes through a gorge."

The Final Celebration.

Three years after the famous banquet at the Lewis and Clark Fair, Oregon again greeted Mr. Hill and President Elliott. Portland gave the officials of the Hill system a great banquet at the Commercial Club, November 6, last. There was much cheering and general felicitation and the speeches lasted long past midnight.

Mr. Hill's speech was another of his notable contributions to economics. He said little on the subject of railroads, but much on the great problem of the conservation of our resources. He pointed out how, with the logical increase of population within the next fifty years, this country will be consuming all the grain that it can produce,—perhaps more, unless the soil generally is given better and more scientific treatment than at present. "Let us educate ourselves to take care of our resources," he said. "We have, in the past, been reckless. Formerly we could abandon the old field and move on to a new one, but the tide of emigration has already reached the Pacific Ocean, and is now beating back, and it will meet the other tide that is constantly rising, because people will marry, and live in marriage and children will be born, and people will come to the United States from other countries as long as we pay the highest scale of wages in the known world. * * * The man who has his feet in the soil, the man who grows out of the soil, as a tree grows up out of it, is the man who will succeed, and he is the man who will be the cornerstone of the future life,—social, commercial and financial,—of our whole country."

The Future of the North Bank Road.

The Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway is now being extended from Pasco to Spokane, and will be completed to the latter point about February 1, next. The extension will parallel the Northern Pacific lines for a short distance, then cut through the great Eastern Washington wheat and stock region between the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation lines. This will stimulate still more the development of Eastern Washington; a region probably no richer than the huge empire of Eastern Oregon but which, owing to railroad service, is incalculably further developed. It is not remarkable that Oregon should regard Mr. Hill very hopefully. "Perhaps he will do something for our Inland Empire, if Harriman wont," they are saying. However, it is doubtless but a matter of a very few years before new lines are built by someone through Eastern Oregon.

Without doubt the North Bank will prove a very profitable line. It will have its share of the immense grain business of the Inland Empire of the Northwest. In 1907 this region produced 66,000,000 bushels of wheat, 23,500,000 bushels of oats and 12,363,000 bushels of barley, or a total of 101,000,000 bushels of grain valued at $66,412,000. In addition to this is the business to be derived from the rapidly growing fruit industry of the Columbia and Snake River valleys, which will soon be one of the most important fruit-producing regions in the country. Down through the Columbia River gorge are very great resources of timber, and with the clearing of the valleys and benchlands, more of the finest farming and fruit-growing areas to be found anywhere. Yet further on is the rich territory back of Vancouver, Washington, devoted to stock, dairy, fruit and farming products (This splendid region produces 10,000,000 pounds of prunes annually). Finally through control of the lower Columbia, the Hill system secures a masterful grip on the incalculable shipping business of the fast developing lumber industry. The salmon-canning industry will contribute its quota, so that eventually all these elements of business will send the Hill trains Eastward as heavily laden with long-haul freights as they came Westward; this, too, unimpeded as heretofore by the grades and snow blockades of the Cascades.

Results Present and Future.

Very great already are the tangible, results from the building of the North Bank. Of course it would be foolish to ascribe to that work all of the remarkable material progress made in this region since 1905; but a very large share of it may be justly credited to that achievement. More has come to pass than was generally hoped for and predicted three years ago. Naturally, each separate, important community is ever prone to hold that the Development Genie has its interests especially in his keeping. These funny rivalries between towns must frequently give a deal of worry to our big railroad managers. "Everywhere in the West," complains one of these (J. C. Stubbs of the Harriman system), "cities are trying to be distributing centers, and struggling to receive advantages over other cities in their zone."

With the completion of the North Bank Road, Vancouver gives a rousing cheer: "Whoop her up, Vancouver, the head of deep water and the grain port of the world! Our city will no longer be the backdoor of Portland; she will be the front door. This road will build up Vancouver until, within the next thirty years, Portland will be the Oakland to our San Francisco!"

Astoria, too, is confident that Glowing Future has her particularly in mind. "The purchase by the Hill interests, of immense water frontages on the harbor of Astoria, for docks, terminals, shops and elevators, has wrought the double advantage of forcing the Harriman interests to get in on the same lines and secure bay frontage and terminal facilities nearly as good, and quite as extensive. Thus is Astoria made doubly important as the sea terminus of two great railroad systems; a position that, sooner or later, will place her in the foremost rank of the marine-and-rail metropolis



SCENE IN PORTLAND HARBOR.

of the country." And envious old Portland, "ever dreading Astoria's superb maritime advantage," will be humiliated accordingly.

Tacoma and Seattle, mutually despising—though Seattle thus far outstripping the former—are equally serene in the conviction that not only are they naturally the pet cities of the Hill system, but that the completion of the North Bank line and the coming of the Harriman extension from Portland must inevitably, and forever insure their superiority to "poor old Portland." And out comes the hammer chorus: "Portland, a great seaport metropolis, indeed! Beware! all you craft of the Pacific, beware of the Columbia Bar and that 120-mile mud-turtle channel! Portland's 'Channel,'—Pshaw! It would be a good channel if the bottom were n't so near the top. Ours is the only really great seaport of the future on the Pacific Coast. San Francisco? Pish! by the 'Great Circle' route, we are days nearer to the Orient."

Portland grins derisively and remembers Mr. Hill's remark: "If you can get a channel deep enough for the biggest ships, all the other cities will have to take their hats off to you." Also that ocean craft will always like the only fresh-water port of the Coast, for it clears the barnacles and so enables swifter sailing. Portland has not yet obtained the promised forty-foot channel, but she has been grimly expending $2,500,000 to dig it as deep as she can, and expects the rest of the country to "help out" on the Columbia river and bar. And why not? It is no more a Portland affair than it is the Nation's, yet the Government has expended on the rivers below Portland, not including the bar, only a little more than half as much as Portland; yet the watershed of the Columbia includes more than half of Washington, two-thirds of Oregon, practically all of Idaho and part of Montana and British Columbia. All of the country is directly interested in the matter of the lowest freight rates to the Orient, and the Columbia gateway provides the only down-grade opening to the Pacific Coast.

However, all in good time. Ships drawing twenty five and a half feet can now reach Portland, and her shipping is already immense. The city has grown a third larger in population during the last three years; manufacturers and other big business enterprises have come as never before. One of the greatest packing plants in America is building here. Thousands have become "independent" from the enormous increase of real-estate values, and like all other Western cities, Portland sees nothing but continued wealth and "phenomenal" growth in the future.

A Larger Meaning.

There is a larger meaning to the coming of any new railroad than the particular advantage of any city. After all, commerce is sure to find the easiest channels, wherever they lie. A railroad scatters the seeds of development throughout its course: It "builds up the country" and the city can never be more than a market-place for the country. The saying is trite that no city can be great without great developed country back of it. The ultimate source of wealth is the country, and "Oh, for a railroad!" is the cry of the railroadless region. Ten years ago, George Sandell, a one-armed baker, "took up" a quarter section of Government land on the bank of the Columbia opposite the town of Hood River, Oregon. After "proving up" he would have been glad to sell it all with improvements, at ten dollars an acre, at any time up to three years ago. Then along came the North Bank road. Before the line was completed he had sold all but a small fraction of his claim, at from $75 to $150 an acre, in twenty-acre tracts. Thus where one poor and lonely settler was struggling with the stumps in a 160-acre wilderness three years ago, will soon be seven or eight prosperous families with "R. F. D." and other modern farm conveniences; growing fruit and other produce and shipping it out on the railroad. Just one small sample of what the railroad means;—new homes and settlements and progress. Hark! hark! hear the real estate men shout! The homeseekers are coming West at the rate of thousands a day.

A Question of Courage

By John Kenneth Turner

DAN KILLEN, desperado, leaned against the bar of of the Blue Lizard saloon, his right hand playing a restless tattoo on a hip-hung six-shooter. Every few moments Dan would twist his body petulantly, black frowns would darken and distort the leaden expanse of his forehead and lightning shafts would dart from one to the other of his golden brown eyes.

But it was not these manifestations of blood-hunger that caused the loungers to cast furtive, anxious glances at Killen; it was the twining and twisting and twirling of his mane-like mustache. With the dexterous index finger of his left hand the bad man wound and contorted and pulled his big black pet, now into fierce, horizontal prongs, now into tight, pig-tail spirals, now into soft, wavy rings. This was the infallible omen, the unfailing portent. This hirsute spectacle was famous in Centipede Hole, and it was the certain warning of an eruption of the intermittent volcano which slept somewhere below Killen's red bandana necktie.

The other men of Centipede Hole were no set of arrant cowards. But why contend against the invincible? Dan Killen could draw and riddle two men while any other marksman in the territory was reaching for his gun. Without turning his head he could perforate the heart of an enemy fifty feet behind his back. When in mood more playful than murderous, he could bullet-curl the mustache of a tenderfoot at a dozen paces or bring down a horse-fly on the wing. No, it was not at all strange that Killen had Centipede Hole cowed, aye, buffaloed, hippopotamused, even elephanted half to death.

Suddenly, with a final ferocious jerk, the black mane was turned floorward in two spikes, like the tusks of a walrus, Killen's idle fingers closed on the butt of his revolver and he jerked the weapon from its holster. At the movement there was a precipitate scattering of the other loungers. Men who had been loafing about the resort all day suddenly remembered that they had business elsewhere. Most of them preferred to seek it through the back door, the farthest from the man with the gun, while several searched for theirs under the idle poker tables scattered over the capacious floor. Even the bartender ducked behind his breast-high bulwark and, tucking himself safe beneath a shelf of burnished tumblers, patiently wiped a beer glass as he waited for the expected fusillade.

The only person who did not fly before the Killen cannon was a stranger, a baby-faced youth in a checked suit, purple necktie and derby hat. This individual remained in his chair, his patent-leathers comfortably crossed on a table, grinning amusedly at Killen as the latter frowned after the disappearing coat-tails.

"Bums! Free-lunch bums! That 's all they are!" grunted Killen, in disgust. "There aint a lick of fight in one of 'em. Not a one of 'em dast to blink twice in the face of a grown-up man. Hey! You sabe who you 're rubbering at?"—noticing the stranger—"Why did n't you scamper with the rest of the rats?"

Glaring a glare specially invented for the terrorization of tenderfoots, Killen jerked the spikes of his mustache another point toward the bowels of the earth, raised his weapon, drew a bead on the pink rim of the stranger's left ear, and—hesitated. For his eye, glancing

along the barrel, looked through a window beyond the back of the baby-faced stranger.

The window was set in a single wall separating two adjoining saloons, the Blue Lizard and the Horned Toad. Inside the Horned Toad Killen saw four men playing poker, unaware of the commotion that had just racked the belly of the Blue Lizard.

"Shucks!" grunted the bad man, lowering his weapon. "I came mighty nigh shooting a winning hand out of the fist o' Bill Potts; and he 's my friend. Hey, kid"—with a gleeful grin—"Watch me send 'em tumbling now. Just pipe me pick the ace of diamonds out of that red-headed geezer's grip."

"Bang!" The stranger turned to see a pane shiver with a crash and to catch a sight of an ace of diamonds flying from a row of cards. On the instant the table was kicked over, legs waved in the air as the players tumbled backward in their chairs, while a hum as from a rudely awakened bee-hive welled up in the maw of the Horned Toad.

Chuckling down in the depths of his unpolished boots, Killen ejected the empty shell from his smoking gun, replaced it with a loaded one, and glanced expectantly at the front door. In a moment there burst in a group of angry men, each brandishing a deadly weapon. Eagerly they looked about for the peace disturber, but when they saw it was Dan their eagerness vanished, they strove to hide their guns and, turning tail, they shoved and jostled one another, each in a mad effort to be first through the door and out of sight.

"Haw, haw," laughed Killen, his temper sweetening. "Not one of 'em's game —not one of 'em. They 're free lunch; that 's what they are. They 're a colony o' prairie dogs—scootin' for their holes the minute they spot me. Shucks! I could clean out the whole ant-hill single-handed. Say, kid, why aint you congratulatin' me for that bulls-eye of mine?"

"It was a good shot," admitted the baby-faced youth, readily, but without enthusiasm.

"Good!" snorted the desperado. "You ought to be grovelin' at my feet over it. You ought to be howling my praises and pounding a tambourine and bass drum over me. You sabe who you 're admiring, kid? Dan Killen, the nerviest gent and the surest shooter that ever turned a card or pulled a trigger!"

"You 're a good shot, all right," replied the stranger, with a shrug, "but I dont know about your nerve."

"What?" screamed Killen, then leaped into the air and let out a whoop of pure delight. "Ho! Ho! Gents!" his eyes glittering and his tobacco-stained teeth snapping together like those of a hungry rat. "Hooray! I 've found my meal at last. Come, gents, come to the big feast, to the feast of the juicy lamb. Hey, lamb, yank out your iron and defend yourself!"

And as if to emphasize his remarks the bully of Centipede Hole shot the tailor-made cigarette from between the stranger's teeth, shivered the rim of his derby hat with a bullet and picked a fly off the second knuckle of his left hand.

"Mercy! fellow!" protested the check-suited youth. "I 'm unarmed. You would n't murder an unarmed man, would you?"

"That 's something I never done," cried Killen. "Here 's one cannon and here 's another. Take your choice and start the fireworks. I tell you I 'm hungry—I 'm in a hurry for my dinner."

"Aw, I dont know anything about those thingumbobs," insisted the stranger. "I 'd hate awfully to take the life of a fellow mortal, anyhow."

"One more coward; one more white-livered prairie dog!" bellowed Killen, waving a pistol encouragingly at the hangers-on, who were beginning cautiously to return.

"I 'm no coward," retorted the youth, flushing. "I 'm just as brave as you are. So there!"

"Hey?" cried the bad man. "Did n't I just back you out for a gun fight?"

"Sure. But you knew I could n't shoot. You did 'nt take any chances."

"But how about my record? Aint I took chances in the past? Aint I put away whole settlements of grownups, every one of 'em armed with as good

smoke-wagons as my own and every one as able to use 'em as myself?"

"No. You said yourself that you 're the quickest and surest shot in these parts. You always knew that you could get the other fellow before he got you. It was like a big boy bullying a little one. I dont see that you 're brave, at all."

"What in Sam Hill do you make of that gibberish?" inquired Killen, turning to Sam Toombs, a member of the circle which now surrounded the two men.

"Sounds like good logic to me," grunted Toombs, "though I can 't say I ever thought of it that way before."

"Yes," continued the stranger, rubbing it in. "You can 't tell whether any man is brave until you see him fight with the chances against him. Any coward can fight with the odds on his side. The only way you can prove that you 're a braver man than I, is to fight with weapons that suit me better than they do you. But of course I dont expect——"

"You bet I 'll do it!" exploded Killen. "I 'm afraid of nobody with nothin'. Name your killers, kid. I 'll show you which one of us has got the sand in his boots. Trot out your weapons; barkers or bread knives, cleavers or chop-sticks, pop-guns or poker, tomahawks or naked claws—I 'll match my grit against yours at anything you can name."

"But I dont want to actually kill anybody. I——"

"Well, then, shed your coat," cried Killen, giving his mane a ferocious jerk and beginning to roll up his sleeves. "We 'll pummel a little."

"But I dont like to pummel, either," objected the youth.

"Then what *do* you want to do? Why dont you name your weapons?" fumed the bad man.

"Well, if you really mean it, if you 're game, here you are!"

At the words the youth drew from a pocket a vicious looking mechanism the length of a large jack-knife and two-thirds the thickness of his fist. It was a mysterious and complicated affair and the young man immediately began to unfold it, bringing to light numerous blades, screws, hinges and other instruments.

"What in whiskered-billy-goats is that thing?" gasped Killen while the ring of spectators crowded closer.

"That," replied the youth, proudly, "is the greatest combination tool chest and household help ever offered to the public. It performs forty-three different and distinct mechanical operations, each by means of a simple twist of the wrist, while the most complex contrivance heretofore offered was capable of but seventeen operations. It is invaluable alike for the parlor, the workshop, the kitchen and the toilet, reducing, according to mathematical calculations, the labor of the housekeeper, forty-two and one-half per cent. It embraces a potato peeler, can opener, cork puller, screw driver, corn parer, shoe buttoner, hair clipper, nail file, razor and whetstone, while here 's a mirror and there 's a tooth extractor. By closing it up you have a potato masher, as well as a perfect form for darning socks. Besides——"

"But which of the blamed dewdads are we goin' to cut and slash with?" interrupted the impatient bully.

"We 're not going to cut and slash with any part of it," explained the baby-faced stranger. "I," said he, proudly, "have just graduated from the Y. M. C. A. school of salesmanship and you and I are going to match our respective courage in selling it."

"Sell it!" bawled Killen.

"Sure. Peddle it to the housewives of Centipede Hole. You take the north end of the burg and I 'll take the south, and it wont be long before we find out whether or not you 're a brave man."

"Excuse me," snorted the desperado. "I 'm no peddler."

"Just as I expected," sneered the stranger. "You 're crawfishing already. You 're backing down. You 're taking water. Where 's the midnight dream of terror now? Where 's the unscared bully of Centipede Hole? I tell you that you have n't the nerve to fight me at my own game. You dont dare to face the housewives of this town and you know it. You 're a coward!"

Choking with rage, the gambler turned to the crowd, but in no face could he discover a gleam of sympathy.

"I guess it 's up to you," volunteered Sam Toombs. "You invited him to choose his own weapons and he 's chose 'em. If you want to uphold your reputation for valor in this here town it 's up to you to play the game out."

"I 'll do it," growled Killen, wondering why he did n't slaughter the young man right there, as well as everybody else in sight for their unparalleled impudence. "But mark you, kid, whichever of us is licked at this game has got to leave town before another morning and dont you forget it! Hand over your stock of trinkets now and be quick about it!"

"Here they are," replied the youth with alacrity, reaching for a satchel which reposed under the table. "Two dollars and thirty-three cents is the price; cut down from three while they 're being introduced. Take 'em along, bag and all, and I 'll go back to the hotel for mine. I 'll leave some more with the bartender, so if you negotiate more than the couple of dozen there you can come back for a fresh supply. Ho, gents! The duel is on!"

Without a word Killen grabbed up the handbag, bolted out the door and down the street. Like a drove of sheep the crowd followed, curious and chuckling. Noticing them, the gambler wheeled and whipped out a revolver.

"Get back there, you turkey buzzards!" he snarled. "I aint a-goin to have any of you spyin' on me."

Rapidly Dan Killen strode to the north end of town, set down his satchel and surveyed his field of operations. There were three streets of straggling buildings, no street being more than a quarter of a mile long.

"Shucks!" grunted Killen, twirling his mustache into soft, wavy rings. "Women! It 's the easiest thing yet. I 'm glad I always was a winner with women, though I never tried to sell 'em anything, as I remember of."

Boldly he picked up his satchel and started for the nearest dwelling. But when his foot touched the lowest step he suddenly stopped.

"I wonder how many o' the wives in this burg know me by sight?" he mused, twisting his mustache some more and rearranging his bandana neck-piece "Shucks! I 'd rather have 'em not know me. Maybe I 'll meet some whose husbands I 've skinned at poker, and they 'll know me and——. But what 's the difference, anyhow? Guess, though, I 'd better begin at the end of the street and go at the thing systematically. Then when I get sold out I 'll remember just where I left off."

Killen strode to the end of the street. But, for some reason, the looks of the first house did not suit him. He could not tell just what was the matter, but somehow he felt that he had made a mistake. He should have started at the other end of the street.

When he had traveled the length of the avenue, Killen suddenly remembered something.

"Gee, I 'd almost forgot," he told himself. "I aint had a smoke for an hour. Yes, I gotta smoke."

After finishing one cigarette he decided that he needed another one. Well and good, but lighted cigarettes will come to an end sometime, so it happened that he rolled a third. What would those housewives say to him, anyhow? And what was more to the point, what in blazes would he say to them?

With the third cigarette gone, Killen walked stiff-legged toward the nearest porch. But as he walked he still had that feeling of having made a mistake. Just as he arrived at the gate he discovered what the mistake was. It was his mustache. The mane should have been twisted tight, into pig-tail spirals. It would never do; he must retreat and rectify the error.

After the error had been duly rectified Killen made up his mind that, instead of beginning on the inside street and working away from the center of town, he would prefer to begin at the farther street and work back. Then, when he had sold out, he would not have so far to walk back to the saloon.

"I wonder if they have dogs or things they let out on a man?" pondered the desperado, as he surveyed a silent and forbidding door. "But shucks! Who 's

afraid of dogs? Still, there 's women that 's thicker with their dogs than they are with their own young 'uns, and if a man 'ud kill one o' the varmints—great jingoes! How 's a man going to fight with a woman?"

Killen went back to the middle of the street to ponder. After awhile he made another advance toward the enemy, but this time he remembered something else.

"A gent 's gotta get his spiel ready," he told himself. "Whoever heard of a peddler selling anthing without first getting a spiel down pat?"

Finally, exhausting all excuses for delay, Killen, gritting his teeth, approached a dwelling and swung open the screen door. As he did so his mustache stiffened on his lip and he uttered a gasp like one who has just taken an ice-cold plunge in the dead of winter. He raised his hand to knock, but a swift nausea seized him and he hastily sought the road once more. Of course it would never do to approach a lady while in the first qualms of seasickness.

The feeling passed and he started for the house a second time. But supposing she had been peering through the shutters and had seen him! No, it would never do.

Killen approached another dwelling. On the steps sat a little girl, who gazed curiously at him as he drew near. The little hussy! She was covertly laughing at him, he was sure. Who could have told her about him? He slunk past and for fear she might be watching he skipped the next three houses. The fourth was one of the few two-story dwellings in town. As he turned into the yard he remembered that he had failed to run to his room and put on his best suit of clothes. He wondered if he ought not to do it now. Women were so particular about clothes! But shucks! as long as his mustache was right, any sartorial shortcomings could hardly be noticed. Killen retreated to pull his mane out into two horizontal, spear-like points.

Returning to the fray, the desperado set down his grip and wiped the perspiration from his face. Then he took out a Housewife's Blessing, coughed to find out if his voice was still with him, and —knocked!

To his fevered imagination the knock sounded like the boom of a thirteen-inch gun; in reality it was like the bill tap of a sparrow. His body swaying drunkenly from side to side, one hand poised and ready to tip his slouch hat, his dry lips moving, repeating over and over again the first half-dozen words with which he had determined to address the woman of the house, he waited. Gradually it dawned upon him that the housewife might not be at home. At that his courage returned with a rush. He would knock again. He would show that he was not afraid. He could sell as many Blessings as anybody. Heavily his fist banged on the door.

But what was that? A step in the hall! She was coming! Not an instant did he hesitate, but, like a man with a wounded grizzly at his heels, he sprang from the porch, scooted away down the street and around the nearest corner.

It was nearly an hour before Killen recovered sufficient fortitude to knock at a second door. During the interim he skulked about like a daylight burglar, advanced and retreated, backed and filled, maneuvered this way and that, all the time becoming more and more enraged at himself for ever having agreed to fight with the weapons of the baby-faced stranger. When at last his hand delivered the fatal summons his carefully nursed courage puffed out of him like air from a soap bubble. He would have cut and run for it again, but the door was too quick for him. It opened—one little six inches—just enough to admit to view a suspicious feminine nose.

Facing the nose, Killen feverishly began to carry out his studied program. But everything went wrong. His hat, gallantly doffed, slipped from his nerveless grasp to the floor and he made matters worse by executing a ridiculous and ineffectual grab for it. His parched lips refused to shape the words he intended to speak and his throat emitted nothing more than a raven-like croak. The Housewife's Blessing, at whose parts he frantically tore in an effort to open it out and display it better, slipped and

cut one of his quivering fingers and a crimson stream gushed forth. Then Killen found words—one word, rather. "Damn!" he said, and on the instant the door shut with a bang and once more the gambler was alone in the street.

No one but Dan Killen will ever know the awful horror of that afternoon. He tore his hair. Honest sweat, from whose company he had departed so long ago that he had forgotten its existence, dripped from his chin and bathed his body. He walked until his legs ached and his shoulder was numb from the weight of the heavy satchel. At last he turned his mane in walrus tusks toward the earth and braved another housewife in her lair.

The second housewife was large and robust. She opened the door wide and, with bare arms folded, stood in the doorway and looked down on her visitor. This time the desperate man found voice. He did not say what he had intended to say, but, as he displayed the marvelous tool, he spoke as the spirit moved him.

"Housewife's Benediction, you know," he began, grinning idiotically into the face of the woman. "Awful fine thing to have around the place—nifty, you know; chops wood and does the cooking and other chores—sure thing; takes care of the baby, just by a simple twist of the wrist, you know—builds the fire in the morning and keeps burglars away at night, yes—acts as an alarm clock, besides performing eight hundred and thirty other separate and distinct stunts, according to mathematical calculation—hee! hee!—washes and hangs out the clothes and women possessin' 'em always has oodles o' time to visit the neighbors—only two thirty-three apiece, and awful fine things to have——."

"Help!" shrieked the woman, suddenly, in a voice that could be heard the length of the street. "Help! Murder! There 's a crazy man trying to get me! Help! Murder! Help!"

A few minutes later Dan Killen, haggard and disheveled, limp as the proverbial dish-rag, with his magnificent mustache straggling unkempt and unbeautiful over his chin, slid through the front door of the Blue Lizard. Waiting for him, smiling and unruffled, with not a hair turned the wrong way, was the baby-faced stranger. In the background tarried an expectant crowd of citizens.

"Well, what luck?" cheerily spoke the youth. "I was out just one hour and thirty-three minutes. Sold thirty-one—one every three minutes. How many did you dispose of?"

"None," growled Killen, and at the word the crowd broke into a thunderous and derisive guffaw.

It was an insult such as Dan Killen had not endured since his reign of terror began in Centipede Hole. He reached for his gun, but his nerveless fingers refused to grasp it. Turning, he slunk out the door and into the twilight. An hour later, his few belongings tied in a roll of blankets behind his saddle, he rode out of town toward the North, and riding, looked back on Centipede Hole for the last time.

"I 'm a coward," he muttered, "a coward and everybody knows it. I 'm a sneaking, knock-kneed coward and there aint a man in Centipole Hole who 'd be afraid to spit in my eye if he met me on the street!"

The Day of Judgment

By Albert Alexandre Metcalfe

Author of "Hans and Louise," etc.

DO you know what it is to have a child play around you every day and call you father? Do you know, I say, the happiness to be had caressing something that is of your own flesh and blood, a little one who laughs when you laugh and weeps when you weep, whose greatest glee is when you, its father, notices it? Did you ever have this joy, you? Well I had such a child, a little boy. He had golden hair, and blue eyes that sparkled when he was pleased at something that I had done to amuse him, and though I am now wretched and suffer—suffer always—for two years I lived and was happy in the blindness of love. We used to talk, my wife and I, about others who were burdened with sorrows of one kind, and another and agree that we were indeed blessed. She was in the habit of saying that our child looked like me, then I would kiss her and reply that I was happy over it. Laughing we went about our tasks, she to her house chores and I to the quay to take out my sloop. Looking back all the while I would wave my cap until my hut disappeared from view.

When my nets were cast far out at sea, I would light my pipe and, stretching myself out on a coil of tarred rope, think what a grand thing it was to own a boat such as mine, with its great nets, and spreading canvas that took it over the water like a bird. Before I married I said to myself: "Now my sloop will have a new coat of paint." So I was very proud when my wife and I went together for a day's fishing, which often happened before our child was born. After that the days seemed very long, so greatly did I wish to turn my boat's head toward the port and home. At night when I returned, my supper of fresh herring, white bread and mulled ale, would be spread on the little table and I ate with much pleasure, for the sea makes men hungry.

During the long winter evenings, we used to sit in front of a great fire that I had made, and smoking my long stem pipe, I would watch my wife and boy as they played with the cat by dragging a piece of cord across the floor, or waving it to and fro in the light of the glowing logs. Sometimes friends dropped in to discuss taxes or the latest news of our province. Perhaps the fishing had been bad, or a schooner had gone to pieces on the reef. There were always church affairs to talk over, for we were all Christian people. The Rector of the parish, who was a very learned man and a kind friend, would often call too; so sometimes there would be quite a party of us together. Then I would get out a large cheese and some very good wine that I had made the autumn before. When it grew late, our neighbors put on their great wolfskin coats, and, with a "God's blessing," returned to their homes. Often one of them took my hand and said, "Neighbor, how happy you look," or, "Neighbor, your cheeses are good."

When the lights were all out and everything was quiet, I used to lie awake, thinking how I had been graced with such a good family and so many kind friends. Perhaps I would even wish the evening had just commenced instead of having ended, so pleasantly was it spent. Long after my wife and child had fallen asleep, I thought long and hard about things that had to do with our happiness. I would turn the different trades over in my mind and try to decide which would be the best for our boy when he was old enough to take part in the work of life. This all made

me happy and I went to sleep with my child's future on my mind, and listening to his gentle breathing. I was a plain but God-fearing fisherman and it had been my habit to put away a little out of my earnings. I used to say, "This is for him if he likes study."

One morning while breakfasting, I said: "Wife, we will make a minister of Jean."

She felt the way I did, so it was settled and we felt better for having made up our minds. When my sloop was moored at night and my day's catch weighed and sold, I would say to myself: "Now my savings are so much."

On meeting days we put on our best clothes and mingled with our neighbors, shaking hands and talking about the service. Jean would laugh as someone played with him, or as he was being passed from one to another, with much delight on my part. There was good will everywhere, as those of the parish got together to talk over some charity or the lesson for the next Sunday. Very often we would walk through the churchyard and speak of those who rested there. What a good thing it is to be at ease about your soul!

One day the weather had been ugly, a northeaster with rain. I remarked that we were going to have a blow and hauled in my nets. That night it turned very cold, my wife became sick. I had the doctor, who looked at her and shook his head. When she died, I remember that some people came to see her. Among them was the Rector, who seemed in a tremble, and wept too. What a terrible thing it is to lose those you love! How it shatters your life! While my neighbors stood around my wife's coffin, I was kissing her cold lips. Someone took my hand and led me away. When she was lowered in her grave, and the funeral services were over, my friends returned to their homes.

I remember that after my child had fallen asleep that night, I went out of doors and sat down on the rocks facing the sea. Alone with my sorrow, I was free to cry as much as I pleased. The fishing sloops made a creaking noise as their planking rubbed the quay, and I thought how I would like to see myself coming in to port again to find my wife waiting for me as she had many times before, waving a welcome with her kerchief and holding Jean tightly by the hand. It would never be again, and as I looked across the sea I heard my boat pulling at its moorings. Everything else was quiet.

After while I saw a figure making its way along the beach, and as it came nearer it seemed to be covered with a long white mantle. I soon discovered that it was an old man with a long white beard. He made no sound as he glided over the sandy ground and started to pass me.

"Where are you bound for, friend?" I asked, fearing that he was a lonely wayfarer that had lost his way.

"I am Restitution," he replied, "bound for the house of Master Cabaret, to restore his savings which were stolen by a trusted friend. This is the day of judgment," and he continued on his silent way.

Now Master Cabaret was a kind, Christian man and a helper of the unfortunate, and whose house was always open to the poor of our parish. I could not help but forget my sorrow for a minute, and thought what a grand soul he was to have said nothing of his loss. The widows and orphans had a friend in him; that he the good man should be robbed, what a wrong! There was indeed a great deal of wickedness and ingratitude in this world, and I was thinking of this when another figure came out of the shadow of a hill and, like the first, was an old man.

"Where are you going?" I asked as he came nearer me.

"I am going to the prison to release young Calderwit, who has been falsely charged with crime. I am Justice, and this is the day of judgment."

Calderwit was a young man of our parish who was thought to have known something about the theft of a jug of rum from the office of the Register of the port. Though I was very sad, it was a relief to hear of his innocence, for I liked him very well and had been saying that he was being unjustly punished.

I remembered that he was the only support of a widowed mother, and blessed the day for bringing joy to her sad heart, besides restoring the good name of her son.

My thoughts were interrupted by the approach of a third figure. I soon saw that it was another old man, in whose arms rested a large bundle. As I called to him, he stopped.

"Who are you?" I cried.

"I am Honor," came the answer. "This is the day of judgment and I am taking to the Rector of your parish his motherless child."

It seems that the next morning I was found unconscious in my hut, lying beside an empty cradle.

The Man I Might Have Been

By George Sterling

Now, ere the grey and ghastly dawn
  Restore the heartening sun,
And Conscience, at his light withdrawn,
  Behold her toil undone,
With more than day's remorseful pow'r,
  To grimmest ghosts akin,
He comes to haunt a candid hour—
  The man I might have been.

Clear-visioned with betraying night,
  I count his merits o'er,
And get no comfort from the sight,
  Nor any cure therefor.
I'd mourn my desecrated years
  (His maimed and sorry twin),
But well he knows my makeshift tears—
  The man I might have been.

Decisively his looks declare
  The heart's divine success;
He held no parley with despair,
  Nor pact with wantonness;
He wanders with accustomed feet
  The heights I dreamt to win;
A sleepless hour, he finds it sweet—
  The man I might have been.

His station in the ranks of Good
I view with wrathful eyes;
His victories o'er Self withstood
Denying I surmise.
Tho' reason slay him at a glance.
The mirth of Death agrin
Defines him master of mischance—
The man I might have been.

When as I ponder in my pride
(An after-dream of day),
If thus the wilful gods deride
My will to scorn the clay,
He comes, where jealous of their youth
I nurse a starveling sin,
To sting me with the acrid truth—
The man I might have been.

Tho' half I deem my gentle friends
Would love him less than me,
No less the daunting wraith attends
The dark 's sincerity.
O fates that held us at your choice,
How strange a web ye spin!
Why chose ye not with equal voice
The man I might have been?



"CARIBOO" CAMERON'S CABIN. (SIWASH INDIAN WOMAN IN FRONT).

The Romance of Old Cariboo

By Kate Simpson Hayes

THE recent incursion of the Guggenheims into Cariboo, so long famous for its gold placers has awakened a new interest in that romantic district among the people of the United States.

The real romance of old Cariboo. however, centers round about the story of a miner who made and lost millions, and whose grave today marks the spot where Fortune beckoned and bereft, all within a quarter of a century. Many sturdy forms stand out against the background of the historic past, but one supreme figure overshadows that group and is silhouetted strongly in the fast-fading light of time: That man is known and remembered as "Cariboo" Cameron.

Cameron was a young Glengarry Scotsman from Ontario, Canada, who went out to California in the rush of '49. Accompanied by his young bride, Cameron joined the gold-seekers and found himself with thousands in chase of fortune, making the overland journey to the Golden State, then overrun by prospectors. The miners were outnumbered by the card-sharpers and other scalawags who lived idly on the toil of the toiler. Ten "honest" women were in the camp, and, bonniest of the bonnie, went young Cameron's wife, her pretty face and trim figure creating admiration that the little Presbyterian, brought up in a Canadian country town, little understood. Cameron dug down to pay dirt, scraping and searching for the

precious metal all day, while the little wife sang in the camp and cooked the workingman's meal. Meanwhile the dissolute camp life went on all around; and one day, Cameron quit his claim, the Californian "pocket" he had emptied scarce filling the pocket of the leather vest he wore, and with his brave-hearted young wife he set out from "Frisco" for the newer gold fields of British Columbia.

The "tote" road leading "Anywhere" the deep-wooded hills to the gold fields.

Cameron's young wife took to the road cheerfully; encouraging by her word and smile, only letting lonely tears fall when her husband left her to bring down a winged bird for the wildwood supper. Toil and heavy privation were carried with the more lightsome hopes along that almost impassable way; but the lust for gold is a wonderful and revivifying thing, and the men and women who dared the dangers of the march



WILLIAMS CREEK. "HYDRAULICING" IN THE CARIBOO.

led from Yale to the heart of the Hills; it was an old Indian trail and forked in many branching directions; and Cameron with his wife, and pack on his back, set out one September day, the hand of the woman in his hand, the hope of the miner in his heart. Yale at this time was the head of navigation; the trail ran with the Fraser River, crossing it by fording at Spuzzam, running through the great canyon to Boston Bar, thence to Ashcroft, and on through were proving the "survival of the fittest." Ten days out, Cameron camped one rainy evening by a beautiful lake, and while he sat smoking a thoughtful pipe, his wife prepared the couch of pine boughs. The dying light of day showed a figure coming through the deeply-tangled brushwood of the forest. It was an old Indian, a "Siwash" who begged a little *kinnikinick* (tobacco). Behind him trudged a wife, bearing a pack of muskrat skins. With that true



FREIGHTING. THE "TOTE" ROAD TO CARIBOO.

hospitality which belongs to the labor world alone, Cameron offered food and shelter to the savages. It was received with stolid indifference by the savages who went away, but was amply repaid the next evening, when the Indian, following the Camerons, reappeared, carrying a folded rag of blanket in which lay shining nuggets of glistening gold. The savage pointed in a certain direction, and being importuned by the miner, agreed to lead them to the source of supply. He led the two whites through a tortuous way over mountain and through wilds until, November having arrived, they were suffered to know the journey was ended. Here Cameron struck tent, and the wet season having set in, he took upon himself the building of a rude shelter which he might call home.



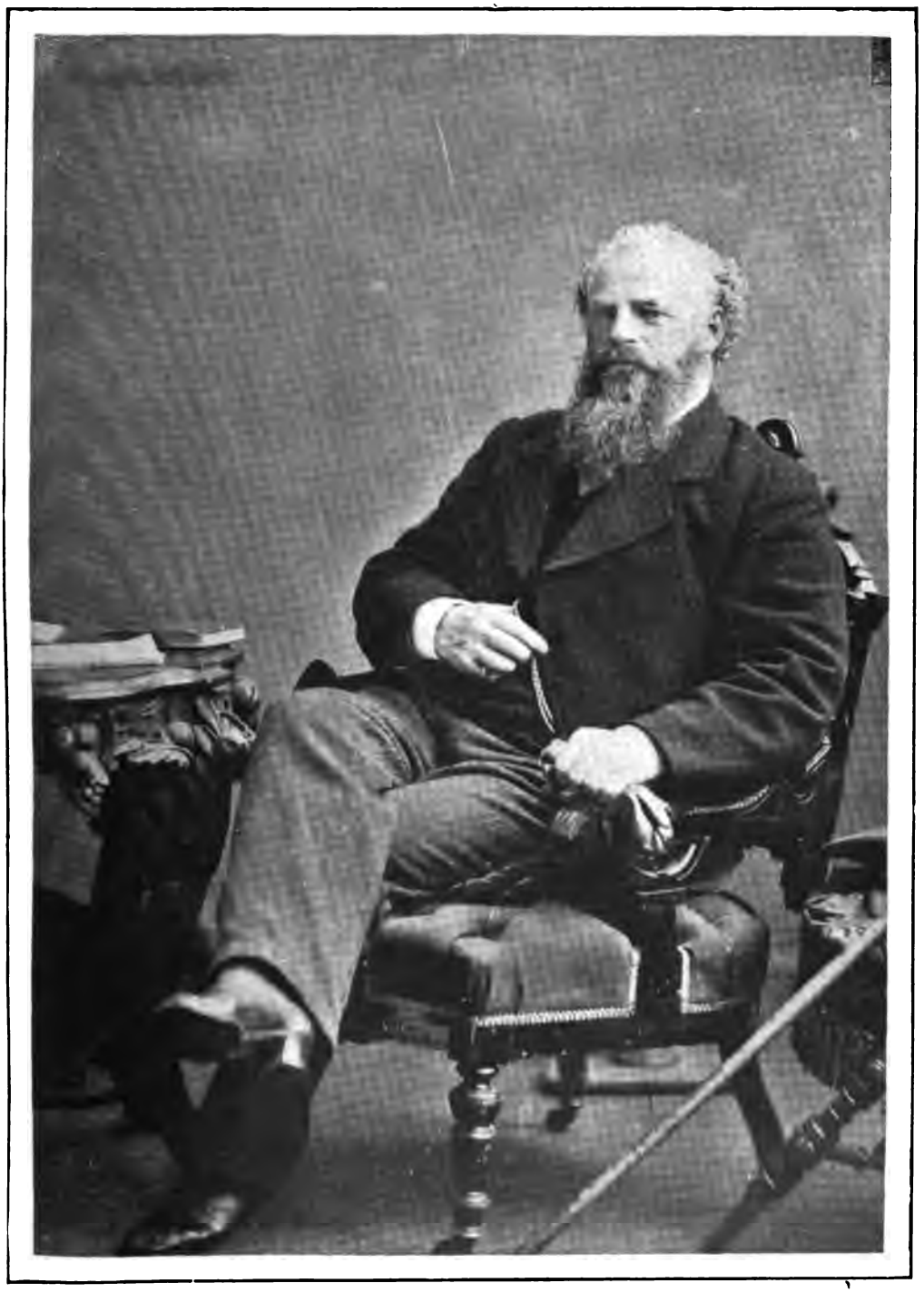
THE HULK OF THE "VICTORIA"; RUNNING IN THE SIXTIES.

With Spring came the real work of sluicing, when the water bed was laid bare and adjoining bottoms carefully scrutinized. Mile after mile of the ground was worked; water flows turned and rivers dammed, but gold traces were few amongst the gravel and earth turned over day after day. The waters kept the secret well; the rocks hugged the gold close, and all poor Cameron found after a full twelve months was the fact that his wife was failing in health. Prospectors and others, trailed into the little camp, and as there were no clearly defined social lines, the "honest" woman clasped hands with Jezebel out of sheer longing for human sympathy. The loneliness was appalling. One morning Cameron's wife was unable to rise from her bed. Her heart had throbbed its last hope of finding the gold, and success now seemed something very far away. Whispering words of sympathy —and hope—wonderful woman heart!—Cameron's wife looked her last on the mist-veiled hills, and babbling a few unconscious words, which told the broken-hearted man too late, how great had been her loneliness and how deep the love of old Glengarry,—she passed away into the forgetfulness of the long sleep. Wrapped in the worn Scotch plaid shawl which had long covered her aching heart she was placed in a rudely-constructed coffin, and she was fittingly laid within the bosom of the new land which held her last hope. Three days later Cameron struck the streak which brought him fortune and made him a multi-millionaire!



THE OLD ROAD HOUSE.

Then came the title "Cariboo Cameron." Cariboo thenceforth became the center of a mining activity never surpassed in history. Between dusk and dawn of a single day the population jumped from twenty-seven souls to seven hundred. The number multiplied itself within a month. A "town" arose; the "Wake-up-Jake" saloon came; the Dance House followed, and the leering eye of the "Red Light" shone with snake-like brilliancy amongst the tall timbers of the hills. Men went wild with the glut of wealth suddenly acquired; but amid all the carousal and noise of the crowd, one man set apart when night-fall came; sat by a darkened cabin on



"CARIBOO" CAMERON. TAKEN IN 1876.

the hillside, muttering over and over again with drawn lips, the hopeless words so often heard in life: "Too late! too late!"

Social life in an early-day mining camp was a cross between a fight and a funeral! One day someone struck pay dirt and the whole "town" danced a week to celebrate the "strike." Another day a funeral followed a fight and the entire population gathered together to decide whether the slayer was qualified for the law of the limb, or, would he, (by reason of his talking qualities, having proved his individual right to kill) become a limb of the law? All matters were settled by "motion," and motion meant commotion, but Cariboo camp had proved itself — it was the greatest paying camp on earth, for the average value of the gold taken went over a thousand dollars per lineal foot. The actual output of Cariboo, with its tributary camps combined, averaged during the period of activity, $1,145,457 per annum.



WEIGHING THE "DUST."

"Lightning Creek" and "Williams Creek" became famous in 1861; both giving out millions to the lucky owners. But during the year 1863, the Cariboo camp alone gave out $3,913,563.

Meantime where was Cariboo Cameron? The colonial Government having been appealed to, sent out in January an armed escort to convey the first consignment of gold-dust out from Cariboo camp, Cariboo Cameron was the first man to take his "treasure" out. What excitement when the word went round! What bar-room logic was brought to bear when the computed wealth of the "King of the Cariboo" was estimated at 10,000 ounces of "dust," and what sentiment was aroused when, the escort having arrived, the "treasure" Cariboo lifted to the stage-coach was the body of his loyal companion in poverty and labor. At an enormous cost he was taking to her Glengarry home the body of the woman whose last babbling words were of its pleasant orchards and fields. Truly the King of the Cariboo had a royal heart and true!

"Cameron-town," as the camp was then called, got drunk in recognition of the deed. Sir Matthew (then Judge Begbie) had so named it in 1863. But the man who made the place and the name famous had drifted East, had built a fine mansion in his native town, and, after a time, married a second wife and set out to enjoy his hard-earned wealth. It was said of him that he hated the sight of gold—and spending it became a "mania." But those who knew him best tell of unrecorded good done with his millions.

Those who knew the man well, spoke of him as "saddened." Those who knew him less, hurled at him the word "maddened." Maddened by grief, or success, which? For some years the words "Cariboo Cameron" were dropped from the chat of camp life. The camp went on panning out dirt in big-paying quantities; the days of fiddling and fighting calmed down to more temperate indulgences, and schools with churches, as

well as shops and the play-house, gave a more wholesome atmosphere to the place.

The cost of transportation was enormous; a dollar a pound being the fixed rate. Theatre tickets sold at ten dollars apiece, and everything was paid for in gold-dust. To show the value of a consignment sent out, and the necessity for an armed escort in the wild days of Cariboo, a "bucket" of nuggets and precious "dust," as shown in the accompanying picture, computed in cash value meant $154,765, and tipped the scales at 9,040 ounces.

The "Road House" of the pioneer days was another institution. To it the stage rolled up, and from it went out, with hopes, many a searcher of fortune. The "111-Mile House" kept by one McClure, still stands a hospitable doorway to hungry travelers; freighters and wayfarers seeking the north country by stage coach still use the highway of the old trails.

In the early sixties the *Victoria* ran the rapids of the Upper Fraser River; its hulk may be yet seen high and dry where the remains of a "camp" stands in the lonely hills. A fine smart little steamer replaces the *Victoria* on this inland waterway.

Quite recently the Guggenheims of New York bought out "The Pit" mine of Cariboo, paying $100,000 in cash for it, and the cut shown herewith shows the working shaft between a gravel ledge 300 feet high on either side. The old piping for the sluice work now going on lies on the ground.



"THE PIT," SOLD TO THE GUGGENHEIMS RECENTLY FOR $100,000.

"Cameron-town" has become quite a respectable camp, and has been renamed Barkerville.

* * * * * * * *

One September day in 1887, the stage brought into Barkerville two travelers, a man and a woman. The camp scarcely noted the shabbily-dressed newcomers; travelers were plenty, and little interest was attached to anything outside the routine of camp life. But interest was most rudely awakened next morning when the report went out that Cari-

boo Cameron lay dead, his body resting in the old and time-battered camp from which he had gone out years before, a multi-millionaire! Cariboo Cameron had returned to the haunt of his success, a pauper! He had won and lost a fortune—how he won it, we all know—how he lost it, why ask?

He had come back to the old camping ground bravely determined to "begin again," and with him came a second woman to dare the toil and trials of the gold-seeker. What a sublime courage for the woman! What kingly courage for an old and disappointed man! To-day Cariboo Cameron's bones lie in within a stone's throw of the Camp in Barkerville.



DESERTED.

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.



ND Martin did no reading that night. He had seen no daily paper all week, and, strangely to him, felt no desire to see one. He was not interested in the news. He was too tired and jaded to be interested in anything, though he planned to leave Saturday afternoon, if they finished at three, and ride on his wheel to Oakland. It was seventy miles, and the same distance back on Sunday afternoon would leave him anything but rested for the second week's work. It would have been easier to go on the train, but the round trip was two dollars and a half, and he was intent on saving money.

Martin learned to do many things. In the course of the first week, in one afternoon, he and Joe accounted for the two hundred white shirts. Joe ran the tiler, a machine wherein a hot iron was hooked on a steel spring which furnished the pressure. By this means he ironed the yoke, wristbands and neckband, setting the latter at right angles to the shirt, and put the glossy finish on the bosom. As fast as he finished them, he flung the shirts on a rack between him and Martin, who caught them up and "backed" them. This task consisted of ironing all the unstarched portions of the shirts.

It was exhausting work, carried on, hour after hour, at top speed. Out on the broad verandas of the hotel, men and women, in cool white, sipped iced drinks and kept their circulation down. But in the laundry the air was sizzling. The huge stove roared red hot and white hot, while the irons, moving over the damp cloth, sent up clouds of steam. The heat of these irons was different from that used by housewives. An iron that stood the ordinary test of a wet finger was too cold for Joe and Martin, and such test was useless. They went wholly by holding the irons close to their cheeks, gauging the heat by some secret mental process that Martin admired but could not understand. When the fresh irons proved too hot, they hooked them on iron rods and dipped them into cold water. This again required a precise and subtle judgment. A fraction of a second too long in the water, and the fine and silken edge of the proper heat was lost, and Martin found time to marvel at the accuracy he developed—an automatic accuracy, founded upon criteria that were machine-like and unerring.

But there was little time in which to marvel. All Martin's consciousness was concentrated in the work. Ceaselessly active, head and hand, an intelligent machine, all that constituted him a man was devoted to furnishing that intelligence. There was no room in his brain for the universe and its mighty problems. All the broad and spacious corridors of his mind were closed and hermetically sealed. The echoing chamber of his soul was a narrow room, a conning tower, whence was directed his arm and shoulder muscles, his ten nimble fingers, and the swift-moving iron along its steaming path in broad, sweeping strokes, just so many strokes and no more, just so far with each stroke and not a fraction of an inch farther, rushing along interminable sleeves, sides, backs and tails, and tossing the finished shirts, without rumpling, upon the receiving frame. And even as his hurrying soul tossed, it was

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reaching for another shirt. This went on, hour after hour, while outside all the world swooned under the overhead California sun. But there was no swooning in that superheated room. The cool guests on the verandas needed clean linen.

The sweat poured from Martin. He drank enormous quantities of water, but so great was the heat of the day and of his exertions, that the water sluiced through the interstices of his flesh and out at all his pores. Always, at sea, except at rare intervals, the work he performed had given him ample opportunity to commune with himself. The master of the ship had been lord of Martin's time; but here, the manager of the hotel was lord of Martin's thoughts as well. He had no thoughts save for the nerve-racking, body-destroying toil. Outside of that, it was impossible to think. He did not know that he loved Ruth. She did not even exist, for his driven soul had no time to remember her. It was only when he crawled to bed at night, or to breakfast in the morning, that she asserted herself to him in fleeitng memories.

"This is hell, ain't it?" Joe remarked once.

Martin nodded, but felt a rasp of irritation. The statement had been obvious and unnecessary. They did not talk while they worked. Conversation threw them out of their stride, as it did this time, compelling Martin to miss a stroke of his iron and to make two extra motions before he caught his stride again.

On Friday morning the washer ran. Twice a week they had to put through hotel linen, the sheets, pillow-slips, spreads, table-cloths and napkins. This finished, they buckled down to "fancy starch." It was slow work, fastidious and delicate, and Martin did not learn it so readily. Besides, he could not take chances. Mistakes were disastrous.

"See that," Joe said, holding up a filmy corset-cover that he could have crumpled from view in one hand. "Scorch that an' it 's twenty dollars out of your wages."

So Martin did not scorch that, and eased down on his muscular tension, though nervous tension rose higher than ever, and he listened sympathetically to the other's blasphemies as he toiled and suffered over the beautiful things that women wear when they do not have to do their own laundrying. "Fancy starch" was Martin's nightmare, and it was Joe's, too. It was "fancy starch" that robbed them of their hard-won minutes. They toiled at it all day. At seven in the evening they broke off to run the hotel linen through the mangle. At ten o'clock, while the hotel guests slept, the two laundrymen sweated on at "fancy starch" till midnight, till one, till two. At half-past two they knocked off.

Saturday morning it was "fancy starch," and odds and ends, and at three in the afternoon the week's work was done.

"You ain't a-goin' to ride them seventy miles into Oakland on top of this?" Joe demanded, as they sat on the stairs and took a triumphant smoke.

"Got to," was the answer.

"What are you goin' for?—a girl?"

"No; to save two and a half on the railroad ticket. I want to renew some books at the library."

"Why dont you send 'em down an' up by express? That 'll cost only a quarter each way."

Martin considered it.

"An' take a rest tomorrow," the other urged. "You need it. I know I do. I 'm plum tuckered out."

He looked it. Indomitable, never resting, fighting for seconds and minutes all week, circumventing delays and crushing down obstacles, a fount of resistless energy, a high-driven human motor, a demon for work, now that he had accomplished the week's task he was in a state of collapse. He was worn and haggard, and his handsome face drooped in lean exhaustion. He puffed his cigarette spiritlessly, and his voice was peculiarly dead and monotonous. All the snap and fire had gone out of him. His triumph seemed a sorry one.

"An' next week we got to do it all over again," he said, sadly. "An' what 's the good of it all, hey? Sometimes I wish I was a hobo. They dont work, an' they get their livin'. Gee! I wish I

had a glass of beer; but I can't get up the gumption to go down to the village an' get it. You 'll stay over, an' send your books down by express, or else you 're a damn fool."

"But what can I do here all day Sunday?" Martin asked.

"Rest. You dont know how tired you are. Why, I 'm that tired Sunday I can't even read the papers. I was sick once—typhoid. In the hospital two months an' a half. Did n't do a tap of work all that time. It was beautiful.

"It was beautiful," he repeated dreamily, a minute later.

Martin took a bath, after which he found that the head laundryman had disappeared. Most likely he had gone for the glass of beer, Martin decided, but the half-mile walk down to the village to find out seemed a long journey to him. He lay on his bed with his shoes off, trying to make up his mind. He did not reach out for a book. He was too tired to feel sleepy, and he lay, scarcely thinking, in a semi-stupor of weariness, until it was time for supper. Joe did not appear for that function, and when Martin heard the gardener remark that most likely he was ripping the slats off the bar, Martin understood. He went to bed immediately afterward, and in the morning decided that he was greatly rested. Joe being still absent, Martin procured a Sunday paper and lay down in a shady nook under the trees. The morning passed, he knew not how. He did not sleep, nobody disturbed him, and he did not finish the paper. He came back to it in the afternoon, after dinner, and fell asleep over it.

So passed Sunday, and Monday morning he was hard at work, sorting clothes, while Joe, a towel bound tightly around his head, with groans and blasphemies, was running the washer and mixing soft-soap.

"I simply can't help it," he explained. "I got to drink when Saturday night comes around."

Another week passed, a great battle that continued under the electric lights each night and that culminated on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, when Joe tasted his moment of wilted triumph and then drifted down to the village to forget. Martin's Sunday was the same as before. He slept in the shade of the trees, toiled aimlessly through the newspaper, and spent long hours lying on his back, doing nothing, thinking nothing. He was too dazed to think, though he was aware that he did not like himself. He was self-repelled, as though he had undergone some degradation or was intrinsically foul. All that was god-like in him was blotted out. The spur of ambition was blunted; he had no vitality with which to feel the prod of it. He was dead. His soul seemed dead. He was a beast, a work-beast. He saw no beauty in the sunshine sifting down through the green leaves, nor did the azure vault of the sky whisper as of old and hint of cosmic vastness and secrets trembling to disclosure. Life was intolerably dull and stupid, and its taste was bad in his mouth. A black screen was drawn across his mirror of inner vision, and fancy lay in a darkened sick-room where entered no ray of light. He envied Joe, down in the village, rampant, tearing the slats off the bar, his brain gnawing with maggots, exulting in maudlin ways over maudlin things, fantastically and gloriously drunk and forgetful of Monday morning and the week of deadening toil to come.

A third week went by, and Martin loathed himself, loathed life. He was oppressed by a sense of failure. There was reason for the editors refusing his stuff. He could see that clearly now, and laugh at himself and the dreams he had dreamed. Ruth returned his "Sea Lyrics" by mail. He read her letter apathetically. She did her best to say how much she liked them and that they were beautiful. But she could not lie, and she could not disguise the truth from herself. She knew they were failures, and he read her disapproval in every perfunctory and unenthusiastic line of her letter. And she was right. He was firmly convinced of it as he read the poems over. Beauty and wonder had departed from him, and as he read the poems he caught himself puzzling as to what he had had in mind when he wrote them. His audacities of phrase struck

him as grotesque, his felicities of expression were monstrosities, and everything was absurd, unreal and impossible. He would have burned the "Sea Lyrics" on the spot, had his will been strong enough to set them aflame. There was the engine-room, but the exertion of carrying them to the furnace was not worth while. All his exertion was used in washing other persons' clothes. He did not have any left for private affairs.

He resolved that when Sunday came he would pull himself together and answer Ruth's letter. But Saturday afternoon, after work was finished and he had taken a bath, the desire to forget overpowered him. "I guess I 'll go down and see how Joe 's getting on," was the way he put it to himself; and in the same moment he knew that he lied. But he did not have the energy to consider the lie. If he had had the energy he would have refused to consider the lie, because he wanted to forget. He started for the village slowly and casually, increasing his pace in spite of himself as he neared the saloon.

"I thought you was on the water-wagon," was Joe's greeting.

Martin did not deign to offer excuses, but called for whiskey, filling his own glass brimming before he passed the bottle.

"Don't take all night about it," he said, roughly.

The other was dawdling with the bottle, and Martin refused to wait for him, tossing the glass off in a gulp and refilling it.

"Now I can wait for you," he said, grimly; "but hurry up."

Joe hurried, and they drank together.

"The work did it, eh?" Joe queried.

Martin refused to discuss the matter.

"It 's fair hell, I know," the other went on, "but I kind of hate to see you come off the wagon, Mart. Well, here 's how!"

Martin drank on silently, biting out his orders and invitations and awing the barkeeper, an effeminate country youngster with watery blue eyes and hair parted in the middle.

"It 's something scandalous the way they work us poor devils," Joe was remarking. "If I did n't bowl up I 'd break loose an' burn down the shebang. My bowlin' up is all that saves 'em, I can tell you that."

But Martin made no answer. A few more drinks, and in his brain he felt the maggots of intoxication beginning to crawl. Ah, it was living, the first breath of life he had breathed in three weeks. His dreams came back to him. Fancy came out of the darkened room and lured him on, a thing of flaming brightness. His mirror of vision was silver-clear, a flashing, dazzling palimpsest of imagery. Wonder and beauty walked with him hand in hand, and all power was his. He tried to tell it to Joe, but Joe had visions of his own, infallible schemes whereby he would escape the slavery of laundry-work and become himself the owner of a great steam laundry.

"I tell yeh, Mart, they won't be no kids workin' in my laundry—not on yer life. An' they won't be no workin' a livin' soul after six P. M. You hear me talk? They 'll be machinery enough an' hands enough to do it all in decent workin' hours, an' Mart, s' help me, I 'll make yeh superintendent of the shebang—the whole of it, all of it. Now, here 's the scheme. I get on the water-wagon an' save my money for two years—savve, an' then—"

But Martin turned away, leaving him to tell it to the barkeeper, until that worthy was called away to furnish drinks to two farmers who, coming in, accepted Martin's invitation. Martin dispensed royal largess, inviting everybody up, farm-hands, a stableman and the gardener's assistant from the hotel, the barkeeper, and the furtive hobo who slid in like a shadow and like a shadow hovered at the end of the bar.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MONDAY morning, Joe groaned over the first truck-load of clothes to the washer.

"I say," he began.

"Don't talk to me," Martin snarled.

"I 'm sorry, Joe," he said at noon, when they knocked off for dinner.

Tears came into the other's eyes.

"That 's all right, old man," he said.

"We 're in hell, an' we can't help ourselves. An' you know, I kind of like you a whole lot. That 's what made it hurt. I cottoned to you from the first."

Martin shook his head.

"Let 's quit," Joe suggested. "Let 's chuck it, an' go hoboin'. I ain't never tried it, but it must be dead easy. An' nothin' to do. Just think of it, nothin' to do. I was sick once, typhoid, in the hospital, an' it was beautiful. I wish I 'd get sick again."

The week dragged on. The hotel was full, and extra "fancy starch" poured in upon them. They performed prodigies of valor. They fought late each night under the electric lights, bolted their meals, and even got in a half hour's work before breakfast. Martin no longer took his cold baths. Every moment was drive, drive, drive, and Joe was the masterful shepherd of moments, herding them carefully, never losing one, counting them over like a miser counting gold, working on in a frenzy, toil-mad, a feverish machine, aided ably by that other machine that thought of itself as once having been one Martin Eden, a man.

But it was only at rare moments that Martin was able to think. The house of thought was closed, its windows boarded up, and he was its shadowy caretaker. He was a shadow. Joe was right. They were both shadows, and this was the unending limbo of toil. Or was it a dream? Sometimes, in the steaming, sizzling heat, as he swung the heavy irons back and forth over the white garments, it came to him that it was a dream. In a short while, or maybe, after a thousand years or so, he would awake, in his little room with the ink-stained table, and take up his writing where he had left off the day before. Or maybe that was a dream, too, and the awakening would be the changing of the watches, when he would drop down out of his bunk in the lurching forecastle and go up on deck, under the tropic stars, and take the wheel and feel the cool trade-wind blowing through his flesh.

Came Saturday and its hollow victory at three o'clock.

"Guess I 'll go down an' get a glass of beer," Joe said, in the queer, monotonous tones that marked his week-end collapse.

Martin seemed suddenly to wake up. He opened the kit bag and oiled his wheel, putting graphite on the chain and adjusting the bearings. Joe was halfway down to the saloon when Martin passed by, bending low over the handlebars, his legs driving the ninety-six gear with rhythmic strength, his face set for seventy miles of road and grade and dust. He slept in Oakland that night, and on Sunday covered the seventy miles back. And on Monday morning, weary, he began the new week's work, but he had kept sober.

A fifth week passed, and a sixth, during which he lived and toiled as a machine, with just a spark of something more in him, just a glimmering bit of soul, that compelled him, at each week-end, to scorch off the hundred and forty miles. But this was not rest. It was super-machinelike, and it helped to crush out the glimmering bit of soul that was all that was left him from former life. At the end of the seventh week, without intending it, too weak to resist, he drifted down to the village with Joe and drowned life and found life until Monday morning.

Again, at the week-ends, he ground out the one hundred and forty miles, obliterating the numbness of too-great exertion by the numbness of still greater exertion. At the end of three months he went down a third time to the village with Joe. He forgot and lived again, and, living, he saw, in clear illumination, the beast he was making of himself—not by the drink, but by the work. The drink was an effect, not a cause. It followed inevitably upon the work, as the night follows upon the day. Not by becoming a toil-beast could he win to the heights, was the message the whiskey whispered to him, and he nodded approbation. The whiskey was wise. It told secrets on itself.

He called for paper and pencil, and for drinks all around, and while they drank his very good health, he clung to the bar and scribbled.

"A telegram, Joe," he said. "Read it."

Joe read it with a drunken, quizzical

leer. But what he read seemed to sober him. He looked at the other reproachfully, tears oozing into his eyes and down his cheeks.

"You ain't goin' back on me, Mart?" he queried hopelessly.

Martin nodded, and called one of the loungers to him to take the message to the telegraph office.

"Hold on," Joe muttered, thickly. "Lemme think."

He held on to the bar, his legs wobbling under him, Martin's arm around him and supporting him, while he thought.

"Make that two laundrymen," he said, abruptly. "Here, lemme fix it."

"What are you quitting for?" Martin demanded.

"Same reason as you."

"But I 'm going to sea. You can't do that."

"Nope," was the answer, "but I can hobo all right, all right."

Martin looked at him searchingly for a moment, then cried:

"By God, I think you 're right! Better a hobo than a beast of toil. Why, man, you 'll live. And that 's more than you ever did before."

"I was in hospital, once," Joe corrected. "It was beautiful. Typhoid—did I tell you?"

While Martin changed the telegram to "two laundrymen," Joe went on:

"I never wanted to drink when I was in hospital. Funny, ain't it? But when I 've ben workin' like a slave all week, I just got to bowl up. Ever noticed that cooks drink like hell?—an' bakers, too? It 's the work. They 've sure got to. Here, lemme pay half of that telegram."

"I 'll shake you for it," Martin offered.

"Come on, everybody drink," Joe called, as they rattled the dice and rolled them out on the damp bar.

Monday morning Joe was wild with anticipation. He did not mind his aching head, nor did he take interest in his work. Whole herds of moments stole away and were lost while their careless shepherd gazed out of the window at the sunshine and the trees.

"Just look at it!" he cried. "An' it 's all mine! It 's free. I can lie down under them trees an' sleep for a thousan' years if I want to. Aw, come on, Mart. let 's chuck it. What 's the good of waitin' another moment. That 's the land of Nothin'-to-do out there, an' I got a ticket for it—an' it aint no return ticket, b-gosh!"

A few minutes later, filling the truck with soiled clothes for the washer, Joe spied the hotel manager's shirt. He knew its mark, and with a sudden glorious consciousness of freedom he threw it on the floor and stamped on it.

"I wish you was in it, you pig-headed Dutchman!" he shouted. "In it, an'. right there where I 've got you. Take that! an' that! an' that! damn you! Hold me back, somebody! Hold me back!"

Martin laughed and held him to his work. On Tuesday night the new laundrymen arrived, and the rest of the week was spent breaking them into the routine. Joe sat around and explained his system, but he did no more work.

"Not a tap," he announced. "Not a tap. They can fire me if they want to, but if they do I 'll quit. No more work in mine, thank you kindly. Me for the freight cars an' the shade under the trees. Go to it, you slaves! That 's right. Slave an' sweat! Slave an' sweat! An' when you 're dead you 'll rot the same as me, an' what 's it matter how you live?—eh? Tell me that, what 's it matter in the long run?"

On Saturday they drew their pay and came to the parting of the ways.

"They aint no use in me askin' you to change your mind an' hit the road with me?" Joe asked hopelessly.

Martin shook his head. He was standing by his wheel, ready to start. They shook hands, and Joe held on to his for a moment, as he said:

"I 'm goin' to see you again, Mart, before you an' me die. That 's straight dope. I feel it in my bones. Goodbye, Mart, an' be good. I like you like hell, you know."

He stood, a forlorn figure, in the middle of the road, watching until Martin turned a bend and was gone from sight.

"He 's a good Indian, that boy," he muttered. "A good Indian."

Then he plodded down the road himself, to the water-tank, where half a dozen empties lay on a side-track waiting for the up freight.

CHAPTER XIX.

RUTH and her family were home again, and Martin, returned to Oakland, saw much of her. Having gained her degree, she was doing no more studying; and he, having worked all vitality out of his mind and body, was doing no writing. This gave them time for each other that they had never had before, and their intimacy ripened fast.

At first, Martin had done nothing but rest. He had slept a great deal, and spent long hours musing and thinking and doing nothing. He was like one recovering from some terrible bout of hardship. The first signs of reawakening came when he discovered more than languid interest in the daily paper. Then he began to read again—light novels, and poetry; and after several days more he was head over heels in his long-neglected *Fiske*. His splendid body and health made new vitality, and he possessed all the resiliency and rebound of youth.

Ruth showed her disappointment plainly when he announced that he was going to sea for another voyage as soon as he was well rested.

"Why do you want to do that?" she asked.

"Money," was the answer. "I 'll have to lay in a supply for my next attack on the editors. Money is the sinews of war, in my case—money and patience."

"But if all you wanted was money, why did n't you stay in the laundry?"

"Because the laundry was making a beast of me. Too much work of that sort drives to drink."

She stared at him with horror in her eyes.

"Do you mean—?" she quavered.

It would have been easy for him to get out of it; but his natural impulse was for frankness, and he remembered his old resolve to be frank no matter what happened.

"Yes," he answered. "Just that. Several times."

She shivered, and drew away from him.

"No man that I have ever known did that,—ever did that."

"Then they never worked in the laundry at Shelley Hot Springs," he laughed, bitterly. "Toil is a good thing. It is necessary for human health, so all the preachers say, and heaven knows I 've never been afraid of it. But there is such a thing as too much of a good thing, and the laundry up there is one of them. And that 's why I 'm going to sea one more voyage. It will be my last, I think, for when I come back I shall break into the magazines. I am certain of it."

She was silent, unsympathetic, and he watched her moodily, realizing how impossible it was for her to understand what he had been through.

"Some day I shall write it up—'The Degradation of Toil,' or the 'Psychology of Drink in the Working Class,' or something like that for a title."

Never, since the first meeting, had they seemed so far apart as that day. His confession, told in frankness, with the spirit of revolt behind, had repelled her. But she was more shocked by the repulsion itself than by the cause of it. It pointed out to her how near she had drawn to him, and, once accepted, it paved the way for greater intimacy. Pity, too, was aroused, and innocent, idealistic thoughts of reform. She would save this raw young man who had come so far. She would save him from the curse of his early environment, and she would save him from himself in spite of himself. And all this affected her as a very noble state of consciousness; nor did she dream that behind it and underlying it were the jealousy and desire of love.

They rode on their wheels much in the delightful fall weather, and out in the hills they read poetry aloud, now one and now the other, noble uplifting poetry that turned one's thoughts to higher things. Renunciation, sacrifice, patience, industry and high endeavor were the principles she thus indirectly preached—such abstractions being objectified in her mind by her father, and Mr. Butler, and

by Andrew Carnegie, who, from a poor immigrant boy had arisen to be the book-giver of the world.

All of which was appreciated and enjoyed by Martin. He followed her mental processes more clearly now, and her soul was no longer the sealed wonder it had been. He was on terms of intellectual equality with her. But the points of disagreement did not affect his love. His love was more ardent than ever, for he loved her for what she was, and even her physical frailty was an added charm in his eyes. He read of sickly Elizabeth Barrett, who for years had not placed her feet upon the ground, until that day of flame when she eloped with Browning and stood upright, upon the earth, under the open sky; and what Browning had done for her, Martin decided he could do for Ruth. But first, she must love him. The rest would be easy. He would give her strength and health. And he caught glimpses of their life, in the years to come, wherein, against a background of work and comfort and general well-being, he saw himself and Ruth reading and discussing poetry, she propped amid a multitude of cushions on the ground while she read aloud to him. This was the key to the life they would live. And always he saw that particular picture. Sometimes it was she who leaned against him while he read, one arm about her, her head upon his shoulder. Sometimes they pored together over the printed pages of beauty. Then, too, she loved nature, and with generous imagination he changed the scene of their reading—sometimes they read in closed-in valleys with precipitous walls, or in high mountain meadows, and again, down by the gray sand-dunes with a wreath of billows at their feet, or afar on some volcanic tropic isle where waterfalls descended and became mist, reaching the sea in vapor veils that swayed and shivered to every vagrant wisp of wind. But always, in the foreground, lords of beauty and eternally reading and sharing, lay he and Ruth, and always in the background that was beyond the background of nature, dim and hazy, were work and success and money earned that made them free of the world and all its treasures.

"I should recommend my little girl to be careful," her mother warned her one day.

"I know what you mean. But it is impossible. He is not—"

Ruth was blushing, but it was the blush of maidenhood called upon for the first time to discuss the sacred things of life with a mother held equally sacred.

"Your kind," her mother finished the sentence for her.

Ruth nodded.

"I did not want to say it, but he is not. He is rough, brutal, strong—too strong. He has not—"

She hesitated and could not go on. It was a new experience talking over such matters with her mother. And again her mother completed her thought for her.

"He has not lived a clean life, is what you wanted to say."

Again Ruth nodded, and again a blush mantled her face.

"It is just that," she said. "It has not been his fault, but he has played much with—"

"With pitch?"

"Yes, with pitch. And he frightens me. Sometimes I am positively in terror of him, when he talks in that free and easy way of the things he has done—as if they did not matter. They do matter, don't they?"

They sat with their arms twined around each other, and in the pause her mother patted her hand and waited for her to go on.

"But I am interested in him dreadfully," she continued. "In a way he is my protege. Then, too, he is my first boy friend—but not exactly friend; rather protege and friend combined. Sometimes, too, when he frightens me, it seems that he is a bulldog I have taken for a plaything, like some of the 'frat' girls, and he is tugging hard, and showing his teeth, and threatening to break loose."

Again her mother waited.

"He interests me, I suppose, like the bulldog. And there is much good in him, too; but there is much in him that I would not like in—in the other way. You see, I have been thinking. He swears, he smokes, he drinks, he has fought with his fists (he has told me so,

and he likes it, he says so). He is all that a man should not be—a man I would want for my"—her voice sank very low—"husband. Then he is too strong. My prince must be tall, and slender, and dark—a graceful, bewitching prince. No, there is no danger of my falling in love with Martin Eden. It would be the worst fate that could befall me."

"But it is not that that I spoke about," her mother equivocated. "Have you thought about him? He is so ineligible in every way, you know, and suppose he should come to love you?"

"But he does—already," she cried.

"It was to be expected," Mrs. Morse said, gently. "How could it be otherwise with any one who knew you?"

"Olney hates me!" she exclaimed passionately. "And I hate Olney. I feel always like a cat when he is around. I feel that I must be nasty to him, and even when I dont happen to feel that way, why, he 's nasty to me anyway. But I am happy with Martin Eden. No one ever loved me before—no man, I mean, in that way. And it is sweet to be loved —that way. You know what I mean, mother, dear. It is sweet to feel that you are really and truly a woman." She buried her face in her mother's lap, sobbing. "You think I am dreadful, I know, but I am honest, and I tell you just how I feel."

Mrs. Morse was strangely sad and happy. Her child-daughter who was a bachelor of arts was gone; but in her place was a woman-daughter. The experiment had succeeded. The strange void in Ruth's nature had been filled, and filled without danger or penalty. This rough sailor-fellow had been the instrument, and, though Ruth did not love him, he had made her conscious of her womanhood.

"His hand trembles," Ruth was confessing, her face for shame's sake still buried. "It is most amusing and ridiculous; but I feel sorry for him, too. And when his hands are too trembly, and his eyes too shiny, why, I lecture him about his life and the wrong way he is going about it to mend it. But he worships me, I know. His eyes and his hands do not lie. And it makes me feel grown-up, the thought of it, the very thought of it; and I feel that I am possessed of something that is by rights my own—that makes me like the other girls—and —and young women. And then, too, I knew that I was not like them before, and I knew that it worried you. You thought you did not let me know that dear worry of yours, but I did, and I wanted to—'to make good,' as Martin Eden says."

It was a holy hour for mother and daughter, and their eyes were wet as they talked on in the twilight, Ruth all white innocence and frankness, her mother sympathetic, receptive, yet calmly explaining and guiding.

"He is four years younger than you," she said. "He has no place in the world. He has neither position nor salary. He is impractical. Loving you, he should, in the name of common sense, be doing something that would give him the right to marry, instead of paltering around with those stories of his and with childish dreams. Martin Eden, I am afraid, will never grow up. He does not take to responsibility and a man's work in the world like your father did, or like all our friends, Mr. Butler for one. Martin Eden, I am afraid will never be a money-earner. And this world is so ordered that money is necessary to happiness—oh, no, not these swollen fortunes, but enough of money to permit of common comfort and decency. He —he has never spoken?"

"He has not breathed a word. He has not attempted to, but if he did I would not let him, because, you see, I do not love him."

"I am glad of that. I should not care to see my daughter, my one daughter, who is so clean and pure, love a man like him. There are noble men in the world who are clean and true and manly. Wait for them. You will find one some day, and you will love him and be loved by him, and you will be happy with him as your father and I have been happy with each other. And there is one thing you must always carry in mind—"

"Yes, mother."

Mrs. Morse's voice was low and sweet as she said, "And that is the children."

"I—I have thought about them," Ruth confessed, remembering the wanton thoughts that had vexed her in the past, her face again red with maiden shame that she should be telling such things.

"And it is that, the children, that makes Mr. Eden impossible," Mrs. Morse went on incisively. "Their heritage must be clean, and he is, I am afraid, not clean. Your father has told me of sailors' lives, and—and you understand."

Ruth pressed her mother's hand in assent, feeling that she really did understand, though her conception was of something vague, remote and terrible that was beyond the scope of imagination.

"You know I do nothing without telling you," she began,"—only, sometimes you must ask me, like this time. I wanted to tell you, but I did not know how. It is false modesty, I know it is that, but you can make it easy for me. Sometimes, like this time, you must ask me, you must give me a chance.

"Why, mother, you are a woman, too!" she cried exultantly, as they stood up, catching her mother's hands and standing erect, facing her in the twilight, conscious of a strangely sweet equality between them. "I should never have thought of you in that way if we had not had this talk. I had to learn that I was a woman to know that you were one, too."

"We are women together," her mother said, drawing her to her and kissing her. "We are women together," she repeated, as they went out of the room, their arms around each other's waists, their hearts swelling with a new sense of companionship.

"Our little girl has become a woman," Mrs. Morse said proudly to her husband an hour later.

"That means," he said, after a long look at his wife, "that means she is in love."

"No, but that she is loved," was the smiling rejoinder. "The experiment has succeeded. She is awakened at last."

"Then we 'll have to get rid of him." Mr. Morse spoke briskly, in matter-of-fact, business-like tones.

But his wife shook her head. "It will not be necessary. Ruth says he is going to sea in a few days. When he comes back she will not be here. We will send her to Aunt Clara's. And, besides, a year in the East, with the change in climate, people, ideas, and everything, is just the thing she needs."

CHAPTER XX.

THE desire to write was stirring in Martin once more. Stories and poems were springing into spontaneous creation in his brain, and he made notes of them against the future time when he would give them expression. But he did not write. This was his little vacation; he had resolved to devote it to rest and love, and in both matters he prospered. He was soon spilling over with vitality, and each day he saw Ruth, at the moment of meeting, she experienced the old shock of his strength and health.

"Be careful," her mother warned her once again. "I am afraid you are seeing too much of Martin Eden."

But Ruth laughed from security. She was sure of herself, and in a few days he would be off to sea. Then, by the time he returned, she would be away on her visit East. There was a magic, however, in the strength and health of Martin. He, too, had been told of her contemplated Eastern trip, and he felt the need for haste. Yet he did not know how to make love to a girl like Ruth. Then, too, he was handicapped by the possession of a great fund of experience with girls and women who had been absolutely different from her. They had known about love and life and flirtation, while she knew nothing about such things. Her prodigious innocence appalled him, freezing on his lips all ardours of speech and convincing him, in spite of himself, of his own unworthiness. Also, he was handicapped in another way. He had himself never been in love before. He had liked women in that turgid past of his, and had been fascinated by some of them, but he had not known what it was to love them. He had whistled in a masterful, careless way, and they had come to him. They had been diversions, incidents, part of

the game men play, but a small part at most. And now, and for the first time, he was a suppliant, tender, and timid and doubting. He did not know the way of love, nor its speech, while he was frightened at his loved one's clear innocence.

In the course of getting acquainted with a varied world, whirling on through the ever-changing phases of it, he had learned a rule of conduct which was to the effect that when one played a strange game he should let the other fellow play first. This had stood him in good stead a thousand times and trained him as an observer as well. He knew how to watch the thing that was strange, and to wait for a weakness, for a place of entrance, to divulge itself. It was like sparring for an opening in fist-fighting. And when such an opening came, he knew by long experience to play for it and to play hard.

So he waited with Ruth and watched, desiring to speak his love, but not daring. He was afraid of shocking her, and he was not sure of himself. Had he but known it, he was following the right course with her. Love came into the world before articulate speech, and in its own early youth it had learned ways and means that it had never forgotten. It was in this old, primitive way that Martin wooed Ruth. He did not know he was doing it at first, though later he divined it. The touch of his hand on hers was vastly more potent than any word he could utter, the impact of his strength on her imagination was more alluring than the printed poems and spoken passions of a thousand generations of lovers. Whatever his tongue could express would have appealed in part, to her judgment; but the touch of hand, the fleeting contact, made its way directly to her instinct. Her judgment was as young as she, but her instincts were as old as the race and older. They had been young when love was young, and they were wiser than convention and opinion and all the new-born things. So her judgment did not act. There was no call upon it, and she did not realize the strength of the appeal Martin made from moment to moment to her love-nature. That he loved her, on the other hand, was as clear as day, and she consciously delighted in beholding his love-manifestations—the glowing eyes with their tender lights, the trembling hands, and the never-failing swarthy flush that flooded darkly under his sunburn. She even went farther, in a timid way inciting him, but doing it so delicately, that he never suspected, and doing it half-consciously so that she scarcely suspected herself. She thrilled with these proofs of her power that proclaimed her a woman, and she took an Eve-like delight in tormenting him and playing upon him.

Tongue-tied by inexperience and by excess of ardor, wooing unwittingly and awkwardly, Martin continued his approach by contact. The touch of his hand was pleasant to her, and something deliciously more than pleasant. Martin did not know it, but he did know that it was not distasteful to her. Not that they touched hands often, save at meeting and parting; but that in handling the bicycles, in strapping on the books of verse they carried into the hills, and in conning the pages of books side by side, there were opportunties for hand to stray against hand. And there were opportunities, too, for her hair to brush his cheek, and for shoulder to touch shoulder, as they leaned together over the beauty of the books. She smiled to herself at vagrant impulses which arose from nowhere and suggested that she rumple his hair; while he desired greatly, when they tired of reading, to rest his head in her lap and dream with closed eyes about the future that was to be theirs. On Sunday picnics at Shellmound Park and Schuetzen Park, in the past, he had rested his head on many laps, and, usually, he had slept soundly and selfishly while the girls shaded his face from the sun and looked down and loved him and wondered at his lordly carelessness of their love. To rest his head in a girl's lap had been the easiest thing in the world until now, and now he found Ruth's lap inaccessible and impossible. Yet it was right here, in his reticence, that the strength of his wooing lay. It was because of this reticence

that he never alarmed her. Herself fastidious and timid, she never awakened to the perilous trend of their intercourse. Subtly and unaware she grew toward him and closer to him, while he, sensing the growing closeness, longed to dare, but was afraid.

Once he dared, one afternoon, when he found her in the darkened living-room with a blinding headache.

"Nothing can do it any good," she had answered his inquiries. "And besides, I dont take headache powders. Doctor Hall wont permit me."

"I can cure it, I think, and without drugs," was Martin's answer. "I am not sure, of course, but I 'd like to try. It 's simply massage. I learned the trick first from the Japanese. They are a race of masseurs, you know. Then I learned it all over again with variations from the Hawaiians. They call it *lomi-lomi*. It can accomplish most of the things drugs accomplish and a few things that drugs can 't."

Scarcely had his hands touched her head, when she sighed deeply.

"That is so good," she said.

She spoke once again, half an hour later, when she asked, "Are n't you tired?"

The question was perfunctory, and she knew what the answer would be. Then she lost herself in drowsy contemplation of the soothing balm of his strength. Life poured from the ends of his fingers, driving the pain before it, or so it seemed to her, until with the easement of pain, she fell asleep and he stole away.

She called him up by telephone that evening to thank him.

"I slept until dinner," she said. "You cured me completely, Mr. Eden, and I dont know how to thank you."

He was warm, and bungling of speech, and very happy, as he replied to her, and there was dancing in his mind, throughout the telephone conversation, the memory of Browning and of sickly Elizabeth Barrett. What had been done could be done again, and he, Martin Eden, could do it and would do it for Ruth Morse. He went back to his room and to the volume of Spencer's *Sociology* lying open on the bed. But he could not read. Love tormented him and overrode his will, so that, despite all determination, he found himself at the little ink-stained table. The sonnet he composed that night was the first of a love-cycle of fifty sonnets which was completed within two months. He had the "Love-Sonnets from the Portuguese" in mind as he wrote, and he wrote under the best conditions for great work, at a climacteric of living, in the throes of his own sweet love-madness.

The many hours he was not with Ruth he devoted to the "Love-Cycle," to reading at home, or to the public reading-rooms where he got more closely in touch with the magazines of the day, and the nature of their policy and content. The hours he spent with Ruth were maddening alike in promise and inconclusiveness. It was a week after he cured her headache, that a moonlight sail on Lake Merritt was proposed by Norman and seconded by Arthur and Olney. Martin was the only one capable of handling a boat, and he was pressed into service. Ruth sat near him in the stern, while the three young fellows lounged amidships, deep in a wordy wrangle over "frat" affairs.

The moon had not yet risen, and Ruth, gazing into the starry vault of the sky and exchanging no speech with Martin, experienced a sudden feeling of loneliness. She glanced at him. A puff of wind was heeling the boat over till the deck was awash, and he, one hand on tiller and the other on main-sheet, was luffing slightly, at the same time peering ahead to make out the near-lying north shore. He was unaware of her gaze, and she watched him intently, speculating fancifully about the strange warp of soul that led him, a young man with signal powers, to fritter away his time on the writing of stories and poems foredoomed to mediocrity and failure.

Her eyes wandered along the strong throat, dimly seen in the starlight, and over the firm-poised head, and the old desire to lay her hands upon his neck came back to her. The strength she abhored attracted her. Her feeling of loneliness became more pronounced, and she felt tired. Her position on the heeling

boat irked her, and she remembered the headache he had cured and the soothing rest that resided in him. He was sitting beside her, quite beside her, and the boat seemed to tilt her toward him. Then arose in her the impulse to lean against him, to rest herself against his strength—a vague, half-formed impulse, which, even as she considered it, mastered her and made her lean toward him. Or was it the heeling of the boat? She did not know. She never knew. She knew only that she was leaning against him and that the easement and soothing rest were very good. Perhaps it had been the boat's fault, but she made no effort to retrieve it. She leaned lightly against his shoulder, but she leaned, and she continued tc lean when he shifted his position to make it more comfortable for her.

It was a madness, but she refused to consider the madness. She was no longer herself, but a woman, with a woman's clinging need; and, though she leaned ever so lightly, the need seemed satisfied. She was no longer tired. Martin did not speak. Had he, the spell would have been broken. But his reticence of love prolonged it. He was dazed and dizzy. He could not understand what was happening. It was too wonderful to be anything but a delirium. He conquered a mad desire to let go sheet and tiller and to clasp her in his arms. His intuition told him it was the wrong thing to do, and he was glad that sheet and tiller kept his hands occupied and fended off temptation. But he luffed the boat less delicately, spilling the wind shamelessly from the sail so as to prolong the tack to the north shore. The shore would compel him to go about, and the contact would be broken. He sailed with skill, stopping way on the boat without exciting the notice of the wranglers, and mentally forgiving his hardest voyages in that they had made this marvelous night possible, giving him mastery over sea and boat and wind so that he could sail with her beside him, her dear weight against him on his shoulder.

When the first light of the rising moon touched the sail, illuminating the boat with pearly radiance, Ruth moved away from him. And, even as she moved, she felt him move away. The impulse to avoid detection was mutual. The episode was tacitly and secretly intimate. She sat apart from him with burning cheeks, while the full force of it came home to her. She had been guilty of something she would not have her brothers see, nor Olney see. Why had she done it? She had never done anything like it in her life, and yet she had been moonlight-sailing with young men before. She had never desired to do anything like it. She was overcome with shame and with the mystery of her own burgeoning womanhood. She stole a glance at Martin, who was busy putting the boat about on the other tack, and she could have hated him for having made her do an immodest and shameful thing. And he, of all men! Perhaps her mother was right, and she was seeing too much of him. It would never happen again, she resolved, and she would see less of him in the future. She entertained a wild idea of explaining to him the first time they were alone together, of lying to him, of mentioning casually the attack of faintness that had overpowered her just before the moon came up. Then she remembered how they had drawn mutually away before the revealing moon, and she knew he would know it for a lie.

In the days that swiftly followed she was no longer herself but a strange, puzzling creature, wilful over judgment and scornful of self-analysis, refusing to peer into the future or to think about herself and whither she was drifting. She was in a fever of tingling mystery, alternately frightened and charmed, and in constant bewilderment. She had one idea firmly fixed, however, which insured her security. She would not let Martin speak his love. As long as she did this, all would be well. In a few days he would be off to sea. And even if he did speak, all would be well. It could not be otherwise, for she did not love him. Of course, it would be a painful half hour for him, and an embarrassing half hour for her, because it would be her first proposal. She thrilled deliciously at the thought. She was really a

woman, with a man ripe to ask for her in marriage. It was a lure to all that was fundamental in her sex. The fabric of her life, of all that constituted her, quivered and grew tremulous. The thought fluttered in her mind like a flame-attracted moth. She went so far as to imagine Martin proposing, herself putting the words into his mouth; and she rehearsed her refusal tempering it with kindness and exhorting him to true and noble manhood. And especially he must stop smoking cigarettes. She would make a point of that. But no, she must not let him speak at all. She could stop him, and she had told her mother that she would.

All flushed and burning, she regretfully dismissed the conjured situation. Her first proposal would have to be deferred to a more propitious time and a more eligible suitor.

To be continued.

To Genius

By Charles Eugene Banks

Like moths in flame the stars expire,
And suns go whirling down to night,
But mortals kindled of thy fire
Walk ever in immortal light.
Lo, Sappho sings, and ancient Greece
Again is passionate to pain;
Still throbs the heart of Sophocles,
And still Cervantes dreams in Spain;
Still Shakespeare turns the purple page,
Still Milton's lines majestic flow,
Still all the seas know Byron's sail,
And Keats makes melody of woe;
Still Shelly musing, angel pale,
To Beauty's shrine makes pilgrimage.

What lovely figures, ever young,
Trip to the beat of Poet's rhyme,
Like pearls in fine disorder strung
Along the tapestry of Time.
Fond Aucassin and Nicolette
Are roaming still the fields of France,
And blushes still sweet Juliet
Beneath her Romeo's ardent glance;
Still Lovelace in his prison bare
Makes all the world as lovers true
With one wild passionate refrain
That cheers the heart and breaks it, too.
These are thy children, born of pain,
To walk abroad forever fair.

The Life Struggle of Columbia River Salmon

By Randall R. Howard

FISHERMAN luck has recently taken a strange turn on the Columbia River, the home of the finest salmon in the world. The Oregon fishermen will wail to you that the people of Oregon passed two laws at the last election which have crushed their business and smothered one of the leading industries of the state. The people will respond that the laws were initiated and advocated by the fishermen themselves, that their votes were to *preserve* the industry, not destroy. Thus, if we believe the people, the fishermen have practically legislated themselves out of profitable existence—a strange thing to do, indeed, in this commercialized age. Nor does the matter end with the Oregon fishermen. When the new laws came to be recently enforced, Washington shrilly objected to the enforcement of Oregon laws on her side of the river; Oregon responded that *her* authority extended from bank to bank, and that Washington had no side. Then Washington talked back and there were threats of militia; the governors scratched their heads and conferred; and finally the Federal court was constrained to interfere by injunction. Some of the many spectators who have been watching, from all parts of the United States, the sectional strife between the fishermen grow into state, inter-state and national interest, have editorially enjoyed it all as an evidence of humor on the part of the Oregon voters, a playful use of their new initiative wings. But if the laws be continually enforced, it is all serious enough to the fish capitalist, the fish laborer, and the fish trafficker and speculator, some ten thousand people in the total, perhaps. And it is a vital and crucial chapter in the life-story of the millions of salmon that have made the Columbia their national highway from salt water to their mountain spawning ground. Even the voters seem to think themselves serious and in harmony with the popular policy of the day: the preservation of national resources.

This Western drama has been of almost unconscious acting, and already has been carried through a century period with the last act still curtained. During their first exploration trip down the Columbia River, Lewis and Clark found salmon to be one of the chief foods of the Indians. Today the Columbia River salmon is a well-known and choice food in all parts of the civilized world, and the catching and canning of this peculiar fish has built up one of the largest industries of the Northwest. The interval between the crude dip-net of the Indian, and the modern gill-net, seine. trap, fish-wheel, and cannery of the white man has been a glorious page of industrial progress and profit. Only one thing has been almost persistently neglected during these years — *the salmon.* For the salmon it has been years of exploitation, neglect, destruction, threatened extermination.

But every industry has its *human* side, and it was this that I sought first in searching out the reason for the rapid falling off of the salmon run—the total catch being thirty per cent less for 1907 than for 1906, and equally as discouraging for 1908, this lessened catch in the face of stimulating facts which ought to have greatly increased the catch—the fact that prices paid for fish are now

very high (having doubled in the last ten years), and that an army of men is now enlisted in the industry, three times as many as there were thirty years ago.

A cold, drizzling late June rain made us only the more anxious to leave Portland and get away from the lazy fog back to the Western Father of Waters as he came surging solemnly, ponderously to the sea. We had accepted the invitation of some fisher-friends to visit their island ranch on the Columbia and were met at the station by the young mistress of the home, who rowed across to the comfortable house on the island hillside.

For convenience the "boys" of the family lived, during the fishing season, across the island in their comfortable four-roomed shack built on a scow. We found them at home with long lines of costly gill-nets stretched on the sandy bank, drying and being mended, for the fisherman must eternally watch his gear. At best a risky and uncertain occupation, rotten or faulty nets would greatly increase risk and uncertainty. Steam-launches and row-boats tied to the scow gave a further suggestion of occupation and a working competence. We had crossed the gang-plank to the shack, and, but for the gentle and soothing movement of the boat-house and the drawing sweep of the view from the window, one could well imagine himself in a suburban cottage. There was the phonograph in the corner, silverware on the table, cake in the pantry. But still better, many of the depleting facts of the city were gone—no rents, plenty of fresh air, wood cast on the beach at the end of the gang-plank, water fresh and pure for the drawing, and the great out-of-doors. The river reached out in front of the scow for a full mile, then with a sudden upward perpendicular turn the eye was carried to the top of massive rock cliffs. With a slightly different angle, the vision went from the distant water's edge up steep tangled green slopes till lost in the faint blue tops of the Cascades, selfishly trying to smother their most noble stream.

The sun was shining now, and we were just in time to take our first lesson in salmon fishing by accompanying a "drift" with the gill-net. The gill-net involves the least initial capital, and is the chief form of salmon fishing on the Columbia, catching perhaps two-thirds of the total. The theory of the gill-net is simple. During the summer and early fall months the instinct of the salmon carries them away from their natural home in salt water, up some fresh-water stream to the cold mountain rivulets and lakes, where they leave their thousands of eggs for Nature to hatch. The Columbia has become the great highway for the most numerous and valuable of the salmon species, perhaps because of the freshness and volume of its water and the many mountain streams and lakes which it drains. During the *run* the salmon know only one direction, upstream, and they come, or at least start, in great droves of thousands and millions, swimming slowly and making perhaps eight or ten miles a day, with frequent rests before and after they dart through the rapids of the stream and jump and flounder over the water-falls. The gill-netter has learned these habits and merely allows his long net to float down the stream with the current, or out with the tide and noiselessly intercept and entangle Mr. and Miss Salmon as they obstinately press onward toward their courting and mating grounds, perhaps a thousand miles up the stream. The nets sometimes stretch for nearly half a mile across the river and are often deeper than the width of a city street, but draw less depth, due to the slant which the current gives them. The meshes of the net vary in size according to the kind of fish desired, and should be large enough for the fish to get into but not through. The gill-net is held upright in the current by floats on top and lead sinkers on the bottom, and these are nicely adjusted so as to drag on the bottom for the Bluebacks, which run low, and float near the surface for the Royal Chinook, which run high. Upper Columbia net-fishing is done at night, excepting when the water is slightly muddy, for otherwise this active and powerful fish would see and avoid the trap. On the lower Columbia there

is no choice, for only when the tide sets out will the net be carried against the salmon, hence the fishing day is limited to two periods of six hours each during the twenty-four.

The fisherman's life is one of many hardships, uncertainties and discouragements. The fish beneath the surface know no distinction between wet and dry, hot and cold in weather, hence the fisherman must not. He works doggedly, always watching and hoping, never discouraged. The drift which we accompanied meant nearly three hours of work for man and boy—"laying out" 350 fathoms of leaded net as the launch beat across the river slightly against the current, and after a drift of two miles "taking in" the net, dripping and heavy, and carefully coiling it in the bow of the boat—*and not a fish.*

"They are not running today," was the laconic reply to the expression of sympathy from one of our party, as fathom after fathom of the net was brought swishing from the bottom of the river and no fish came in sight. "Sometimes we work all day or all night and get maybe a fish worth twenty-five or thirty cents. Sometimes we get a three-dollar Chinook almost to the boat only to have him slide through the net before we can gaff him. Of course, we have a good catch once in a while."

"What do you do at night, or during spare time?" we asked, casually, as the launch puffed back to be tied up.

"Mend net. No eight-hour day for the fisherman."



CREW ABOUT TO SET A SEINE.
The Method Is to Encircle an Area of Water, Often Nearly a Half-Mile Wide By a Mile in Length, Gathering in Every Fish Too Large to Escape Through the Meshes.

And down near tide water where the fishing grounds are hard to reach and the competition for place is severe among the foreign fishermen, the gill-netters do not leave their boats for long periods of time, sleeping and eating during drifts, always covetously watching their nets. Storms rise suddenly off the bar, and every season there are fishing cottages and scows draped in black, a tribute to the human toll of the sea.

Notwithstanding, the faithful and lucky fisherman always makes money in



Photograph by McCrea Ford Co.

ONE GOOD HAUL OF A SEINING CREW.
The Horses Are Used to Draw in the Seine.

the end, two thousand dollars for a season not being unusual. He expects bad days, but then without warning the fish come crowding into his net and the profits of the good days are anywhere from forty to a hundred dollars. And then he can fish only six months of the year and the remainder of his time is open to other work. Idleness has many ways of impoverishing, however, and the slack period only too often furnishes the temptations that give the season's profits to exploiters of chance and intemperance.

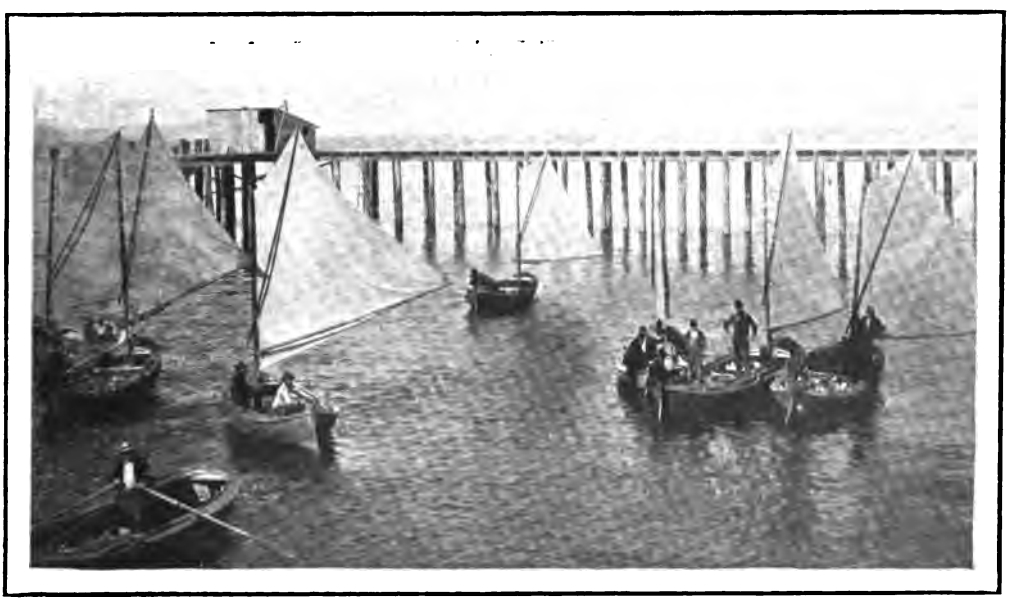
During the salmon-run there is scarcely room on the river for all of the gill-netters who want their share of the annual Columbia harvest. "Eleven used this short drift last year, and there may be more this year," we were told by our host. For self-preservation there is a strong union among gill-netters with several thousand members and headquarters at Astoria, and rigid rules are enforced among themselves. Where the location is good the water is swept every twenty or thirty minutes with these long, clutching nets, all with their millions of mesh-mouths open ready for prey. The river channel is supposed to be open to navigation, and theoretically this gives passage to the salmon, but by fishing deep at their own risk the whole river can be, and often is, appropriated by the fishermen. From six to seven hundred miles of gill-net, it is estimated, are doing all that skill and hardy energy can to strain the salmon from the Columbia River during every favorable hour of the annual open season.

Just ashore from our drift with the gill-netters was a seining crew, with their teams and scow and launch and long net, hurrying their haul onto the beach. A good seining beach is a rare and lucky find, and indeed none of them are merely found. First, the water must not be too deep or swift, and then all the snags must be carefully removed from the bottom and there must be plenty of room on shore to land. Also this shore land must be rented or purchased, or acquired from the state or government, but this expense is compensated from the fact that it affords a practical monopoly of that section of the river.

When all is ready for the seining haul, the launch tows the scow loaded with the seine, rapidly toward the center of the river. The heavy net, which is supposed to reach from the surface to the very bottom of the river, is fed out as the launch leaves the shore and held in position by a tail line to which two teams

of horses on shore are hitched. The launch goes out perhaps half a mile, rapidly detours down stream, and then back toward the shore at a point nearly a mile below the starting place. All is rushing intensity as several teams are hitched to the head line of the seine, which is floating and dragging down stream, and the haul begins. Heavy teams are driven in a trot far into the stream as they are given a new hold to pull in the giant fish-trap; men wade and race in the cold water to their waists. The net has surrounded or screened a section of water equal to a Western farm or a hundred city blocks, and the hope is that not a single marketable fish will escape from this huge sieve—and not a single one will if everything works smoothly, and the seine owner is spending from seventy-five to a hundred dollars a day, besides a large initial expenditure, to insure that everything does work smoothly. Everybody breathes more freely as the lower end of the seine comes to shore and the "squeeze" begins. Soon all of the net is on the beach or its edges held up out of the water by the crew, all of whom are intent in the game and anxious for a good catch. Most of the fish are exhausted by this time and are thrown unresisting into the scow. A splash here and there is the sign of a more sturdy and obstinate salmon and a call for a gaff-hook or a blow on the spine, which quickly brings Mr. Fish to the realm of dainty canned goods.

As with the gill-netters, so with the seiners, it was a poor day—only seventeen small fish, worth perhaps five dollars, for two hauls. But the chance must be taken. Many days will not pay one-tenth of the expense for men and teams, but they are waiting for a run, when a thousand valuable fish may be taken in a single day. It is figured that fifteen good days will put the balance to the profit side, and after that it is happy work and clear money. The salmon run always comes some time during the season, so a good seining ground is immensely valuable. Just for example, a seining beach on the lower river rented for $6,000 last season, and there was a lively bid for it among the different fish capitalists. A seine has been known to take $25,000 worth of fish during a



GILLNETTERS BY THE THOUSAND ARE OVERCROWDING THE FAVORABLE PLACES ON THE COLUMBIA.
Their Method Is to Float Their Nets Extended (One-Fourth to One-Half Mile in Length) to the Current.



Photograph by J. F. Ford.

READY TO GATHER THE SALMON FROM A SEINE; THEY ARE GAFFED AND TOSSED INTO A WAITING SCOW.

season, though this may be exceptional. Nearly a hundred of these huge sweep-seine water bags are thrown onto the river from six to a dozen times a day during the season, and they draw out one-eighth of the annual catch.

About twenty-five years ago an inventive fisherman conceived a new idea for enticing Mr. Salmon into a bright can and sending him around the world. This fisherman would block up as much of the channel of the river as possible, leaving a small delusive opening through which the fish might begin to pass only to find himself scooped out of the river by a revolving wheel and delivered at the feet of the fortunate owner of the so-called fish-wheel. The scheme seemed practicable, and so it has proved. Capital did not need to be interested; it interested itself. While the inventor was getting his idea into black and white and through the heads of the Patent Examiners at Washington, D. C., so the story current among fishermen goes, wily capitalists acquired all of the available spots on the Upper Columbia where wheels could easily be placed. Result as usual; the inventor birthed and nourished the idea till full grown; the capitalist set it to work.

The fish-wheels are much criticised by those fishermen and salmon capitalists who do not own them. They call them destructive. And doubtless they are. But everybody who is after the salmon is after as many as he can get, and this means that he secures the best possible location and uses his opportunities. And the fish-wheel baron is no exception. He chooses a point where the river is swift and preferably narrow. Swift water is necessary to turn the huge fifty or sixty-foot wheel, from ten to twenty feet wide. It is best that there be an eddy below (and the wheel nearly always creates one), so that the fish will crowd into it to escape the swift water and gently follow along the up-stream leads on either side until they converge beneath the deceptive channel and wheel. The fish-wheel is of the old water-wheel order, excepting that it has on its circumference three large scoops of wire netting which extend to the axle of the wheel. In length and breadth

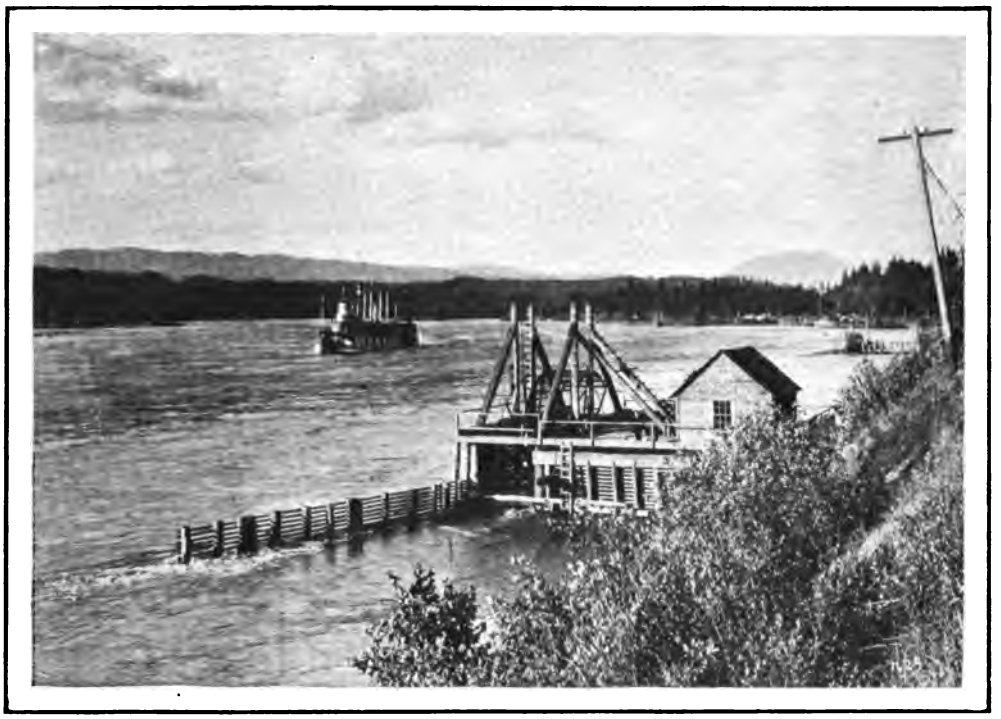
the scoops are about the size of a hotel bed-room. The fish, coming along the leads extending to the bottom and far into the stream, finds himself at the channel and darts under the scoop that is just rising out of the water, only to find himself already caught by the next one, which slides him down an inclined trough and onto the floor of the box-room and to the feet of the keeper of the wheel.

Descending the ladder into one of these rooms, I was cordially greeted by the salmon guardsman who was using his spare moments to prepare a chubby carp for his next meal. His only other duty seemed to be to throw back into the river through the trap window the worthless fish which came down the slide, so I did 'nt feel that I was intruding on his time. On the floor were two large sturgeons still gapping, for they live for almost a day in a cool spot. In one corner were long, slimy, whip-like eels, but the evident pride of the place was the several dozen salmon of numerous shades and sizes. Some of them were torn by the rough trap and a few were still beating pathetic tattoos on the floor trying to find their element, and every little while another would be hurled to our feet by the cold, emotionless, grinding wheel. Many, very many, of them bore the deep and recent marks of the gill-net around their bodies, and some had scraped off one or more fins as they, with perhaps a last great effort, had either broken the linen thread of the net or squeezed through its mesh. Thus had they with scars and bruises escaped one or even a dozen lower river gill-nets, perhaps crawled under or darted around a closing seine, and avoided a hundred traps only to find themselves still pursued and at last lifted in a twinkling from the life-giving stream—made the enemies of a higher order; victims of contrivances, traps, schemes—obeying their self-perpetuating instinct, but not wily enough to resist or escape commercialized mankind.

Some of the wheels turn on axles that are adjustable to the different heights of the water, and this must needs be, for the Columbia rises during the spring from fifteen to thirty feet. Others of the wheels are on scows, hence self-adjustable. A few of the



CROWDING THE CANNERY FLOOR. Photograph by McCrea Ford Co.



Photograph by K. A. Pierce.

THESE FISHWHEELS CROWD EVERY AVAILABLE POINT THROUGH THE COLUMBIA RIVER GORGE. Lucky is the Salmon That, Having Escaped All the Gill-nets, Seines and Traps of the Lower Columbia, Passes All the Fish-wheels Above.

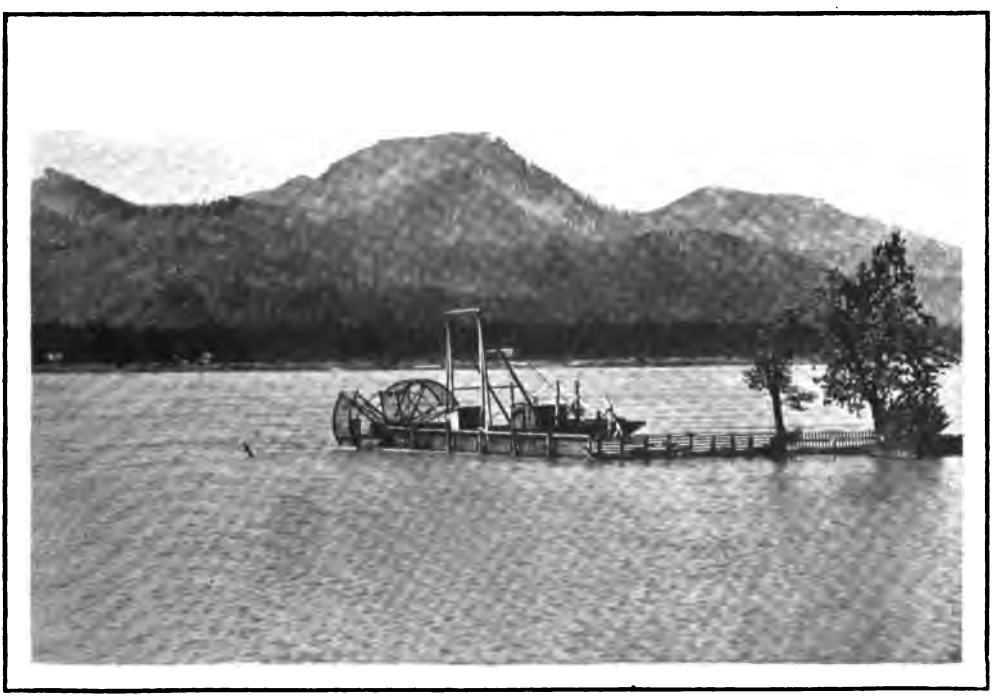
fish-houses I found unlocked and unguarded, with a huge pile of shiny but motionless red-meated salmon, a tempting and doubtless satisfying morsel to the hobo as he passed along the railroad track through the wilderness.

In defense of the ceaseless grabbing fish-wheels of the Upper Columbia, it is said that the fish can pass under them during high water or around them at any time, for the channel must always be kept open. Also—and a point which their lower river opponents never mention—the wheels take only five per cent of the total Columbia catch, so they cannot be charged as solely responsible for the threatened salmon famine. However, the wheels are acknowledged sources of wealth and but little expense after the first payment, and they employ almost no labor, hence distribute little wealth among the people. A good fish-wheel will often take in from five to seven tons of fish in a day (one catch in an early day being over forty tons), and fish are worth from five to seven cents a pound, or from $100 to $140 a ton. So figure for yourself whether you would n't like to be a fish-wheel baron, or at least his prospective heir, and answer to yourself whether you dont see a secret reason why the Legislature is kind in Oregon and in Washington and has always listened to the Upper River lobbyist for the past twenty years and more and why when stationary fish-traps were legally abolished in Oregon some seven years ago, the Columbia was made an exception for the trap provision and the dead line against fishing in the narrows of a stream; and why these Columbia boundary states do not always have a fish warden who can, or wants, or even officially dares to enforce the plain law which if enforced to the uttermost would only infinitesimally injure the business and do little to save the fish.

One must go to the Lower Columbia

to see the "trap," the fourth leading form of fishing gear, at its best. In its perfected state it is a more recent method than the gill-net, the seine, or the fish-wheel. As its name indicates, the trap is merely another snare for Mr Fish. It is usually found in water too shallow for nets and seines, and its value depends wholly on its location. Baker's Bay, on the Washington side of the mouth of the Columbia, is a favored spot, and about four hundred traps may be seen there almost in a group. The trap is very simple in construction. A long arm of piling and netting reaches out beckoning at an angle into the current. The school of fish swimming against the current, stopped by the netting, which reaches to the bottom, nose up-stream along the lead until they pass through a narrow funnel opening into the trap proper, a circular or square-shaped enclosure, twenty feet or more across. A large net fills the enclosure and reaches to the bottom of the stream. The fish often crowd into the net in great numbers, sometimes even lifting the upper ones out of the water. The net is lifted at stated periods by the keepers and the fish taken out into a small boat ready for the collecting launch. These traps usually cost less than a thousand dollars to place, and need very little work to maintain, hence if the location is good they are immensely valuable property. A few years ago a trap in Puget Sound, where the runs cover a very short period of time, hence are larger, caught 260 tons at a single setting, and another 1,700 tons during the season; but such lifts, of course, are exceptional.

In favorable sections the water is a complete crazy-patch quilt of traps. If commerce were a less harsh and deadly game, and if the salmon were dare-devilishly inclined, as he pushes up-stream to perpetuate his kind and maintain the balance of nature, it would be a very interesting adventure for him to try to go



Photograph by K. A. Pierce.

A SCOW FISH-WHEEL.

Floating in the Water, This Wheel Readily Adjusts Itself to the Rise or Fall of the River, or May Be Readily Moved From Place to Place.

through Baker's Bay, for example, and still dodge the Four Hundred, all of them holding out their gold-itching hands ready to gently shuffle their finny guest and his prospective offspring into a gastronomical eternity.

The salmon having been caught, must be marketed. Some are sold locally or shipped in cold storage as far as steam will reach. Others are "mild cured" and salted in large red slabs for foreign markets. But the largest per cent pass through the cannery and come out wearing neat pound or half-pound sealed cans and a bright scenic label proclaiming the Columbia River to the world. The Columbia River cannery, and its children in Alaska, represents the height of efficiency in the art of salmon-canning. It is open, roomy and clean, and there is little suggestion of a fish slaughter-house. The fish are gathered daily from nearby points, and before the next day are snugly resting in "half-pounds" ready for wrappers and the market.

From the time that they are hoisted from the collecting barge to the floor of the cannery they are handled, in most cases, by Chinese and Japanese, for these people seem to have almost a natural monopoly of cannery work. This is due, perhaps, not at all to their skill and cheapness of work, but to general trustworthiness. They are extremely faithful, give themselves to their task, and will work twelve, even fifteen hours a day during the busy season. The modern cannery never refuses fish and during the salmon runs they are almost swamped, but John Chink and Willie Jap see that the fish, every one, are canned, even though they must work half the night for a month or two months.



Photograph by McCrea Ford Co.

GATHERING SALMON FROM A FISH TRAP.

Great stacks, almost acres, of cans, are made in advance of the runs, and are in the corner of the large warehouse-like room ready to be filled. To fill less than a certain portion of these cans means a loss, since initial expense must be met and the celestials paid a fixed sum regardless, hence the cannery capitalist forces everything towards filling up the cans. And neither nature, law, nor sentiment can stop him. For example, three years ago was a slow season. August 15, and the legal close of the season came, but not so prompt had been the salmon run, and the "empties" were a larger pile than told of profits, perhaps even expenses. By common consent and action among fishermen and canneries, the season was deliberately "extended" ten days.

"Where were the fish wardens who are supposed to enforce the law?" I asked my companion, who had turned in his equal share during those ten days.

"Oh, they were all sick."

"And what had become of the Master Fish Warden?" I persisted.

"Oh, he was out of the state on a vacation."

"And the railroad and steamboat companies and the fish dealers; it n't there a penalty against their handling fish during closed season?"

"Yes, of course, but the fish warden is supposed to report, and he was on his vacation—for the season had closed, you know," he added, with a sly wink.

In the cannery the salmon, varying in size from the five-pound half-salmon to the occasional fifty and sixty-pound Royal Chinook, are first handled by the "butcher," who cuts off their heads without wasting an ounce of the red meat, and then deftly with a single stroke shaves off the fins and chops the tail. They are then slit open and in many canneries all of the refuse, including the heads, is dropped to the water below where it becomes food of scavenger fish which later prey on the small salmon and the eggs, and thus adds another link to the chain which threatens to smother the salmon industry. Some canneries, however, utilize this refuse for its oil and fertilizing qualities. The fish are well washed and scraped and graded according to quality of meat. Then a single revolution of a series of blades attached to a shaft cuts each fish into canning lengths, and these are crowded into tins which have been brought from the massive bright pile. The remainder of the process is almost automatic, and human hands and eyes surrender to ingenious machinery. The cans in a long, bright, monotonous row roll swiftly along, receive tops, solder, are tested, rest for half an hour while being steam cooked in the boiler-like retorts, and then take their place among the thousands of cans of choice salmon that are awaiting to be commercially scattered to all parts of the earth.

But I am anxious to get to the strange legal complications of the *present,* in the narrative of the Columbia River salmon industry; perhaps you are, too. The four different classes of fishermen which make their home on the Columbia are hardly on speaking terms these days. They all know that the industry is overworked and is waning; that at the present grabbing pace the salmon will soon be exterminated; that soon somebody must be crowded or crushed out of business, or that all must consent to catch less fish. But salmon look like gold these days, and everybody wants gold, and as much as he can get. So each class has gone ahead year by year catching more and more fish, and each class has tried to shift the responsibility of greediness and salmon extermination Also each class has developed a remedy for lessening the catch and saving the salmon—a very, very simple remedy—merely crowd its rivals out of business. Viewed through the eyes of the other, the gill-netters are a horde of fish vultures, the trap-men are licensed salmon destructionists, the sieners dragnet thieves, and the fishwheel barons are plain public plunderers. For political purposes these classes are divided into two warring groups, Upper River fishermen and Lower River fishermen; and both pose before the public as defenders of the salmon. Their mutual cut-throat spirit was shown during the last election

in Oregon. It will be remembered that, according to the new Oregon initiative, any provision that receives the signatures of eight per cent of the voters of a previous election can be referred to the people at a general election, and with a majority affirmative vote it becomes a law. Taking advantage of this, the Lower River gill-netters, calling themselves a "Salmon Protective Association," with a long list of prominent men, who knew little about the industry, as officers and directors, framed a law which among minor provisions would at a single gulp abolish Upper River wheels. "The public is beginning to demand some sort of protective legislation for the salmon, and this is our chance," they thought, "and best of all there are no wheels on the Lower River," they whispered to themselves. The long petitions were sent out. The Salmon Protective Association hired trained solicitors to get signatures. In the city the voters were worth so much per head to the solicitors; in the country it was wages and expenses, and expenses often were high. But everybody "dug up" and worked, and the names came in fast.

About this time the Upper River wheel-barons began to show evidence of being wide-awake and in full possession of their wits. They would fight fire with fire. They prepared a bill, too; and hired trained solicitors, and got signatures. Their bill purposed "to protect the salmon," incidentally it would practically put four thousand gill-netters out of business; best of all, of course, it would protect themselves against the Lowers.

The rival bills were properly initiated and recorded, and both sides began a campaign of public education in their own interest. Circulars filled with reasons, threats and sentiment were sent to voters; halfpage advertisements were run in the daily papers; agitators were abroad. The Lower people were called "a miniature Standard Oil, fostered by a union without union principles"; the Uppers were those with "special privilege and unjust monopoly." The public was sympathetic. It had long advocated the matter of salmon protection itself, only to see the Legislature turn over its machinery to the Fish Kings and let them daub up any sort of laws they chose; and the result was, that as the fish became more and more scarce and the price of canned goods to the public went up, the protective laws became more lax, and fishing increased. But here were the Fish Kings themselves eloquently telling how to save the salmon: "simply vote 'yes' for *our* bill, and it will be done," they said. True, the different people had different stories; but both sides claimed as objective, the protection of the salmon. Some of the sympathetic public believed both sides, others thought that if the protection that one bill afforded was a good thing, the protection of both bills was better. So election day came—and troubles on troubles for the fishermen—both bills passed with large majorities. While the rival fishermen were trying to eat each other, the voters had swallowed both.

"And will the salmon really be protected?" the spectator exultantly asks, and I say, and they all say: "Answer for yourself."

In going about during the fishing season and several weeks before the new laws came into effect, fishing people seemed to look upon the possible enforcement of both laws, which would be a jollification day for the salmon and practically forbid all fishing on the Oregon side of the Columbia, as a good joke. Canneries were being improved, fishermen were building new boats and seemingly planning as usual for next season. "If the law is enforced in Oregon we will get our license in Washington and fish on the other side of the river," was a popular sentiment among the not-to-be-regulated. "If the Oregon people do not want our money, we will move across and spend it in Washington," said the wheel and trap and seine men. And some of the Washington merchants smacked their lips at the new trade that was coming and said to Oregon: "Enforce."

The promoters of both bills are crying: "fraud, sneak, shame." The Lower people say that the Uppers got the support of the trap-men and the seine-

men for their bill through misrepresentation, but the latter intimate that since it was a class fight the strong gill-netters' union, after voting out the wheel-barons, would next pounce upon the seines and traps and legislate them one at a time to Davey Jones' locker. The Upper people also sing: "deceit." They say that the gillnetters' Salmon Protective Association passed the word around to other union workingmen and turned the fight into a class scramble of labor against capital, of cheap floating fish gear against costly fixed gear.

In the midst of all the mid-season tumult, a still small voice came from the direction of the Master Fish Warden saying that the two new laws would be enforced to the letter, that the salmon would have a sure enough vacation should the next Legislature keep mum on the subject. And very recent events have proved the voice to have had an authoritative ring. In its echo have followed merciless patrol-boats and deputies and arrests by the score, high and low, be the violators on the Oregon side or the Washington side, Oregon citizens or Washington citizens; seizures of nets and confiscations of fish shipments through the hundreds and into the thousands of dollars in value; pleadings, rantings and threats varying in volume from the stealthy canneryman who has suffered the kidnaping of his worshiped three-ton catch of fish, to the mingled thousand voices of fishermen gathered *en masse* to wail up a protest against "the people of Oregon for passing laws that they knew nothing about and cared less." Neither does the celebration stop here—keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen, for you 've seen only the curtain raiser; the fireworks are still to come! It was only a few days after the new fisherman-made laws had been clamped onto the Columbia from the Oregon bank to the last ripple on the Washington shore by the Oregon law enforcers, that a new war cry was wafted in from the north. Seattle and Tacoma papers came out luridly bright and harshly defiant, saying that Washington fishermen need not and would not submit to "Oregon freak laws;" that the Attorney-General had promised to protect Washington citizens from persecution by Oregon officers; and that if anything more need be said, that Governor Mead himself would spread his hovering wings and call forth the state militia to chase back the nasty Oregon policeman. And here enters Governor Chamberlain, of Oregon, on his black charger with his little sabre shining, and shouting: "No, you dont!" The conference called in Portland by Governor Chamberlain was calm and dignified. Governor Mead came on "a peaceful mission," he said, neither did he authorize any statement concerning the calling out of the militia, he told the excitement-loving quizzical. His only body-guard was a coterie of Fish Commissioners, Deputy Fish Commissioners, Attorney-Generals, and Assistant Attorney-Generals, State Senators and District Attorneys. He came with all this condensed dignified eloquence and logic to try to persuade Governor Chamberlain to intervene to estop the enforcement of the Oregon law until a test case could be carried through the courts. There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the Governors. The one firmly held and argued that Oregon fishing law applied to all parts and the undivided whole of the Columbia River and against all persons found thereon, be their birth-marks and voting blanks of Oregon tint or Washington tint; for under such a constitutional promise had Oregon worn its first statehood dress and in support of the clause had the Oregon Supreme Court stamped and sworn. But the other was obstinate. He would n't admit that the Columbia River was wholly and exclusively an Oregon property; he opinionated and knew that Washington had been made the same promise as Oregon of concurrent jurisdiction over the whole river on being admitted to the Union; also, that there was a decision of a United States District Court of fifteen years ago holding that Oregon officials have no right to arrest Washington fishermen, who violate Oregon laws when they are in Washington waters, which opinion had never been appealed, he clinched. The conference closed—peace-

fully—with opinions as divergent as the banks of the Columbia.

There was still another card to play, however, and it may prove a winner so far as Washington is concerned. The Federal Court was asked for an injunction restraining the Oregon Master Fish Warden from interfering with Washington fishermen in Washington waters, until the scope of the Oregon laws could be tested through the courts. The injunction was granted and the Washington fishermen then went singing about their work, safe for from two months to two years according to the excitability of the Supreme Court judges, and Mr. Salmon's holiday was over—*on the Washington side.* It was now the Fish Warden's turn to be puzzled; he asked everybody just what was considered Washington waters and nobody answered; but he finally drew an imaginary line down the center of the river and told his deputies to arrest all fishermen on the Oregon side, but not to go beyond the center of the river, giving the benefit of the doubt always to the Washington fisherman.

Thus was the joke still on the fisherman, he who thought he would help the people to initiate some laws "to protect the salmon." And he protected them so well that he destroyed his own business —not only that, but now he must sit on his side of the little line that the Master Fish Warden drew down the Columbia (fish "wet" on one side and voted fish-"dry" on the other) and watch his Washington brethren go merrily on, drawing out the golden salmon. And it was "hard times," too!

But there has been a still later and more decided turn. The Federal Court further decided that the Master Fish Warden should be restrained from interfering with *any fisherman* on the Columbia until the validity and scope of the new laws could be determined. So all the Oregon fishermen have clamored back to work and everything is, for the present, just as it was before the new laws were passed, excepting that the grab for the fish is still more frenzied. "Maybe, after all," they say, "Mr. Salmon wont be enjoying our hospitality much longer, so let 's give him the time of his life."

The whole legal question is something like the man who wants to "educate" himself, the more he learns, the less he feels he knows. The new radical laws, aside from showing the feeling of the people, have only complicated the situation. If continually enforced they will practically destroy the salmon industry in Oregon, which is neither desirable nor necessary. According to the Oregon initiative law if two conflicting measures are passed, only the one receiving the largest number of votes becomes effective; but there is likely little direct conflict between the two new laws, so the solution is not here. The matter will surely be before the next Legislature, and they may attempt a solution. Both Oregon and Washington are interested in the conflict, and also the National Government. And there are those of judgment who say that the whole matter should be put into the hands of Uncle Sam, and that he should be asked to save the salmon in the same manner that he is saving the forests and the coal mines and the water-falls.

There were days when both Oregon and Washington had dreams of saving the salmon by artificial reproduction through hatcheries. It was demonstrated that man could hatch a much larger per cent of the salmon eggs than Nature was supposed to; therefore man was It. Hatcheries were built, and canneries and fishermen licensed and fined to maintain them. The salmon run increased after a few years; millions of man-hatched fish returned from the salt water; everybody was relieved and glad; and slow, staid Nature was given the ha, ha! More hatcheries were advocated; "the remedy" had been found. Naturally, since the fishermen were paying for the remedy they ought to have the returns, so they reasoned. The Legislatures of Oregon and Washington concurred in this view and the fishing season was gradually lengthened, restrictions were removed from fishing gear, and the wardens became less haughty. The first great alarm came when it was announced that the hatcheries (which caught their

fish after everybody else was through) could not get enough eggs to keep them busy. The closed season had been so shortened that there were no seed-fish—not even enough for man (Nature was n't considered these days). The laws did not change, hence neither did the situation. Some of the hatcheries have been closed, others thrust upon Uncle Sam. Some are turning out a goodly number of frys, at least on paper, but the greed of their fathers, the fishermen, has greatly emaciated, if not almost starved, the hatcheries. The "remedy" has, in general, been a vitality-sapping crutch to the industry. The hatchery idea in its place is highly practicable; and it is only a question of proper encouragement and intelligent management until it can do much for the salmon; but it is an approved scientific sentiment that man cannot altogether wear Mother Nature's apron, and, that whatever may be done artificially, a certain per cent of fish should be allowed to spawn naturally every year.

The fishermen themselves have various notions about the extermination of the salmon, and as many remedies. "Hatch more fish," some say, "and open the hatcheries to operation by public bid per thousand frys turned out, and tax the fishermen to maintain them," they explain. "Shorten the season. Only two months of protection during the year is not enough," others say. One cannery-man has expressed it as his opinion that all fishing must be shut down for a period of several years until the salmon can themselves recover their numbers, but this bold remedy will likely be the last bloody ditch where commercialism will die hard and fall fighting. Others want a closed Sunday, "thus allowing one-séventh of the fish to escape," but the critical say that since salmon probably do not swim more than ten miles a day, the only man who will lose one-seventh of his catch is the man at the extreme mouth of the river, and that the catch of everybody else will be increased during the six days. And on and on to various lengths and with various shades of practicability the ideas and objections go.

Nor are all of the enemies of the salmon in the dust when the river fishermen and Salmon Kings are brought to agreement and reason. "I dont see how any of the fish get through," admitted one fisherman. But getting through is not the only question. Suppose the Royal Chinook lucky and strong enough to either pass around or through the two thousand or more entangling and mutilating gill-nets with a total length of nearly seven hundred miles, and to dodge the four hundred traps, and to escape the hundred squeezing seines, and to avoid the long arms of the wheels in the narrows—suppose he should pass all these, he still has other enemies. The Indian is a patient fisherman with his spear and dip-net and wants the food which has been his for generations; also, he wants the firewater-producing dollars of the white man. Arriving in the small stream many fish drift into irrigating ditches and are stranded in an alfalfa field to be pitchforked and fed to the hired hands, or to the hogs if too many come. The prospectors and campers on the small lakes far in the mountains must have their share, and even the brown bear must not be neglected as he crouches motionless on the bank ready to swish a prickly paw through the water when the salmon get too near.

Having safely come to the mountain waters, Mr. and Mrs. Salmon nose a shallow nest in the gravel and leave their several thousand eggs to Nature's care. Their instinct is satisfied, their work is done, and they waste away. Of the eggs that have been left many are swept off by the water, others become fish dainties, and only the few bring forth new life. But small fish are also morsels of relish to the larger of their species and to their barbarous kind, and only a few in a hundred reach salt water to grow large that they may feed our brothers and ourselves and battle with our state and national laws.

"Ne Exeat"

By Minnie Barbour Adams

Author of "Piers, the Ploughman," "The Pot Boilers," etc.

MY wedding day! How much is summed up in those three words. Others approach this crisis in their lives, some carelessly, some with a sort of evanescent rapture; and I wonder what commonplace emotion I would have experienced had I not arrogated the power of Almighty God over life and death? Who was I—poor human egoist—that dared to say "Come forth" to one whom He, in His infinite wisdom had taken away?

There! For this one day, at least, I had thought to be free from thoughts of the past; but the sight of that dress in passing Helen's room—I dont know how I got the idea that it was to be white; veil, orange blossoms and all; but it is grey, and now I remember. A woman never wears white at the alter but once.

After all, what does it matter? What to us is grey or white? Grey days are left behind, and a dazzling June sunshine is over all. It shines on a lonely grave in a distant cemetery; and, in the garden of a certain weather-beaten cottage, it is reflected from a small pile of broken bottles and retorts, over which a vagrant breeze sprinkles ashes from the site of an old bonfire near it. Thus, in dissolution and decay, all that is left of what was once a mighty power, mingles and returns to dust together.

Returning one day to this little cottage on the river which I had selected for the purpose of pursuing some experiments unmolested, and at the same time regaining my shattered health, I found that Caesar, my only companion, had hanged himself with the rope by which he was tied. He was only a homely, mongrel cur that had wandered to the cottage a month before; but he loved me, which sentiment was rare enough to be appreciated.

I prepared to consign him to an honored barrel-stave-marked grave in the garden; but, first, I injected into his side a few drops of the new alkaloid on which I had been experimenting, intending to watch its action, if action there were. I had just laid down the empty needle when I heard a rap on the door. I paid no attention, and in a moment it was repeated. "One of those confounded Johnsons!" I thought; and jerked the door open.

"What in—" I began, angry at the interruption; then paused in dismay. Instead of the shock-headed Swede, a fair, slender girl, all in white, stood on the sagging step, surveying me calmly, though her eyes were dancing.

"What in—the *world* do you want here, were you going to say?" she asked smilingly.

"I should have modified it to suit the occasion, had I seen you in time," I returned. "I thought you were a Johnson."

"Oh, that explains anything you might have said or thought," she returned, commiseratingly. I quickly extended my hand.

"You know them, too?" I asked, as though it was a bond of sympathy between us. "Come in?" I dextrously flung a coat over the dog as I dragged a chair from the corner.

"So you know the Johnsons," I repeated, pityingly.

"Yes; at least, I know nine of them. Are there any others?"

"Oh, yes! Judy and Nance work in town; Ben's out west; Granny is over to Jim's temporarily; and—"

"Oh, stop! Dont!" she cried implor-

ingly. "Let me learn to know them gradually; one by one. I can bear it better so. Now, Mr.—"

"Allison," I supplied.

"Thanks. Well, Mr. Allison, I 've come to 'borry,' as the Johnsons would say."

"*Et tu Brutu!*" I murmured tragically, and she laughed.

"Yes; but only a book or magazine. Ours have not come yet; and my aunt is not very well this afternoon and wants me to read to her."

I pulled an unpacked trunk of books from under the table, and fished out an armload of new magazines from the bottles and various articles of wearing apparel on the table.

"Oh, I knew it when I saw you walking up and down the bank, the other day," she declared, touching a woman's journal with caressing fingers.

"Knew what?" I asked curiously.

"That you were a booky man," she returned absently, her eyes taking in every detail of a smart summer gown pictured on the journal's broad pages. "I told Ralphy—Mr. Harkness—" She paused to more critically examine the hang of an overskirt, I presume.

"Oh! You are the people who have just moved into the little house at the foot of the bluff?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, rising. "My husband is an entomologist, and is doing some work for the University. You are sure you wont want these for a few days?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Is your aunt an invalid?" I asked as she reached the threshold, wishing to detain her as long as possible.

"She thinks she is; which is much the same," she returned, smiling.

"If I could be of service at any time—I am a physician," I ventured, realizing that I had been rather lonely for the past month.

"You are a physician—living here?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes; I came here an ardent disciple of the old saw: 'Physician, heal thyself!'"

"It certainly is an ideal place for the purpose," she returned thoughtfully, looking out over the broad river. "And are you succeeding?"

"Really, I dont know," I replied deprecatingly, feeling of my arms and inquiringly twisting my head about. "I have been too busy to pay much attention to it, and have turned the job over to Mother Nature. But," my examination concluded, "I guess she 's at it, all right."

"No heart sae sair, no wound sae deep, that Nature canna ease," she quoted softly. "But if you should get lonely, or she should prove unkind, try your neighbors at the foot of the bluff."

"Thank you! You are very kind. What! only two magazines?" I asked.

"But *such* a pair," she returned happily. "I have found these long, drowsy afternoons rather tedious with nothing to read." And she patted the magazines lovingly as she turned to leave.

I sat down on the doorstep and watched her till a turn to the path hid her from view. Harkness, whoever he was, was a lucky man, I decided. How bright she was. How quick to understand. What soft, gentle eyes; and what a maddening dimple lurked in the corner of her sweet mouth. If she were mine, I 'd spend most of my time coaxing it into life. I—

"Great Caesar!" I exclaimed suddenly, as I realized what a maudlin idiot I was; and I should have added some very personal remarks, had I not been diverted by a faint rapping from within the room. What could it be? I wondered. It gradually ceased; and, as it had begun at my sudden ejaculation, I repeated, "Great Caesar!"

Instantly, the rapping began, a little stronger than before. Was it one of those rascally Johnsons? Hardly, as the sound came from the back of the room where there was neither window nor door. Again I played Antony and, thoroughly mystified, listened to the soft thumping, which I now realized came from a bench on which I kept my battery and—. Why! the dead dog was lying there!

I sprang to my feet—and saw a stumpy tail that protruded from beneath the old coat, gently tapping the bench.

I tore the garment away; and felt as though the poles of the battery were being slid up and down my spine as the dog, without moving his head, raised his eyes, gentle and appealing, to mine.

Heavens! What did it mean? He had been dead for some time when I found him, for *rigor mortis* was far advanced. Could the battery have affected him in some unforseen way? Impossible! The alkaloid? It could have been nothing else.

I stood dazed and staring at the thought of what my discovery might mean. Then, mechanically, I gave the poor creature a powerful stimulant, warmed the shivering body, and in a few hours he was about again, as usual.

A few days later, while taking a constitutional up and down the river below the house, "Great Caesar" at my heels, I saw a curious object in the clear water of a little sheltered pool. Patience and a forked stick satisfied my curiosity. It was a half-grown kitten, anchored with a bit of rope and a stone that would have drowned a cow. Then I remembered having seen a swarm of Johnsons along the river a short time before. I carried it gingerly by the tail to the house, a poor, dripping rag of a thing, relieved it of all superfluous moisture, both within and without, heated my best flannel shirt, much to its detriment, over a quick fire, and wrapped the cold, stiff little body in the scorching, highly odoriferous garment. Then, with a pounding heart, waited for the Ne Exeat —as I had fancifully named the alkaloid —to do its work. And it did it!

That night I sat before the fire, a sleek, half-grown kitten purring in my lap, and the dog at my feet, making his presence known at my slightest movement by a soft rat-a-tat on the floor; and, in my heart, there was a strange, solemn exaltation.

What did my discovery mean to mankind? In fancy I saw the bleak, desolate New England cemetery where it had been my fate to stand many times beside an open grave; I heard again the muffled sound of earth falling on the coffin, every dull thud a sharp thrust through my heart. I had received slight comfort from the defiant taunt: "O death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, thy victory?" Would the Ne Exeat answer in a new way, the question of the ages? I believed, please God, it would.

Days passed, and against the established order of things, my family increased as death became a more frequent visitor. Stray cats, a chicken dropped by a hawk, whose flight I arrested by a small leaden messenger, a calf I bought of the Johnsons—a jolly good fellow, but a rather uncertain catapult at times, I found to my cost. All these, and many more, entered the Valley of the Shadow by many different routes, and emerged triumphant; living witnesses of the wonderful power. True, a few refused to answer its summons, probably preferring the quiet of the garden to a rather uncertain life among my rapidly increasing happy family.

I met with difficulties and disappointments, it is true. Caesar, a month after his resurrection, had a slight disagreement over a bone with the Johnsons' dog, and for an hour he showed far greater anger and excitement than the occasion seemed to warrant. I tried to beguile him into a more forgiving and forgetting frame of mind, for I was hard at work on an article that must be forwarded to a medical journal in the morning; and his unmistakable profanity and constant repetition of the things he *ought* to have said to Towser and the things he *would* say when they met, was rather diverting. I dug up some peanuts of uncertain age and flavor from the pockets of my hunting coat. I shook a loose board in the floor, and hissed the one word, "Rats!" Ordinarily, either would have sent him into transports of joy; but he only went on calling names, and allowed the sun to sink upon his wrath. At last, thoroughly exasperated, I turned upon him.

"See here, Caesar!" I began; but something about his rigid attitude and staring eyes silenced me. His growls suddenly ceased; and—turning sharply to the left, he began walking in a circle as large as the room permitted, jumping over the chairs in his path, crawling un-

der table and bed, and going around, only when he must. Gradually the circle grew smaller until, at last, he simply revolved in the center of the room until he fell in convulsions and died. This time he received no Ne Exeat; I gladly wrote *Exeunt* on the waiting barrel stave. Thus died mighty Caesar.

During the fifth week of the chicken's new life, it dropped with a despairing squawk on an imaginary axis, and joined the silent minority in the garden. The calf, too, showed strong symptoms of the wanderlust one day; but a sharp stab of the life-giving needle and powerful stimulants checked his career, though he was perilously near the dreaded center. In time, however, I found means to overcome, to a certain extent, this peculiarity of the alkaloid; and it became fairly successful. I longed to try its efficacy on a human being; and turned greedy, speculative eyes upon the tribe of Johnson.

The months passed all unheeded, and so interested was I in my work that August, with its sultry, oppressive days, was upon me before I knew it. It had been a lonely, busy summer, full of strange surprises and unusual duties; but it had been the happiest and most profitable of my life. The shoulder I had turned to the Johnsons had been such a genuine iceberg that, chilled and disheartened, they "left me be," as they would have expressed it. The people in the cottage below, the Harknesses, whom I feared—Oh, I might as well admit, I hoped would be diverting, had returned unexpectedly to the city the day after they had "borryed" the magazines, whether recalled by calamity or good fortune, I had not learned; the Johnsons being somewhat divided on that point. They still retained the cottage, however, and might return at any time. Meanwhile, the interrupted "bugging" was gleefully carried forward by the competent Johnsons, though it would seem that they did not confine themselves to entomology, but slaughtered every living thing in their path.

One hot afternoon, as I was returning from a long walk down the river, I saw a woman running rapidly along the path toward me. There were many cottages along the river, some in groups, many alone as were the Harkness's and mine; and as they were usually full at this time of the year, I was not surprised at anything.

As the woman drew nearer I recognized Mrs. Harkness, and felt certain that this was no game of hare and hounds. She began gesticulating as soon as she saw me; and I knew by her ghastly face and staring eyes that something terrible had happened.

"Ralph—the boat!" she gasped when we met, grasping me by the arm and hurrying me back over the path she had come. I had no breath to spare in asking questions, she none to answer; so we ran in silence until we came to a place where the river widened to a broad, placid lake.

"There!" she cried, pointing to where a great tree with gnarled and whitened branches was lodged, an overturned boat idly bumping against its trunk.

I found him, held fast among the twisted roots as in the arms of a gigantic octopus. How I got him out and to my cottage I do not know. Though he was a slender man, he was tall; consequently, hard to manage; but I got him there at last; and, not until I had exhausted every effort and knew that he was beyond hope, did I think of the Ne Exeat.

As I staggered through the door with my burden, I nodded toward the littered table; and with one sweep she cleared it of literature, wardrobe, and a pampered cat or two.

"Fire—hot water!" I gasped; and that was the last word spoken for hours.

As darkness settled down, and with it a dismal rain began to fall, the cabin became a miniature ark. The animals came slipping in, one by one, awed into silence by the unaccustomed presence, and disposed themselves for the night according to their several natures. That is, all but Caesar's successor whom I had taken from the Johnsons, they having again mistaken the limits of entomology.

I wrapped Mrs. Harkness, who was shivering with dread and exhaustion, in my coat and placed her in a big chair before the fire. It was very still;

only the patter of the falling rain on the roof, and the weird cry of a screech owl to break the stillness. The firelight wavered and brightened; but the lamplight shone steadily on the straight, silent figure on the table.

The dog was uneasy, looking wistfully from one to the other; and, at last, before I could throttle him, he voiced his presentiment of tragedy in a long, mournful howl. The woman shuddered and buried her white face in her hands.

About midnight I detected a slight pulse and redoubled my exertions; but not until an hour later, when lungs and heart were both feebly doing their duty, did I tell her that he lived. She did not cry out or faint, as long experience led me to expect; but a look of unutterable relief and gratitude shone in her eyes. I begged her to lie down, as there was nothing she could do, but she refused. She fell asleep, however, from sheer exhaustion; and, lifting her gently, I laid her on the bed where she lay as motionless as the figure on the table until she was aroused by the entrance of a Johnson with my breakfast.

I had many times stayed trembling feet that were already chilled by the mists of the dark river, and I had experienced a certain pride and satisfaction when I had seen them turn and climb steadily to safety again; but I had never felt anything like the strange, solemn joy that overwhelmed me as I sat at the bedside and listened to the deep regular breathing of the one who had been dead and was alive again.

I studied every feature of the fine, high-bred face with much the same intentness and feeling of kinship that I would that of a beloved son. Was he not mine? Had I not breathed the breath of life into him, as it were? I noted the broad, dominating forehead already lined by thought; the square, resolute chin; and thought exultantly: "Here is a *man.*" I noted the straight, thin-lipped mouth, slightly drooping at the corners, and added reluctantly as I looked at the woman: "And a stern one."

The day passed and night came again. The least obnoxious of the Johnson girls was sleeping audibly behind an improvised screen; and, for the twentieth time, I urged Mrs. Harkness to join her.

"You can do no good tonight," I told her brusquely. "And to-morrow when we take him home, I shall need all the help you can give me."

"But you said he might regain consciousness tonight," she reminded. "And I would not want him to come back—" She hesitated and looked at me with a strange intentness for a moment and then continued: "—and not find me here to welcome him."

Knowing it was useless to argue, I made her as comfortable as possible in a big chair near the bed; and we began our long vigil.

"You look so dreadfully tired, Doctor Allison," she remonstrated, "Could n't you bring the cot here by the bed and try to get a little rest? I could awaken you at the slightest change."

"Not tonight," I returned gently. "I have enough to recompense me for the loss of sleep."

"You mean in being enabled to save him?" she asked thoughtfully. "O Doctor *how* did you do it? I always thought —I have heard that for a short time after drowning—not hours after—." Her voice trailed off and she seemed to be thinking deeply, her eyes on her husband's face. I did not reply, but felt greatly relieved that no suspicion of the means I had used had entered her mind.

We kept up a desultory conversation after that; I even read aloud for a time, and was gratified to see an occasional smile light up the drawn, white face.

About midnight I noticed a slight irregularity in the pulse of the sleeper, and gave him a heart stimulant. As the needle pierced his arm, he gave a sudden start. His eyes opened wide and regarded me, surprise and indigation in their depths. His wife bent above him, radiant and beautiful with the strength of her emotion. He turned a casual look on the eager, quivering face, then glanced inquiringly about the strange interior, and, at last, came back to me. Memory must have come to him then, for I saw a look of horror and fear cross his face; but, with its passing, one

of selfish content took its place, till his much-punctured arm gave a twinge.

"Damnation!" he cried irritably; and I saw his wife give a start of surprise. The pain passed, and with it the fretful look; and without a word to either of us, he turned comfortably on his side and was soon fast asleep, breathing regularly.

"Well, Mrs. Harkness, your husband is out of danger!" I cried heartily, hoping to rouse her from the pitible abstraction into which she had fallen.

"I—I think I will go to bed now," she faltered; and I said no more.

Poor little woman! I thought as I listened to her stifled sobs. She had been so brave and helpful; and for this. I experienced a strong revulsion of feeling toward the man, a feeling that only deepened with time. I had been very proud of my ability as a physiognomist, though hitherto unaware of the fact; but in the days that followed I felt like a mariner who finds his reckoning all at fault, himself in an uncharted sea. I naturally expected high sentiments and fine, reverential thoughts to be housed in that classic head, instead of the obscene, bestial vagaries that he poured out whenever we were alone. Every feature of the handsome face, the slender patrician hands and feet, indicated a refinement and breeding, instead of the cruel, coarse, irreverant sensualist that he was.

As I watched his wife quivering and shrinking beneath his open abuse, I wondered in my heart why she had ever given her life into his keeping. I compared her haggard, anxious face with that of the brilliant, happy girl who had "borryed" the magazines a few months before, and decided that sickness had developed the latent, unsuspected viciousness of the man.

I believe she shared my wonder and surprise during those terrible days. I often came upon her, walking thoughtfully up and down the bank; or sitting, a drooping, pathetic figure, beneath the trees; and my heart ached at the misery and hopelessness in her sweet face.

I was with them most of the time. Harkness, though up and around again, and seemingly the strongest of the three, was subject, during those first weeks, to unaccountable attacks of heart failure, and insisted on my presence. He was fond of chess, and, as the game was conducive to silence, I sacrificed my inclinations many times, and spent long, tedious hours thus engaged; though amply repaid by the look of gratitude and relief Helen gave me as she slipped from the house.

She had become Helen to me with all that the dear name implied during those first terrible days when, as we supposed, the true nature of the man, robbed of all its veneer by sickness, was being revealed to us. I think I could have been with her for years under ordinary circumstances; could have seen her a loved and cherished wife; and the very respect and honor I had for her would have stifled every unbidden thought. But, seeing her constantly as I did, a tender, shrinking woman with a growing horror and aversion in her eyes, unmanned me; and I was sometimes afraid that the fierce repression under which I spent my days would only hasten my undoing.

The summer slowly waned, and November came with its chill mornings and relenting noons. There were brilliant, glorious days when we were surfeited with sunshine and the flaming pageant that crowned the hills. There were bleak, sombre days when a grey sky poured out its sorrow over the inevitable dissolution and decay. With their coming my perplexities increased. I had outstayed the limit of my vacation by two months, and I felt that Harkness should return to the University, his place having been kept unfilled until his recovery. But this he seemed to have no desire to do; and I could not bring myself to leave Helen alone with him in this forsaken place.

The man puzzled me more and more; he seemed to have no interest in the work which, his wife told me, had always engrossed most of his time. He never opened the scientific books and journals that constantly came to him; but frittered away his time and steadily increasing strength in trips to the village, and in hunting and fishing with

the Johnsons—and the woman was glad of these respites. What did it mean! Had delicate health inclined him to intellectual pursuits, and was it their refining influence I had seen on face and form those first days? Had the strange, life-giving power of the Ne Exeat developed mere brute strength and health at the expense of the brain?

"Did he show any of the peculiarities of—temper that he now exhibits, during the year of your married life prior to the accident?" I asked his wife during one of our many conversations on the subject.

"He was quick tempered," she re turned thoughtfully: "nervous, sensitive, high-strung; but nothing like this. O Doctor! He was so ambitious, and had such high ideals; so unlike—." She paused loyally, and we changed the subject.

I also began to fear that scarcity of money was added to her other troubles. I noticed that her shoes were in a shocking condition; that only the plainest, coarsest food appeared on their table, and that a Johnson no longer helped her with the heavier work. I had to stand idly by and see her become but a shadow of her former self, with no power to help, even by so much as a word or look of sympathy.

One bright moonlight night, being unable to sleep, I walked for hours through the desolate woods; returning, as I always did, past the cottage at the foot of the bluff. It looked very calm and serene in the moonlight, and I could scarcely believe that it enclosed agony, possibly tragedy, within its white walls.

At last, I walked on, feeling very helpless and hopeless. At some distance from the house, I was suddenly startled by a muffled sob, and broken, inarticulate words. A step farther, and I came upon Helen, standing in a little open place; the moonlight giving her wan, upturned face an unearthly radiance.

"Oh! I can 't endure it!" she moaned; "I can 't! I can 't." Then she saw me; and so great was her grief that she seemed to feel no surprise at seeing me, but extended, quick, entreating hands.

"O Doctor—must I stay with him; cursed, starved, b-be-aten?"

"Not the last!" I cried; and was surprised at the sound of my own voice.

"Yes, beaten! Many, many times. Look!" she cried shrilly, turning her face up to the moonlight. One whole side was discolored and bruised.

"Why?" I asked, scarcely conscious that my arms closed protectingly about her.

"Because I had nothing but potatoes to give him when he came back from the village to-night. O Doctor, I 'm being starved—frozen—tortured to death! Must I stay? Is it my duty to stay with him?"

She, too, seemed unconscious of my encircling arms, for she leaned back in them to better see my face, grasping my coat with her poor little red hands, and regarding me with appealing eyes.

I dont know why I had never thought before of her leaving him; that during all those anxious days this solution of the puzzle had never occurred to me.

"He was always cold and self-centered," she went on brokenly, "but I respected and—and liked him, until the accident. Since then he has been so different. I have sometimes thought—" She paused and looked out over the water where the sunken tree showed white in the moonlight.

"Yes?" I prompted.

"I have sometimes thought that he died out there, and came—back—without—a—soul!"

Without a soul! I think I stood, stunned and motionless, for many minutes, while all the dear old beliefs of my childhood and youth flooded my mind. Again the assurance that it was only soulless clay on which the echoing clods were falling, came to me with new meaning.

Without a soul! That would explain the transformation we had seen; the transition of an intellectual, noble minded man to a sensual, conscienceless brute.

And *I* had done this thing; had doomed this tender, gentle woman to untold suffering. I groaned aloud.

"What is it?" she cried, quick to detect the change in my face; and seeming to feel my arms for the first time, for she gently disengaged herself.

"What is it?" she asked again, forgetting, womanlike, her own trouble at the first indication of it in others.

"Is it not enough to see you suffering so and be unable to help you?" I asked evasively. "But you are trembling with the cold, Helen. Wont you let me take you up to the Johnsons for the rest of the night? Then, to-morrow, we will decide what is to be done."

"No, I 'll go ho—back to the house," she returned wearily. "He knows I 'm going to husk corn for the Johnsons tomorrow; and I 'll be gone before he is awake."

I did not sleep that night, but tramped up and down the room, a prey to the strangest thoughts that ever assailed the mind of man. If I had brought this soulless monster into the world, as I firmly believed I had, would it be a crime to take his life, any more than it would be that a mad dog that threatened the innocent and helpless? Was he anything more than the beasts of the field over which we have dominion, even thought fashioned in the likeness of his Maker. These, and many other torturing thoughts came to me during the long night.

I sent word to Helen, up at the Johnsons, that I wanted to see her that afternoon; and, quite early, started for the cottage at the foot of the bluff, my retinue, as was their wont, trailing along behind like the tail of a kite. Unconsciously, I kept a wary eye on the calf, especially if he fell behind, for incipient horns had increased his belligerent qualities.

One cat walked daintily at my heels, spitting derisively at the dog if he came too near. The other, the drowned kitten of the pool, chased the scurrying leaves, pounced upon imaginary prey among them, or whetted her claws on convenient tree trunks. The duck, a dear old thing who conscientiously lived up to her name, had started with us; but had been outdistanced, as usual, owing to certain constitutional defects.

They left me at the door, these loving, loyal friends, and went their several ways. I entered the cottage, and, throwing myself in a chair, tried to plan for Helen's future; but tired Nature willed otherwise. I was awakened by a chuckling laugh, and found Harkness regarding me with sinister eyes.

I stared at the man in amazement. I had not seen him closely for some days, he having spent most of his time with the Johnsons, or, which was worse, at a low dive in the village; and I was shocked at his rapid deterioration. He had taken on flesh rapidly, and was now a veritable giant compared with the slender, elegant form I had so eagerly carried to my cottage a few months before. His face was heavy and bestial, and the very contour of his head seemed changed. I could understand it now; the body having no longer to contribute energy and nerve force in any great amount to the brain, had developed strength and flesh amazingly.

"Humph!" he sneered. "Did n't expect to find me at home, did you?"

"I did n't think about it one way or another, Harkness," I returned quietly.

"Oh! ye did n't!" he mocked. "Dont you suppose I know it was the woman you wanted? Dont you suppose I 've seen it all for some time? Her snivelling around, and you looking solemn and trying to run provisions in here on the sly." He was rapidly working himself into a rage, and I drew a heavy kitchen chair in front of me and leaned carelessly on it.

"Dont you suppose I know how you two have been mooning around through the woods, with your damned menagerie tagging at your heels, hunting for flowers and pebbles and other trash? Oh, I 've been laying for ye; and I 'm going to tumble you into Hell and her after you, this very day!"

I smiled to myself. Jealous, was he? Heaven knew he had no reason to be, but I was glad to see so human a sentiment. At his next act, however, I did not smile.

He was walking about the room, becoming more frenzied every moment, recounting his wrongs, more to himself than to me it would seem; and, in passing the kitchen door, he turned the key in the lock and dropped it in his pocket. Every window was closed, and he began

to pace up and down before the front door, my only possible egress.

"And you did n't know I saw you last night, did you?" he shouted, generously interspersing oaths and epithets, shaking his great fist in my face. "Yes, sir! I stood right in that window"—giving the sash a blow that nearly shivered it—"and I saw you go off down the road, and her come shivering and sneaking into the house."

I started. "Does she know that you saw her?" I asked, fear for her nearly taking my breath. Maybe he had murdered her already. But his next words reassured me.

"No, I did n't tell her!" he screamed. "But she 'll know it today. I 'll round you off, you white-livered — — —, and then I 'll lay for her! She 'll come slipping along home pretty soon, shrinking and sighing, and I 'll show you to her, my pretty boy; and then I 'll tear *her* to pieces! Do you hear? I 'll tear *her, so!*" He made a rending, tearing motion and glared at me ferociously, foam showing about his snarling mouth.

I grasped the chair firmly, and something in my silent, watchful attitude seemed to puzzle him. His eyes wavered; and, muttering curses and threats, he looked up along the road that led to the Johnsons. I took advantage of the moment to throw off my coat and tear my collar loose; and, again grasping the chair, watched him raging and cursing up and down the room.

So this was the monster that I, poor, meddling Frankenstein, had raised. How was it all to end? If he overpowered me, what would be the fate of the woman who, even now, might be approaching the cottage? And the end—whatever it was—I felt to be very near as he again came at me, his hands closing and unclosing rapidly as though he already felt my neck between them; his face mottled and purple.

He gathered himself together for a mighty spring, but paused at a sound from the door. A look of devilish cunning crossed his face, and he grinned and winked at me as he tiptoed across the floor. My first thought was of Helen, and I started with him; but at the repetition of the sound I realized that it was the dog, and settled back again.

Again he turned toward me, and if ever murder was written on a face, it was written on his. Could I hope to escape? True, my trained and well-tempered muscles would stand me in good stead; but would they have any show against this maniacal fury? Once more he gathered himself for a spring, his eyes mere glittering slits. He took a step forward, hesitated, and then—turning abruptly to the left, began to skirt the room, stepping over a chair in his way, squeezing behind the stove, and ever following the wall as he paced round and round; a silent, slouching figure, circling to his doom.

And I? I stepped out of his way and dropped limply into the chair, a fervent prayer of thanksgiving on my lips. The circles began to narrow, and I took my station by the front door, and watched with fascinated eyes this march of death. Hearing a slight sound behind me, I turned and saw Helen and old Mr. Johnson staring at the man with horror-stricken eyes.

Smaller and smaller grew the circles, he was turning as though on a pivot now. Lower and lower sank his head, and his arms hung limp. He wavered—recovered—wavered again and fell, convulsed; and I mercifully hid Helen's face on my breast.



SURF-RIDING NEAR HONOLULU, DIAMOND HEAD IN DISTANCE.

Child Life in Hawaii

By Grace Hortense Tower

CHILD life in Hawaii forms one of the most interesting phases of the life there, and one which always possesses charm for the visitor to these sunshine islands of the sea. The streets of Honolulu swarm with children of all nationalities—Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Porto Ricans and Americans, and all of the variations and mixtures of these races.

As the incoming steamer cuts through the blue-green water of Honolulu harbor one is given his first glimpse of Hawaiian child life, for the boat is immediately surrounded by jabbering, brown-skinned native boys, darting through the shining water and begging for coins. As they plunge out of the green water, their slim, lithe, young bodies, brown, and glistening with sea water, their shaggy, black hair roughened with diving, they present a most picturesque appearance.

As one drives from the dock to his hotel he finds the down-town streets teeming with children of all ages, many with but one little garment covering the tiny bodies. Chinese and Japanese men and women with little almond-eyed babies strapped to their backs, pass to and fro, two or three half-grown children clinging to the paternal or maternal kimona. It is a common sight to see a yellow-haired, fair-skinned American girl trudging along the sidewalk with her arm drawn affectionately about the waist of a demure-eyed little Chinese maiden in pink and purple tunic and yellow pantaloons, with her long black pigtail, into which gay-colored ribbons have been braided, hanging over her shoulders.

In the school-room an American girl helps a Japanese boy with his arithmetic; an Hawaiian girl helps an American boy with his Latin; a Chinese boy helps an American girl with her geography.

One of the most notable things in the child life of the islands is the great love of Hawaiian children for one another. Many times a child of seven or eight years will adopt in its own little way some younger child, possibly a small sister or brother, perhaps one of the "love" children from an orphanage, and will care for it and carry it about with a proud air of proprietorship. Many times a native mother, who, like the "Old Woman who lived in a shoe and had so many children she did n't know what to do," will give one of the younger children to a child a few years older, and the little foster mother assumes the entire personal care of the wee tot thus transferred.

The Hawaiians are by nature a warm-hearted, affectionate and impulsive peo-

ple, with simple, child-like hearts. They are fond of their children and try to secure education for them when possible. Many of the native Hawaiians, or half whites, known as *hapa haulis,* are very wealthy, and their children have every advantage. But many are poor, and it is in the families of the poor that one sees the picturesque side of child life.

In the days of the monarchy great deference was always shown the children of royal blood, those with *lani* (heaven born) in their names, and though many times they played with the children of Americans and others of their own race, the little princes and princesses never forgot their rank, and their playmates were never allowed to forget it either. There was an ancient tradition that the shadow of an ordinary child must never be cast upon a child of royal blood.

The child princess, Kaiulani, whose mother was a sister of the late King Kalakaua, and father, Judge Cleghorn, an Englishman who still resides in a beautiful old place at Waikiki, was almost worshiped by the Hawaiians, and when, in the first dawn of a beautiful womanhood, she died, there was mourning for many months. There is mourning still, and the memory of this beautiful girl—for she was beautiful with the best characteristics of her mother's race combined with the grace and delicacy and refinement of her father's—still lives in the loyal hearts of her people. I happened to visit the mausoleum of the royal family on the anniversary of the princess' birthday and met a native woman of the best class with arms laden with bright blossoms and fragrant *leis* which she had brought to the princess' tomb.

"Yes, today is our Kaiulani's birthday, and though others may not remember, we Hawaiians never forget. We always come with flowers," said the woman, sadly. This woman was allowed entrance to the tomb, and after she had left, a few blood-colored petals still lay upon the gray stone steps like drops of heart's blood.

This cemetery presented a very different appearance from one on the mainland. Instead of wreaths and crosses and clusters of flowers, fresh *leis* of carnations, or *maile,* or the royal *ilima* blossoms, were hung over marble slabs and left to flutter in the breezes. These *leis,* which are so distinctively Hawaiian, are necklaces of flowers and leaves, most of them being made of carnations. The calyx is first bitten from the flower, the petals thus unconfined falling in a shower from the bit of stem remaining, and they are then strung upon threads of grass. The *ilima,* whose yellow-and-orange crepe-like petals cannot be distinguished from the crepe paper fac-similes save by the sense of touch, is the royal *lei* flower, and when the young princess lay in state for burial, her casket was covered with hundreds of these golden *leis.*

This young princess was beloved by young and old alike. When she was a little girl a number of her small boy playmates formed a little guard of honor which they christened "Kaiulani's Own," and on state occasions when the King's Own and the Queen's Own attended royalty, the diminutive guards of Kaiulani's Own, in their cunning little uniforms, brought up the rear. Had their chivalry ever been put to the test they would no doubt have acquitted themselves with as much honor and gallantry as any of the older guards. The story of Kaiulani's Own was told me by a young man who used to be one of them, and he said that he still preserves his little uniform which in those far-off days meant so much of dignity and honor.

The princess' father gave a reception for our party while we were in Honolulu, and I shall never forget the picture of that white-haired old man, standing erect and alone beneath the great banyan tree, to greet us and personally to conduct us to his dwelling, which is filled with rare and costly things, many of them suggestive of the old regime.

Everywhere were suggestions of the young and beloved princess—pictures of her as a babe, as a little maid, as a young school girl, and then the last picture of her as a beautiful young woman, tall and slim and proud as a princess should



THE LATE PRINCESS KAIULANI, BELOVED OF HAWAIIANS.

be. It seemed, as we wandered through the great rooms of the rambling old dwelling, that the house was a shrine sacred to the memory of this only child, this fair royal flower that had withered before its time.

The Hawaiian child grows up with an inherent love of music instilled into his very being. His parents sing at their work; he sings at his play. As he grows older he learns to play upon the *ukilele,* a native instrument somewhat resembling the guitar in shape, though much smaller. There are few Hawaiians who have not good natural voices, for the music is in their very souls and it must find outward expression. With a *ukilele,* a calabash of *poi,* and a fresh *lei,* the Hawaiian finds little else in life necessary or desirable to his perfect happiness.

At the Kamehameha Schools, which are tuition schools conducted for the native children of the better class, great attention is paid to music, and the girls, particularly, have sweet voices, and sing much in chorus and solo. Once every month the pupils go to their homes to see parents and family. On occasions when they are ill the mothers go to them and proceed to give them *lomi-lomi,* a kind of Hawaiian massage, which is a cross between osteopathy and massage. As they rub and knead the muscles the women murmur a weird incantation in a monotone, and weep over their children, for they are an impulsive, demonstrative people.



MONDAY AT THE KINDERGARTEN. THE YOUNGEST CHINESE LAUNDRYMEN IN HAWAII.

The Hawaiians are reputed to be the cleanest people on earth, though if one were to see many of the street scenes which I saw every day, he would have just cause to doubt this statement. However, it is true that the natives half live in the sea, and the children, from earliest babyhood, become accustomed to it. It would be difficult to find a native child who is not an expert swimmer and diver. They scramble about in the blue-green water like little fishes, and one typical sight is the school of jabbering Hawaiian boys who gather about every



"GOODBYE, TEACHER."

incoming or outgoing steamer, begging and diving for the coins which are thrown from the ship's deck.

The boys learn early to guide the surf-boats, canoe-like craft with outrigger, which are rowed out over the reef to the long, white line of foam-crested breakers, and with their laughing, bathing-suited occupants, come rapidly to shore on the crest of the rollers.

Groups of little tots, not more than seven or eight, may be seen in the early mornings standing knee-deep in the shallow water, fishing for crabs, their nondescript garments tucked up above high-water mark, their dark little faces aglow with the interest of the catch.

So much a part of their life is sea-bathing that in times of epidemic of measles and like troubles, the fatality is surprisingly great; this is explained by the fact that the natives, ignorant of the workings of the disease, and feeling hot and uncomfortable, rush into the water for relief, and the sudden shock of the cool water drives the measles in and they die from the effects.

Superstition holds the Hawaiians in a vise-like grip, and their primitive, sim-

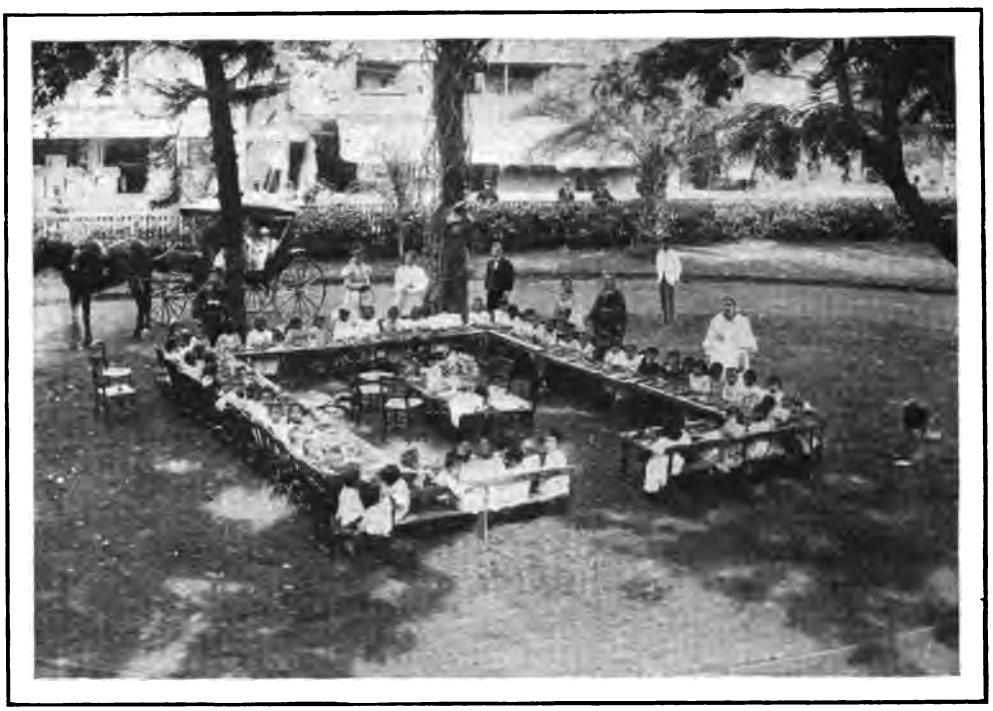


"I'LL KAHUNA YOU!"

ple minds are most susceptible to impression. If one child is angry at another, he is liable to say, vindictively: "I *kahuna* you." The *kahuna* is supposed to be a kind of witch or evil spirit who will thus cast a spell over the one so cursed by another, and many a strong, robust man has been known to die from the effect of worrying over such a curse. The little children thus cursed by their mates worry themselves into such a hysterical state that they often have fever

moon, the water, and the fire are endowed with living personalities, and many of the most picturesque and beautiful bits of folk-lore surround them.

One of the legends told to the Hawaiian children is that of Cocoanut Island, just off the shore of Hawaii, the largest island of the group. This tiny island, filled with its tufted cocoanut palms, as Mark Twain has so aptly said: "like feather dusters against the sky," seems but a few yards off-shore from

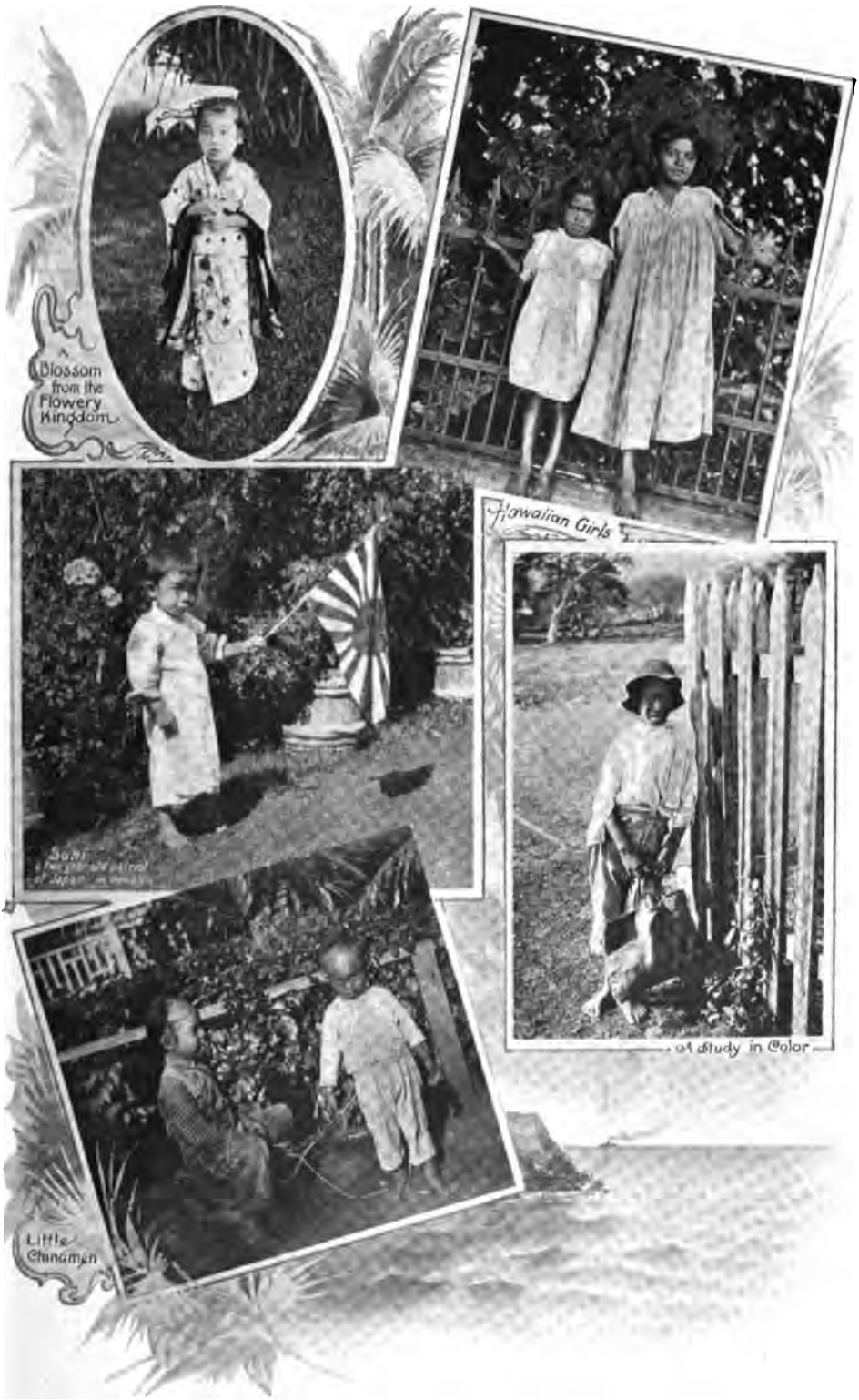


THE JAPANESE KINDERGARTEN, HONOLULU.

and seem really ill, and nothing short of a good spanking, administered by the strong right hand of a practical-minded teacher will serve to reduce their temperature.

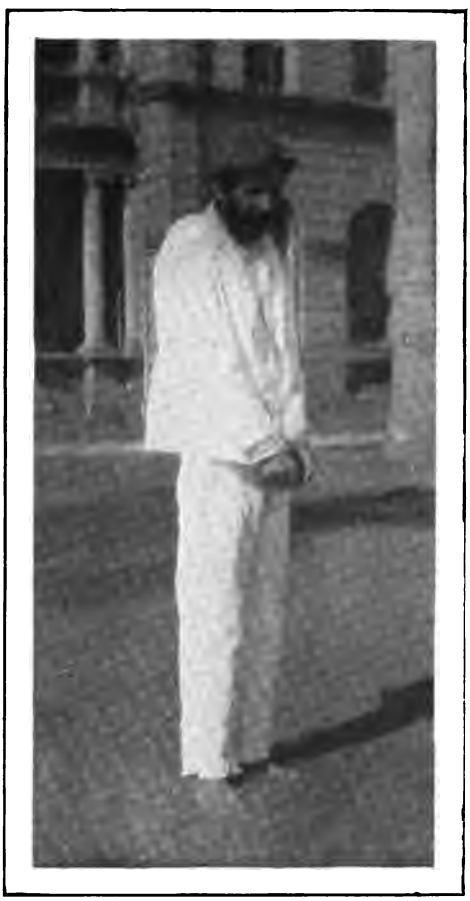
The Hawaiian child is born and bred in an atmosphere of legend and myth, and it is not strange that the belief in these romantic old legends is a part of his very fibre. The Hawaiians think in figure, speak in figure; every natural phenomenon has its legendary source; the trees and the hills, the sun and the

Hilo as one's ship approaches harbor, and it looks as though it might have broken off and floated there in the bay. The legend runs that one of the gods came to earth in the form of a pig. He looked at the scattered islands of the Hawaiian group and decided that they ought to be joined together. So fastening a huge chain to the slender, tapering end of Hawaii, he started to swim across the channel and fasten the island to Oahu. He had gone but a little way, however, when the strain on the chain



CHILDREN OF HAWAII.

became so great that the small end of Hawaii was broken off, forming what has ever since been Cocoanut Island. There are many legends of Madame Pele, the goddess of fire, who is supposed even yet by the superstitious ones to have her abode in the crater of the volcano of Kilauea. Those wishing to propitiate her must go to the brink of the great steaming tea-kettle and toss in coins, and the bigger the coin, the bigger the propitiation. Madame Pele's kitchen, Madame Pele's drawing-room, Madame Pele's bath-tub, are some of the caves and queer formations in the crater which the visitor to Kilauea is shown by the dark-skinned old guide.



THE PORTUGUESE WHO WORSHIPS A STATUE.

In celebration of the birthday of their youngest child, Ex-Governor and Mrs. George Carter of Honolulu gave a large *luau,* or native feast, served in the Hawaiian fashion, recently. At the close of the feast, according to the ancient tradition, a little mango tree was planted, and as its tender roots were pressed into the moist earth a tiny suckling pig was placed upon the ground and allowed to run in front of the tree, casting his small shadow upon it. This is a sign which is said never to fail to bring long life, wealth and good luck to the little child whose birth *fete* is being celebrated.

An early morning scene in one of the public school yards in Honolulu is most picturesque. As all who can afford to do so send their children to private schools, the public school crowd is a decidedly poor one, as represented by its parents' bank accounts, but rich in color and youthful spirits. Nearly every little Hawaiian in the country wears a fresh *lei* each morning, whether anything else in his apparel is fresh or not. His hat may be so ragged that it is with difficulty he keeps it upon his shock of coarse black hair, but the bright *lei* encircles it just the same. The little girl's blouse may be torn and soiled with play, but the bright *lei* hangs about her little brown throat just the same.

Some of the American teachers have found it necessary to ask their small charges not to bring *leis* to them, as each morning the teacher's desk would be covered with these too fragrant offerings of love. Many of the *leis* are made of dead, sweet blossoms, and the odor in a room is sickening.

In the many free kindergartens of the city one sees child life in its most interesting phase. There the wee tots from four to six are gathered—plump little Hawaiians with *leis* round their necks; wee Japanese—looking more like dolls than flesh-and-blood children; demure-eyed little Chinese girls, modest and sweet and shy in their gay-colored native dress of pink or purple or green; brown-eyed Portuguese and blue-eyed Americans — little human driftwood, much of it, floating down the stream of life.

In the kindergarten of a few years



AN INGENIOUS HAWAIIAN MOTHER.

ago there was much weaving of papers and sewing of cards which seemed many times to have little more value than to keep the busy little fingers out of mischief, and all of it, more or less unrelated to the daily experiences of the children.

In the modern kindergarten the work grows out of the home life, and the ordinary activities of the home are taken up and continued. When children play, they usually play house or horse, or keeping school, or "choo-choo cars." They "make believe" to do what they see the grown-ups around them doing. So in the new kindergarten method the little ones are taught to wash and iron, to cook and sew.

Through his reproduction of these activities the child gradually learns the meaning of them and is capable of playing his own part in relation to them. In this way the new ideas gained have the child's own past experiences for a background, thus seeming a continuity of which no other system admits.

While every child has his turn to cook, wash, iron, scrub, sew and make gardens, he is also given opportunity to use freely, water colors, colored crayons, clay, black-board, hammer and nails, paper, paste-pot and scissors, and learns to construct forms from paste-board boxes. But all of this work is related to the life of home. In song and story, the directors deal with fancy and enter the realm of imagination, but the games and handwork always deal with the common, every-day life experiences, whether they be Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese or European.

Every day at twelve the children cook rice for their luncheons, and this forms one of the most important tasks of the day to them.



READY FOR THE COIN DIVE.

A unique feature of the kindergarten life is the "good-morning" song. At the opening of school the children gather about the director. Two little Americans are first chosen from the circle, and they take their places in the center of the ring, and the song, "Good Morning, Good Morning, Good Morning to You," is sung, the circle joining in the chorus.

At the second stanza, two little Hawaiians take the place of the wee Americans and the song is sung with the native greeting, *"Aloha, Aloha, Aloha* to

You." Then two embryo brown-men of the Flowery Kingdom take their stand and the song is sung with the Japanese good morning, *"Ohoyo, Ohoyo, Ohoyo* to You." The Chinese *"Cho Shing,"* and Portuguese greetings follow in due order, and the school is then ready to settle itself to work—or almost ready. There are the individual good mornings yet to be said, and the director calls each little child by name as she says good morning, awaiting each time the timid, low-toned response.

It is a very simple thing to say, "Good morning, Alice; good morning, Sally; good morning, John"; but when you have the names of five nationalities to remember, and after remembering, to pronounce, it is quite another matter.

"Good morning, Hatsuitehi; good morning, Hijiro; Yo Kim, Ah Hoe, Toshiyuki, Sadato Yoshi, Ah Soi, and on down the list.

Nowhere more than in Hawaii is more surely exemplified the fulfilling of the prophecy, that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations." Like all of the children of the slums, many of the little ones who are found in the ranks of the free kindergartens suffer with congenital or hereditary troubles, and each morning there are some who require surgical attention, both for their own comfort and for the safety of the other children, as most of the sores are more or less infectious. A sweet-faced young professional nurse makes a tour of the kindergartens on horseback, visiting two schools each morning. All of the children who have sores or cuts or bruises, requiring attention, are segregated from the others, and the nurse begins her work.

When this system of employing a director of sanitation was first established the children were afraid of the tall young woman with the big, black case, the rolls of cotton and the smelly, burny medicines, and they cried and hid behind the teachers' skirts in abject terror that was pitiful to see. But now they have learned to love and trust her and they know that she can make them well.

As she approaches she is greeted by a mad scramble of little feet and a chorus of joyful cries as thumbs and fingers are stretched out to her, little bare feet are raised for her to see, and eyes are lifted for her inspection. Of eye troubles there are many, and this branch of the work is one of the most important. At the Henry and Dorothy Castle Memorial kindergarten a special dispensary and surgical room is connected with the kindergarten room, and the young assistants are taught to assist the professional nurse.

One of the free kindergartens is conducted in the basement of the old Kawaiahao Church, which was built many years ago of slabs of coral from the reef. I shall never forget one plump little Chinaman from this school who approached the nurse one morning.

"Any sores this morning?" asked the young woman, cheerfully. The wee Chinaman hung his head. When he had sufficiently overcome his bashfulness to do so he lifted a plump, bare leg for inspection. There were no sores, but there was a shining silver bracelet. The nurse explained to me that the boy's mother wished to fool the devil and to make him think her child was a girl, so by putting a girl's bracelet upon his leg she felt quite safe. Boys are the treasures of the household, girls but incidents. The devil might injure the treasure—he would never bother himself with the incident, hence the deception.

As the little tots trudge daily to kindergarten in the basement of old Kawaiahao, they pass, with wondering eyes, one of the human landmarks of Honolulu—a thin and sunken-chested Portuguese who all day long worships before the great black-and-gold statue of King Kamehameha that stands, majestic and imposing, in front of the old palace, now used as one of the judiciary buildings. Always in white and always barefooted, a battered old black hat slouching above his matted black hair; his roving, restless hands twisting and untwisting, fretting his scanty beard, plucking at his sleeves—never still, he comes day after day in rain or in sunshine to pay homage to his king whose upraised spear and beckoning hand seem to call him.

No one seems to know his name, no one knows where he lives, no one can remember the time when he did not worship there on the sidewalk, sometimes on one side of the street, sometimes on the other. At times his lips move as though repeating a forgotten prayer, but there is no peace in his ever shifting black eyes.

Poor as he seems to be, his white duck suit, though frayed and worn, is always clean; he never begs and is never drunk, and just quietly spends his life in silent adoring worship of the great black-and-gold statue towering above him. Children peer at him wonderingly and pass on, half afraid. The trolley cars bound for Waikiki or town, rattle by with their loads of Americans, Hawaiians and Orientals; merry horseback parties canter past casting amused glances at the old huddled figure of the man; gay motoring parties in imported frocks and Virot hats glide by in a puff of dust that settles all unheeded on the bent shoulders of the worshiper. He has come to be as much a landmark as Diamond Head or Punchbowl, and the tide of human life with its ripples and its foam, its undercurrent and its driftwood, flows on around him as unrelentlessly and steadily as a river flows swiftly on around some broken tree or dead stump embedded in its banks.

Unrest

By Don Marquis

There shakes through all the suns that are
A heart-beat hot and strong,
And tired old systems, star by star,
Revive and glow in song;
A fierce unrest seethes at the core
Of all existing things,—
It is the restless wish to soar
That gives a god his wings,—
And all the palpitant red choir
Of chiming stars were mute
But for the stress of such desire,
And Man were still a brute.

Mary of Malua

By D. E. Dermody

From a bowery strand, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind.

Keats: Hyperion.

COXSWAIN TIM CRAWLEY said of Sailmaker Monk Braunes that "He must have been born triplets and growed together"; signifying thereby that Braunes was equal to several men in an emergency. The same authority said of the new bumboat-boy that "He looked like everybody's young brother"; meaning that the boy patently needed a protector.

Crawley and Braunes were attached to the old Navy Training Ship *Adams*, awhile stationship at Pago Pago. For two days the latter had been studying the new bumboat-boy, a slight, shy, half-caste Samoan. Braunes would have been amazed had anybody told him that the rigidly calm face of this South Sea exotic was a delicate duplicate of his own rugged countenance; yet a casual observer might have noticed the resemblance, which was of the sort that oddly suggests an intangible kinship closer than blood. The comparison was not uncomplimentary to either; for the boy was patterned after a stained-glass angel; and the sailmaker did not get his first name from any conceit of likeness in mien or movements to our prehensile-tailed forebears. His name appeared on his enlistment record as Monkton Moyle Braunes; and, except when he had occasion to wake up, he was hardly less austere and impressive than his name in full. His phlegm carried weight, however, seeing that in eight years in the Navy he had, by numerous private industries known to men-of-war's men, put by sufficient funds to materialize a pretty dream of a little home and a little shop in God's country.

The old bumboat-boy, a fourteen-year-old full-blood Kanaka, on whose plump person a shark had once dined, Monk knew to repletion as an imp of jovial vulgarity and crass cunning, who, by virtue of an empty sleeve and his familiar fun, still held his choice location under the forecastle awning, and all the trade worth while. His snapping black eyes, greedy industry and known, but laughingly tolerated, disposition to cheat, seemed to belie his kinship with the gentle Samoans, a people possessed of no such civilized propensities.

In opposition to this impish cripple was the new bumboat-boy, a youth passing, perhaps fifteen, who wore a vine-wreath on his close-cropped head, in the manner of young Samoan gallants, and otherwise startlingly suggested an incarnation of a lovelorn shepherd on an Etruscan vase; or, to be more modern, one of those idealistic youths who twang the auto-harp in magazine advertisements. Slender just to gracefulness, and of a color no darker than might have been a Caucasian born and reared in these isles near the sun, his chiseled young face was forever set in a repose of sorrow. Even when of necessity, as he stood statue-straight and immobile behind his baskets of pine-apples and bananas, he turned his face this way or that toward the infrequent customer, it seemed more as if the sculptor were contriving by unseen mechanism to profile the alternative charms of his creation,

than that the boy was moving of his own volition.

This timid vendor's voiceless calm, interpreted as pride; his speckless cotton shirt and trousers, the full length of the latter a pathetic appeal for recognition of his kinship to the conquering race, did not spell poverty, and had no show with the near-nakedness, the one arm and the licentious joviality of the other. And the crew continued to patronize the dusky imp, only now and then throwing a nickel or a dime to the tanned, wingless angel, whom Braunes had discovered two days before, had patronized liberally since, and was now trying to draw out in conversation.

He had heretofore elicited nothing more than monosyllables, delivered in diffident but musical English, correctly spoken. The vocabulary thus far consisted of "yes," "no," "five" and "ten," the last two words being always understood in connection with cents. In addition to the wreath that he wore in lieu of a hat, the suggestion of a weak personality was furthered by the cowardly treble in which the boy uttered the monosyllables. He regarded Braunes steadily, but with no meaning in his expression, while being interrogated.

"What's your name, lad?" queried the sailmaker quietly, standing in idle attitude, with his hands behind his back, in front of the boy and his wares.

"Carl."

"Carl what?"

"Carl—Carl!" reiterated the boy, in lifeless tones.

"But Carl what? You've got some other name, haven't you?"

A troubled look came into the boy's eyes.

"No, no!" he piped like a fretful child, with what relevancy to the question he alone knew.

The sailor went on another tack.

"What's this biggest one worth?" he asked, stooping down to lift a pineapple.

"Five."

"And this littlest one?"

"Five."

"That is n't fair, is it?" asked Braunes, looking up with an ingratiating smile. But the boy only looked troubled again.

"Were you born in Samoa, boy?" persisted the inquisitor, as he straightened up.

"Yes."

"In Tutuila?"

"Upolu."

"Is your father a white man?"

"He has no color; he is dead," weirdly spoke the youth, scattering his monosyllables behind him.

"And your mother?"

"Dead."

"With whom do you live?"

"My sister—Mary."

He was answering as one hypnotized, an anguished pleading against the inquisition alike in look and tone. Braunes, himself embarressed in the ensuing silence, began hastily bargaining for pineapples by the wholesale. He bought seven of them, making an important business, with the boy's mute assistance, of selecting the largest and the smallest alternately, in the interests of a square deal. Then he pretended to be nonplussed by the amount of change he got back out of a dollar, thinking to trap the young dealer into more lengthened and voluntary speech. But the boy only pushed the change box toward his liberal customer, with an out-throw of one palm to signify that he should help himself. Outdone in his harmless chicanery, Braunes took his pine-apples in on the gundeck, where, to get rid of them, he gave them to some apprentice boys, who, being in the fourth conduct-class, were temporarily out of funds.

Bumboat-men and boys are notoriously merry and talkative. To be so is as necessary in their business as it is in the business of the commercial drummer. The silent timidity of the new bumboat-boy, coupled with the sculptural fascination of his face, had somehow taken strong hold on the imagination of the self-contained sailmaker. He could not keep his mind off the troubled eyes and the unnatural shyness of the youth, so strangely at variance with his Samoan half-brothers, by nature a frank and wholesomely familiar folk.

"I 'll make him talk yet," Braunes assured himself. And the method he adopted to that end was, like himself, original and effective.

At a quarter to six that evening, the

hour at which the bumboat-boys came off in their outrigger canoes for the evening meal, the sailmaker took his sewing kit and went aloft. The *Adams*, one of the few vessels of the Navy still carrying graceful masts and spars, moving as frequently by sail as by steam, lay at anchor in the narrow head of the harbor, not having been yet moored to the new naval dock. Braunes betook himself to the extreme end of the port main-topgallant yard, and on this dizzy eyrie began ostensibly mending a reef-earring, while keeping an eye out for the classic-faced Carl, whose route of approach, he knew, lay directly under where he made business for himself. He was working on the principle of the twelve-year-old schoolboy who attracts the attention of his ten-year-old ladylove by turning somersaults in her presence.

He was conscious of a pleasurable touch of excitement as he saw the object of his interest shove off from the western beach of the bay, beyond the wharf. Both Carl and Tao-Toma, the one-armed imp, abode somewhere in the hillside jungles in that direction; and the two now pushed off from the shore simultaneously, paddling briskly, as if in a race; but Tao-Toma, with a jeering hullabaloo, quickly distanced his competitor and was passing under the sailor aloft while Carl was yet a third of the distance away; for the latter propelled his boat as he pushed trade, with a listless grace pretty to look at but painfully lacking in results.

The sailmaker took off his white hat and waved it encouragingly at the beaten boy, but got no answer for a time. Carl came on steadily, and Braunes saw that the boy saw and was watching him fixedly. And when the boat was quite near, and Braunes waved his hat again, shouting down a cheery, "Hello, Carl!" the boy stood up in the stern of his exceedingly narrow palm-log canoe, and, with lifted but changeless face, enunciated clearly: "How are you?"

He did not immediately sit down again, allowing his canoe to drift temporarily with the tide, his face still lifted toward the sailor. It seemed to be his fixed habit that wherever his gaze chanced it remained until something of sufficient importance required him to look elsewhere. With head thrown back he was looking nearly straight upwards as he passed almost directly beneath the sailor. At that instant, Braunes, who sat astride the yardarm, with his legs locked under it, spun around head down, like a performer on the horizontal bar, and, with a loud outcry, dropped headlong, arrowing into the water within three feet of the canoe.

Like a mocking echo of the sailor's hoarse cry, came a shrill shriek from below; and similarly, as he splashed into the water, there followed a mimic splash almost in the same spot. For Carl, dropping his paddle and blindly reaching out with both hands, as the body of the sailor shot past him, stumbled, first on a thwart and then on the gunwale, and went overboard flat on his face, disappearing under the bubbling eddy left by the other.

Monk, coming to the surface, started for the canoe, but stopped with an exclamation.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, "what have I done now?"

As might have been expected, Carl answered with a look instead of words: for he rose out of the water within two feet of the sailor, his drenched Caesarian wreath showing first. A wild terror in his wet, dark eyes turned into instant relief as he saw Braunes, and he astounded and delighted the latter by casting monosyllables to the winds.

"I thought you were drowned, surely," he said, shrilly. And further proved his possibilities of animation by starting to swim gracefully after his canoe, which was drifting away on the tide.

"They have n't sprinkled the rosewater on the ocean that I 'm to be drowned in yet, son," vaunted Monk, as he swam at the boy's side.

"Dont say that, please," piped Carl, to Monk's added amazement.

"Why not?" he inquired with concern.

"Because men—men like you dont brag, surely. How did you fall?"

Monk took a mouthful of salt water and spat it out again, as a diversion while he digested the remarkable social change which the boy had undergone since noontime.

He carefully helped Carl into the

canoe when they had caught it, and swam along beside it himself, against the boy's protest, with a hand on the outrigger.

"How did you come to fall?" the boy asked again, as he paddled toward the gangway. He spoke plain English, but with a native enunciation indescribable and quite unlike anything that Monk had heard before. Samoans, if they speak English at all, speak it plainly; incorrectly, perhaps, but with an accent that would easily be taken for the Anglo-Colonial.

"I did n't fall. I—just dropped," confessed Monk.

"On purpose?"

"Yes."

"Why?" Always after uttering a monosyllable the boy's mouth remained open, exampling his general lack of speech or action without cause.

"I was in a hurry to say 'howdy,'" averred Monk. And Carl's smile was the coming to life of tinted marble.

"May I ask why you would n't talk to me before?" quizzed Monk.

"My sister had told me not to tell people about us; but today she told me I need not be afraid of you. The doctor said you were a kind man."

"I swow!" swore the sailor. "Just what kind of a cannibal did your sister have me logged for?"

The boy looked troubled. "Please dont," he pleaded.

And Monk did n't any more at that time, asking instead: "Where did your sister see the doctor?" He knew that the doctor referred to was the Service surgeon at the station.

"He comes to see her sometimes. She is sick," explained Carl.

On board the ship, when he had got into dry clothes, Braunes came on deck with a sailor suit in his hands, which he threw to Carl, telling the boy to put them on while he attended to sales himself. But Carl shrank away and remained dripping in the background, watching wide-eyed the strenuous business methods of a modern American who was inured to the waterfronts of both San Francisco and New York.

More than the usual number of men were hanging about Carl's stock-in-trade, not out of any regard for the proprietor, whose stupid timidity put him beyond their pale, but because of a wholesome respect for Braunes' domineering personality. It is nothing uncommon for a member of a ship's company to lend a hand to a deserving bumboat-man, the result being increased business in proportion to the popularity of the Good Samaritan. Braunes was respected, but not as popular as some, being, like his present protege, of too reserved a nature to create a large camp-following, though men flocked freely to his lead when things were doing.

"Say, you fellows—why dont you buy something?" he inquired now, with an affected glare around the amused circle, finding himself momentarily with nothing to do.

"Where 'd you get the boy?" guyed a grimy coalpasser. "Is he your brother? He has your complexion all right."

The sailmaker pounced on this fellow, who tried ineffectually to make his getaway. He caught the scandalmonger by either shoulder from behind, and propelled him toward the fruit-baskets with a lifted knee.

"You going to buy something?"

"No-o!"

"No?" Monk shook him until his head waggled like that of a toy mandarin.

"Ye-es!"

"How long's this been goin' on?" inquired Coxswain Tim Crawley, an old shipmate of Monk's and a fierce fellow generally, who appeared on the scene at this juncture.

"Ever since it started," Monk informed him; "and it 's going to be kept up right along after it stops."

"What is it?—an act of parliament?"

"Yes; with a speech from the throne for a chromo. Here, you, buy something!" This intimidatingly to a youth who was grinning at him.

"Are we all here now?" inquired Crawley, hoarsening his voice in mock authority.

These queries were all set phrases of the coxswain's, picked up here and there and habitually utilized by him to express

the sense of humor which he possessed, but for which he lacked the knack to coin words of his own, though he had a reputation for evolving wise saws with the fluency of Solomon's self.

"All here, Admiral!" raucoused Monk.

"Then let 's do business."

He indiscriminately seized an apprentice and a fireman by the backs of their collars and bumped their heads together.

"What like you goin' to buy?" he threatened them.

"Five!" squeaked the apprentice.

"Ten!" croaked the fireman.

"How much?—I did n't catch that." And he bumped their heads again.

"Fifteen!" yelled the apprentice.

"Two-bits!" bellowed the fireman.

The crowd laughed; whereupon, Monk sprang into its midst, and a melee followed. The strong struggled and the weak ran. Camp-followers of Crawley joined in the pursuit of the flying, while friends of captured men formed "arm-and-away" parties and attempted their rescue. The tumult was tremendous, and to an innocent bystander might have appeared like a bloody riot. Momentarily two men, one leading the other by the ear, nose or a twist of the wrist, emerged from the struggling mass; a coin was dropped into Carl's money-box and something subtracted from his stock. If a man had no money, his captor would lend him the necessary amount.

Finally, Monk turned an empty basket bottom-side up and stood on it. "Attention to orders!" he shouted. "The loot 's all gone and an armistice is declared. 'Carry on' at seven-thirty tomorrow morning."

Then he turned to Carl as a servant to his master, anticipating some naive equivalent of "Well done." Instead, he stood aghast.

"Well, of all the dewdrops from heaven, you take the hardtack!" he gasped.

Carl, still wet and draggled, was lying in a dead faint on the opposite side of the hatch from that on which his vanished stores had been displayed. Unquestionably, he had believed himself witnessing wholesale murder.

Monk carried the boy, who, in his lifeless condition looked more than ever like a piece of sculpture, down to the sick-bay, where he was speedily revived. Then he got himself into shore clothes and went off with Carl in his boat. Still pale and shaking, the lad really needed assistance.

As the canoe slid into the beach sands, Monk saw what he expected. A silk-clad, double-chinned Chinaman met Tao-Toma and took charge of his left-over stock; and Tao, with vile objurgations in return for an Oriental compliment, disappeared among the thatched houses and cocoanut palms to his right, grasping a gold perquisite, amounting to several days' wages for an honest workingman, in his mateless fist, which latter, however, was tough enough for two.

Nobody greeted Carl, and Braunes was assured that he had surmised correctly. The boy was in all probability the lone support of some fallen family pride, ennobled by its white admixture, such as is to be found often in the outer waters of the world, into which human derelicts from commercial shores drift and go down.

As Carl began strapping his baskets about him, Monk put out a preventing hand.

"I 'll carry your baskets this time, Carl," he remarked indifferently. "I happen to be going your way."

As a matter of fact, he had not the remotest idea of what that way was, and was only intent on getting inside Carl's home. The strangeness of the youth was gripping him tighter every moment. Carl looked at him without replying, but kept on adjusting the baskets, plucking from one of them as he did so a left-over, bruised banana, which he absently flung from him with an awkward, overhead swing of his arm, the significance of which needed no Sherlock Holmes to discover. Braunes, noting the motion, turned aside his austere face, as if to hide from himself the mingled smile and flush that softened it, muttering to himself, "You 're a bad actor, Carl." Aping a frown with difficulty, he took forcible possession of the baskets.

"I say, kid, this wont do," he blurted inspired with a kind of angry sympathy

for the forlorn weakling. "You 've got to come out of your dope."

"You must n't be a young fool, Carl," he added with rude kindliness, as he sprang up the bank with the boy at his heels. "You 'll never get on in the world at all if you dont spunk up."

Carl, silent, hesitated as they reached the seaside path, then turned to his left; and they proceeded side by side past the palm groves, studded with native huts. They had gone some distance before the sailor spoke again. Then he looked sidewise and encountered the boy's eyes studying him with a kind of satisfied wonder.

"Is your sister younger than you, Carl?"

"Older. She is nineteen."

"And you?"

"Seventeen."

"You dont look it, lad. What's your sister's name?"

"I told you—Mary."

"Mary?" questioned the sailor, suddenly smitten by the sweet, old-fashioned name, which he had failed to notice when Carl had spoken it earlier in the day. "Am I back home?" he smiled reminiscently; "or have I died and gone to heaven?"

"What?"

The full-throated syllable came so abruptly and loudly as to cause Braunes to look round quickly, discovering Carl staring at him with the eagerness expressed by parted lips, his eyes shining.

"Yes; she was named for Mary in heaven," proclaimed the extraordinary boy.

"Mary in Heaven?" repeated the sailor, stupidly, while they continued to regard each other with sparkling eyes, neither having the faintest idea in what channel the other's mind was running, yet both taking delight of the mutual mystery.

"I think—I hope," said Monk, his gazing going on to the foliated landscape, glittering in the evening sunlight, as Carl's eyes fell with a sudden return of self-consciousness—"I hope there are a great many Marys in heaven, but I reckon I know which one your sister was named for. What do you know about that particular Mary in heaven, Carl?"

"Not much," admitted Carl. "But in a book that we have, there is a song of her."

"Where did you get books?"

"My father had some; and the *faifeau*, the teacher at Malua, gave us two, the best in the world, he said. He said for me to read them, for that some day perhaps I would be a maker of books. But that is not so, because books are not made in Samoa."

"He meant that you might some day write books, Carl. And do you know, one of the greatest makers of books that ever was, lived long in Samoa and made books here?—in Upolu."

"You mean Louis," confirmed Carl.

"Louis who?"

"Louis Stevenson. It was he that said I would make books; he told the *faifeau*, who told me. He kissed me in Apia."

"Who, Stevenson?"

"Yes. I dont remember; I was a little one; but the *faifeau* told me so, and said that when I was older I would be proud of it."

"And well you may, lad," agreed Braunes. "Whenever you hear folks speak of him, say what you have said to me, Carl—'He kissed me in Apia,' and see if their eyes dont shine. But in what book did you read of Mary—the Bible?" he asked, reverting to the subject most in his mind.

"No. She is in that, too. But the song of her was in another book, all songs."

"Do you remember the song, Carl?"

"O, surely!" Scarcely audibly, but in a voice that vibrated like reed-music, rendering unutterably sweet the melodious lines, he chanted:

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Thou 'rt sweet enough that name to bear,
Though she to whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

Braunes was neither artist, nor poet, nor musician, though in spirit he may have been any or all of these. But if so, he did not know it, else he would have understood better the numbing thrill, neither joy nor pain, but something

higher than either, that struck through his rugged frame as the music of words poured in the music of sound from the lips of the Pan-like youth who walked, with no self-consciousness, at his side. Momentarily he walked in air and was dumb, unable to analyze his ailing. When he had sufficiently recovered to control his voice, he tried to break the spell completely with light speech, but he knew that he spoke gently and near-reverently.

"On my soul, Carl, I believe I love your sister—Mary."

"O, please dont!—O!"

At the broken cry that came from behind him, Braunes stopped and stared back. Carl was standing still a few paces away. Tears were running down his cheeks, and burningly in his dusky eyes flared the anguish of a thousand years, the sailor thought. He had never seen such a look in any eyes before, had never dreamed that eyes could hold such an expression, and it jarred him to his heels. Moreover, his brain was whirling with the wherefore of it.

"In God's name, Carl, what ails you?—and me, too?" he heard himself asking in the tones of a third person intruding.

But Carl, sobbing broken-heartedly, was tugging at the baskets hanging by straps from the sailor's shoulders. They were still on the path by the water's edge, and were nearing the surf-beaten rocks that marked the open sea. They had passed the palm groves in the immediate vicinity, and Braunes now observed that they were standing at the head of a faintly marked path leading into the multi-shrubbed jungle of the mountainside; and he distinguished where this path ended, perhaps a hundred yards away, at the door of a tiny hut, yet green from the building. Through the roof of pandanus leaves, sloping nearly to the earth, the door protruded upward like a mimic vine-clad gable. Even in the instant of his discovery, a gossamer-garmented girl, tall but of an elfin slimness, came out of this door and turned aside from view. He hardly more than half glimpsed a pale, tinted face, and had time only to note that she was almost literally clothed in heavy wreaths of flowers, some of such length as to trail at her feet. It was a charming native custom carried to childish extravagance; but nothing the less the sailor's already beating pulse quickened anew at this glimpse of the flower-maiden.

"But I 'm going in with you, Carl," he said. "I 'm going in to see your sister. I want to meet Mary."

"No, no—no!" almost shrieked Carl, fumbling blindly at the basket straps.

Braunes looked once more at the distracted boy, his own eyes moist and blank with futility He remembered with a shock, as he looked at the uplifted face, what his thoughts had been when he had first seen Carl. Without further words, he dropped the remaining baskets and strode away down the path toward the wharf. The song about Mary was singing itself in his heart-beats, not because it was about Mary, he knew, but because Carl had sung it. And he was saying to himself that Carl's wish, whatever its reason, was a sacred thing; and, because of the wish, so was Mary.

In Pago Pago, he sought out Blank, who had personal as well as recorded knowledge of every person in the village. In response to the query as to who Carl and Mary were, however, he languidly affirmed that one Carl of his acquaintance had been a celebrated German-American statesman, and another a yet more celebrated baseball short-stop, of Peoria, Illinois; and that the only Mary of real importance that he knew was his cousin Charlie's mother-in-law. Such worldly levity perturbed Braunes in his present state of spiritual uplift, and he elaborated his question without a smile. Whereupon, the polite Blank looked the matter up.

Carl and Mary were in full "Carl Franklin Murva" and "Mary Alice Murva," the surname being noted in Blank's single-copy edition, Tutuilian *Who's Who* as a probable native corruption of "Murphy." Even so, "Mary Murphy" in no wise dampened Braunes' enthusiasm. The brother and sister had come to Tutuila about a month previous, passengers on an inter-island boat. The girl, the elder of the two, appeared to have been convalescing from a wasting

illness, as she was very pale and thin. Their capital on arrival had been a few household goods, such as native Samoans do not usually have, and the German equivalent of seven dollars in coin. Assisted by kind neighbors, they had quickly built the little house in the jungle, choosing for no known reason that out-of-the-way covert. The boy had gone about trying to earn a little money, probably for the procurement of delicacies for his sick sister, Blank seeming to take it for granted that the pair were ordinarily accustomed to live off the soil, in the manner of other Samoans. Monk did not agree with him in this, but said nothing. However, no body that is the chamber of a soul ever goes hungry in Samoa. Blank was also of the opinion that the hurricane season would come on early this year, but in this matter also Monk offered no opinion.

He went out to be alone, and found himself walking along the seaward fringe of the palm groves, past the home of Carl and Mary. Hurricanes were dull subjects with the mystery of Mary unsolved. His glimpse of the girl, and Blank's unadorned description of her as a slender maiden, wasted and pale, flowered in the sailor's reflections into the lines of Carl's prayerfully appropriate song:

"—half of earth and half of heaven."

At midnight he was sitting on one of a cape of detached rocks projecting into the surf beyond the harbor point, looking out over the moonlit sea, watching the ivory-white sea-horses racing home in mad, thundering thousands, to leap with disintegrating manes upon the ocean border of glimmering sands or low tufted banks. The spell of the elusive seascape, fairied by a fervent tropic moon and lustrous stars, saturated him like opium. His exaltation took the form of feeling that what had been was all useless pother, and that the real business of his being was about to begin. Had the mercurial Crawley been present, and in his friend's passing confidence, he would have dug about the roots of the moody sailmaker's obsession and found it causeless, there appearing to be nothing to it but a glimpse of a thin girl named Mary and a morbid sympathy for her brother, a big-eyed boy who alternately babbled and was dumb, sang and wept, without any apparent reason for doing any of these puerile things. But Braunes had for these two a pity, of a kind that Crawley could not understand, begotten of both romance and blood.

Like a fairy shallop on a sea of silver illusion, there passed to his left a long, white tribal canoe, in which more than a score of natives, their flimsy, vivid-hued garments distinguishable in the glamorous half-night each from the other, paddled in rhythmic unison, while their melodious voices, male and female, mellowed by distance over the water, came dream-like to the listener's ears in a Samoan song. Very happy are those children of the happy isles, care-free and all but sinless. Yet Braunes knew that this would never do for him; and he knew that the lonely, half-caste pair, dwelling apart in the hillside jungle, were also aliens here. There was but one meaning to their aloofness; they had not been reared in community with the real Samoans, but had been forced to it now. In Malua and Apia their parents had unquestionably mingled with refined Europeans, missionaries and consuls; had been, doubtless, of the elect who had sat beneath the vines at Vailima with the high-souled Stevenson. Here the orphans were unknown, of no alliance, cut off by a sinister breach from both their kinds; driven to lonely covert. It was a pitiful thing, and he felt that it was good to have the power to lift them out of their loneliness. Meditation along that trend sat heavily on him as he retraced his steps. He often paused, and finally sat down within a stone's throw of Mary's home, on a cairn of dead cocoanut hulls, in the tomb-like shadow of the oval-topped tree.

It was the full flush of tropic sunrise when he awoke, lying on the green, his head pillowed on the roots of his shelter tree. His first consciousness was of abashment at what his shipmates would say should they learn of his night's outing. Either they would say that he had been on a spree, or they would taunt him with significant touches of their fore-

heads. Nevertheless, the enchantment of the night was not wholly dispersed. He took note of the green and flowered world how beautiful, and of the ever-blue, shining sea, wondering if he would ever again be reconciled to live beyond the lull of its undulations. His soliloquy was interrupted by a humming sound just without the undergrowth a few paces from him. Craning his neck to peer over, he saw Carl staggering by on the now memoried path, bowed with the weight of three green-heaped baskets, but cheerfully singing a Samoan song, the meaning of which Braunes knew, for all Samoa had been singing it since years gone when an American fleet was shattered on the reefs at Apia—*"Tofa mai feleni"*:

Good-by, my friend;
I now must lose thee;
For the ship is going away
With the men of America.

The boy's bell-like tones throbbed through the listener's veins like new-infused blood; and with that all shame for his equivocal position passed from him. He got to his feet and hurried ahead, emerging into the path directly ahead of the boy, who, on seeing him, let his baskets slide to the ground, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Braunes," quite gayly, no shadow of the nameless sorrow that had been overwhelming him at the moment of parting the evening before, showing in his voice or demeanor; instead, delight at meeting his sailor friend rayed from his dreamy eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Murva," Braunes mocked merrily.

"You must n't call me mister," objected the boy.

"You 're as much a mister as I am, Carl. One can't be a mister in the Navy unless he wears gold braid, which I dont want to wear."

"Why?"

The familiar monosyllable and the childishly parted lips appealed pleasantly to Monk's ears and eyes now.

"Well, for one thing, if I were a Navy mister, I would n't have found out last night what fun it is to sleep under a palm tree. No, you must call me Monk, as any friend of mine must—lad."

Carl was thoughtful. "I like you for that," he concluded gravely. "The sleeping out of doors, I mean. I often do, just because—just for fun. But you must let me carry one of the baskets—Monk."

"Rats, Carl!" said Monk, and was relieved to find that the boy made no further demur, but walked at his side empty-handed, having to move springily at that; for the baskets that had been a dragging load to the slight youth were a mere bagatelle of a burden to the muscular sailor.

"How did you know my name—Monk?" asked Carl presently. Monk noted that then and after the boy never pronounced his name without hesitation, but never omitted to pronounce it at such times as it came apt to his conversation.

"Blank told me it," he explained. "How 'd you know mine?"

"The doctor told my sister."

"Does the doctor come often to see your sister, Carl?"

"No. Only in a long time; but he came yesterday."

Another brief silence followed before Monk asked: "Is your sister very sick, Carl?"

"Ye-es—no. Not very, I think."

"Will she get well soon, do you think?"

"O, surely!—we both pray," answered simply the child of simple faith.

"Who taught you to pray, Carl?"

"I dont know; we always did. Maybe the *faifeau* at Malua taught us. But I dont remember."

"Did you never know your father nor your mother?"

"No. Mary knew them."

Always it was Mary. And this was to Monk's liking. The riddle of Carl was solved, but Mary was still a mystery. But now it suddenly occurred to him that he had only to see the doctor and the mystery would be cleared. This assurance kept him from plying Carl with questions, the result of which he anticipated would be a tempest of tears. He let his tongue run on other things instead, matters that filled his days, but

which he seldom spoke of to others; but it seemed natural that he should talk of them to Carl.

"Do you know what America is like, Carl?" he asked.

"Only some things I have read and some I have been told about. It is a very great land, I know."

"There is a state called Oregon, Carl," waxed Monk, "that is only one among fifty like it, yet it is larger than hundreds of Upolus. There is a town there between two mountains, where the houses are shaded by pine trees one of which is larger than twenty palm trees. I am going back there in two months, and perhaps you 'll be surprised to learn that I am going to take you and Mary with me."

Hearing no reply, he looked round, to discover Carl standing stock still, open-mouthed, and staring at him in what at first appeared to be horror. Closer study revealed that the boy's expression was not of horror; but it was nameless so far as Monk was concerned. He could not even guess if it were of pleasure or of pain.

"What 's the matter, Carl?" he faltered.

Carl resumed his normal expression as abruptly as he had lost it; but, without answering, he stepped off the pathside and plucked a coral-textured blue flower, which he proceeded to fasten in a buttonhole of his cotton shirt-bosom. The unnatural transitions of the boy's moods, and his extraordinarily irrelevant acts and words, seemed to be transmitted to Monk; for he accepted the situation without showing surprise.

"Give me one, Carl," he said quietly.

Carl searched carefully for the largest bloom he could find. There was no buttonhole in Braunes' sailor jumper, but the boy bent the long stem and deftly fitted it like a spring in the little breast-pocket, so that the blossom was held upright and secure. The act was performed with a pagan naturalness by Carl, himself the product of Eden wildernesses. But Monk felt a little foolish. Further, Carl had pricked a finger on a catkin in breaking off the flower stalk, and he petulantly flung away the fragment with that awkward uplift of the arm that once before had set the sailor's heart hammering, as it did now. He spoke inanely, to cover his confusion.

"I will make believe Mary gave it me," he said, "and wear it for her." For which Carl gave him a curious glance.

"Mary wears flowers from her head to her feet," was his startling, yet matter-of-fact remark, as they went on their way.

At hearing these words, Braunes was conscious of being in an unreal atmosphere, a realm of mental vagaries. He experienced what most people have at times, the belief that he had heard these words before, in a forgotten life; and the remembrance was accompanied by an intolerable soul-ache, such as sometimes causelessly oppresses one after a vivid dream. At that time he comprehended no more than did his companion that the wine of an impalpable wooing, a drawing desire so many-veiled as to be unperceived by either, was in his blood, and had gone to his head; so that he stumbled mentally, floundering in an emotional whirlpool. He looked furtively at his companion; against his wish their glances met, and something—a flame—flashed between them. So grew the enchantment; though it is a common phenomenon for two souls, taken unawares, thus fleetingly to glimpse each other's nakedness. But it must have been a new experience to Carl; for, with a low, unsyllabled cry, he turned and fled swiftly down the path whence they had come. Braunes, angry at the unimaginable motive of his own loud-beating heart, dropped the baskets and ran after him.

"Carl—Carl!" he called; *"Carl!"*

But the fawn-like fugitive paid no heed to him until the pursuer was within a few paces of him, when he stopped abruptly, turned about and stood waiting, but with his face lifted sidewise, looking into nowhere. Monk took him by the hand and, neither speaking, led him back, unresisting, but with face still steadfastly averted. When they regained the baskets, the sailor re-swung them on his shoulders, and took the boy's hand again, which he continued to hold for the rest of their little journey. It was with an

effort that he spoke again, after a protracted silence, and again his words were affectedly light.

"God bless us, Carl!" he said; "you 've made me sentimental with your maunderings of Mary." And he hummed softly:

For, Lorelei of mine,
This is the troth that sets me free,
That wins me away from the stormy sea
To the woods where the wild-flowers twine.

"Sing that again, Monk!" cried Carl, his face flushed with pleasure; all his recent perturbation apparently already forgotten.

And after Monk had complied, he sang the lines himself, having caught the words accurately except "Lorelei" and "troth," which he had presumably never heard before, calling the one "truth" and the other "Loa-lei," the latter probably approximating some Samoan word.

"What 's a Lao-lei, Monk?" he asked.

"It's a very beautiful sea-girl who charms you into the sea and then leaves you there to be drowned. On second thought, I expect your sister Mary must be one, only with her the charm works the other way about, from the sea to the land, as it does in our song."

Carl looked at him uncomprehendingly, but with the trouble-shine dawning again in his eyes. Strangely still, one allusion to Mary brought brightness and the next tears that seemed ever-ready at the level of his lids. But at this crisis, a blasphemous hail from Tao-Toma, half naked and belly-deep in the water, shattered the poetic spell that was weaving about these two human oddities; and the business of getting off to the ship was begun. On the way, Carl, sitting in the bow, placidly watching Monk paddle, remarked with no preface:

"But we can't, surely."

"Who can 't what?"

"Go to America with you—me and Mary."

"O! yes you can," affirmed Monk decisively. "That 's all settled. Why dont you want to go, Carl?"

"I did n't mean I did n't want to go," Carl explained. "But—but you dont know."

"What is it I dont know, Carl?" asked Monk, level-eyed and level-voiced, turning his face toward the boy. But immediately he flushed at his own question and turned it awry. "Is Mary a fairy, or a fury, or what?" he asked, lamely.

But Carl had taken no notice of either question, his large, thoughtful eyes turned out beyond the harbor's mouth. "I think," he exclaimed, the dark eyes suddenly luminant, "that it must be just half-way to heaven, and if I went there with you, I 'd be where Mary is now, surely."

It was the brightest thought that Braunes had yet heard the emotional youth utter; it was too bright, indeed, to be darkened by his own halt phrases, and he remained silent. The thought was characteristic of Carl's impracticable mind; only Braunes, thinking on the village in the Oregon hills, felt that the conceit was not wholly fantastical.

On board the vessel, Monk ostentatiously stayed away from Carl, not wishing now a repetition of the sham riot of the evening before. After the events of the day and the night, he felt a repugnance against associating the crude, if kindly, banter of his shipmates with his thoughts of Carl and Mary. When he passed by on the other side of the deck and caught between the shifting groups of sailors, a glimpse of the boy's slim figure and face of stained marble in expressionless repose, recalling the lively grace of the first and the almost magical mobility of the last in its startling transitions from childlike pleasure to tragic grief, when they had been alone together, he experienced a wondering delight, as of one who has gained an intimate recess of a garden, into which no other feet have worn a path. Crawley had no such delicate feelings to set him wondering, however, and his appearance among the anticipative crowd about Carl quickly boomed business, and the boy sold out cleanly again before the morning hour was over. Monk helped him clear of the ship, and went to his daily tasks with a feast of reflections to carry him through the day.

About ten o'clock a native Tutuila boy came off to the ship in Carl's canoe, his

hurry evidenced by the fact that he was using two paddles, which, being unaccustomed to their use, he was flailing as a bug on its back does its legs. But he was nevertheless making good time. To the officer-of-the-day who accosted him at the gangway, he stated that he wanted "Mok."

Monk was on the spot, having seen the boat coming and recognized it as Carl's. "Who wants me?" he asked.

"Carl."

"What for?"

"His crazy sister has run away again."

Monk staggered like a man who has caught a bullet in his lung; but immediately collected himself. He briefly explained the situation to the officer-of-the-deck, emphasizing the assertion that he held himself as a brother to this brother and sister; and was given permission to go and to remain so long as he could be of assistance. On the way over he questioned the boatman.

"How long has this girl been crazy?"

"Dont you know?" gossiped the paddler. "Not many know; but you are Carl's friend and should have know. This nice girl is not much bad," he said in effect. "She not much talk to we: but is kind and sad until the moon is big, then she goes to get it, like a cocoanut. She is the wild bird of the bushes and flies from all we. It is bad for Carl. He is a wild bird too; now and flies after her."

Pago Pago is composed of separate clusters of native huts, each cluster in its own cocoanut grove, strewn along the twisted beach of the bay. At the first palm clump, the sailor learned that a number of people were already searching for the demented girl. One and all whom he met told him that Carl wanted him, and despite the sorry cause this made him glad. He went toward the jungle hut through the thickest ways, mindful that anywhere here Mary might be lurking. At the hut were several women, who told him that Carl had gone beyond the point, following the path to the open sea, and he followed there. At the edge of the sand, at the foot of the slope beyond the point, he stopped, gripped by an invisible, octopian horror, not alone by the throat or heart, but by all his internal organs, causing them to cease functioning. His brain swam, his heart bled audibly through a new fissure, and he was afraid. This was another feeling he had never had before. A few steps ahead of him the body of Carl lay face downward, limp and motionless, across the corpse of his sister, who lay on her back, her limbs outflung to the four quarters of the compass, her hair and garments still dripping transparent green water like that which washed about her bare feet with every return of the lessening tide. Some vagary of her malady had doubtless impelled her to enter the sea, from which it had required but a moment for the soulless surf to cast her out, strangled and buffeted to death. But what coated Braunes' brain with the bitter mildew of death was the other, the still form of Carl.

Bending over the senseless pair, he scrutinized them closely, particularly pale Mary, whose flimsy gown of *tapa* cloth and pathetically prodigal floral chains had been torn and wrenched awry by the rocks and sands across which the wild sea-horses had dragged her, leaving the shrunken bust and emaciated limbs exposed.

"So!" was all he said, feeling at that moment as if this were an isle of illusions in which every phantasy of which the human mind is susceptible pursued him. Shaking off the feeling with a mastiff-like toss of his head, he knelt beside the two bodies. Then, like the dispersion of an evil dream, it rushed upon him that there was no reason why he should assume that Carl was dead; his clothes were dry, and he had probably but fainted on the discovery of his sister. A hand at his breast proved a feeble flutter. Braunes turned him on his back, pillowing the comely young head on Mary's still bosom. Hastily filling his white hat with sea-water, he dashed it in the boy's face, and poured an atom of it down his throat. Then he picked up his forlorn young friend, taking him to his breast as lightly as if he were a babe, and strode off across the sands, ascending the bluff of the point.

"The tide wont come up again in

ten hours," he said, looking back at drowned Mary. "And anyway, the living have first call with me."

Beyond the point he met several searchers, whom he dispatched, one to the village for the doctor, and the others to bring home the body of Mary. Going on toward the sequestered hut, with every step he grew more concerned as Carl showed no signs of returning consciousness. The flower that earlier in the morning Carl had set in the breast-pocket of his benefactor's jacket was still there. It was wilting, and drooped downward, brushing the pale, drenched cheek pillowed in the pit of his shoulder. He looked at the flower and at the face; the corners of his austere mouth twitched, and hot tears rushed from his eyes, falling thickly on both. He shook his head, again with that motion of a mastiff that his familiars knew, that the drops might quicklier fall and be gone. When his eyes cleared, he looked again, hungrily, muttering huskily:

"I wish that I could have known Mary. But it 's all right, God; never fear but that I 'll make good with this one."

When the doctor arrived, he found Carl propped up on a mattress, which Braunes had brought into the open under a breadfruit tree, sipping cocoanut milk from a spoon in the hands of the latter, who sat crosslegged on the ground beside him. Between spoonfuls the serious-browed sailor was telling the dreamy boy a remarkable tale about another boy he once knew, who had been all of a sudden, it seemed, bereft of his father and his mother, his brothers and sisters, his grandparents on both sides, and all his uncles, aunts and cousins to the third degree; but the boy, fortunately enough, had gone with a kind sea-captain, with whom he was great friends, to a far country, and had come out quite happily in the end. The last Braunes had heard of him, which was quite recently, he was getting on nothing short of grandly. If this was an allegory, the gravely listening, if secretly amused, naval surgeon failed to see the application to anything at hand. But apparently Carl did, for at every little interval he would say weakly, "But I can 't go, Monk"; or, "O, but it 's different!—you dont know"; or some such vagary.

"Nonsense, Carl! I know a whole lot, I do," bullied Braunes. But Carl only looked troubled.

With all the picturesque simplicity, and simple faith that all is well with the dead, of the natives of these happy isles, Mary was buried the next day in a chance clear spot on the summit of the steep and lofty green ridge back of Pago Pago, overlooking the sea both to the north and the south. "Up there is halfway to Heaven, surely," Carl had said. And because he said it, Braunes would have it so.

Braunes placed Carl in charge of a kindly Samoan matron in the village, privately bargaining with her for his protege's keep and comfort, and publicly arranging with Carl (lest he feel the sting of charity) that in return for his temporary maintenance he was to run errands and do such other tasks as the woman might require of him. He slept himself in town that night, and in the morning went early to inquire about the boy before going off to his ship. The good woman met him at the door, having in her hand a rolled-up paper, tied round with a filamentary vine, the immature leaves of which were still wet with dew. Braunes' name was inscribed on the outside in the crabbed writing which he recognized as the same in which Carl's accounts were kept in his little bumboat book. He unrolled the package hurriedly and read:

I kiss you and good-by, my friend. Always I will love the name of you, which is Monk, better than my own soul surely. I will cry until my eyes are blind, but you do not know of me. I kiss you and I go, dear friend.

Braunes' face hardened to repulsiveness. "Where is Carl?" he asked bitterly.

"We cannot know. He went early in the north, by the *fale-tele,* having his clothes in *tapa.*"

The sailor stared northward toward the green mountain wall, his forehead wrinkled. "I think I know where Carl

will stop on his way to Never-Never-land."

And without another saying, he went off, walking swiftly. When he got clear of the clustered houses, he ran, going in a dog-trot until he reached the abrupt mountain's base, when he began climbing laboriously. He gave no thought to the winding slopes, though the direct way was like an almost perpendicular spiked wall, of which the spikes were trees hedged with a profusion of hindering growths every foot of the ascent. But he was of no mind to be stayed by obstacles. He climbed through clouds, emerging into the glare above them; and, for all his endurance, he was panting harshly when he reached the sun-smitten summit of the lofty wild, bringing the unwooded burial plot into view, and the sea to the north. Then he entered the underbrush, skirting a ravine, and advanced with difficulty until he came alongside the natural garden of flowers and greenery, into which he peered through an interstice.

A slender girl in a vivid red gown, full length, but of the loose native fashion, belted only at the back of the waist, and wearing a wreathed fibre hat, the wide-drooping brim of which shielded her face from recognition, was busily building a pyramid of pandanus leaves on the grave of Mary. Her task was well toward when Braunes discovered her; and when presently it was completed and she had placed on top of the pile a stone of as great weight as she could lift, to hold it in shape until it should set to permanency, she knelt at the head of the grave, beside the rough wooden slab that, within the hour of interment, had been driven there as a temporary headpiece. She knelt erect, with clasped hands, evidently in prayer, though by the lift of her head she appeared to be looking away over the wooded hills and the sea to the north and west. That way lay the Columbia and the Coast Range, Braunes was thinking, as he stepped into the open again. It was yet morning—of the day and, suddenly, of his life—and out there, more eastward, matching the inner brilliance of his soul, the Ropes of Maui hung, splendid streamers of the sun, shot downward from accumulated clouds above the sea-horizon. Those clouds, he knew, were of a gathering storm, and he was glad. For before the storm broke over their heads he would be, he was now, the privileged protector of an innocent beloved. When the tropic rain sheeted down and the ocean gale set all the mountain jungle into sound and motion, there would be one who out of all the world was his to shelter and defend, as she would be when other storms came on sterner shores beyond the seas. As do all minds discovering life's meaning by primitive processes, the dreaming sailor saw now new worlds and wonders yet to be with clearer eyes than was ever granted to the most learned microscopist of the schools.

From this vision his transfigured eyes fell again on the kneeling girl; and he stood watching her until something (his spirit sang with the poetry of the belief that it was his unknown but felt presence) caused her to look round and discover him. Still on her knees, she sank back, leaning sidewise against the wooden headpiece, her face averted and downcast, in the position that a timid female in such a pass would naturally assume to avoid the scrutiny of the passing stranger.

Braunes, advancing buoyantly along a graveled waterway through the clearing, turned off when he came opposite her, and stepped to her side, unhurriedly and quietly, but with no attempt at furtiveness or to conceal his coming. Instead, he knelt at her side and laid an arm lightly across her bowed shoulders. A tremor passed over the girl, her head sank lower still and her locked hands clutched convulsively; but otherwise she remained motionless. In the still sunlight and ring of flowered tropic green, the contrasting red and white garments of the lonely kneeling pair took color and life-beauty.

"Carl" said the sailor, and his voice was low and burdened with the tenderness of a mother's, "did you think I didn't know, little one, from the first hour I saw you? Why, you must have known, for you knew I loved you, dear. I've let you play your little play, Carl; but it's played out now. For we two are alone together in the world, and are

all the world to each other. Look at me —*Mary.*"

Then Mary, no less lovely than if you called her Carl, looked up at him with brimming eyes, in which the marvelling dismay was drowned in the joy of a thousand years, he thought. She tried to speak, but only mumbled with shaking mouth until he pityingly covered it with his. She neither leaned to him nor strove away from him; but, when he drew her to him, she lay on his breast death-still, with closed eyes, her face the color of a Samoan sunrise in December. When her eyes grew slowly open again, they followed Braunes' gaze across the green hills, the distant rocks of pearl on the rough northern shore, the far-off white surf waters and the yet farther glinting sea; and both saw a pine-shaded village in the Oregon foothills five thousand miles away.

Yet it was true that Carl could never go to the land of the pines. While Mary watching, hung mute in Monk's arm, with his free hand he drew his sailor's jack-knife, and the name that he carved on the wooden slab at their side was "Carl." There were not ten people in Tutuila but would have wondered at seeing that name there.

"In Heaven," said Monk, to comfort her who lay on his heart, "Carl will not be brain-sick and believe himself to be Mary; but he will still wear a gown like yours, dear."

"And flowers from his head to his feet, surely," whispered Mary.

At hearing which words, Braunes' heart beat to paean music, recalling how once before it beat, when, at the heels of a like utterance from her, their souls had flamed into each other through their eyes.

The Common Cause

By Adelaide Soulé

MRS. THORPE walked to the bureau and began putting things to rights. The bed was made, and the shade drawn to shut out the sun from the pretty, old-fashioned bed-room. She folded a cravat, pushed aside some soiled cuffs, then paused a moment as her fingers came in contact with a bit of crumpled paper.

Her figure seemed to stiffen, as her eyes questioned her own reflection in the mirror. She wore black, and her iron-gray hair lay in smooth bands under a widow's cap. The stern lines of her face deepened as her fingers closed over the scrap of paper.

With it in her hand, she walked to the window and sat down in a big rocker. The sun, peeping under the green shade, rested on her steady hands, but left her face in shadow.

She did not read the letter, but sat staring at the opposite wall. Her attitude of absolute calm was in contrast to the anxiety in her face. Her brows, still dark, drew together in a troubled frown.

"Another," she murmured, dropping her eyes to the letter. "Two this week. And he does not even miss them!"

She sat there a long time, the sunlight throwing the letter into relief against her black gown. At last she rose and went out into the hall; down its length to another room, cool and lavender-scented, that looked out into a quiet village street.

She unlocked an old-time, leather trunk, drew out a package of letters. and slipped the crumpled paper under the band that held them. For an instant,

she weighed them in her hand, a strange look in her eyes; then she dropped them in the trunk and locked it. A sudden clamor of the front door knocker, echoing through the big, silent house, caused no answering flutter in her manner. She went from the room, pausing at the threshold for a backward glance at the trunk, and down the stairs.

"You, Harry?" she said, as she opened the door. There was no surprise in her voice, as her son brushed past her and flung himself on a lounge in the parlor. She lingered a moment at the door, looking out into the deserted, sunlit street, then joined her son.

"What is the matter?" she asked. She sat down near him.

"Oh, mother," he groaned. "You know—Alice!"

A slight color rose in his mother's face. "Is there anything new?" she asked. There was a note of anxiety in her voice.

"No," he said despondently. "Nothing new; the same wretched business. I think she hates me. I can't understand it," he burst forth. "We were desperately in love with one another before we were married—you know that, mother."

"Yes," she said with bitterness that suddenly broke restraint, "I know that."

He went on, absorbed in his own distress: "For the first three months—no married couple was ever happier. Then, when I went West to attend to Uncle Jim's estate, and left Alice here with you—she seemed to change. She was not the same when I came back."

"No," said his mother, "she was not the same." She looked steadily at her son. The resemblance between them was strong, but his fine, irritable face lacked the calm of hers. His eyes were haggard.

"I dont blame you for it, mother," he said hurriedly. "I did think, when she seemed so unhappy, that perhaps it would be best for Alice and me to be alone—did n't you suggest it yourself? —that we would better live somewhere else than here?"

"Somewhere else than here," acquiesced his mother. "Yes, I suggested it."

"Well, it did no good." He rose to a sitting position and dropped his head in his hands. "I think she hates me," he said again, in a low tone.

A struggle was apparent in Mrs. Thorpe's face. She made a movement as though to rise and go to her son, but by a visible effort, restrained herself.

He buried his face deeper in his hands. "Every day we seem to grow farther apart. I go home and find her in tears. She refuses to tell me what is wrong; when I reproach her for keeping something from me, she flies into a passion and says I never loved her—that I care nothing for her—that we would be happier apart. Upon my word, I think we would be."

Mrs. Thorpe leaned forward with parted lips. "Harry," she asked, "if you had proof, would you leave Alice?"

He started and looked at her. "Proof of what?" he demanded.

"Proof—that she does not care for you."

He dropped his head again. "I have proof enough of that every day," he muttered.

There was a step on the porch—the sound of a latch-key. A man passed through the hallway and up the stairs. He did not notice the mother and son, silent, in the darkened parlor.

"It 's Jim," said Harry listlessly. He looked around the big, cool room, with a certain sense of rest and peace that always came to him in his mother's presence.

"Yes," said Mrs. Thorpe quietly. "It is your cousin Jim."

"He 's staying on longer than I thought he would. I fancied after I 'd settled up the estate for him, he 'd go back West somewhere."

"Was n't there some reason—" hesitated Mrs. Thorpe.

"Oh, did you know? I did n't suppose Jim would tell you."

"Jim does n't guard his secrets very carefully. I understood there was some affair with his partner's wife—"

"There was n't anything, in reality. You know Jim—handsome, careless. ready to make love to every woman he meets. Well, this was the only woman

there, and he made love to her. Her husband discovered what was going on —Jim left some of her letters lying around, and some one took them to her husband—there's always some one to make mischief, you know—"

His mother looked at him.

"And then there was trouble. Some one warned Jim and he came East. But when his father died, he did n't dare go back to see to things; so, as you know, I went. It took longer than I expected."

"Yes," said Mrs. Thorpe, "three months is a long time."

"Hanged if I understand the power fellows like Jim have over women," exclaimed Harry angrily. "That poor little fool out there is not the only one he has cozened—and he does n't even try. They seem to come to him as moths go to a light. And here am I, who can 't even keep my wife 's love. God knows. I never looked at another woman, or thought of another."

The color flashed into Mrs. Thorpe's still face. "Harry," she breathed, leaning toward him, her hands clasped, "you love Alice still."

He looked at her an instant, then dropped his face in the pillow with a boyish sob. She suddenly drew in her clasped hands and held them hard against her heart.

"Such love as he never gave to me," she whispered in her soul—"to *me*, his mother!"

Then she straightened in her chair. "Harry," she said, in a tone he knew; the tone she had used, when as a child she bade him stand quiet while she dug out a splinter or plastered a wound— "Harry, sit up and listen to me."

"Last summer," she said, leaning forward once more and speaking rapidly, "when Jim and Alice were left here together, they became very friendly. I noticed it from the first, but I did not suspect—"

Her son started up with a face of white fury, but she thrust him back by an imperative gesture.

"Listen to me," she said sharply. "Dont jump to conclusions. There was nothing—there *is* nothing wrong. You have said yourself that Jim makes love to every woman he meets. Well, he made love to Alice—under my very eyes."

"To my wife," gasped Harry. He was on his feet, going toward the door. His mother sprang between him and it.

"No," she cried, "you shall listen to me! Would you make a scene and ruin Alice—wreck all hope of winning her back?"

"Winning her back," he cried between his teeth. "I dont want her back, if she loves another man. Let me past, mother."

"You shall not pass," she said firmly, her back against the door she had pulled close. "Alice does not love Jim—there has never been the slightest evidence of it"—she spoke very slowly, her eyes unwinkingly on her son's face—"but no living woman is insensible to love-making of that kind. He has made her feel the contrast between you and him."

"Between him and me—between the man who is playing with her, and the man who loves her," said Harry bitterly.

"Between the man who flatters and praises her," said his mother sternly, "and the one who criticizes and disparages."

"Are you taking their part against me?"

"I am taking her part against you. I am taking both your parts against him. Harry, go home and try to win your wife's love. Remember that Alice is a young girl. I warned you that she was not of your class—that she had had no moral training. You insisted on marrying her—now you cannot shirk your responsibility. Go home, and treat her as you did in the first days of your marriage—and Harry, tell her of Jim and that other women. *Tell her of the letters."*

"Why?" he asked at length. He stood, held from the door by his mother's hand against his breast.

"It will show her the manner of man he is. Trust me, son. You trusted me always, until it came to marrying. Trust me again."

"I wish I had trusted you then," he said sadly. "It would have been better if Alice and I had never been married."

"Possibly; but you *are* married. Will you do as I wish, Harry?"

"Since you wish it." He suddenly bent and kissed his mother on the cheek. She moved away from the door, and without a glance at the staircase, he went hastily from the house. His mother, left alone, stood a moment tense and silent. Then, with an inarticulate cry, she ran to the couch, dropped beside it, and clasped the cushion that had pillowed her son's head.

In the week that followed, Mrs. Thorpe sat much in her cool, lavender-scented bed-room, with its long windows looking out on the street. Often she glanced out through the shrouding curtains of snowy muslin, only to come back with a sigh to the quiet room and her attitude of waiting. Once, as she sat there, she heard her nephew moving about his room. After a little he came and tapped at her door.

She caught up some sewing. "Come," she called tranquilly. He thrust a handsome, flushed face in upon her.

"Aunt Mary, I've lost—mislaid—some papers. Did—did you see any writing lying around?"

Mrs. Thorpe looked at him and laughed a little. "Goodness, Jim, I picked up love-letters all over the room. Of course, I did n't read them, but sometimes I could n't help seeing the names. Kitty Joyce,—and Helen Cary, and—"

Jim Thorpe laughed, more amused than ashamed. "Oh, I say, Aunt, dont rub it in. What did you do with 'em?"

"Put them in the stove," said Mrs. Thorpe calmly.

He looked relieved, then somewhat perturbed. "There's one of them wants hers back." he said.

"Kitty, I suppose. She 's engaged to John Farnum, now. Tell her they are burned. Dont you think it would be well to stop making love to every girl you meet, Jim?"

"I dont," he protested. "At least, I dont intend to. I say things—before I know it. I told—this girl—I had her letters. And now I can 't produce them."

Mrs. Thorpe carefully threaded her needle. "If you had them," she said "would you give them back to her?"

Her handsome nephew, now entirely in the room, leaned his head against the door casing and laughed. "I might save just one, to remember her by," he jeered. "I always like to keep a sample."

He went out, still laughing. Mrs. Thorpe's sewing slid to the floor and she ground it under her foot.

"You shall leave this house to-morrow," she panted, "no matter what comes. I can 't endure it."

Suddenly she started, and peered through the curtain to the street below. Her nephew was swinging along, half a block away. A woman, slight and graceful, stood at the gateway, staring after him. Mrs. Thorpe drew back behind the curtain.

Presently the great knocker sounded through the house. Mrs. Thorpe tiptoed to her door and noiselessly locked it. She stood, listening.

There was a pause. She heard the front door softly tried. It swung open and some one stepped into the hall. There was another long silence. Then some one came up the stairs, stopped an instant outside Mrs. Thorpe's door—tapped on the panel. Mrs. Thorpe's face was so near to the tapping fingers that she started and bit her lips. She held her breath to perfect silence. After a little the steps went down the hall—toward Jim's room.

Softly Mrs. Thorpe turned the key in the lock. Inch by inch, she opened the door and looked into the hall. There was no one in sight. She went over to the leather trunk, unlocked it, and took out the package of letters. With it in her hand, she went down the hall and flung open the door of her nephew's room.

Her son's wife turned from the open bureau drawer she was ransacking and faced her mother-in-law. Her face was like death, and her pretty, weak mouth dropped open and quivered.

Mrs. Thorpe went in and shut the door.

"Here is what you are looking for, Alice," she said, quietly. She held out the package of letters.

Alice's hand shot out and clutched

them. She cowered away for an instant, then a dangerous light sprang into her eyes. Mrs. Thorpe thought of a rat at bay.

"You stole them," Alice cried shrilly. "You have showed them to Harry."

"No, I have n't showed them to Harry," said Mrs. Thorpe; she softened a little as she saw the intense relief in the other woman's face. "Nor did I steal them. I picked them up on the floor, on the bureau, out of the waste-basket, to save you—*you*, Alice Thorpe, my son's wife—from the disgrace your folly merited."

The girl's breath came quick through her parted lips. She thrust the letters in her breast.

"You did it for Harry," she whispered at last. "You love him so much that you saved me—whom you hate."

Mrs. Thorpe walked over to the quivering, shame-struck creature, and laid her hand on her shoulder.

"No," she said slowly. "That is not why I did it. I hardly know why. I think because you are a woman, and I am a woman—and I would not betray another woman to a man; not even to my own son."

Alice stared with wide, uncomprehending eyes. "I—dont—understand," she said confusedly. She pressed her hands on her forehead and leaned heavily against the bureau. After a little, she looked up, a light growing in her face.

"Oh—do you mean—you are on my side?" she gasped.

"Have I not proved it? There are the letters."

"But against your own son?" whispered the girl. She leaned nearer, her beautiful, immature face up-turned, incredulous. The thought that she was motherless came to Mrs. Thorpe, detached, yet somehow explaining all that had happened. She reached out and took the girl's hands.

"Alice," she said, "we have both been wrong. I should have warned you against Jim, have tried to save you. But I did n't love you enough. And when I first began to gather up your letters—perhaps I did intend to show them to Harry. Mother jealousy is nearly as strong as mother love; and you had taken my boy from me. When it came to the test, I knew I could n't harm you. It was not for Harry's sake that I kept silent—it was for yours. Do you understand? Do you believe me?"

"Yes," said Alice at last. She stood, her hands gripped in those of her mother-in-law, a flood of emotion choking her utterance. Twice she opened her lips to speak—twice failed in the effort. At last the words broke from her.

"Oh, you must have cared for me a little, to do so much. You have been generous. Be more generous. Forgive me—and love me a little."

Mrs. Thorpe gathered the girl into a swift embrace, and, for the first time, gave her a mother's kiss. Alice lay against her breast, white and spent. The older woman looked down upon her with tenderness.

"Dear child," she said. "I have little to forgive. But your husband has much."

Alice turned her face from sight, and her fingers closed over the forgotton letters. But she made no answer.

"Tell me," said Mrs. Thorpe steadily, "for you may trust me. Now that the glamor has passed—now that you know what manner of man Jim is—do you still love Harry?"

The girl trembled. The foolish, faithless letters burned against her breast, but the other's arms were strong and kind. At last she looked up.

"Oh, I do—I do," she cried. "Can you believe it, after—after this?"

A great light flashed into Mrs. Thorpe's eyes and a sigh of relief broke from her lips. She was almost smiling as she answered:

"Yes, even this, too. I can understand and believe—because I am a woman."

D R A M A



Aspects of the New York Stage

The Good, Bad and Indifferent of the New Season

By William Winter

THERE was much clamor of promise in the managerial preface to the dramatic season now in progress, but the opening chapters have much resembled the roar that was intended by *Bottom,*—a roar "as gentle as a sucking dove." Much was heard, at first, about "better conditions" and "renewed prosperity"—things much to be desired; for many disastrous failures had occurred, and consequent heavy losses had been suffered. The acclamation, however, gradually subsided, as the time drew near for the Presidential Election, and as play after play, each of them worthless, was "quietly inurned." Theatrical business in New York has long suffered under the adversity of too many theatres, and likewise because of that narrow policy of administration which continuously and feverishly strives to capture public patronage by means of clap-trap "novelties." The stage, in other words, has been made common; the traffic has been overdone; the appeal has become tiresome; and the public has grown weary of chatter and dribble. A few good plays,—but only a few,—have been presented within the last two years, and some of them have been admirably acted; but there has been a prodigious torrent of trash; and, as matters now stand, it looks as though the appeal to a vacuous, or frivolous, or depraved taste could not any longer be profitably made; that fad experiments could not again be attempted; and that a recourse to genuine drama and true acting must inevitably occur.

The incidents of the last five months were, for the most part, mournful. Unscrupulous females have disclosed themselves in "Salome Dances," which are lascivious and brutal. Musical farces have been spawned in such abundance that the very name of them has become odious. Even that much afflicted person "the tired business man" (for whose relief the purveyors of tinkle and prattle evince such a touching solicitude), has exhibited symptoms of satiety. The numerous Cohan family, with their "Yankee Prince" and kindred silly concoctions of more or less tuneful nonsense,

have felt the chill of neglect. A thing called "The Girl Question," done at Wallack's Theatre, started the run of failures in the new season. Plays respectively entitled "Mary's Lamb," "All for a Girl," "The Call of the North," "His Wife's Family," "The Offenders," "Diania of Dobson's," and "The Regeneration" were momentarily disclosed and then laid to rest. Miss Crosman, Mr. Robert Edeson, Miss Mannering, Miss Maxine Elliott, and Mr. James K. Hackett, among others, invited the public notice and failed to obtain it. One play, called "Father and Son," shown at a Broadway Theatre, had only four performances. Some attention was gained by a revival of the interesting play of "The Thief,"—a revival effected by Mr. Daniel Frohman, at his brother's theatre, the Empire; and Mr. Augustus Thomas's intellectual significant, and altogether admirable play of "The Witching Hour" was embarked on a new career of success. In general, though, the jack-knife (that time-honored symbol of "open and shut"), continued in steady operation; and at one period three of the prominent theatres of the capital,—Wallack's the Majestic, and the Hackett,—were closed for want of an audience.

The principal success of the new season has been gained by Miss Blanche Bates, at the Stuyvesant Theatre, where she appeared on September 22, and where she has been acting ever since, in a thin drama entitled "The Fighting Hope." Popular favor has attended plays called "The Man From Home"; "Jack Straw," with Mr. John Drew in the leading part; "Pierre of the Plains"; "The Traveling Salesman"; "A Gentleman from Mississippi"; and "The Devil." Two dramas that were prosperous early in 1908 are prosperous now,—"Paid in Full" and "The Servant in the House"; the one crude and disagreeable, but effective; the other, crude and monotonous, but morally irreproachable (which is something at this time!), and at some moments satiric. The most conspicuous dramas of the hour are "The Devil" and "Samson." Of "The Devil" two versions have been current here,—one at the Belasco Theatre, the other at the Garden. That play has reached the American stage in the form of translations of a foreign original, written, in Hungarian, by Ferenc Molnar. The Belasco version was made by Messrs. Alexander Konta and W. T. Larned; the Garden version by Oliver Herford. In the former the chief part is acted by Mr. George Arliss; in the latter it was first assumed here by Mr. Edwin Stevens. Both are competent actors. The part is that of a specious, subtle, polished tempter, who is engaged in the vile occupation of causing the commission of adultery, by a wife who, several years after her marriage, meets with one of her early suitors. Particular analysis of the play only serves to obtrude upon a reader's attention an offensive subject that many novels and many plays have made only too familiar to the public mind. The wonder is that a theme so trite should have attracted so much attention; but, in all our great cities—and, indeed, in all the great cities of the world, it seems—the social trend is toward vicious luxury, while a morbid taste for analysis of every form of sensual propensity and perversion has long been obvious. The play of "The Devil" will be epidemic for a while, and then will fade away. Not being protected by copyright it has, already, been seized and produced in many of the principal cities. Intrinsically it is unimportant. except as a further vitiation of public taste. Its currency has been much promoted by a wrangle in the press, between the two managers who first presented it.

As to the right of production of that play, it is somewhat difficult, in the haze of accusation and denial, to perceive the truth. It might be well—and as an advertising "dodge" it would "pay"—to have the dispute "tried," at the expense of the interested parties, before a regularly ordered court, according to the rules of evidence. No such course would be taken, even if it were practicable. One or the other of the two managers involved, Mr. H. G. Fiske and Mr. H. W. Savage, is in the wrong, and is, knowingly, trading on a technicality in law; and, whichever manager is wrong, nei-

ther of them would take the risk of an honest adverse decision, obtained in legal form, even though, in fact, that decision could not be enforced in law. The truth, meantime, appears to be this: Mr. Fiske applied to the authorized agents of the dramatist, Mr. Molnar, for the right to produce Mr. Molnar's play, in English, in America, and he secured those rights in the ordinary course of business, honorably ignoring the fact that, under existing conditions as to copyright law, he could have seized the play, without either asking its author's permission or paying for his consent. Mr. Fiske, as it appears, is now either paying the compensation agreed on with Mr. Molnar's agents, or he is prepared to pay it, if the author will accept it—intending, in the event of his refusal so to do, to pay the "royalties" to an Hungarian charity. Mr. Molnar, meantime, as it seems, has been induced by Mr. Savage, by reason of larger payment, or by other inducement (probably the former), to repudiate the action of his lawful agents, without right or justification, and to "sell" to Mr. Savage the right to produce his play in English, in this country—a right which, actually, if not technically, he had, as it appears, ceased to own when the sale was effected, through his agents, to Mr. Fiske. With regard to the production of the play it seems that Mr. Fiske has behaved in an entirely honorable manner and is merely standing upon his rights, in producing it. Meanwhile, the essentially important fact, to the public, is that Mr. Fiske and Mr. Savage, as well as the herd of unscrupulous speculators who have seized on Mr. Molnar's play, have done and are doing, wrong to the Theatre and to the Public, in producing, for the sake of the financial profit, a glib, cynical, trite, dirty, and injurious, though artistically, insignificant play, which presents an episodical and necessarily vile picture of low intrigue—a presentation that "teaches" (for "teaching" is, as ever, the plea and the attempted justification), precisely nothing.

The drama called "Samson," adapted by the comedian, William Gillette, and much changed in the process of adaptation, comes from the French of Henri Bernstein, author of the clever play of "The Thief." It was produced at the Criterion Theatre in October, and Mr. Gillette assumed the chief part in it—that of a "self-made man," named *Brachard*. Remembering the fine construction and effective story of "The Thief," it was hoped that the new play from the same pen would prove to be agreeable, admirable, and worthy of success. The production of it, however, revealed that, even when subjected to modification and disinfection, which made it practicable for our stage, it is vulgar and repulsive. In the original, as spectators acquainted with the customs of the Paris stage could readily discern, it must have been unspeakable. Its theme is the old, tedious, threadbare, offensive topic of domestic broil. The husband (*Brachard*) of a woman who has been married to him, against her will, by her "noble" but impecunious parents, suspects her, with apparently abundant reason, of infidelity, and, in avenging himself on her putative paramour, he works his own financial ruin as well as that of his foe. It is not worth while to recount the incidents in detail. The performance was not such as to win the intelligent admirers of acting. The piece is one that the public, in the various cities to which it will be taken, should scrupulously avoid. It contains nothing meritorious; it imparts only disgust.

The aspect of our stage, like the kaleidoscope, is continuously changing. Admirable plays arrive, now and then, and fine performances are revealed. The picture is, happily, not all darkness. Mrs. Fiske, Miss Marlowe, Miss Bates, Miss Allen, Miss Adams, Mr. Mantell, Mr. Drew, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Warfield, Mr. Miller, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Crane, Mr. Goodwin, and other clever actors still occasionally emerge, and sometimes, their presence is delightful. But the early part of this season was "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable," and to a considerable extent it continues to be so. More particular consideration of the proceedings of some of those admired performers must be deferred. A sad word

is spoken in the positive announcement that the great actress, Ada Rehan, although she is in moderately good health, will never again grace the stage with her presence. The loss is inexpressible—for it means the permanent disappearance of one of the brightest figures of our time; a noble woman, whose every endeavor was for the advancement of acting; whose art was exquisite, whose personality was charming, whom to see was to admire, and whom to know is to love.

The Thought

By Charles Elmer Jenney

Not Caxton print, nor all th' engraver's art,
  Nor deckle-edge, nor marble-mirrored page;
  Not crushed Levant, nor Maroc's clasping cage,
Nor hand-wrought fett'ring of the prisoned heart;
Not e'en the fluent fancy's polished part,
  Bright metaphor, and brilliant badinage,
  Alliteration's liquid heritage,
Nor Allegory's clear illuming chart;
Nay, none of these what Time elects to save.
  They lend the aid that luxuries allot,
Like luxuries, they run the ready slave
  Of golden lamp; they are the sold and bought.
'Tis what the brain's best labor bore and *gave*,—
  The first, and last, and everything,—the *thought*.



Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Phillipines

Note: Beginning with this number, the Progress Department will regularly continue to be devoted to brief and conservative items on Western development. To all interested in the West it will be found of great value.

The various commercial and municipal organizations of all states and territories west of the Rocky mountains, including Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines, and the Federal Departments are invited to send to this department authentic news clippings and original items which would be of general interest and value to those who are looking to the West for opportunities for home-making or investment. Address, Editor Progress Department.

"There never has been in history any movement comparable to the wonderful westward march of the hard-working American pioneer farmers, and of those who came after them, who have overspread this continent, who are now filling its remotest corners."—(From a recent address by President Roosevelt.)

OREGON.

Public Land Open to Settlement.

Roseburg, Oregon.—The Interior Department at Washington has notified the Roseburg Land Office that 91,840 acres of the Umpqua National Forest Reserve will be thrown open to public entry and settlement on January 21, 1909. Squatting will be permitted thirty days previous to this date. It is estimated that only about one-fourth of the total will be open to present filing, the remainder being covered by filings made previous to its withdrawal. The Lakeview Land Office also makes a similar announcement relating to 1,160 acres in the Fremont National Forest, subject to public entry after December 17, 1908.

A Thousand Colonists in Three Days.

Portland, Oregon.—The Harriman lines carried more than a thousand prospective Oregon settlers into Portland during a period of three days while the recent colonist rates were in effect. Nor does the immense amount of untilled land and unscratched resources suggest any congestion as yet. But people must have been coming, for a town in Oregon is indeed dead that is not doubling its population every ten years, and property values are far from being that conservative. While talking about colonist rates, one of Oregon's newer sons has suggested that the railroad companies ought to advertise colonist days for horses and cattle, also, and

allow the newcomer to bring his livestock, too, rather than being compelled to sell them in the East at a sacrifice.

Record Price for Inland Empire Wheat Land.

Pendleton, Oregon—Wheat land reached a record price here this month when a quarter section was sold for nearly $110 per acre. It seems somewhat to confirm the recent prediction of James J. Hill that wheat land must rapidly advance in price, since in twenty years the United States will have a population of two hundred millions and that we are now raising only half enough wheat to feed that many people.

Orchard Sells for $34,000.

Hood River, Oregon.—A forty-acre tract in the Hood River Valley set to three year old apple trees has been sold to two Minneapolis men for $34,000. The orchard is not yet in bearing and the sale proves considerable faith on the part of the Easterners. Another sale in this section several weeks previously, records $16,000 for a ten-acre tract, and a Portland man has just paid $13,000 for a twenty-acre Hood River tract, eight acres of which is in bearing trees. It has just been reported that the total apple crop of the valley for the past year was 300,000 boxes with a market value of $800,000.

That this is not the only fruit section in the state, however, is evidenced by the report that J. H. Smith near Roseburg, Oregon, in the Rogue River Valley, will pick 300 boxes of apples from a quarter-acre orchard. He has been offered from two to two dollars and a half a box for his total crop, but he has declined the offer and is preparing to ship them to eastern markets where he expects to receive fancy prices.

Indian Reservation May Be Colonized.

Dallas, Oregon.—A project is under way whereby about 13,000 acres of rich land contained within the Grand Ronde Indian Reservation will be placed on the market for colonization. The land is rich but has never been cultivated. The plan is to interest eastern settlers and build it into a flourishing community.

Promising Coal Fields in Coos County.

Marshfield, Oregon—There seems promise of a period of great activity in the development of one of the greatest natural resources of Oregon, namely the coal fields of Coos county. About four hundred square miles of this part of the state is underlaid with coal deposits, according to geological surveys. Coal mining in a small way has been carried on for forty years in Coos county, but only during the past few years has any considerable developmental work been done. Just now there is great interest in the purchase of extensive coal properties to the value of nearly half a million dollars by what is declared to be a holding company of the Hill railroad interests. It is said that this purchase insures the establishment of a line of Hill boats touching all the principal points of the Pacific coast. The Southern Pacific is also heavily interested in this, the only coal deposit of any importance on the Pacific coast south of Puget Sound.

Will Colonize Three Quarters of a Million Acres.

Lakeview, Oregon.—Preliminary work for the exploitation and reclamation of 750,000 acres of the old Military Land Grant of this county is being made by an incorporated stock company. This immense tract is only one-twentieth part of Lake county, which is a hundred and twenty miles long and has an area as large as New Hampshire and five times as large as the state of Delaware. The same company has completed similar schemes in other parts of the West. The plan is to begin the building of reservoirs and canals at once, and the company promises to reclaim 30,000 acres by 1910. At present, the site is something like a hundred miles from the railroad.

Nearly Half a Million for the Klamath Project.

Klamath Falls, Oregon.—The sum of $416,000 has been allotted to the Klamath Reclamation project for the year 1909 by the Secretary of the Interior, which is an increase of $50,000 above the amount allotted for construction work during the past year.

Waldo Lake for Power and Irrigation.

Eugene, Oregon.—Approximately one-half of the water and storage capacity of Waldo Lake, situated at the summit of the Cascade Mountains and about one hundred miles from Eugene, has been sold to a Montana capitalist for the sum of $35,000. It is understood that he will utilize the water in the irrigation of 30,000 acres of the Willamette Valley which, it is prophesied, will then rival the best irrigated sections in productiveness.

Transportation for Wallowa County.

Joseph, Oregon.—The last spike in the seventy-mile extension of the railroad into a very rich community was driven with ceremony recently. This will begin a new era of prosperity and development for Wallowa county which has been praying for a transportation outlet for years beyond the memory of most of its residents.

Oregon Fir Ranked With Mahogany.

Portland, Oregon.—The editor of the American Lumberman, J. E. Defenbaugh, states as his opinion that Oregon and Washington fir will in time rank with ma-

hogany, oak, maple, and birch as finishing material for dwellings and offices. He deplores the fact that thousands of acres of the best of fir has in the past been slashed and burned in the clearing of coast lands. Certain it is, say timbermen, that it would have been a paying investment on the part of Uncle Sam to have given the preempter and homesteader a small fortune to have kept away from his claim rather than to have encouraged this slashing.

A Railroad Into Eagle Valley.

Baker City, Oregon.—Construction is to be begun at once by the Eagle Valley Railroad Company on their thirty-mile extension into the rich Eagle Valley. This is one of the best producing fruit districts of the West. It has captured a number of world prizes at exhibits, and fruit raising is immensely profitable even now, when the produce must be hauled thirty miles by wagon to market.

General Oregon Notes.

Under a general agreement made between the United States Geological Survey, the Reclamation Service, the Weather Bureau, and the state officials of Oregon, an investigation of the available water supply of the vast irrigable section of interior Oregon is to be made. This area, almost as large as the state of Ohio, is at present untouched by a railroad, but with promised railroad development in the near future an immense district will be open for irrigation schemes of all sorts.

The National Bureau of Catholic Colonization is investigating various sections of Oregon with a view of establishing a colony somewhere in the Northwest. The bureau purposes to induce thrifty immigrants to come to America and live in colonies under the protection of the church.

Preliminary operations have begun towards establishing a half-million-dollar electric power plant on the Clackamas River above Portland. The plant will generate 15,000 horse power and the electricity will be sold in Portland for lighting and manufacturing purposes.

Experiments conducted near Corvallis during the past season show an increase of 80 per cent in the hop yield of a certain tract because of irrigation. A conclusion is drawn from this and other experiments, that all crops in this most wonderful Willamette Valley may be increased from 75 to 100 per cent by irrigation. This is pronounced the most wonderful agricultural valley in the world, having a tillable area of 5,000,000 acres, only twenty per cent of which is being farmed at present. The climate and soil are pronounced practically identical with the Isle of Jersey, which due to diversified farming is supporting a dense population.

Minneapolis capitalists have purchased 30,000 acres of the old Corvallis & Yaquina Bay wagonroad grant, in Lincoln and Benton counties, which will be divided into small tracts and sold to Eastern homeseekers. The land is along the line of the Corvallis and Eastern railroad and is said to be especially suitable for dairying and fruit and nut culture. Very little of the land of this grant has been developed as yet and exploitation will be pushed by the Yaquina Valley Fruit and Land Company with headquarters in Minneapolis.

What may prove to be the largest government reclamation project in America is being considered by a government surveyor in the vicinity of Dayville. If found feasible the project would reclaim something like 400,000 acres of sagebrush land lying along the Columbia River and reaching up the John Day River. A reservoir would be made of the lower John Day River and about 10,000 acres of cultivated land flooded. The total expenses of such a project, including the buying of the property rights that would be submerged, would involve about fifteen million dollars, it is estimated.

Attempts are being made by the residents adjacent to the abandoned Umatilla Reclamation project in Eastern Oregon and Western Idaho along the Snake River, to have it revived by the government engineers. This project, which would recover about 150,000 acres of fine land, was given up by the government about four years ago after much preliminary work because of opposition by residents who were interested in certain private companies who promised to give something "just as good" and cheaper. But the private companies did not materialize and now the citizens are after Uncle Sam to come back. Oregon has some $6,000,000 in her share of the reclamation fund, available for this and other projects.

WASHINGTON.

Farmers Will Build Electric Line.

Walla Walla, Washington.—A meeting has just been held here which resulted in a preliminary organization among one hundred and fifty representative farmers of Columbia and Walla Walla counties who assert that they will begin at once the construction of a forty-four mile electric line from Dayton through this city to Pasco. The right-of-way has been secured and the line has already been surveyed and mapped. Stock will be sold among the farmers and business men, and one farmer

has volunteered to grade five of the objective forty-four miles in exchange for stock of the company. The project is hoped to be completed in ten months.

A Six-Million Dollar Power Plant.

Seattle, Wash.—Rival Eastern capitalists are hastening additional men into the Skagit River Canyon where several surveying forces have been working all summer in estimating the practicability of the harnessing of the estimated 300,000 horse power of the river. The Skagit Power Company already has a plant located, and it is reported that they have sold 40,000 of the horse power that their proposed six-million-dollar plant will generate, to Seattle industries.

Some of Washington's Irrigation Projects.

Spokane, Wash.—The Kettle Falls Land Company of this city will complete a twenty-two mile canal before spring, which is to take water from the Colville River just above its junction with the Columbia and carry it by gravity to Kettle Falls where it will irrigate about 8,000 acres of what promises to be the best of fruit land.

Kennewick, Wash.—Work is being pushed here in preparation for the opening of another plat of irrigated land by the Northern Pacific Irrigation Company. A plant is being installed which will pump twelve million gallons of water every twenty-four hours from the Columbia to the sightly rolling hills which overlook six towns, five counties, three rivers, and parts of two states. This amount of water will irrigate 3,500 acres of rich fruit land which, with water and being above the frost line, will prove very productive. A famous landscape artist, Olmstead of New York, has been engaged to plat a residence suburb, which presumes a growth from our present five-year-old town of two thousand to one of fifteen thousand.

North Yakima, Wash. — Construction work has been begun on a new flume for the Selah-Moxee Canal Company which will increase the capacity of its old ditch enough to irrigate 1,700 acres in the Moxee Valley.

Wenatchee, Wash.—About ten miles south of here, overlooking the Columbia River, the Valhalla corporation has purchased a five-hundred-acre tract which they will reclaim by pumping water from the Columbia through three stations at different heights above the water level. The land will be set to winter apples, and ultimately cut into small tracts.

Brewster, Wash.—One thousand acres of the Brewster Flats, which includes a portion of the tract sold by the state last June, will be reclaimed by an irrigation project unique in that it embodies practically all features that are known to the larger schemes, such as storage reservoirs, high dams, and long flumes around the side of the mountain. The district is one of the best in the Northwest for winter apples.

It is announced through the Reclamation Service that the Government will deliver water in the spring to 3,472 acres of the total 8,000 acres of the Okanogan project in Washington. A charge of $65 per acre, divided into ten annual payments, will be made for bringing water to the land. This project is reported to be 83 per cent complete. Of the other Government projects in the state, the Sunnyside reclaiming 40,000 acres, is 26 per cent completed; the Tieton reclaiming 24,000 acres, is 54 per cent completed; and the Wapato project which is to irrigate 20,000 acres is only well started.

Wenatchee, Wash.—Several propositions have been made by capitalists to the owners of the Orondo district to conduct water to a thousand acres or more of this promising fruit section. The latest, for which the settlers have just been called together, is a proposal of Prowell & Hoffman, of this city, to establish a large pumping plant and reclaim the land for $40 per acre.

Richland, Wash.—Three new railroads are prospective for this vicinity where the Lower Yakima Irrigation Company is watering 16,000 acres and is working on another project which will reclaim 75,000 additional acres. It is estimated here that under irrigation, ten acres will produce as much as a quarter section farmed in the usual manner.

The Vera tract of 1,000 acres, near Spokane, is advertising ripe strawberries for Thanksgiving dinner, strawberries which it is claimed have almost the flavor of the spring ones. Their tract is being irrigated by a 120-foot well and powerful pump, and is unique in that the water is carried through concrete flumes, which means a big saving, and is a method that must be adopted in many Western sections as water becomes more valuable. This land is now said to be worth $1,000 per acre.

Harriman Will Tunnel Under Tacoma.

Tacoma, Wash.—It has been announced that bids have been taken for a 8,700-foot tunnel under the city of Tacoma, to be built by the Union Pacific in their approach to the city from the south in the completion of their Oregon & Washington Railroad from Portland to Seattle. This mile-and-a-half tunnel will be double-tracked and will cost about $3,000,000. It will be rushed to completion in a year.

Miscellaneous Washington Items.

Twenty-seven hundred acres of timber land in Skamania County, near the Co-

lumbia River, cruising eight and a quarter million feet of lumber to the section, have been sold to a Minnesota firm for $190,000 cash.

The Washington Water Power Company, which operates electric lines in and about Spokane and distributes electrical energy for light and power, has voted to expend $16,000,000 at the rate of $2,000,000 a year in improving their holdings in that vicinity.

North Yakima has visions of being called the power city of the Yakima Valley when the Northwest Light & Water Company complete their plans for developing a plant of 10,000 horse-power, which they promise to do within a few months. A part of the power will be used for the pumping of water to reclaim 25,000 acres of land through other companies.

Without any previous training for the work, but prompted by an interest in horticulture and a desire for outdoor life, a society woman, of Tacoma, and her two daughters, about a year ago left the city and purchased a twenty-five-acre apple orchard near Ellensburg. About 12,000 boxes of fruit have been harvested this year and a handsome profit will be netted. Ten refrigerator cars of apples are being shipped to Chicago from the orchard and fancy prices are expected.

It is announced from Spokane that C. B. Pride, who is a Wisconsin capitalist and owns a million-dollar paper mill in that state, will at once begin the erection of a similar mill in that city. The plant will give employment to 1,500 men. The pulp will be ground on the upper waters of the St. Joe River, Idaho, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, where the promoters of the enterprise control vast areas of spruce and balm.

The mineral output for the state of Washington for 1907 has been compiled by the Geological Survey and it shows a total valuation of $11,617,706, the chief item of which refers to the coal output of $7,679,801, in which the state led the Pacific Northwest, as she also did in clay and lime products.

A yield of potatoes which is believed to break the previous world's record is reported by R. J. Hurd, a rancher living on the Little Spokane River, near Spokane. Eight hundred bushels were dug from one acre, and a total of 2,400 bushels from a four-acre patch. They were raised on sandy soil in the arid part of the state and without irrigation.

From the western part of the state comes a story of a 22-pound beet raised by Willard Turner near Montesano.

Notable Educational Gathering.

Walla Walla, Wash.—The greatest educational gathering ever held in the Pacific Northwest, called in the interest of Whitman College, has closed after a several days' conference. The purpose of the gathering was to discuss ways and means for making Whitman the "great private Christian College of the Northwest" and Walla Walla the educational center of Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Plans for buildings have been adopted which when carried out will give the school $3,000,000 worth of equipment and will include buildings devoted to and bearing these names: Forestry and Irrigation, Mines and Geology, Civil and Mechanical, Electrical Engineering, Physics and Chemistry, Arts and Architecture, Academic, Library, Museum and Auditorium. There is every probability of the success of the immediate plan to raise $2,000,000 to get the project under way. The institution was founded by Rev. Cushing Eels in memory of Marcus Whitman, who lived and died for the "Old Oregon" of which Walla Walla is the geological center.

Five Million Apples At International Apple Show.

Spokane, Wash.—The first exposition in the world devoted wholly to the display of apples was held in this city from December 7 to 12. There were entered in competition for the $35,000 prizes over five million apples, of every known variety, and representing nearly every state of the Union, several provinces of Canada, and all of the leading countries of Europe. The competition was open to every grower of the world, without entrance fee.

The inner purpose of the exposition is to stimulate interest in the growth of apples in America, and to demonstrate their great value as food and fruit and the innumerable uses to which they and their by-products may be placed. The apple may be called our national fruit, yet, notwithstanding our great growth in population during the past decades, the apple industry has fallen off almost in an inverse ratio. But for the large and constantly growing apple yield of the Northwest there would have been an apple famine in America this year, and the future promises nothing better unless something is done at once to stimulate the great industry. The yield of apples for the United States in 1896 was a little over 69,000,000 barrels and that of 1908 is estimated at a total of only 25,000,000 barrels, notwithstanding the planting of thousands of trees since the earlier date.

It seems that there can scarcely be an over-production of first-class apples in America since the world markets are demanding more and more of this fruit every year. Apple growing has come to be one of the most substantial industies of the Northwest due perhaps to its most favorable soil and the best climatic conditions

that are to be found in any part of America. More than 16,000,000 apple trees were reported by the inspectors of Washington, Oregon and Idaho for the season of 1908, and nearly 6,000,000 of these bore fruit this year with a crop valued at from $17,000,000 to $18,000,000. When the trees now planted in the Northwest come into bearing in 1912, their estimated yield will be 64,000,000 bushels, or a million and a half more bushels than the total United States crop for 1908, and equal to the 1908 wheat yield for these three states.

IDAHO.

Eastern Capitalists Inspect Reclamation Projects.

Boise, Idaho.—A party of twenty-eight bankers, brokers and capitalists from Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and further Eastern points, have just completed a seeing-for-themselves tour of the irrigation projects of the state. Their report will determine to a large extent just the attitude that Eastern capital will assume towards possible investments in the bonds of the various irrigation schemes of the state. It may not be an index to their decisions, but it is at least significant of their feelings that nearly three-quarters of them personally purchased acre-tracts during the visit. They were first taken to the newest of the projects, where they saw the great dams, tunnels and ditches, and the land in its raw, desolate state. The last tract inspected was the oldest one of the state, near Boise, which proved the realization of which the others were the dreams. The concensus of opinion expressed was that previous reports coming from the state had not been exaggerated, even though they did sound airy to the Easterner, who knew nothing about irrigation other than what he could read in an occasional magazine article. Irrigation bonds were practically new ventures with the bond broker, they said, hence the necessity and value of the trip.

Model Irrigation Farm in Idaho.

Boise, Idaho.—The establishment of the Agricultural College was a great event, but Idaho has gone a big step further in becoming the home of a really practical demonstration farm. When the great Twin Falls irrigation tract was opened it was found that many of the settlers had only a crude idea of irrigation, its methods and problems. Largely as a matter of self-protection, the company promoting the enterprise determined to establish an experiment station. So forty acres of land were allotted and about five years ago the model farm was born. It has proved such a good venture in the way of determining the amount of water required and the crops adaptable to the region, that besides this initial farm near the city of Twin Falls, four other demonstration farms will be established at other locations on this tract and on the other tracts of the company.

Owing to this method of co-operation with the settler, it is said that no one who has taken up land in these tracts has ever made a failure. A new settler when he reaches the tract is first sized up at the office, then given such instructions and suggestions as he most needs, and then encouraged to get to work and to make use of the experiment farm. This co-operative scheme has apparently brought the settlers nearer together in other ways, as shown by their adoption of the most modern of educational practices. 'Buses carry the children to and from school, and the valley is alive with federations and organizations. Many of the country homes are heated with hot water or electricity, and telephones, electric lights and water systems are the rule. All of this in a section that was a barren sagebrush plain three years ago.

Chicago Capital To Harness a River.

Spokane, Wash.—A company of Chicago capitalists has been organized by Jerome L. Drumheller and a half million dollars subscribed to harness the Moyie River, a mile and a half above where it empties into the Kootenai. The object of the scheme is to generate 10,000 horse-power for use in Northern Idaho for the development of its mining, timber and agricultural resources. Work has already begun on the dams and the five-mile flume.

Contractors Too Slow For Uncle Sam.

Boise, Idaho.—Because Contractors Page & Brinton were not rushing work on the Payette-Boise reclamation project to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Interior, their contract has been annulled and the job will be completed by the government. The contractors were under agreement to build two canals, one of which will carry water into the Deer Flat reservoir. The delay of this latter meant the loss of much, or all, of the season's water for the large tract which the reservoir overlooks, and the do-it-now spirit of Uncle Sam could not idly see this waste.

An Agricultural Expert's View of Idaho.

Des Moines, Iowa.—Professor P. G. Holden, the great corn expert of the Iowa Agricultural College, has just given out an interview concerning his impressions on his recent vacation trip to the irrigated districts of Southern Idaho. He, with some of his professional and business friends,

had a curiosity to sift down some of the almost incredible stories told about this new land, and his report is doubly interesting because of his great authority on all topics pertaining to the land. He says in part:

"You may say for me that Southern Idaho is the ideal place for the young man who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, Southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

"Why, I talked with men out there who went there three years ago with little or nothing and are now worth $10,000 to $30,000.

"I don't enthuse easily (I can't afford to. In my experience it has been necessary to school myself against it), but when I see such marvelous productiveness as is seen on every hand in these irrigated districts I cannot help it.

"Land out there that sold three years ago for $25.50 an acre is now held at from $100 to $500 an acre, and when it changes hands it changes on this basis.

"The Carey Act is, in my estimation, the greatest land act ever passed for the benefit of the American farmer. The state guarantees everything. The improving of the tract is all under state supervision and the state guarantees that the company platting the tract will have sufficient water developed to irrigate the land you buy. The soil is a rich lava deposit, which varies from fourteen inches to four feet in depth.

"I examined in a great many places—dug down and found that the hard pan was a thin strata which crumbles and becomes a part of the soil after crops have been planted and water put upon the land, and underneath the hard pan is another strata of rich soil. This soil retains all of the rich fertility which is the accumulation of ages—there has never been the rains we have, to leach the soil and carry away any of these elements that go to make the most productive soil.

"There the farmer is his own weather prophet—if he wants rain, it rains, and it rains where he wants it to. There are no cold spells which usually accompany rains in this country—and the growth does not stop for an instant.

"The farmer plans his work from one year's end to another and knows just what he will do each day. In this way one can secure a much larger yield from a certain acreage because there is never any waste time. There are no idle seasons in the Snake River country. The cool nights and hot days make the best kind of grain—hard kernels and full heads.

"The climate being dry there is no danger of blight or any of the other diseases common to fruit, grains and vegetables in a more moist climate. Trees make a growth in three years equal to ours in five years as the growing season there is much longer.

"The diversity of crops appealed to me as strongly as anything I saw. The Twin Falls irrigation farmer, for instance, is not dependent upon any one crop. He doesn't have to wait until the end of the season to get his money because there is something seasonable and salable at all times of the year. He raises fruit, wheat, alfalfa, oats, vegetables, hogs, cattle, sheep, in fact, everything grown in the temperate zone.

"There are no weeds. It takes moisture to grow weeds, and in this country there is no moisture except where you put it. The land that is irrigated is cultivated in such a thorough manner that weeds do not get a start. This is particularly noticeable in the remarkably clean seed that comes from this section.

"I found the people of Idaho hardy, thrifty, intelligent citizens. There is a good fellowship out there that makes you feel at home at once, and I, talking to Iowans who have taken up their residence there, was curious to find out how they got started—the farming being some different from what they were used to—but they told me that what they didn't know their neighbors were willing to tell them, and that is the spirit that builds empires."

Miscellaneous Idaho Items.

About twenty miles southeast of American Falls is the beautiful little valley of Arbon, with 150,000 acres of very desirable land open for dry farming. The valley is about ten miles wide and thirty miles long, and the altitude is near 5,000 feet. There is a small settlement of some forty families near the lower end, but otherwise it is open, according to a news note, from American Falls.

Word comes from Boise that a tract of 9,000 acres near Snake River, and immediately opposite the town of Grand View, is to be reclaimed by the Crane Falls Power & Irrigation Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. Contracts have already been let for the construction of a 3,000-kilowatt electric plant at Crane Falls, on Snake River, which will transmit power for the necessary pumping plant. The plant is expected to be in operation by September 1, 1909. The land that will be reclaimed is all filed on, so the company will not operate under the Carey Act.

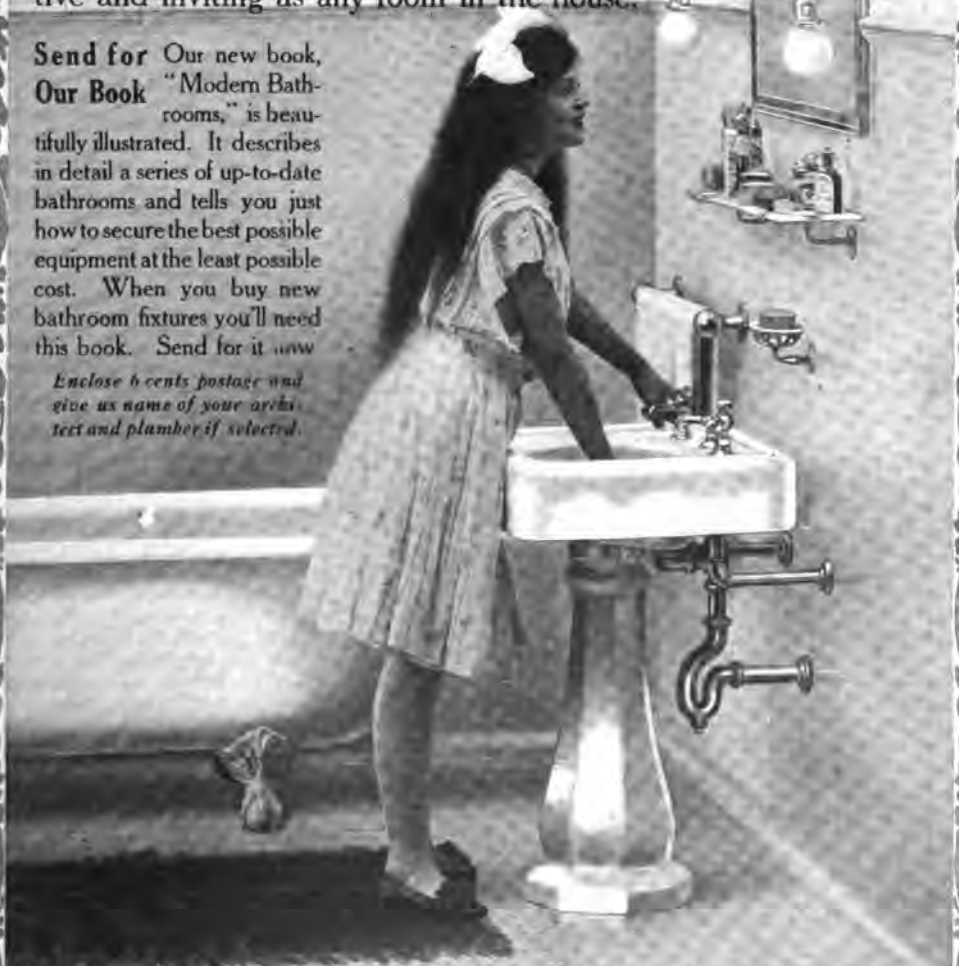
Official reports for the Minidoka Government reclamation project, which when completed will recover a total of 160,000 acres, show an expenditure to date of $1,780,818.41. This completes the gravity system on both sides of the Snake River and will afford irrigation for between 76,000 and 80,000 acres, making a total

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cost of about $22.25 per acre for reclamation.

What has excellent promise of being another big irrigation project for Idaho comes with the report from Boise that a contract will be drawn up between the State Land Board and the West End Twin Falls Land & Water Company just as soon as notice has been received from the Department of the Interior that their Cedar Creek segregation of 50,000 acres has been allowed. This project has been at the point of being financed several times only to fail, but C. J. Perkins, the persistent promoter of the enterprise, has as last interested Eastern capitalists, and among them is Professor P. G. Holden, the Iowa corn and agricultural expert; also Editor E. T. Meridith, of Successful Farming, one of the leading journals of its class. The land is especially well adapted to fruit raising, and the cost of getting water to it is supposed to be about $35 per acre.

Twin Falls, Idaho.—There was once a time when Egypt and India boasted of the largest irrigated tracts in the world, but that distinction will belong to the State of Idaho as soon as the Twin Falls tract is completed. The tract will total about a million and a third acres. The task of reclaiming this vast amount of land is an immense one, but after only three years, a thousand miles of canals have been completed and over 300,000 acres are under actual irrigation. Twin Falls, the county seat of the new Twin Falls County, is a modern bustling city of 5,000, a very healthy growth for a three-year-old youngster. A new railroad has been built to tap this tract and an electric line is under construction. The great enterprise is the materialized dream of one Ira Bert Perrine, who saw his vision and has spent the best third of his life in getting others to see it, and the conservative now say that this is to become the most densely populated farming community west of the Mississippi.

CALIFORNIA.

The Gateway to Mexico.

Los Angeles, Cal.—For the next few decades, at least, one of the great battle grounds of the commercial world will be the western coast of Mexico. That great area of land lying along the Pacific Coast of Mexico and comprising four complete states and the western part of three others, has long been recognized as one of the richest parts of the republic, but because of the lack of transportation, it has been dormant for centuries. The promised new era will follow the completion of the three



railroads that are now penetrating these rich agricultural and mineral districts. Settlement will rapidly follow the railroad, for the rich opportunities are before the eyes of all. And wherever the railroad and settlers go trade is sure to follow. Germany and other European nations have already taken preliminary steps towards annexing this commercial opportunity, and the cities of the Northern Pacific Coast have their trade eyes open, but the natural gateway to this rich region is the city of Los Angeles. Another year is likely to see the trains running from Los Angeles to Guadalajara without a change.

Progress Items From Here and There.

Redondo, Cal.—The Chamber of Commerce of this place has received an offer from an Eastern firm which agrees to establish an automobile factory here provided that ten acres of land will be donated, and $5,000 of stock taken by the citizens. They promise a payroll of 500 men the first year and an ultimate increase to 3,500.

Merced, Cal.—A large force of men is being employed near the city constructing canals that will irrigate 2,000 acres of land. Perhaps partially because of this more real estate changed hands during the month of October than during any previous month in the history of the county. In these transfers the small tract of ten to forty acres predominates. The days of grain, sheep and cattle are giving way to those of fruits, vegetables and hay.

Watsonville, Cal.—Nearly 2,000 carloads of apples have already been shipped from Watsonville station this season, and there are indications that nearly 1,000 additional cars will be added to this number before the crop is disposed of. Perhaps 500 cars will also be shipped from other of the small stations of the Pajaro Valley, making a total of 3,500 cars for the season from the valley.

Raising Ostriches in California.

Los Angeles, Cal.—One of the most modern kinds of farms is the ostrich farm, and two of the best of these are to be found in Southern California. There is a good margin of profit in this kind of farming, for a single healthy bird will produce $100 worth of feathers each year. The ostrich is easy to hatch but hard to raise, and it is expensive to stock a ranch with the noble bird, for they are worth $100 at the age of six months, and the full-grown three-year-olds are valued at an average of $400, while the best specimens will market at $1,500. There is a great demand for the feathers of the birds and they are picked every eight months. Most of the feathers are shipped to New York, where they are prepared for the trade, though some of the larger ranches manufacture their own plumes and supply them directly to the trade.

COLORADO.

45,000 Acres To Be Reclaimed.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.—A company of Colorado capitalists has been organized to at once begin the construction of the ditches necessary to carry sufficient water from the Rio Grande River to irrigate the larger part of a 45,000-acre tract near Espanola. The title of the tract has been in dispute and the court has decreed that a portion of it be sold at public auction, and the other part will be reclaimed and cut into small tracts for settlers. Within three years this tract will surely be one of the best agricultural districts in Rio Arriba County.

UTAH.

The Biggest Pumping Plant on Earth.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The city of Salt Lake and four irrigation companies are joint owners of the largest pumping plant on earth, located on Utah Lake, near the town of Provo. The plant is capable of delivering a total of 452,000,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours, or at the rate of 700 cubic feet of water a second. The system is governed by a representative from each of the owning interests, the city engineer representing the city of Salt Lake. The entire flow of water is used for irrigation, and the city's interest in the giant plant follows because of arrangements which she has made with certain farmers. These farmers controlled water rights in two canyon streams which the city thought to be far more suitable for municipal supply that the water of Utah Lake. An exchange was made with the farmers whereby the city took this supply and in exchange agreed to pump water for irrigation from the lake.

Wool Growers To Establish a National Warehouse.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—The recent convention of the woolgrowers of Utah unanimously adopted a resolution declaring themselves in favor of establishing a national warehouse in Chicago, for the purpose of eliminating the wool commission man and securing the best market prices for their product. To prove their faith in the scheme $10,000 was subscribed towards the necessary $250,000. To this latter amount $150,000 will be added by the Chicago business men who are behind the scheme, if it be necessary, to insure the success of the project. The National Wool Growers' Association will be incorporated and two-thirds of the stock is always to be owned by the sheep raisers in every state of the Union. The purpose of the organization is protective, but its members say that their by-laws estop any attempt towards monopoly or cornering the market. Under the present methods of marketing it is charged that the wool grower is at the mercy of the commission man and often does not secure justice in disposing of his clips. All of the large Middle Western wool-market cities competed in their attempts to gain a monopoly of the Wool Growers' Association warehouses, but Chicago made by far the best offer and was accepted by the committee of investigation. This market naturally handles 300,000,000 pounds of wool a season, which is half of the world's supply. The Western crop is an annual 150,000,000 pounds, and the first warehouse to be built at Chicago will be large enough to store 55,000,000 pounds. Chicago business men and commercial organizations, in supporting the movement, which really proposes to revolutionize the method of handling wool in America, assumed that with practically all the American clip passing through Chicago, a large district of manufacturers would naturally locate there in preference to the far East, where most of them now are.

The movement for the national warehouse is to be pushed immediately in Wyoming, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon and other Western states.

ARIZONA.

Oranges and Beets.

Phoenix, Ariz.—The orange crop for 1908 is earlier than usual, and due to this fact, is bringing the highest price in years, since much of it was in New York in time for the Thanksgiving trade. The yield will be large and the quality much above the average.

The sugar beet industry is already preparing for next year. About 5,000 acres will be planted to sugar beets in the Salt River Valley for the sugar factory at Glendale.

A Cotton Gin For Arizona.

Yuma, Ariz.—Government experiments have demonstrated the possibility of the successful production of cotton in Arizona, and steps are being taken to at once place the industry on a commercial basis. Special cotton gins have been secured from England, since the fibre is too long for the ordinary Southern type of gin. A fine quality of Egyptian cotton seems to do the best, and a finer, stronger staple is being returned with each year's experiment on the government farm.

Submerged Dam To Reclaim 25,000 Acres.

Prescott, Ariz.—The new Arizona & California Railroad will make possible the reclamation of a 25,000-acre tract of land in Yuma County, near the Colorado River. The project is unique in that the water

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will be raised from the bed rock, forty-two feet below the surface, by a submerged dam. This will catch all the underflow of the stream and give a total estimated flow of 5,000 miners' inches which will be carried, in a ten-feet-in-diameter conduit, several miles to a large tract of land which with water can produce everything commonly grown in a semi-tropical climate.

Pastures More Profitable Than Open Range For Sheep.

Phoenix, Ariz.—The old theory that unlimited open range is necessary to the successful raising of sheep in the arid West has been exploded according to the experiences and opinion of Mr. Dunlop, of the Salt River Valley. Mr. Dunlop has tried both methods and has forsaken the free grazing or open range method, and has just bought a band of 600 sheep which will be kept exclusively on eighty acres of his alfalfa farm. Without any reference to the fact that advancing civilization and improved methods in dry farming and the storage of water for irrigation must continually restrict the open range for grazing, Mr. Dunlop advances many points in favor of raising sheep under wire over the open-range plan. In the first place the ten per cent loss among the lambs from the coyotes which the open-range sheepman figures on, is avoided entirely with a woven wire fence. There is a saving of at least two pounds of wool to the sheep each year, for this amount must usually be thrown away because of the dirt and cockle burrs gathered in the open range. To this may be added the facts that hoof-rot and many other diseases are avoided by the watchful farmer, that the wool grows better and heavier under the restriction of the fence, and that the sheep mature much younger and grow larger.

These are the significant words with which Mr. Dunlop closed the interview:

"Lots of money has been made in sheep in the past, but those who think sheep days are over are mightily mistaken. They are just beginning. Wool last year was 22 cents a pound and lambs sold for $9. Suppose wool sells for 14 cents this year and lambs for $6 a man can make a hundred per cent profit on his band of sheep. Of course he has to have a ranch and alfalfa to start with. A man could come into this valley with a few thousand dollars, buy a few acres planted in alfalfa, stock it with sheep at nine to the acre and clear 20 per cent a year on his whole investment. That is, he could do it if he knew his business."

NEW MEXICO.

Some Interesting Land Figures.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.—Three million acres of land have been homesteaded in New Mexico during the past three years, and in addition over a million acres have been taken up under the desert land act. This represents only a small part of the total land of the commonwealth, for fifty million more acres are still open to settlement. Seventy per cent, or 35,000 acres, of this vast amount still open is pronounced by experts to be just as fertile and just as good as the land already under cultivation and irrigation in the state. The average rainfall over these 50,000,000 acres is fourteen inches yearly, or a larger amount than in most of the arid states. Last year the factories of New Mexico turned out only one-tenth of the amount of manufactured goods used in the state, which suggests that there are many opportunities for capital in this section. New Mexico has thousands of acres of coal lands from which coal can be mined at from 62 cents to $1.25 a ton.

Government Reclamation in New Mexico.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.—Among all the arid states of the West clamoring for the millions of the Reclamation Service, New Mexico has been the most favored by the National Government. Three projects have been undertaken, two of which are practically completed. Water is now available for about 40,000 acres of land, and the work is to be pushed as fast as funds are available. This land with water furnishes a large range of products. In winter the temperature rarely falls below freezing and seldom goes above 100 degrees in the summer. The climate and soil, together with water, give tremendous yields of fruits, garden truck, alfalfa, cotton, fodder corn, cane, maize, etc.

Dry Farming in New Mexico.

Grady, New Mexico.—Some interesting statistics have been uncovered here which go to show that this part of New Mexico has had but two droughts during the past twenty-five years and one of these, that of 1908, came after wheat had matured, hence did no damage to that crop, and many other crops were replanted and matured into profitable yields. It is very improbable that these figures could be duplicated in any other arid state of the West, and they go to prove that New Mexico should be placed in the front ranks of the Campbell dry-farming districts.

ALASKA.

Gold Output Ten Per Cent Greater Than For 1907.

Seattle, Wash.—According to figures from the United States assay office, the output of gold from Alaska for the ten months from January 1, 1908, to November 1, 1908, totals $17,202,704.02. This is an increase of $1,741,092.36, or over ten per

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cent, above the same period for 1907, and does not include several large shipments received too late to be credited in this statement. Every month has shown an increase over the same month of last year, excepting October, notwithstanding the water supply has been uncommonly slack.

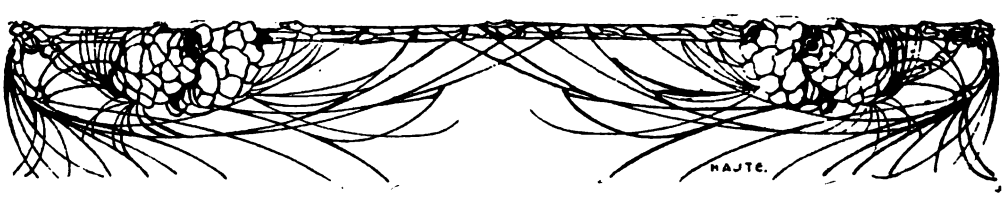
Agricultural Possibilities of Alaska.

Washington, D. C.—The report of the special agent of the Agricultural Department for Alaska, C. C. Georgeson, proves that there are possibilities in farming and cattle raising in Alaska. Experiments are being conducted at a number of points, and the results are interesting. At Kodiak, cattle raising is proving profitable, and there is hardly an article of the garden or orchard that is grown in the State of Washington that cannot be grown at Kodiak also, in some of its varieties. At Coldfoot, on the Koyukuk, in latitude 67:15, far above the Arctic circle, the experimenter reports "a period of continuous day with almost continuous sunshine during June and July, with no cloudy weather or frosty nights." He raised cucumbers seven inches long, turnips of nearly ten pounds, cabbage, rhubarb, lettuce and cauliflower. He sold his extra potatoes to the miners for 25 cents per pound, and other articles proportionately. At Sitka station apples promise a fair yield, and cherries, currants, raspberries and gooseberries grow in abundance. Flowers, including roses, bloom profusely.

HAWAII.

The Struggle For Americanism.

Honolulu, Hawaii Territory.—The recent financial stringency of the mainland has been almost entirely escaped by the Hawaiian Islands, due to one of the largest sugar crops on record having been harvested, and the prevailing high price of the raw product because of shortage in other parts of the world. Sugar is the main industry of the Islands, but there is a growing feeling that this need not be and will not continue for any great length of time. With the industrial prosperity of the country hinging on one article of production, no matter how staple, there is a risk and uncertainty, that the growing Americanism of the Islands does not sanction. This feeling is stimulated by the fact that it is now known that the climate and soil of Hawaii are admirably adapted to the production of fruits and vegetables. About five years ago some American settlers came from California and began to develop pineapple orchards in the Wahiawa district, and the industry is proving to be immensely profitable. Other kinds of fruit and small vegetables will prove just as profitable when coupled with a little American energy. There is much government land available for purchase by actual settlers, or subject to long-time lease with privilege of purchase. The land laws are stringent in the requirement of actual residence, which is their guarantee against land speculation. Economic conditions would suggest this as an especially favorable time for the American to emigrate to Hawaii. President Roosevelt, through Secretary Garfield on his recent visit, expressed the hope that Hawaii would soon come to the status of statehood, and that he would do all in his power to help to develop the natural resources of the Islands. The labor problem threatens to become a vital one. Oriental labor is now practically shut off and other labor does not seem to be coming. Chinese and Japanese outnumber all other races combined, two to one, but since annexation, the United States exclusion laws have shut out the former and the latter are being stopped by the policy of the Japanese Government which has practically forbidden Japanese emigration to Hawaii. In addition to this check, the Federal contract labor laws have stopped the bringing of Portuguese and Spanish, since it has proved impossible to get them here without financial assistance. Thus turned away from the East, and without sympathy from Europe, Hawaii has made a final appeal to the great stream of immigrants which is overflowing the large cities of the mainland, but the response here is slow and sluggish. The last hope seems to be the slow process of Americanization which is everywhere to be seen. Hawaii has many natural advantages which will not permit her to be long hidden. An unexcelled soil, a climate mild with temperature between 70 and 85 degrees the year through, an immense range of products, and a ready market—these cannot be kept under a bushel.



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The nature of the steam engine is such that the engine of small power has all the desirable attributes of the engine of high power. In other words, as the weights of our small car and of our large car are proportionate to the power of their respective engines, the small car can do anything that our large car can do.

To summarize the features of our new Model "O" car—it is noiseless, odorless, smokeless and absolutely free from vibration. All speeds from zero to maximum are obtained by throttle control alone. The speeds of the car respond instantly to the throttle; the engine can never be stalled. The directions for driving are summed up in the phrase, "Just open the throttle and steer." It starts from the seat—" no cranking." It is the ideal moderate priced machine. It is the best for the man who wishes to drive and take care of his own car. It is the result of our nine years of experience in building the White Steam Car—the only machine which finds a ready market in every portion of the globe.

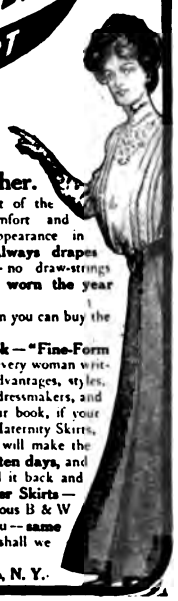
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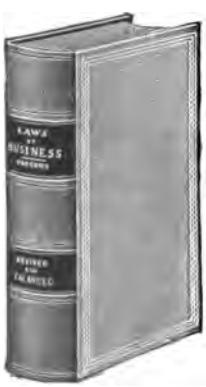
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Some good illustrations by Thomas Fogarty add their value to the book.
A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, $1.50.

LOOTERS OF THE PUBLIC DOMAIN, is a recent contribution to Western literature and is attracting attention by reason of the sweeping nature of its exposures of fraudulent public-land operators and their methods. Its authors are S. A. D. Puter, (dubbed by the newspapers "King of the Oregon Land-Fraud Ring"), and Horace Stevens, until recently connected with the Government Land service. The work is practically a frank confession by Puter of his share in the "looting" of the public lands on the Pacific Coast during the past twenty-five years. Puter, one of the few important looters ever to actually serve a term in prison for his offenses, whiled away much of his two years' stay in the Multnomah County (Oregon) jail, working on the manuscript of his book. The last six chapters in the book, and the introductory, were written by Mr. Stevens, who also revised Mr. Puter's manuscript. Two distinct types of aggressiveness are represented in the authorship, so widely at variance that it seems strange there should be any amalgamation of sentiment. Puter is the personification of the class that had come to regard the public domain as its legitimate prey, while his collaborator has stood for the law that has run the plunderers to earth. It is an odd fact that while Puter was engaged diligently in some of his illegal enterprises, Stevens was equally active in ferreting out the crimes, so that their composite story has a unique historical advantage, affording details from both sides, unusual accuracy being the natural result. With an interesting subject for the foundation, (though the ordinary acquirement of land titles seldom gives rise to startling episodes), the authors have graphically and vigorously presented their facts. Some of the chapters, indeed, have the fascination of romance; this is especially the case where they describe the efforts of land operators to baffle the Secret Service branch of the government. The book is the most detailed and authoritative review yet published of land-fraud operations on the Pacific Coast. It is illustrated with a great number of portraits and woodland scenes.

Parts of this book go beyond the revelations so far made in the courts. Sensational charges and statements are very bluntly and freely made. Thus far, however, the authors do not seem to have been troubled by anyone seeking legal or other redress because of the imputations contained in the book.

That revenge formed a part of Puter's motive is shown by his own admission. For years he had been engaged in these nefarious pursuits with others more prominent than he in business and political affairs, who, considering that they could no longer afford to be associated with him after his

conviction, are alleged to have deserted him in his extremity. This instance, whether fancied or otherwise, seems to have aroused all the animosity in Puter's nature, and in his recitals of intrigue he has struck back with venom. Discussing this phase of the situation in his introductory Mr. Stevens, says:

"Those who profited most by Puter's fraudulent operations had recognized in him a daring spirit whose early environs had stamped him with courageous instincts and they knew he was not afraid to take chances,—with law or anything else. They found out that they could use him as a battering-ram to break the laws, and open the doors to a vast treasure-trove. Sordid motives were behind all their concern for Puter, and when the time came—as come it must where dishonest methods are the incentive—and they realized that 'the jig was up,' they deserted him, as rats leave a sinking ship. To them he was simply a worked-out gold mine, and with all their assumed superior intelligence, blunted, perhaps, by constant contact with greed, and with minds intoxicated by the stimulant of illegitimate gain, they were unable to cope with the problems of retribution—the unexploded blasts in the abandoned shafts."

Such a book cannot be justly called "bad" advertising for the West. It calls direct attention to the immense resources of the Pacific Coast, and to its wonderful opportunities. The fact of attempting fraud of so stupendous a character discloses in itself that the prize was great which moved men to chance their reputations and jeopardize their personal liberty. They were at least seeking something that was worth the having. Men were not likely to take these chances unless the achievement was sufficiently alluring to excite their cupidity to the last degree. Many instances are cited, and illustrations given, showing the enormous increase in the value of timber lands since the looting of the public domain became such a recognized art. And all these facts, surrounded as they are by such evidence, are bound to produce an effect by attracting the attention of legitimate investment to a country that can offer such phenomenal returns. In the introductory Mr. Stevens makes it clear that the stigma put upon Oregon as a state by the land fraud revelations, is not justly borne. He says in part:

"Practically all the arrangements for this immense plunder originated among unscrupulous residents of distant parts—in the ranks of the devout moneyed aristocracy beyond the Rocky Mountains, and it has remained for the honest manhood of Oregon to redeem the stigma of dishonor that has been left across its fair name by the hand of Eastern commercial greed. Careful analysis of the situation indicates



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that most of these stupendous schemes were concocted in the cunning minds of those who made a lifelong study of the subject. They are the ones upon whom these crimes should be fastened—they are the ones who have waxed fat in the grease of loot at the expense of the rising generation of the West."

The timber-looted states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan are blamed for the production of the majority of wholesale looters in the West, and it would seem the contention is borne out by the facts stated in the book. Principal credit for the suppression of the land frauds is given to ex-Secretary of the Interior Ethan Allen Hitchcock, and it is claimed that his greatest lustre shines forth as a limelight upon the class of enemies he has made by the operation. The book declares that every scoundrel in the land has denounced him for doing what was his plain duty as an honest official, and that if any reward comes to him, it must be in the future from the hearts of a grateful people, not from politicians. Some of the accusations contained in the book cannot be well ignored by the executive branch of the National Government, though of course many of the cases described have already been, or are being, investigated and prosecuted. Some of the cases have been "outlawed," but this book is another evidence of the truth that "the statute of limitations" has no application to history. The story is one of intrigue throughout, reciting in a most comprehensive manner the systematic way in which the lands of the West were looted in the interests of wealth and unscrupulous syndicates, and all-powerful and equally unscrupulous railroad companies. It gives a "view from behind the scenes." Puter and Stevens, Portland, Or., $3.00.

DR. JOHN McLOUGHLIN, is a history of "The Father of Oregon," by Frederick V. Holman, Director of the Oregon Historical Society. The work is, as its author says, "a plain and simple narrative of the life of the most commanding personality in the history of the Pacific Coast, during the second quarter of the last century." Although comparatively a young man, he was sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company to become the chief factor of that great monopoly in the far Western wilderness, beyond the Rocky Mountains. A man of action, whose ideal was Napoleon, yet just and humane, he soon became the absolute ruler of the Pacific Coast from San Francisco to Alaska. For a score of years he retained this commanding position, the hope and support of all Oregon pioneers, king of a thousand Canadians, autocrat of a hundred thousand Indians. He laid the cornerstone of the State of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest.

Of all the men whose life and deeds are an essential part of the history of the Oregon country, Dr. John McLoughlin stands supremely first. Writers on the early settlement of that region make frequent

mention of his name and dwell generously on his achievements. Although dead a half-century, it is only within the last few years that his work has come to be duly appreciated, monuments erected in his honor, and memorials of learning raised to his memory. The political strife and religious bigotry which cast a cloud over his latter days have passed away, and he stands out today in bold relief, as the first man in the history of Oregon and the Pacific Northwest. He was truly one of the noblest men who ever gave a life of labor in the spread of American civilization.

Mr. Holman has made little attempt to avail himself of the opportunities for literary effect to be found in a subject so replete with romance, but has given a valuable and conscientious contribution to the history of the Northwest. A good half of the book is devoted to illustrative documents referred to in the text, valuable data to which the interested reader could only otherwise have access with difficulty. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland, Ohio, $2.50.

WYOMING, by William McLeod Raine. "Gone into the fourth edition." While not an ambitious story, nor a labored character novel, it is thoroughly enjoyable as light reading. The characters are sketched vigorously, the movement swift, and the style easy and natural.
G. W. Dillingham & Company, New York $1.50.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF WILLIAM LAW SYMONDS, compiled and edited by William Winter, and privately printed for Joseph W. Symonds, represents a labor of love, rescuing from obscurity a literary reputation, not at any time extensive, though within a limited circle unquestionably brilliant at Mr. Symonds' death forty-six years ago. It is the record of a beautiful life, early cut short, but full of worthy achievements, and its perusal is not without profit and inspiration.

THE WHITE TRAIL, by Alex. MacDonald, claims to be a story from life, "not a single character mentioned therein has been created to fulfill the purposes of the story-tellers' art." It is a lively tale of early days in the Klondike, full of the romantic, much hardship, gun play and other melodramatic accessories. Something of the order of those fascinating old stories we used to read when we were boys about "Life Among the Bushwhackers," and "Adventures in Australia." The author insists that the story deals with actual facts about actual people, that the many incidents throughout may be accepted as having actually occurred. Of course the knowledge that one is reading real history may add interest to a story, but "The White Trail" hardly needs any such crutch to lean on. It is graphically told, wholesome in effect, and entertaining.

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Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco and New York, $1.75.

AMERICANS OF TODAY AND TOMORROW, by United States Senator Albert J. Beveridge, is a plain little volume of six essays, every one of them worth reading. "It is a book backed with this advantage, that the wealth it gives only increases with the spending."
Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia, 50c net.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VIRGINIA, by George Cary Eggleston. Virginia is somewhat overdone for "gentlemen," in fact one would almost think that to have been born south of the Mason-and-Dixon line guarantees the right to that much-abused title. Some American Thackeray will one day write a good-natured satire on "Southern" claims to almost exclusive gentility;—some modern Cervantes treat us to a Southern Don Quixote that will forever ridicule a peculiarly unique form of sectional egotism. The foregoing reflections are inspired entirely by the title of the book. "The title of the book is an expression used in a number of instances between man and man, to express a sense of honor so high as to be above the need of written agreement." The author tells how a young man, who had won prosperity in the West, inherited a run-down plantation with its outfit of negroes, in connection with which the young master tried interesting social experiments. The working out of the young planter's problem enabled the author to make entertaining history of the story, by picturing conditions of the utmost interest, which actually existed, but which are little understood.
Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co., Boston, $1.50.

THE JAPANESE NATION IN EVOLUTION, by William Elliot Griffis, author of "Fire-Fly Lovers and Other Fairy Tales of Old Japan," "The Mikado's Empire," "Korea the Hermit Nation," etc. For years a resident of the Orient, and in close touch with the life and affairs of Japan, Dr. Griffis commands attention as one of the foremost critics and students of that subject. His style is forceful and entertaining, and there is the stamp of fair judgment, and the evidence of thorough knowledge. This distinguished educator organized the first public schools on the west coast of Japan. He is the only foreigner living who, as a guest at a daimo's castle, saw the feudal system of Japan in operation. He received honors and decorations from the Mikado, and many of his pupils of 1870-74 are now among the ambassadors, judges, statesmen and scientific men of Japan.

This work is the first to emphasize the coming of the Aryan white race to prehistoric Japan, and shows how the Ainu and the Yamato peoples struggled during 2,000 years for supremacy, until the fusion of races made the present Japanese nation. He makes clear the absurdity of the common error that the Japanese are Mongolians.

Thos. Y. Crowell & Company, New York, $1.25.

GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, A Cheerful Account of the Rise and Fall of An American Business Buccaneer, by George Randolph Chester, is one of the cleverest delineations that has ever appeared of that shady type of man who lives by his wits. One of those operators so frequently met with in America, whose capital consists chiefly of an imposing personal appearance, and a deep understanding of that weakness of mankind which disposes it to "bet on a sure thing," and a brain clever at devising "sure things." —sure only for the profit of Wallingford. He is constantly buzzing so closely about the flame of the law as eventually to get his wings scorched. Mr. Chester is an exceedingly breezy and interesting writer, with a most intimate knowledge of American types. Serially the story was one of the successes of "The Saturday Evening Post." The book is well illustrated, and well worth reading.

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A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, $5.00.

THREE OF A KIND, by Richard Burton, Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, is just the story of a musician, a newsboy and a cocker spaniel, but it possesses that "heart interest" in which humor and pathos is mingled. This is a new departure for Dr. Burton, but not a disappointing one to his readers. It is a simple tale, simply told.
Little, Brown & Co., Boston, $1.50.

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The Chapple Publishing Company, Boston.

A ROMANCE OF THE LOST, by Tom McInnes, is a collection of verse—lyric verse. Mr. McInnes sings of the North, a land worthy of his song. It is an attractive little volume, and the verse is of such



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good quality that it is to be regretted space is lacking to give it more attention here.
Desbartes & Co., Montreal, Canada.

QUARTRAINS OF CHRIST, A Christion Rubaiyat, by George Creel, tells the story of the soul's belief in Christ, and describes a vision of the Christ-ideal as it may be lived in the world. The tone of the poem is lofty and reverent, simply a glad expression of an assured faith. It is an attractive volume.
Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco and New York, 75c.

THE SECRETS OF BEAUTY AND MYSTERIES OF HEALTH, by Cora Brown Potter, is announced as a "serious book with a serious purpose." It is replete with suggestions and receipts for the proper care of the person, and the preservation of health, many of them valuable and practical. But after a perusal of the book and all the "musts" and "must nots," one can not but wonder where the time is to come from for the "serious" duties of life. However, beauty is to be desired, so it is a good book.
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this work is that wherein the author seems to upset the theory advanced by some scientists that on account of the difference in the genus of the sheep and goat, a hybrid from such a mating is impossible, since the volume contains a halftone engraving of the result of such a mating, and a statement by a member of the government bureau giving his opinion that this hybrid is genuine. It is a book of interest to both the veteran sheep breeder and the novice.

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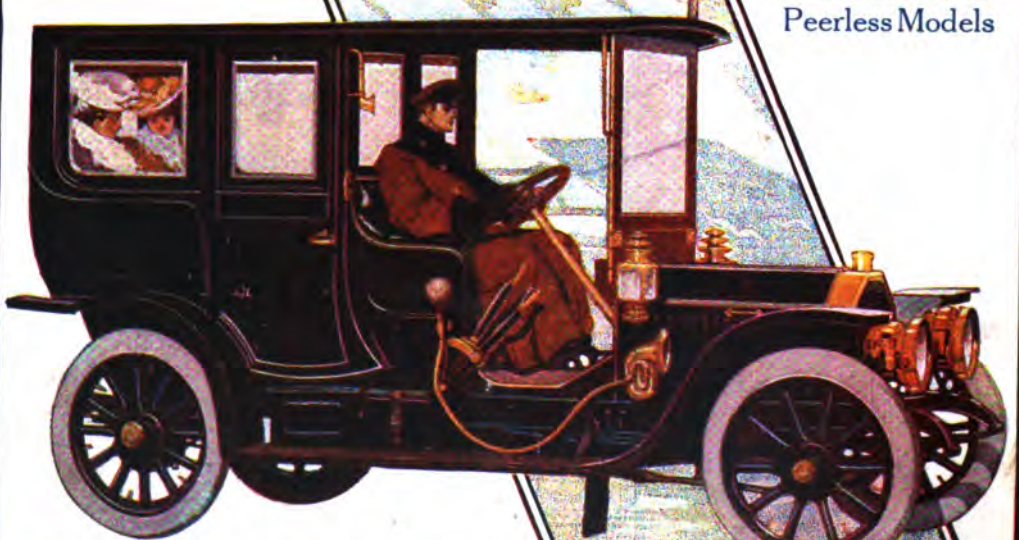
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The Pacific Monthly Company

PACIFIC MONTHLY BUILDING

LUTE PEASE, Editor.
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PORTLAND, OREGON

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Yonder a snow-drop, in the snow!

—Charlotte Fay Dewey

To Our Readers

About the Pacific Monthly for March



VERY timely and interesting article is in preparation for the next number: *The Inland Waterways of Europe and the United States,* by Grant Foreman. The development of the Inland-Waterways-improvement idea in this country is too recent to give the public more than a slight conception of the possibilities of the movement. In Europe practical water-transportation exists between all the great river systems, and all the principal seas. The mention of a similar accomplishment in this country has been regarded, in some quarters, as visionary and impracticable; yet if the possibilities of our Mississippi system alone were developed, we would possess a system of internal waterways beside which that of Europe would appear poor and insignificant. Grant Foreman, the author of this article, has given the subject close personal observation and study, both in America and abroad. Comparisons of what Europe has done with what the United States may and should do, will give the reader a new idea of the tremendous importance of our new national policy.

The Story of the Northern Pacific will complete W. F. Bailey's historical studies of the transcontinental lines in the Northwest. Not only students of railroad affairs and railroad men, but everyone concerned in the development of the Northwest, or in the economic significance of the Northern Pacific's remarkable history, will find this article interesting reading. Prominent in Northern Pacific history are the names of Asa Whitney, "the father of the Pacific road"; Isaac I. Stevens, who made the first survey of the Northern Pacific; Josiah Perham, J. Gregory Smith and Frederick Billings, the famous early presidents of the line; and most prominent of all, Henry Villard and Jay Cooke.

Digging Coal Under the Sea, by Arthur Frankland, an account of the unique coal mines at Nanaimo, British Columbia; the romance of their discovery; how the coal industry of the Pacific Coast originated; how the coal is mined; the miner's life; dangers and incidents of the work, and so on, making this a valuable and instructive article.

The Mountain Sheep in North America, by Lewis R. Freeman, is a fascinating account of hunting the Big Horn in Alaska, British Columbia, the Rocky Mountains and in Lower California. Illustrated from numerous photographs by the author.

MARTIN EDEN:

With each new installment of this serial come numerous letters of appreciation from readers for the story. No one has charged us with overstating its interest and fine literary quality. The surprising thing about it lies in the fact that it seems to be bringing to Mr. London many readers who have cared little for his previous work. Writes a prominent literary woman of the Pacific Coast: "I am quite fascinated with *Martin Eden.* It is the very first of Jack London's that I have liked. Others seemed to me to have a little red fire about them; to make concessions to the gallery while snubbing the boxes. This one is real."

SHORT STORIES FOR MARCH.

Among the unusual number of strong stories in the next issue are: *"Stompedes,"* by Dane Coolidge, a rousing, stirring picture of genuine cowboy life; *The Grinding of the Mill,* by Fred R. Bechdolt, (author of "9009"), another of this writer's striking prison stories; *The Emperor of the Soudan,* by R. C. Pitzer, a wierd and unique tale; *The Children's Tombstones,* by Dorothea Nourse, the story of a pathetic domestic feud; and *"Medium Well Done,"* by Charles Sumner Warren, which introduces two unique characters in a judge and a prisoner, with a touch of delicious humor.

Some fine poems, many beautiful pictures, an unusually strong cover by W. D. Goldbeck, and other features will add to the attractiveness of the next number.

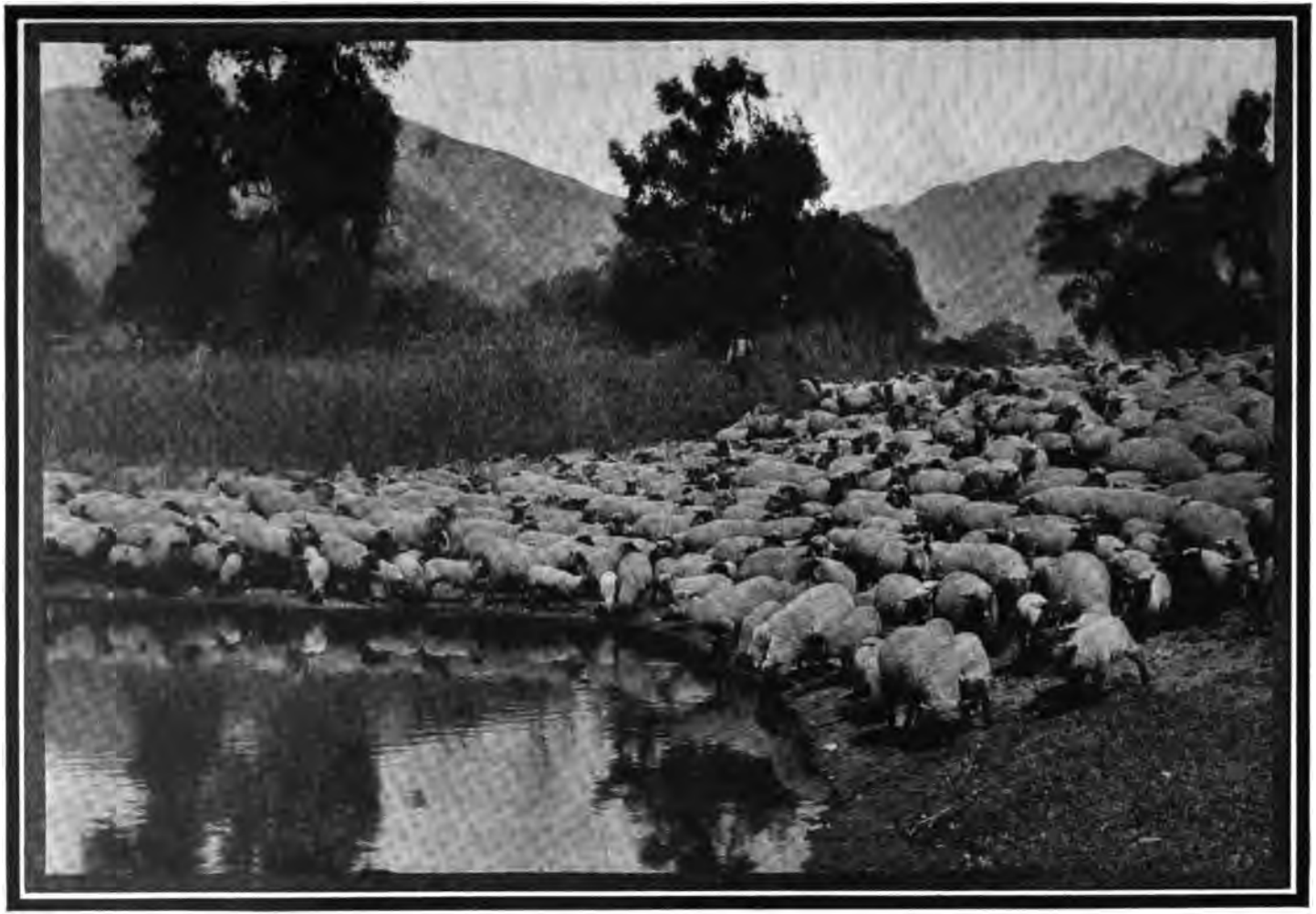


WATCHING THE HERD.

Photograph by Sumner W. Matteson.



A SUNNY HILLSIDE IN SOUTHERN OREGON, NEAR ROSEBURG.



THE NOON-DAY DRINK. A FLOCK OF SOUTH-DOWNS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Photograph by Graham.



Photograph by Melville T. Wire.

OAKS ON AN OREGON ROAD.

The PACIFIC MONTHLY



VOL. XXI FEBRUARY, 1909 No. 2

Yaqui-Land

By Charles R. Price

TO the world at large Mexico is the same country of mystery as, in Central Asia, are the lands of the Great Llama. Mexico has always been so. Cortez with his Spanish buccaneers found many marvels there, and with sword and flame despoiled a people who hailed his adventurous piratical horde as gods—because they were fair of skin.

Laden with treasures—gold, pearls and wondrous chattels they had wrung from the peaceful Aztecs—the Spaniards sailed away; to return again and again, and, in the end, remain as conquerors of the great empire.

The history of the country is as romantic as Greece in the days of which Homer wrote, or Italy at the period of the early Romans. In the interior we still find ruins of the massive and beautiful temples, raised in honor of the Sun God, that rival the edifices of the worshipers of Zeus, of the Pharoahs, or the Phoenecians. To the south lies Yucatan, rich in such sculptured palaces, and in the north are the numerous mines—many abandoned centuries ago—whence came gold and silver and the precious stones that dazzled the eyes of the covetous Spaniards.

When one has traveled little, he is perhaps astonished at first at the sameness of the country, on either side of the imaginary line that marks the boundary between our own United States and Mexico. Perhaps it is our childhood's thoughts that have made this viewpoint a fixed one. The "geography" that we studied showed Mexico always yellow, hence, because California, Arizona and New Mexico were shown on the maps in different pigments, we must perforce always consider the "foreign" land as different in all ways from our own states. The folly of this habit of thought is made more plain when we remember that the course of that imaginary line was fixed at the close of the Mexican War by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo. Before then, our own Southwestern states were part of Mexico, and if some happening of the future should cause the change of that boundary line, so that it were moved bodily to the south



AN OLD-TIME YAQUI CHURCH, CUMARIPA, YAQUI VALLEY.

for 500 miles, the character of the country would not change with its removal.

The fact is that Northern Mexico is as typically like the United States as is our own Southwest. The same rivers traverse the two countries and, without noting the existence of that boundary line; the mountain chains, and flat, barren deserts stretch to the horizon on either side. The vast expanse of fertile territory, upon which the great Governmental reclamations of Yuma and Imperial are located, stretches for many miles northwardly from the Mexican boundary, and in the same way do the green fields and droves of fatted cattle extend to the south—in Mexico—as far as eye can see.

The erstwhile people-of-the-soil are much the same, and it takes one versed in matters Indianesque to say whether the dusky brother whom he meets on the boundary line is from the Moapi, Yuma, Cupa or Caliente tribes of Arizona or California; or the Cocopah, Maya, or other swarthy bands of Northern Mexico. They are so hard to differentiate that even after one has lived long in that land he is not sure whether the copper-colored ones who help him at his work are Mayas, Tarahumaras, Yaquis or merely Mexican peons.

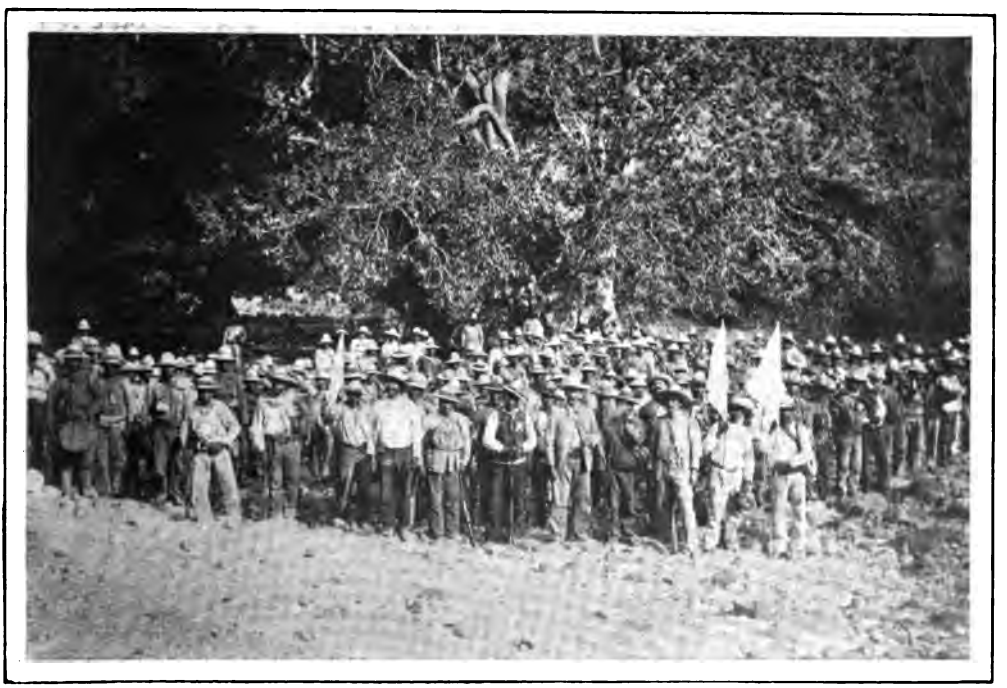
And in our ideas of these Indian people we have again overcome a childish fallacy. Our earliest impressions of the redskin were those left by Cooper's tales or our schooltime histories of the Indian wars, and our vision of the Indian was of a wiry savage clad principally in scalping-knife and tomahawk, and given to such pleasantries as the gauntlet, massacres and fiendish tortures. When one lives among them he finds that in dress, habits and general appearance it is hard to tell these aborigines from straight-haired negroes. In this connection we might recall that after extensive newspaper discussion the question as to whether Antonio Apache is an Indian or a negro is as yet unsettled. And Antonio is a man of rare attainment, and is widely known.

The fear that our own child mind had of the savage Sioux and Apache has

been transferred in later years to a dread of the Yaqui. Yet, in kind, is that fear dispelled when we learn to know the Yaqui as a friend and a neighbor. For considerably more than a century these Yaqui people have waged a war that has some wonderful features connected with it. That war is now a thing of the past and has ended just as all wars of that kind must end. No matter how just the cause, a people cannot conduct a war within the confines of a mighty nation, against that nation, for generation after generation, and expect aught but defeat.

The Yaqui is not a Mexican. He is a descendant of those enlightened Aztecs against whom Cortez conspired. Physically he is short, stocky, high-chested and muscular. He has a dark bronze skin, steady, honest eyes, and a face that is sober, but not sullen. That he takes life seriously is not to be wondered at, when we remember that his whole existence was consecrated to the cause that he has long held to be right. The Yaquis were universally recognized as being the best of all native Mexican workmen, being faithful, grateful, thorough and truthful. Their intense patriotism was so much a part of their being that it found evidence in the manner in which their work was done. To understand this it is of interest to note some of the pertinent points in connection with Yaqui history.

From the time of Cortez, when the Aztec forces were scattered, that tribe which we know as Yaqui lived in the peaceful valley at the mouth of the Yaqui River, on the coast of the Gulf of Lower California, in the State of Sonora, Mexico. The cause of their selection of that valley is not at all surprising. In the first place, it was isolated; and, being far from the path of civilization, offered a haven of quietness for this peace-loving people who had been driven from their one-time home by the Spaniards whom their sires had honored and had welcomed. Besides this, the Yaqui Valley offered attractions as a home that are unequaled upon our hemisphere. The climate is perfect, healthful and salubrious. The soil, of unexcelled fertility,



THE ENTIRE YAQUI ARMY.

Photograph Taken in the Bacatete Mountains of Sonora, in May, 1908. Chief Bulle, the Leader, is Marked X.

stretches like a vast billiard table covering an area of over a million acres, with its surface unbroken by arroyo, canyon or ravine. Through the center flows the Yaqui River, carrying ample water at all seasons; and, though of habit a sluggish stream, yet at its two high-water periods each year it spreads out over the lower bottom-lands like the Egyptian Nile, depositing silt with its moisture for the further enrichment of the wondrously rich land.

centuries and he was not molested in his Altruria.

Nature provided for his every want. His farming consisted of the scattering of seeds and scratching them into the ground. The river, when it rose, moistened the soil and deposited a scant inch of finely powdered silt over the grain, and then crept back into its bed. In the summer — the growing season — came gentle showers, and the grain and fruits throve and fructified. Dates, oranges



DEPORTING YAQUI FAMILIES: SIX HUNDRED PERSONS BEING SHIPPED FROM HERMOSILLO, SONORA, TO PLANTATION SLAVERY IN YUCATAN, JULY 5, 1908.

There, in peace and plenty, the Yaqui lived and reared his family. His towns were thick along the river bank, and the houses that he built therein were not the wigwam and the tepee of our Western tribes, but were permanent structures. In these towns were plazas, and there, at evening, would the people gather, and be entertained by bands of their own musicians who played upon instruments very like those of our own bandsmen. For years and decades he lived in this paradise. Generations stretched into

and other fruits of delicious flavor grew wild. In the cocoanut palms vivid-hued parrots hid. Wild ducks, quail and other game-fowl swarmed like bees, and, tame as chickens, were at hand when his palate craved them. Great oyster beds stretch about the shoals where the Yaqui empties into the salt-water, and, in the sands that rim this same shallow water, the huge, lumbering, green deep-sea turtle lays its eggs. Barracuda, corbino, bonita and fish peculiar to the Pacific's waters crowd pompano, smelt, mackerel, herring



INDIAN QUARTERS.

and other fish that Atlantic fishermen know. In the hills are deer and mountain sheep; or, if he would ride, wild horses and droves of those small, rough-coated mules—yclept burros—to serve as burden carriers.

It is not to be wondered that the Yaqui loved his perfect home, or that his peaceful nature learned the arts of war when a stronger nation tried to wrest it from him.

About the time that our own Revolutionary War began, the Spaniards, who had become all powerful in Mexico, coveted the Yaqui Valley, and an attempt was made to dispossess the ones who had lived there for so long. Then did the peaceful Yaqui rally, and, it is said, fought for his home with the same fierce abandon as the tiger-mother fights for her cubs. History is not always perfect in its reports of events. Sometimes happenings are exaggerated and sometimes bias or even prejudice enters into the self-constituted historian's transcriptions. However that may be, that fighting began, we have undenied records. That it ceased for a time is also of common knowledge. Now, the Yaqui says that this period of peace was due to a treaty, under which it was agreed that his people were to be unmolested in their ownership of the district that he had made his home. Hence, it is, that he claims that the subsequent invasions of his land were in the face of the treaty, and that it was his right to consider the invaders as outlaws, and treat them as such. The Mexican forces, however, held that there was no treaty, and that the Yaqui was a menace to civilization and must be suppressed.

"What the war was all about" concerns us no more than it did the poet who wrote of Blenheim. The fact that there was a war—and such a war—suffices. Think what it means for a little band of liberty-loving people, linked together by racial ties and a common home instinct, to wage a war for over a century against a big nation! Consider that this handful of people—wholly without outside resources—have prosecuted this war against a military nation, within the boundaries



SOME YAQUI PRISONERS.



YAQUI SCHOOL AT COCORIT.

of that nation, and, for decade after decade, repulsed the legions that were sent against them, time and time again.

In 1894, when this war was at its height, the population of Mexico was 12,084,000, and the Yaqui people had less than 4,000 fighting men; yet in spite of all that Mexico could do, it was not until 1908 that the Yaqui was subdued. This end has only been accomplished by the Mexican policy of avoiding the Yaqui forces, instead of meeting them, of raiding their villages, taking the women and children prisoners, and sending them to Yucatan. Thus it was, with all that made for the joy of living taken away, the Yaqui was forced to yield. He, a lover of his home and family, gave up the unequal strife, in consideration of being again united with his family.

History contains no parallel of such a warrior as the Yaqui. Whether his cause was just or ill is not germane. To him, as a brave man, should all who honor those who are brave, do homage. The history of the Yaqui is filled with examples of personal bravery and of fortitude, of self-denial and of individual subordination for the common good that stand as fixed and shine as brightly as Polarius, in the zenith of the high dome of courage. Do not think that the Yaqui was a common Indian such as our Southwest furnishes. He was as different from those tribes as he was different from the Tarahumaras, the Maya and other of neighboring Indians, or the sullen Mexican peon.

His patriotism makes that of Leonidas, Horatio, and of our own Revolutionary sires seem dim in comparison. For with them the acts that we laud so, were those of the instant of inspired enthusiasm—the focal moment when the crisis appeared. With him, however, his whole life was the consecration that he gave to the shrine before which he bowed. Not merely his physical life—and in truth nothing is held less cheaply than that by the war-drunk patriot—but his whole work-a-day life, from his babyhood to tottering age, was so given. Each day of that whole life has been filled with endeavors, denials, sacrifices and contributions of every nature, all unselfishly and cheerfully offered to the end of advancing the interests of his people.

It was not a matter of donning wondrous uniforms and, with bands playing and colors flying, with girls, and children and old men waving and cheering, that stimulated the Yaqui when he went to war. To the contrary all was quiet when he stole away. His commissary had been replenished by his own efforts. For months he had slaved in the mines at Cananea, or Nacozari, or had worked as a farm laborer, or on the railroad, saving pennies, denying himself all but bare food. The rest of his earnings he carefully put away for his outfitting fund.

That the Yaqui is notably the best workman in Mexico, steady and thorough, is not surprising when one realizes that he worked, not for self, and the pleasures that pelf bring, but for his people—for the Altruria that the idealized Yaqui-land of his visions represented. The Yaqui workman, whom we

had known about the plantation, had slaved with faithful attention to his work for months. One morning he was gone. In his stead was a different Yaqui, who did the old one's work with the same thoroughness as did his fellow. When we asked the new men what had become of their predecessors, they merely replied: *"Se fueron anoche, Senor"*—they left last night, sir. That was all that we ever learned. They left last night. In quietness the words were spoken. But those words represented the realization of the Yaqui's ambition. He had worked for months or years to gain the wherewith to "find" himself for his fight against those whom he counted as his people's oppressors. In the night he left, and he hastened to the spot where his gun and cartridges were cached. There, he became transformed into a warrior, and cast aside his erstwhile habits of peace and subjection.

Carrying only those things that were essential to his new vocation, he made his way swiftly through the undergrowth and forests to the mountains where he joined the forces of his people. Like Marion, Pickens and "Light-Horse Harry" Lee of our own fight for independence, his leaders followed the same form of warfare; the difference is only in that our raiders were cavalry forces. The thick wooded growths of Sonora preclude this, as a man on foot may go where a horseman cannot follow. The Yaqui fought on foot, and a night raid of sixty miles was not unusual. The swiftness and endurance of these men was marvelous.

To find means of continuing this warfare the warriors were at times forced to lay aside their arms and again become laborers. Many worked for the Mexicans to earn money to again fight these same Mexicans, and with money earned, would again lay aside the implements of industry for those of war. Cajeme, one of their leaders, entered the Mexican service and rose to the rank of captain. This was to gain knowledge of modern warfare. After this was learned, he left the service that he hated and returned to his people. In 1880, Cajeme organized the Yaquis as a modern government. He established a mint and maintained a disciplined and well-drilled army of about 4,000 men. In the field he met the Mexican forces in repeated engagements. At one time his entire forces met an equal number of Mexicans under General Pisquiera and, at the end of a long-drawn battle, both armies were compelled to withdraw, being completely exhausted, without either one claiming the advantage.

The great resources of Mexico, with its comparatively inexhaustible revenue and large number of soldiers to draw upon, has gradually worn down the opposition of the Yaqui. The patriotic force has been overwhelmed and for the last few years the opposition has been confined to a few predatory bands who have ravaged the settlements in the distant mountains; these have ambushed the isolated traveler, stealing and occasionally murdering. With relentless vigor the Mexican army has pursued, capturing successive marauding bands.



Photograph by Courtesy of Richardson Construction Co., Los Angeles.
WHAT AMERICANS ARE DOING IN YAQUI VALLEY.

The leaders, when murder has been proven, have been executed, and the large majority of their followers deported to Yucatan, to join their families.

In 1897 the hostiles all surrendered, and under the treaty of Ortiz, agreed to take as their reservation a large area to the north of the river which was set apart for them. Subsequently a portion of these repudiated that treaty and took to the hills. In this connection, it is of interest to note that the vast majority of the Yaqui people stood by that treaty: even going so far as to put a battalion of some 300 men under the command of one of their own chieftains, in the field against these renegades. This chieftain —Loreto Villa—was commissioned major, and his command of Yaquis has done valiant service in capturing these Yaqui outlaws. Loreto Villa recently died from the many wounds received in this desperate fray against his fellow tribesmen.

In April, 1904, a number of these hostiles were captured and deported, and in May, 1908, the Mexican Army under General Torres effected a treaty under which all organized resistance of the Yaquis was terminated. There are still a few in the hills in the interior, but they are but a handful, and the Mexican forces are steadily subjugating them. These marauders are in isolated mountainous sections far from the fertile Yaqui Valley. They are surrounded by a force of Mexican soldiers, who are, slowly and surely, narrowing the circle about them. The end is but a matter of a few weeks.

In the meantime the fertile Yaqui Valley is the center of a new life. It has become the home of foresighted Americans who, taking advantage of its perfect climate and superior conditions, are building a community of American interests only a short distance from the southern boundary of the United States. Railroads built by Americans traverse the broad valleys. A large irrigating system, to carry water to the lands, is being built. Towns have sprung up along the railroads and American ranchers and farmers are planting oranges, lemons, pineapples, cocoanuts, limes, bananas and other fruits, as well as broad fields of corn, cotton, tobacco, wheat and hay. Great fields of alfalfa stretch across the country. In them the harvester is always busy, for in that country the yield is eight crops a year and the mower scarcely finishes one field before another is ripe for gathering. And the hay sells at from $15 to $20 gold per ton.

This then is the end for which the great valley of the Yaqui has been devised. The liberty-loving Yaqui, after his century of contest, has failed; and, deported and exiled, has left his fair lands to the heritage of the descendants of that other race whose sires strove contemporaneously with his sires—and won. The patriotic Yaqui has gone forever. It is pleasant to think that he, could he have so willed, would have wished his lands, so long as they could not pass to his own children, to have passed to the descendants of a people who have forever breathed the air of liberty—as they have done.



"THE PATH TO GLORY"—YAQUI SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

By-Products

A Story of Puget Sound

By Austin Adams

IT HAD been a big day in Seattle real estate. It had been a great day for "Lucky Dog" Biggar. He had staked a good deal more than "his all" —against the heavy-weights, too, in the Alaska Bank crowd—and won. The Fosdick block was his. By noon tomorrow the deal with the Boston syndicate would have been closed. Biggar's profits would be a quarter of a million, less commissions. Not so bad. And yet he seemed nervous, worried, not at all his usual cool self. He shut his roller-top desk with a rattle and bang, bit the end off a cigar viciously, wheeled about the revolving chair, and looked out the window. Perhaps it was the weather.

It was raining. The regular Seattle drizzle of the morning had thickened into spitting pellets. These burst against the window and trickled down the pane like tears. Out in the roadstead, bottoms from every port in the world chafed at their moorings under the lash of the stiffening northwest gale. The city stretched away on all sides, its hundred hills looking, through the driving rain sheets, like a storm-swept sea. It was no day to be out of doors. But, as Biggar looked down into the canyon of Second avenue, crowds hurried up and down. Two policemen in dripping rubber capes had their hands full trying to disentangle the traffic at the corner.

Early as it was, lights blinked from hundreds of windows in the tall office-buildings. The headlight of one crowded car almost touched the round splash of glare which it cast on the wet rear dashboard of the car ahead. Gongs clanged petulantly for an impossible right of way. Also the shops were thronged. The Seattle spirit, not to be discouraged by mere weather, was abroad. Prosperity rumbled and roared unseen beneath the visible bustle, like the furnaces far down below the gay decks of the liner. And just across the street, Biggar could see the sagging pebble-and-tar roof of the old Fosdick block—his winnings for the day.

The Fosdick Block—Seattle's chief boast in the primitive days a dozen years ago—was a monument to the taste which fancied that cast-iron Corinthian columns, set one upon another to the number of six or seven, with tiers of narrow windows between them, constituted an imposing facade. It had cost old Phineas Fosdick, one of the famous pioneers, the staggering sum of seventy-five thousand dollars. Today, Biggar had bought it for a million—just to sell it tomorrow for a million and a quarter. When "the street" heard all this, even as things were going, it complacently predicted that Lucky Dog's Waterloo, long overdue, was now a matter of twenty-four hours. He could not, of course, put up the million; and, just as certainly, nobody would come through with a million and a quarter. Some people dont recognize Prosperity when they see it. Biggar did. He knew that the Seattle game was no longer a quiet little affair among friends. Some of the biggest "interests" from back east were sitting in the game now. The limit was—the sky!

Yes, it had been a great day for Lucky Dog. Considering that he had "struck" Seattle, dead broke, less than three years before, he had good reason to feel satisfied. Nerve had done it. It had taken nerve to grub-stake Jim Prout and send him to Nome. More nerve to sell their no-good claim in the tundra for twenty thousand dollars. More nerve yet to see that Prout never heard of the deal. And every ounce of nerve to carry—if only over night—a million-dollar contract secured with other people's money. Still, in Seattle, faint heart never won—anything.

Biggar tilted back his chair, put his muddy feet on the window sill, re-lit his cigar, and looked out over the bay at the dimming outline of Alki Point. Suddenly he started. A pair of thin hands had been clapped over his eyes, and somebody was taking liberties with his bald spot and laughing behind his back.

"Cut it out, kid!" said Biggar, shaking himself free of the girl's hands. The only thing he disliked about his stenographer was her failure to realize that a man does not always feel during business hours as he sometimes feels at an after-the-theatre supper.

"Gee! but you 're grouchy today, all right, all right!" pouted the girl, a tall, slender blonde with a huge fluffy pompadour over a pasty pink face and a costly bunch of violets pinned to the lapel of her smart bolero.

"Say, kid, did that man come back—you know, the dark little guy with the grave-yard cough?" asked Biggar, ignoring her kittenish overtures.

"Did he come back!" cried the girl. "I should say yes! He 's been in and out all day—looking like a drowned rat. Aint he got no home to stay to when it's raining?"

"If he comes in again, tell 'im I 'm out of town, dead—anything; but dont let him hang around waiting for me, see?"

"Trying to touch you for two bits?"

"Cut it out!"

"Oh, he aint worrying me so 's you could notice it! But see here, Big—Do we or dont we go?"

"Go? Now? With the market sizzling the way it is? You 've got another think coming, kid."

"That's all very fine—for you. But where do I get off?"

"Forget it! I 'll take you plumb through to little old Noo York—later, see?"

"Oh—very—well!" drawled the girl, running an expert hand over the pocket in which he kept his loose change. Biggar's besetting sin was not penuriousness. When he had money, and spending it bought the sort of popularity he craved, he spent it like water. So he stuck his hand into his pocket and fished out a palmful of gold pieces.

"You 're not half bad—when you 're asleep!" she laughed, patting his fat, flabby jowl.

"You make me tired!" grunted Biggar; and the stenographer ran giggling into the outer office, while he turned up his trousers and put on his rain-coat.

Biggar's offices were at the top of the mammoth Klondike Arcade building, two-thirds of whose three hundred suites were occupied by real-estate agents and real-estate speculators. It was nearly five o'clock and the corridors and elevators were filling with men. All talked only of the day's bumper crop of big deals. At the eleventh floor, little Iky Marks got into the elevator; lower down, Phil Means.

"They 're on you today, Biggy—and congratulations, old man!" said Marks.

"I 'm on the wagon," replied Biggar, "but I 'll open wine for you two if either of you can guess how I did it."

They gave it up—but followed Biggar back into the palatial bar on the ground floor, just the same. The place was full of men. They were telling each other what was doing in tide-flats and the new "above Pike street" bonanza and "acreage propositions 'way out twenty years from now." Wiry little Oleson, inspired by the morning's success and the afternoon's cocktails, was proclaiming to everybody that you could blindfold yourself, put your finger on any old lot on the map of Seattle, buy it at any old figure, and double your money in a week. Biggar opened quart after quart of wine. Quite as many men were slapping him on the back and telling him that he was the best ever, as had been trying to ruin him for two years and

calling him a four-flusher and a tin-horn.

Meanwhile, the elevators were pouring crowds into the congestion in the great marble-and-gold lobby. A one-armed man standing just inside the revolving doors was doing a land-office business in four-bit umbrellas; newsboys invaded the usually forbidden place to sell their bedraggled wares; and even the hideous old Siwash *klootchman* squatting with her native baskets on the muddy threshold chuckled as flush young gentlemen tossed unprecedented silver into her wrinkled talons of hands. Outside, in the drenching rain, people jostled each other and dashed pell-mell to try to squeeze into cars already jammed, all happy, all richer than yesterday, all drunk with the spirit of prosperity.

As Biggar stopped in the lobby to button his rain-coat he felt somebody pull his sleeve and turned to see who it was. The man with the cough was standing by the radiator, laying his blue fingers on the hot marble slab and toasting the wet out of his thin and faded frock coat as he leaned against the bronzed pipes. A little river of rain ran from the brim of his hat and steam was rising from his soaked trousers. Rubber shoes, several sizes too large, covered his otherwise bare feet. Thanks to the crowd in the lobby, the uniformed "starter" had not seen the bum and come over from the elevators to order him away.

"Why, hello, pal!" laughed Biggar, cordially enough, but edging away. "Aint you connected with no job yet?"

"No, sir, not as yet," answered the man, speaking in the confidential tone heard only in the last trench of the lost battle of life. "I 've spent most of the day trying to see you. The fact is, I lied to you this morning—or, I should say, I failed to tell you that I knew Phineas Fosdick personally."

He watched Biggar curiously as he spoke, but if his peering, near-sighted eyes detected anything significant they must have been quick, for Biggar was a good poker player and his face a safe mask to his thoughts.

"Then you know several kinds of a damn fool," he laughed. "Old Fosdick stood to win pretty much all Seattle—and got cold feet ten years too soon, see. Why, I've corralled a lot of his lost chances myself."

"So I hear," replied the man, "and that's why I wanted to see you. You see, sir——" A fit of coughing stopped him. When he went on, the broken fragments were hard to connect. "You see —Phineas Fosdick's—son— The title—"

"You 'd better vamoose before they pinch you—and here 's the price," broke in Biggar, who had noticed the little blue sores on the fellow's wrist and forearm and knew well the story they told and that of the sunken cheeks and the lynxy furtive eyes.

The man clutched the dollar and tried to detain Biggar, but he was gone the next instant. So he hugged the radiator and dried himself until, when the crowd had thinned, the elevator man spied him and told him to get out. He slouched through the turn-stile door and went out into the dark and wet, the heels of his rubbers dropping at every step with a soppy, gushy sound. At a drug-store below Yesler Way he bought the little white tablets which gave the lie to the hell of life, and then, in the lavatory at Billy the Mug's, he rolled up a sleeve. * * *

Biggar had jumped into an autocab and was skimming homeward along the wet asphalt. He had recently bought a pretentious house on Queen Anne Hill, on the boulevard skirting its southern side, where were also the mansions of other successful ones. Nearby was the Elizabethan residence of the landlord of nine-tenths of the dives below the "dead line"; over the way, the palace of a former prudent chief of police; and just beyond, a massive stone edifice giving impressive evidence of the profitableness of blackmailing as a profession. Mr. Biggar's personality and *porte-cochere* lent added splendor to the exclusive neighborhood.

Half-way home, he stopped the cab and ordered the chauffeur to hurry back down-town, and in fifteen minutes Mr. Biggar was shown into the private office

of his attorney. Biggar had the merit of never wasting Mr. Hammond's very costly time.

"If old Fosdick was married," he shot out before the lawyer could ask him to be seated, "why in hell have n't you told me? And what 's all this I hear about his marrying a squaw?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Hammond, a quiet, keen, suave little man, who spent his days advising captains of industry and rulers of finance how to avoid consequences, and his nights perusing sundry learned treatises wherein one may discover that it is precisely these avoided consequences which are fast accumulating that final and overwhelming consequence which cannot, when the hour arrives, be avoided. A philosopher in his way, Mr. Hammond, and a cynic withal. "Bless my soul, Mr. Biggar, you *are* going into ancient history, are you not?"

"Search *me!*" grunted Biggar; "but if there 's a million-to-one chance of a fluke in the title, I want to know it right away quick, before I go any further."

"Naturally," murmured Mr. Hammond. He derived considerable amusement, no less than revenue, from the animals who sought his advice; from the Biggar type especially. "I was careful, I assure you, to look into the question of by-products in this particular matter."

"The question of what?" asked Biggar, nettled.

"Of by-products," replied Hammond, leaning back in his chair, with his eyes closed and the tips of his sensitive fingers held together. "You see, Mr. Biggar," he went on, speaking with the even tone of a supreme-court judge reading an opinion, "every evolutionary process results not only in the desired product, but also in certain by-products. You have observed that there is a pile of slag close to every blast furnace, for instance. a dump of refuse beside every smelter, and that grease, fat and scum rise to the surface in a cauldron, while the weightier ingredients are precipitated to the bottom?"

"What in the devil's name are you—"

"One moment, please, Mr. Biggar. The evolution of a great metropolis like Seattle is a very complex and interesting process. It follows the universal law of evolution. Prosperity is the object aimed at, the desired product. It can be achieved—as nobody knows better than Mr. Biggar—but not without by-products, not without the inevitable by-products. For example, we are at this time enjoying a phenomenal output of prosperity; the vats of success are running over; and one can hardly dodge wealth here. But two thousand unemployed men walked our streets last night; a woman and her three children starved to death last night, down on the sand lots; there are three or four murders, a score of hold-ups, half a hundred burglaries, and many times that number of petty crimes against property, here in booming Seattle every month."

"If you are not drunk—or ragging me—I 'd like to know what all that has to do with old Fosdick marrying a squaw, and the title to his——"

"Precisely! I was just coming to the connection. Mr. Fosdick did marry a *klootchman.* Fosdick is dead, but his son——"

"That 's the racket!" broke in Biggar, getting up and facing the unruffled attorney. "What if his son showed up some day? And that damn squaw—would n't she have some sort of a hold on the real estate? I wish to thunder you 'd put me wise to all this before I coughed up that hundred thousand this morning."

"If you will sit down and permit me to continue my remarks," replied Hammond quietly, "I shall show you how unnecessary all your anxiety is. Thank you! Now, sir, I was about to state, that the late Mr. Phineas Fosdick, his widow and his son, are all to be classed as by-products; interesting, of course, to the student of sociology, but negligible, quite negligible, when assaying the present social output of our Seattle product, prosperity. Fosdick, like most of the first settlers, sank just before the scum and fat which you are now skimming from the pot rose to the top. As for his Siwash wife; all such ladies were declared by-products by a special act of the

legislature, whose passage was procured by such of the early men of influence as began to foresee Seattle's future greatness—and that their dusky helpmeets might prove a bar to social ascent. A squaw, therefore, was sloughed off as a by-product quite early in the process. As for Fosdick's son: if he should ever turn up here, he would probably spend a few weeks on the chain-gang—there are some two hundred by-products at present on the gang—and then die out at the county poor-farm or in the Steilacoom madhouse. I trust that I have removed your apprehension?"

Biggar muttered something about it being all serene if Hammond said so, and hurried down to the street. Telephoning to his wife that he would not be home for dinner, he dropped into a basement grill for a steak and the chance of finding some one there.

"The very man I wanted to see!" cried Peters, of the *Times,* as Biggar joined him at the bar and asked him what he 'd have. "Got anything on for tonight?"

"No—and I 'm yours," answered Biggar, "if it 's anything dee-lirious! I 'm all in."

"You 're on!" chuckled Peters, a dissipated little man with a face like a ferret's. "But come on, order something that 's already cooked, for we 're late as it is."

In less than half an hour they left the restaurant and together jumped into a cab and were driven rapidly toward the southern outskirts of the city.

II.

The man with the cough loitered about Billy the Mug's for some time. Thanks to the little white tablets, his hang-dog look and sense of intolerable dejection were being shaken off, and he soon began to view himself, his fellow man, and life in general in a different light. In fact, the feeling of well-being grew upon him so quickly that his attitude toward humanity at large became one of expansive beneficence and optimism. He no longer avoided the eyes of the men about him. His hunted look vanished. Affluence mingled with generosity caused him to buy numberless three-cent mugs of beer for total strangers. He looked upon any offer of a return treat as an insult. Finally, the nickels and dimes in his pocket glowed in his imagination as double eagles, and the sweep of his altruism included all mankind.

"Step up, gentlemen," he said, gathering the entire company in his gesture of invitation. "Mack, let the boys have anything they like, anything, even wine if they prefer it."

"I 'm from Missouri," grinned the bartender, with a wink at the policeman standing at the door. "If you 'll show me, I 'll set 'em up meself fur the whole bunch."

The man with the cough was furious. He lurched close to the bar and challenged the eye of the scoffer.

"Do you mean that you dont think I have the price—of your whole outfit?" he asked proudly. "Why, good Lord, Mack, I 'm going to sell one of my buildings tomorrow for a million. Open up—for 'em all!"

There was a great commotion at this. Men came from the far corners to join the crowd shouting around the excited millionaire. The policeman strolled into the room and laid a hand on the man's shoulder.

"Come, get out of this! I 'm on to you—and you 'd better change your brand. Come, your pipe's out!"

The man with the cough, as if overawed by the star and buttons, made no protest when he was shoved roughly out into the night. He stood in doubt for several minutes at the corner, and then walked fast in the direction of the sand lots. On past dingy saloons, whose dinginess and disrepute seemed to increase as he went, he hurried southward. On past great solid squares filled with dark warehouses and factories, and, finally, along a level road which seemed to stretch without end over the muddy tideflats, above which it was raised like a railway embankment. Only an occasional arc light sputtering in the rain, or the feeble gleam in the window of a low road-house, broke the monotony of the dismal way. Among the squalid hovels, built of old doors, old scraps of tin roofing, old anything, he made his way to

the piano-box which was his own home. He remained within only a moment, and then took up his hurried journey along the turnpike. A mile or so farther on he left the road and crept cautiously along one of the railroad trestles which cut the flats into a diaper pattern of sunken squares. At its other end he turned south once more, and it was there that he ran upon a tramp who was sitting smoking against an electric light pole.

"Hello, pal," croaked the tramp. "Goin' to the Roost?"

"No," replied the man with the cough, "I 'm going to Fosdick's Folly."

"Hully gee! but you 're slow!" retorted the tramp. "That 's the Roost. And say, brother, it 's the best hotel west of Chi. Room and bath, five plunks per —how 's that? I 'll put yer next, see?"

They trudged on together. Neither spoke during the two-mile walk. The rain had settled into a downpour, and for some reason the man with the cough seemed to prefer silence. The tramp moreover was grouchy with hunger, and his feet were sore. A drunken woman with a little girl joined them just before they reached the tumbled-down gate at the foot of the hill on which stood the Roost. She staggered along with them, and at the gate four or five others joined them. A light showed in one of the upper windows of the Roost.

Everybody knows Fosdick's Folly. Among his numerous wrong guesses Phineas Fosdick had foretold an early southerly extension of the city, and had built a great suburban mansion where now, after twenty years, were only desolate moors with here and there the little truck gardens of Chinese squatters. In the crash of his fortunes, the "Folly" was scarcely noticed among his assets, and the house—a costly monstrosity of cupolas and verandahs "ornamented" with scroll-sawed gimcracks—soon fell into the hands of vandals. Not an unbroken pane remained in its windows; doors were torn off their hinges; the plumbing had long since found its way to junk shops of questionable honesty, and the spacious parlors and apartments became the refuge of the increasing number of those who, being convicted of the crime of being broke in both Seattle and Tacoma, found it a convenient place on which to mature their plans for the future.

"Did n't I tell youse guys that I would n't stand fur no rough house?" asked the tramp as he led the newly arrived guests into the hall dimly lighted by a bit of candle end.

A woman's shrieks were heard upstairs and men were scurrying up and down. The man with the cough looked about him dazed and then went over and asked an old woman who was boiling water in an old oil can at the hearth, what the noises upstairs meant.

"Minnie the Rat is dyin' wid her kid," muttered the old woman, stooping to wring out a steaming rag.

"My God!" groaned the man with the cough; and he felt his way up the dark stairs, heedless of the oaths flung at him by men against whom he stumbled.

He had wandered about the dark corridors on the second floor only a few minutes, when he heard the clang of a gong outside and presently the tramping and yelling of many men. He ran downstairs and saw at once what the matter was. The police had raided the Roost. A sergeant and half a dozen officers were herding the score or more of outcasts with their clubs and bundling them into the three patrol wagons drawn up before the door. Two men not in uniform stood at the foot of the stairs. One was Peters of the *Times* furiously taking notes for his "scoop"; and the other was "Lucky Dog" Biggar.

"It 's all right, Mr. Biggar," cried the man with the cough, gripping the lapels of Biggar's coat with his thin fingers. "This is my house, and these poor people are——"

The sergeant hit him on the mouth and pushed him out upon the verandah.

"Who 's your friend?" asked Peters, thirsting for details.

"Oh, only a dope artist to whom I gave the price this afternoon," answered Biggar, trying to laugh.

It was all over in five minutes. The three loads of by-products were driven to town, only the old woman being left to

lay out the corpse of Minnie the Rat and to do what she could for the new-born child.

Mr. Biggar got up the next morning early enough to attend the opening of the police court. The first case was that of a woman of possibly seventy. Her thin gray hair hung in dusty tangled wisps over her bleared eyes and wrinkled drink-cursed face.

"Ah, it's you again, eh, Mary?" chuckled the judge, a thick-set man with a putty face and low forehead. "Well, Mary, my love, I guess sixty days will be good for what ails you."

The old woman screamed and scratched when the officers hustled her through the door to the "tank." A long list of "drunk and disorderly" cases followed. Mr. Biggar was beginning to feel bored. Forty-two others pleaded guilty to the charge of having no ready cash—and were duly punished. Then the case of "John Doe"—the ninth of that name—was called; and the man with the cough stood up. Biggar leaned over the railing and watched the proceedings.

"Vagrant," said the judge, without looking up from his writing. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"May I make a statement before pleading?" asked the prisoner, startling the judge into glancing at him, both by the request itself and the tone of quiet assurance in which it was made. At times, with the ebb of the tide of iridescent dreams caused by the little white tablets, it was given to the man with the cough to enjoy a brief period of almost sanity and peace before the awful inrush of that other black tide of despair and torment.

"Well, what is it?" demanded the judge, gruffly.

"I merely wish to say," began the prisoner, "that my present condition of poverty and disease is due to——" The cough stopped him.

"There's a lot of cases waiting, your Honor," remarked the city prosecutor, a political heeler with the face of a thief and the sympathies of a hyena; "make it thirty days, and let's get on."

"I was about to say, please your Honor," persisted the prisoner, "that if my father had not been ruined by men who now stand high in this city, I would not have been turned loose at nine years of age, to scrape up a living the best way I could—and to go to hell. If your Honor will permit me to leave town, I'll try to borrow from some of my father's old friends enough to go somewhere. You see, your Honor, you might be a little easy on the son of Phineas Fosdick."

"Shut up!" thundered the judge, while the crowd of hangers-on roared at the bum's nerve, "or I wont let you off. Skip, now, and if you aint out of town in two hours I'll send you up for sixty days."

The man with the cough picked up his battered hat and walked with shuffling feet through the jeering crowd to the street. Biggar followed him and forced a large gold piece upon him, bidding him go as far away as it would take him, and then hurried off to keep his appointment with Hammond and the Boston syndicate people. Much to Biggar's annoyance, Mr. Hammond reported that the final settlement of the deal had been put off until the next day—the lawyer wanted to look into a certain matter, he said—and Biggar, already ill at ease, was obliged to worry through the day filled with vague anxiety.

Late that evening Hammond called him up on the telephone and asked him to come down to his office.

"Wishing to avoid giving you any unnecessary alarm," began the attorney in that tormentingly low tone of his, "I asked for the postponement, so that I might have time to make assurance doubly sure. You see, Mr. Biggar, after I talked with you yesterday I learned that Phineas Fosdick had specifically refused to put away his Siwash wife—so that her signature would be required to make a deed valid. Wait a moment, please. Mrs. Fosdick did sign the deed transferring the Fosdick Block to the Morton estate. It was of young Fosdick that I was thinking; if he were alive——"

"Hell!" broke in Biggar, getting to his feet in a fury of disgust and impotent

menace. "He is alive all right enough and he 's here in Seattle—and you 're a great lawyer, I dont think!"

"I was simply going to suggest," went on Hammond calmly, "that, as young Fosdick was the legitimate son of the man whose losses have been your fortune, it might possibly occur to you to look him up and put the boy on his feet."

"Sure thing—and I beg your pardon, Hammond. Whatever you think is right, I 'll give the kid."

"It will not be necessary now," replied Hammond, without a trace of feeling. "I saw in the evening papers that the body of a dope fiend had been found under a culvert down near the sand lots, and that it proved to be that of a fellow who had declared in the police court this morning that he was Fosdick's son. So I dropped in at the morgue to ascertain the facts. I recognized the man at once. As I have so often told you, Mr. Biggar, in the struggle for existence the fittest alone—yourself, for instance—survive; the by-products are flung out upon the dump."

"Quit your kidding!" laughed Biggar, dimly conscious of being despised by this cool and perfectly self-contained lawyer; "and come out and have a drink."

They went.

My Lands; Not Thine

By Don Marquis

My lands, not thine, we look upon,
Friend Croesus, hill and vale and lawn:
    Mine every woodland madrigal
    And mine thy singing waterfall
That vaguely hints of Helicon.

Mark how thine upland slopes have drawn
A golden glory from the dawn!
    "Fool's gold?"—thy dullness proves them all
        My lands, not thine.

For when all title-deeds are gone,
Still, still, will satyr, nymph and faun
    Through brake and covert pipe and call
    In dances wild and bacchanal;
For them, for me, thou holdst in pawn
        My lands,—not thine.



AMBASSADOR WU TING FANG AND GROUP OF CHINESE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.
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"The Coming Struggle in the Far East"

From a Chinese Viewpoint

By Ching Chun Wang

Editor *Chinese Student's Journal*

EARLY in September last my attention was attracted by Mr. Saito's article in the *Pacific Monthly* entitled, "The Coming Struggle in the Far East," in which the writer suggests his notion of the only way that can settle the Chinese question peacefully. The weight of this suggestion has already been indirectly, but convincingly and conclusively, determined by Mr. Prosser's "How Aggressive Japan Is Dominating the Pacific," and Mr. Hulbert's "Japan's Object Lesson in Korea," both of which appeared in the same issue of the *Pacific Monthly*. Since Mr. Saito's article is addressed to the patriots, statesmen and students of China, and since I try to be one of the first and happen to be one of the last of these three classes, I feel it my duty to express directly my humble opinion of Mr. Saito's suggestion.

Mr. Saito believes that China is on the verge of being dismembered, and to avoid this contingency, he suggests that China should say to Japan: "We are in distress, we are in a death struggle, but we, ourselves, cannot mend the situation: we believe in your honesty and integrity, we have confidence in your ability from the experience in your own country; take us in your guardianship until we are a good, strong nation." Since Mr. Saito based this suggestion upon the ground that China is utterly helpless herself, that Japan's record as a guardian justifies China so to invite her, and that Japan is the most friendly and honest neighbor of China, may we, therefore, examine into the true state of affairs in order to adequately appreciate Mr. Saito's suggestion.



KANG YU WEI, THE FAMOUS CHINESE REFORMER, FOR YEARS EXILED.
He Has Traveled Widely Through Europe and America Studying Modern Civilization, Methods of Government and Industrial Development.

Referring to China's hopelessness. Mr. Saito says that the experience of 200 years of China's contact with the Western civilization and all its beneficent influences does not testify to her capability of consolidation as a nation, and that during this period of 200 years, aside from some mere changes in nomenclature of its governmental departments and that of its officials, China has done nothing which can be called true reforms. In the first place, this statement is misleading. Mr. Saito says 200 years. It is true that Europeans began to visit the shores of China about 200 years ago; but can we justly say that these so-called Europeans—mostly pirates—actually brought any Western civilization which China could learn? Can we justly accuse China, with her ancient civilization and traditional institutious still remaining efficient, of being slow to take up European ideas, simply because she did not and could not substitute the meager ideas brought over by those pirates and a few missionaries, for her established customs? If we are impartial, we can only say that China has come into true contact with Western civilization since 1900, and even then she was not free to show her appreciation of it until 1902. The year 1900 of China is similar to the year 1853 of Japan. In 1853 Commodore Perry's gun brought the latter country to her senses, and in 1900 the Allied Forces awakened China. Therefore, we can accuse China of being slow to adopt reforms during these eight years, if slow she is, but not 200 years.

Besides, Mr. Saito's flat assertion that China has not carried out any true reforms is untrue. The truth, which is evident to every impartial observer, is that China during this short period of her real contact with Western civilization has done much more than Japan did under similar circumstances. In order to have a clear conception of what China has actually accomplished during the last seven years, let me briefly review a few of the fundamental reforms that have taken place since the Boxer uprising.

She has, first of all, abolished the civil examination system which is hoary with age and venerated and depended upon for bread and butter by the *literati* and the great mass of officials, and in its place has inaugurated modern education. In 1900 there was not a single public school in the whole empire; today in Chihli province alone, there are over 3,000. In 1900, Confucianism and essay writing were the only subjects taught; today physics, chemistry, economics, and other branches of modern learnings form the curriculum.

Rev. W. A. Howder, long in China, says: "China is waking up even faster than Japan * * * and now she wants to spring into the maelstrom of the world's activity." Western learning has spread rapidly throughout the whole empire, and today there is not a single one of the eighteen provinces in which the modern education has not taken the place of the old Confucian classics. Common public schools and higher institutions are springing up all over the country with such rapidity, as observed Professor H. P. Beach, of Yale University, who recently returned from China, that it is amazing. Side by side with these public institutions, private schools are rising up with equal celerity. In addition, normal, agriculture, manual-training and engineering schools are also being established in the various provinces. In most of the above-named schools, physical training and military drill have been introduced, a thing which has never been done before by the student class. Cricket, baseball, football and track meets take the place of opium smoking as students' sports.

This is not all. The rapid growth of female education, hitherto seldom heard of in China, is another gratifying feature. From the Empress down to the peasant's wife, all the women are pushing this new movement. Many princesses and other women of influence and wealth have started girls' schools in their own palaces and homes, and with their own money. They have also influenced the changing of temples into girls' schools. So today the travelers will find in these ancient, magnificent buildings, instead of the hideous mud or wooden idols, bright little girls receiving their

elementary training. Nor are the officials behind in doing their share. The Board of Education is taking measures to push ahead girls' schools throughout the whole empire, so that female education will reach every home in a few years.

China is not satisfied even with these reforms. In order to grasp foreign ideas first hand, she is sending her young men to study abroad, and today she has about 10,000 students in Japan, over 300 in Europe and about 400 in America, of which numbers more than half are supported by the Government. The authorities know perfectly well that in a few years these students will overshadow their own prominence and take away their power, yet in spite of such personal losses, they are endeavoring to send out more and more every year. This love of reform in spite of personal disadvantages certainly disproves Mr. Saito's assertion that the Chinese officials are not earnest.

Not only has she done well in educational enterprises. In her social reforms, she has accomplished even more. The edict removing the distinction between the Manchus and the Chinese, and the steps taken by the Throne to abolish foot-binding are certainly much more than the mere utterance of empty words; and the most ready response of the people in observing these mandates indicates that the ruler was by no means discredited as he was accused of being by Mr. Saito. The prohibition of opium in the face of a tremendous loss to the Government's revenue shows that China really looks after the welfare of the people; while the act of Japan in encouraging cocaine in Korea today conclusively proves that Japan cares less about shame than for money.

Besides, the Government has recently raised the social status of the soldier equal to that of the civilian. Formerly soldiers were despised, and hence only low classes of people entered the army; but now this elevation of the soldier's social status is working wonders. Already volunteers are organizing into companies in the different provinces, ready to answer the country's call at any moment. Scholars are also beginning to enlist as soldiers.

The reforms in the army are even more striking. In place of the ill-drilled soldiers who carried umbrellas when marching to war, China has her new armies all equipped with modern accoutrements and organized according to up-to-date standards. German rifles and German mountain guns are extensively used. Besides the Nan Yang and Pei Yang Armies, which alone number over 150,000 foreign-drilled troops, each province is organizing a local or provincial army on a modern basis. Thus, the statistics show that within five years, China will have a standing foreign-drilled army of over 350,000. Moreover, the makeup of the soldiers is totally different from what it was before. Outlaws and rascals can no longer enter the army as their last resort from starvation. All applicants are required to furnish written testimonials signed by their neighbors and leading gentries of their towns, besides being required to pass strict physical examinations. In addition to the drills, the soldiers are taught to read and write, another new thing. To give the soldiers real practice, a manoeuvre between the Pei Yang and Nan Yang Armies is held every year. These manoeuvres last from four to six days, during which time the armies work as if they were actually fighting a campaign. The foreign military attachés who saw these manoeuvres were all surprised to find that China has such a formidable modern army so suddenly and so unexpectedly. To show what these manoeuvres amount to, one correspondent of an English paper says: "From a spectacular point of view, the manoeuvres were a great success. Everything proceeded with clockwork regularity, and it was clearly shown that the Chinese soldier is capable of obtaining a high degree of organization. The troops, it must also be admitted, shaped well. They marched well, and the spirit shown throughout the manoeuvres was eminently satisfactory."

Nor has military education escaped the attention of the Government. In addition to the existing military and naval

academies, the Government is planning to establish in every province two grades of military and naval schools, and an imperial military and an imperial naval college in Peking. China is also sending students to Europe to study military tactics and engineering. Thus, the lack of good officers, which is regarded by military experts as the principal cause of the weakness of China's army, will soon be remedied, and the Chinese soldiers, who are famous for combining endurance and discipline, may do themselves justice.

Politically, China's reforms are even more striking. As soon as she recovered from her blow of 1900, she lost no time in remodeling her political institutions. Early in 1905 she sent the five High Commissioners to study Western political systems. As a result, many of the governmental officers have been either improved or totally abolished in the face of the opposition of those who directly or indirectly suffer from such reforms. The 2,000-years'-old criminal code is being revised. The horrible methods of capital punishment are abandoned, and the examination by torture and indefinite imprisonment is already abolished. What is even more significant is the Government's desire to adopt a constitution. Three special High Commissioners have been dispatched to study the constitutional government of European countries and of Japan, and these Commissioners are sending in most encouraging reports. Both the Throne and the people are in such great favor of this form of government that several districts have already been permitted to experiment with self-government and other districts are commanded to follow the example.

Recent reports say that the Throne has definitely decided in favor of a Constitutional Government. The late Emperor in a recent edict fixed the time for the promulgation of the constitution at the end of nine years, and he also adopted a definite programme for these nine years in preparing for the final adoption of the constitution. In spite of all her extra troubles, China has done all this in eight years, while it took the Mikado sixteen years to give the "chartered oath" (1853-1869), another twelve years to fix the period when the promised parliament would be convened, which was to be ten years later. In spite of all these, Mr. Saito still maintains that China is hopelessly slow and that she shows no real sign of conscientious energy and sustained effort for reform.

Mr. Saito boasts of Japan's sending hundreds of young men to study abroad, of her establishment of roads, railroads, postal and telegraphic facilities, daily, weekly and monthly magazines, places where history and languages are taught, and a hundred and one kindred things; and after enumerating them, he sarcastically questions if one can pronounce the same thing for China. Mr. Saito evidently has neither been in China since 1900, nor has he been informed of China except through Japanese sources. If he had visited China since the Boxer trouble, he would have tumbled over these things, even if he hates to see them; If he reads impartial papers he would have known of these reforms even if he closes his eyes. Another possible reason for Mr. Saito's alleged ignorance of China's reforms may be due to China's own fault, for she pushes her reforms quietly and does not spend any money for "write-ups," as some of her neighbors do.

From the foregoing we have seen a few of the multitudes of reforms which China is pushing ahead and which conclusively disprove Mr. Saito's empty assertion that China's reforms are but the changing of names of governmental offices, and which also conclusively show that China is perfectly able to take care of herself and that she has not the least bit of need for any such guardian as suggested by Mr. Saito. Now, may we examine into the records of Japan as a guardian and as a neighbor.

Japan's record as a guardian, as exemplified in Korea, is well known as a shameful one in modern history—a record of open breaches of sacred promises and of extreme selfishness. Korea has been under Japanese guardianship almost fifteen years, and the result is, indeed, both miserable and pitiful. In spite of the numerous beautifully-colored

articles written either by the Japanese themselves or by others who wear Japanese decorations or receive other Japanese encouragements, few careful observers can reasonably deny that Korea today is poorer and in greater distress than ever before. The chaotic state of affairs in Korea, as vividly related by Mr. Hulbert, is, indeed, shocking to every human heart. Today under Japanese guardianship, spoilation, oppression, iniquity overrun the Peninsula; today misery, tears, bitterness fill the undeserted Korean homes!

To a certain extent we admit that the Koreans are to blame, but at the bottom, Japan's selfish policy is responsible for such untold misery. Entering into Korea with the avowed pledge to give that country independence and protection, Japan has acquired supreme power by devious methods. In September, 1906, Prince Ito, the Japanese Resident-General in Korea, announced that annexation was no part of the empire's policy; in November of the same year, Korea became Japanese territory. By various methods she has filled all good posts with her own men, and has driven the poor Koreans practically into slavery and despondency. Dr. McKay, General Secretary of Foreign Missions of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, after making an extensive tour through Korea, says:

I was a Japanese enthusiast until I came here; but I have changed in spite of myself. They have spent tens of thousands of dollars in writing themselves up, and in winning the confidence of Europe and America and thus securing moral support and funds. Yet in reality they are barbarians. Their treatment of the Koreans is scarcely less atrocious than the horrors of the Congo. I am told by one of the oldest missionaries in Korea today that there is not a single case on record in which a Korean got justice against a Japanese, however great the offence.

The New York *Tribune*, in reviewing Mr. McKenzie's book on Korea, says:

Mr. F. A. McKenzie has traversed it (Korea) completely and sought his information first hand. Writing without bias and without exaggeration, he states: "The Japanese went through the country like a plague. If they wanted anything they took it. If they fancied a house, they turned the residents out. They beat, they outraged; they murdered in a way and on a scale of which it is difficult for any humane man to speak with moderation. Koreans are flogged to death for offences that did not deserve a six-penny fine. They were shot for mere awkwardness. They are dispossessed of their homes by every form of guile and treachery."

The worst part of it is that the Japanese themselves believe that they are doing right in committing these outrages. As an example of this belief, one prominent Japanese writer says: "We have gone over into the back yard of our neighbor and are telling him to kindly move on, simply because we need his home. We are doing this *just as the Americans have done to the Indians*, the rightful owners of America," and he adds, "Nippon has joined the household of great powers; *she has become civilized.*" The substance of this sentence portrays the policy of Japan and tells how shamelessly she is pursuing it. As a result of these oppressions which the Japanese imposed in making their neighbor to "move on," the *North China Herald* reports that large numbers of Koreans are lately fleeing across the border into Kirin to seek Chinese naturalization. The fact that the Koreans, who are so accustomed to oppressions, are fleeing from the Japanese, emphasizes the injustice being done by the so-called protector!

Such is the honesty of Japan as manifested in her dealings with helpless Korea, such is the condition of affairs in that Hermit Kingdom, which is the direct result of Japan's eight years' rule, and presumably on account of such honesty and such rule of Japan, Mr. Saito suggests that China should follow the steps of Korea in having Japan as guardian!

In order to determine whether or not Japan is really the most friendly and honest neighbor of China, I need only to briefly review her treatment of China during the last few years.

Starting from Manchuria, we begin to feel the cold, oppressive hand of Japan steadily grasping on China's life, faster and faster. Here, as in Korea, Japan is trying to absorb all the vitality

into herself. Her educated classes help themselves to all the good posts, rightly or otherwise. Her ignorant masses make their living and fortune frequently by cheating and robbery. Mr. McKenzie, a keen observer and an eye-witness of the Japanese in Manchuria, writes: "I had known the Japanese soldier in war, brave, well disciplined, scrupulous and honest. It seemed to me impossible that men wearing the Japanese uniform should be guilty of such extortion, corruption, torture and stupid cruelty. What I saw for myself, however, compelled me to change my opinion." He calls Mukden a city of tears. He prints a picture taken by himself at Chen Chung Fu, in which a Chinese coolie is shown tightly tied up so that he could not move a limb; and with his head held aloft by his queue fastened to a beam overhead, he was thus left in the hot sun to frizzle. "This," writes the correspondent grimly, "was a comparatively mild case." If these measures are only the mild treatments which Japan now dares to administer to the unfortunate creatures while she openly professes unrestricted tolerance, and when she is doing all she can to win the sympathy of the world, what may be expected from her when she has a free hand!

The Chien-tao dispute throws another flood of light upon Japan's oppressive attitude. Towards the end of last May, the Japanese authorities in Korea despatched Lieutenant-Colonel Saito and a force of sixty gendarmes to the disputed land, alleging, in excuse, that the local Koreans had appealed for protection against the brigands of the district. An immediate protest by the Viceroy in Mukden did not prevent the Japanese from organizing a regular outpost in Chien-tao nor from offering the decided ly audacious "advice" that the Chinese troops be withdrawn from the neighborhood in the interest of "peace." Japan gave no other argument beyond that of the man in possession. Viceroy Hsu Shih-chang had lately produced such overwhelming proof of maps and documents of the Chinese claim that the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires at Peking was obliged to give way before them. Apparently, Lieutenant-Colonel Saito, the Japanese officer actually in possession of the disputed territory, took a very different view. Acting upon the principle of General MacMahon, *"J'y suis j'y reste,"* he turned the deaf ear to every argument until the Chinese representative had no alternative than to request his Government to relieve him of his barren office. We people in this country, who have been so thoroughly saturated with the belief that the Japanese Government is so just and peace-loving, can hardly believe this to be true, were it not that report itself is undeniable.

The *Tatsu Maru* case furnishes another evidence of Japan's unreasonableness. On February 5 last, a Japanese steamer called *Tatsu Maru* was seized several miles from Macae by the Chinese authorities for carrying a large load of arms and ammunition, which the Chinese Government declared, were smuggled to be sold to the revolutionists, and that, at the time of the seizure, the steamer was anchored within Chinese territorial waters. The Japanese Government, however, held a different view, and claimed that the steamer was seized within the Portuguese territory. Besides flatly refusing China's offer to submit the dispute to a competent court for arbitration, she demanded, with the threat of resorting to arms, the unconditional release of the steamer and her cargo, an apology from the Chinese Government, and a payment of indemnity, with also due punishment of the offenders. Instead of giving any personal opinion of this act of Japan, let me simply quote what the disinterested parties have to say about it. The San Francisco *Chronicle* contains an article which remarks:

> **By all the canons of civilization, China is entitled to use effort to keep arms out of the hands of revolutionists and if, in that effort, the limits of international law are overstepped, the least a friendly nation could do, or would do, is to submit the matter to a competent court. To insist, for so trifling a matter, not only upon the release of the ship, but an indemnity and an apology, is almost conclusive evidence that the Japanese Government desires that the Chinese revolutionists shall get arms.**

A leading article in the *Temps* makes the following comment:

"Even if Japan is in the right, her procedure is rather brusque."

These two quotations of disinterested observers tell us what Japan did in this case, and also shows how much claim Japan has on being the most friendly neighbor of China.

Thus by keeping in view China's actual reforms which show that she is amply able to manage her own affairs, by remembering Japan's double-faced policy in Korea, which disqualifies Japan as a guardian, and by recalling Japan's high-handed act in Manchuria, her unreasonableness in the seizure of Chientao, and her haughtiness in the *Tatsu Maru* case, which conclusively prove that Japan does not deserve to be trusted as the most friendly neighbor by any country, we may conclude, without either bias or prejudice, that Mr. Saito's suggestion might be feasible only in the eyes of some of his own countrymen.

As to who is really the most friendly neighbor of China, I need only say that she is the one who never dreamed of seizing China's territory, who always tried to keep China's integrity, who endeavored to keep down the Boxer indemnity figures, who aims at a square deal, and who has actually returned $13,000,000 to China in order to help her along in her reforms. I need not to claim that this is the one, for facts speak for that themselves. The Chinese Government knows this, the Chinese people are conscious of this.

As to how to solve the Chinese problem peacefully, I can only suggest that Japan should mind her own business and leave China alone and be decent. China has managed her own affairs for over 4,000 years, and she has yet shown no need of any such guardian. What she really needs is a reasonable length of time and the sincere and unselfish help of her neighbors to rid her of the outside interferences. She is now wide awake; she is earnestly pushing forward her regeneration. She might seem to be a little awkward in adopting the new things at the beginning; but she will become more expert as time progresses. If her true friendly neighbors will only help her to work out her own destiny, in a few years she will be able to stand on her own feet and stop the dreams of the ambitious. Then we shall see the country whose motto is justice join hands with the country whose tradition is peace; then there will be a true open door in the Far East; then the weak may have redress, and then there will be peace from Atlantic to Atlantic.

Verses

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

I walked into an orchard
  One day when summer birds had flown;
My earth beneath, my trees o'er head—
  I hugged the thought: "My own!"

From the golden leaves above me
  One fell, soft as the evening's breath.
"Not thine, but mine," then whispered low
  My rival claimant, Death.



TRAPPED COYOTE; FROM FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.

The Coyote Hunt

By Grace N. Allen

ENGLISH shires delight in fox hunts, and the hills of the Blue Ridge in Virginia also offer a pretty bit of country to the red-coated huntsman. The swagger members of the ultra fashionable Meadow Brook Hunt Club, who chase real foxes over private estates in Long Island, have made the hunt the thing of all sports, and the blast of the hunting horn and the baying of hounds more desirable music than the chorus of grand opera.

Even these kid-gloved affairs stir the blood in answer to the slumbering call of the wild in each participant, awakened into life by the air and the sunshine of the open. But to him who delights in the primitive, who cares not for tinsel and trappings of society, who dotes on simplicity, the great plains of Eastern Colorado hold joy unrivaled in the annual coyote hunt. There the wiry little bronchos take the place of equine aristocracy, the pampered "pack" is replaced by the strong, shaggy wolf hounds, and the groom-attended rider by the loyal, generous, dare-devil cowboy of the West.

There are no social restrictions as to those who take part in the chase, and one hob-nobs with wealthy stockmen, half-breeds, English lords, "tenderfeet" fresh from Eastern colleges, and cowboys—all equally excited over the prospect of the killing, and fired with ambition to carry home at least one scalp of the pest of the plains.

Just how Coyote Day came to be inaugurated is not known. Perhaps because the spirit of the frontiersman still lives in the younger generation, and notwithstanding the rapid transformation of the West into an agricultural section, the desire there is keen to retain something as a reminder of life in the open as it was thirty years ago.

By the middle of January the farmer has sold his crop or safely stored it in his dug-out to await the rise in the spring market. Two months of leisure are before him—and the coyote hunt which brings him the ideal holiday of the year, recalling pioneer days when he

"punched" cows over the tracts now occupied by farms and school houses.

A sort of bacteria of the hunt permeates the air, and for a radius of forty miles the contagion spreads. Farmers consult over the "phone" as to the final arrangements and their wives and daughters form parties to attend. Finally the day of the hunt is announced and the merchants, the physicians, the county officials, and always the Eastern visitors, and even the teachers in the schools of



SOME OF THE SLAYERS AND SLAIN.

the nearby towns, make ready to suspend all business on the day the hunt is pulled off. Trainers begin to run their dogs, riders bring down their lamb's-wool or calfskin "chaps" or riding breeches, polish their bridles and spurs and test the speed of their favorite cow ponies, for by this rivalry to make the best appearance, the leader of the hunt is selected.

A day is chosen for the hunt when there is little or no snow and the ground sufficiently frozen to support horse and rider. The run takes place on a stretch of prairie as even as a barn floor to the very horizon, brown and bare except for an occasional clump of last year's buffalo grass, unobstructed by ditches or fences, the center of which is marked by a tall pole bearing a white flag. The land slopes toward the center forming a depression a mile long and a quarter mile wide and into this basin the coyotes are driven for the final death struggle.

Previous to the hunt twenty men are chosen captains of the lines. Each town or neighborhood contributes its line of forty or fifty men which ranges between appointed places, beating up the game. The north line comes from Eaton and Greeley; Kersey and Box Elder riders from the east line; Big Bend and Roggen men bring up the forces on the south, and the Evans guard closes in on the west.

By eight o'clock in the morning, captains and men are in their places, horses and saddles are looked after and weak places in the line strengthened. Now and then a quick eye detects a sly coyote skulking across the plain and away goes



OFF FOR THE HUNT.

the excited rider swinging his lariat in an attempt to lasso the beast, for no guns are allowed on the hunt. But the coyote when fresh can outrun the swiftest horse and the pursuer returns for fear of tiring his horse before the sport really begins.

Finally the leader gives the order to march, by the blowing of a bugle, and away go the 500 horsemen beating the brush to arouse the coyotes and drive them to the center, the hoofs of their horses sounding a wild tattoo on the frozen prairie. Smaller and smaller grows the circle. In the morning it is thirty miles in diameter, at noon it is a mile across, and all the coyotes that have been "at home" on that morning within the big



CAPTAINS OF THE HUNT.

circle, are gathered in the ravine. In the meantime men, women and children who have been following on horseback, in wagons, carriages, and in fact anything on wheels, draw up on the ridge about the basin to witness the end. The coyotes are still fresh and repeatedly break for the unguarded places in the line. The dogs follow closely after them, and many a pretty run tests the staying qualities of the big wolf hounds.

After many exhibitions of horsemanship, the word is given and the lines close in, the dogs fall upon the remainder of the coyotes, and the death struggle is soon over. Few of the hunted escape and forty or more scalps are counted for the day's chase.

By two o'clock in the afternoon the hunt is finished. The big camp fires are started and the crowd gathers round the steaming coffee-pot and mountain of sandwiches. At this time the title is voted to the best woman rider in the hunt, for Colorado women are excellent riders and many lead in the chase.

Not a few accidents attend the day. Often a horse stumbles into a prairie-dog hole, throwing its rider. If he escapes with a broken rib or two he is considered lucky. Horses are frequently injured.

The coyote has been called the pest of the plains. He will go many miles to rob hen roosts and has even been known to attack colts and calves. Last year, for the first time known, they developed a taste for watermelons. They would quietly enter a patch and break open the biggest melon, eating the heart of the fruit only.

A bounty of one dollar a scalp is offered by the state, for coyotes. The fur of the animal is of a very handsome yellowish gray, and when prime, is valued for rugs and carriage robes. The farmer lads set traps, but they must be exceedingly cunning to entice the crafty skulker. The coyote has become very bold and will follow a short distance behind a horseman for miles, but if a gun is shown him, off he lopes like a gray streak, jumping up from behind successive knolls to mock the pursuer.

Last year bounties were issued on 400 coyote scalps in one county in Northern Colorado, and probably half as many more were killed there. But no matter what the slaughter their ranks seem scarcely diminished and the quarry needed for Coyote Day is never lacking.



TROPHIES OF THE CHASE.



LOOKING UP TO STEIN'S MOUNTAIN FROM THE P. RANCH, HARNEY VALLEY. IT IS ALL GOLD.

The Exhibition of Paintings of Eastern Oregon by Childe Hassam

By Charles Erskine Scott Wood

CHILDE HASSAM is an American artist and takes pride in that fact. He contends that the best painting produced in the world today comes from America. He received his training first in Boston and then in Paris.

Every man is in character and style the composite result of native qualities, environment and special influence. What of these ingredients can be weighed out in Mr. Hassam's case, or in any other man's, it is impossible to say. Some men are distinctly influenced by others and the influence is visible. Hassam is individual. In painting light and air he undoubtedly owes something to the perceptions of the French Impressionists. and in suggesting all the shimmer and vibration of open air and full sunlight he owes something to their technique, just as they owed something to their predecessors—for art, like every other thing in the universe, is evolutionary.

When all is said and done, however,



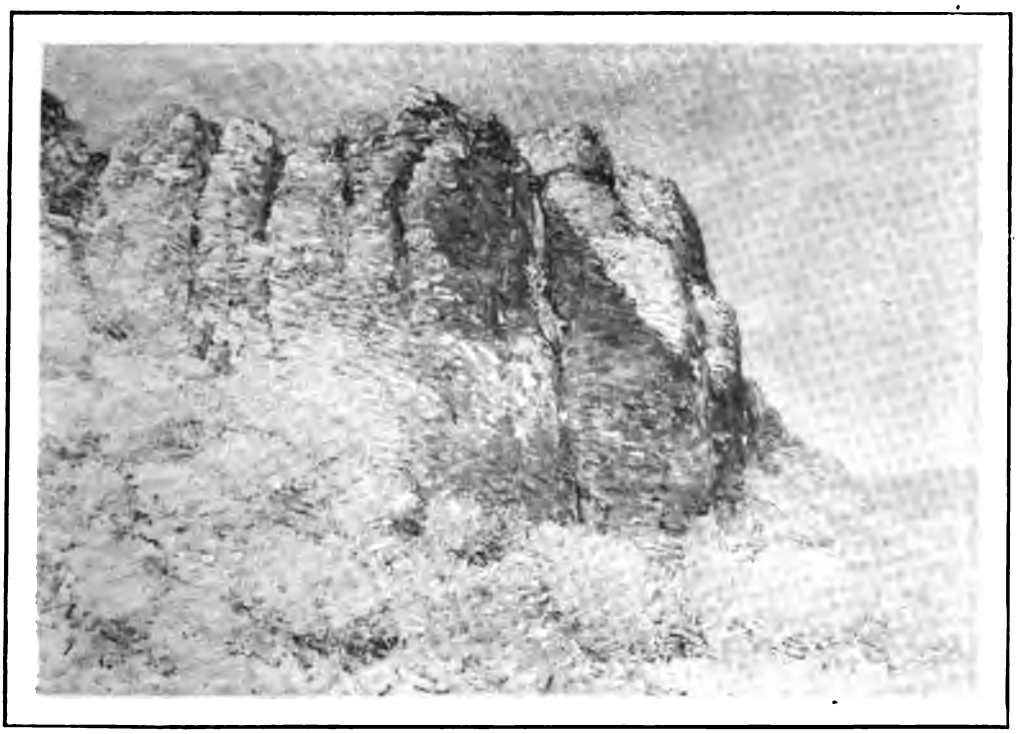
OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY OF THE BLITZEN, TO STEIN'S MOUNTAIN. ALMOST NONE OF THE VALLEY IS VISIBLE.

Hassam is strikingly original—not only in style, but in concept. What makes him valuable to the world is that he was born a colorist,—born with a keen sense of beauty and a power for arrangement, and has mastered a technique quite his own which gives a wonderful facility. In the two months spent in Eastern Oregon, he painted (as I remember the number) the twenty-seven canvases recently exhibited at the Portland Art Museum, some very important in size (thirty by forty inches), besides some ten or a dozen small panels. His landscapes, even the largest, are painted in one "go"—say from two to five hours, with possibly some reconsideration or additional touches next day; but essentially the picture is done at once.

Hassam fulfils his own criterion of a painter; one who can paint what he sees, and who paints it as he sees it—seeing it beautiful. Portraits, nudes, still life, landscape, idyls, mural decorations. He is the omniverous painter and always the artist. Unfortunately there are many skillful painters who are not artists. The artist is born, not made.

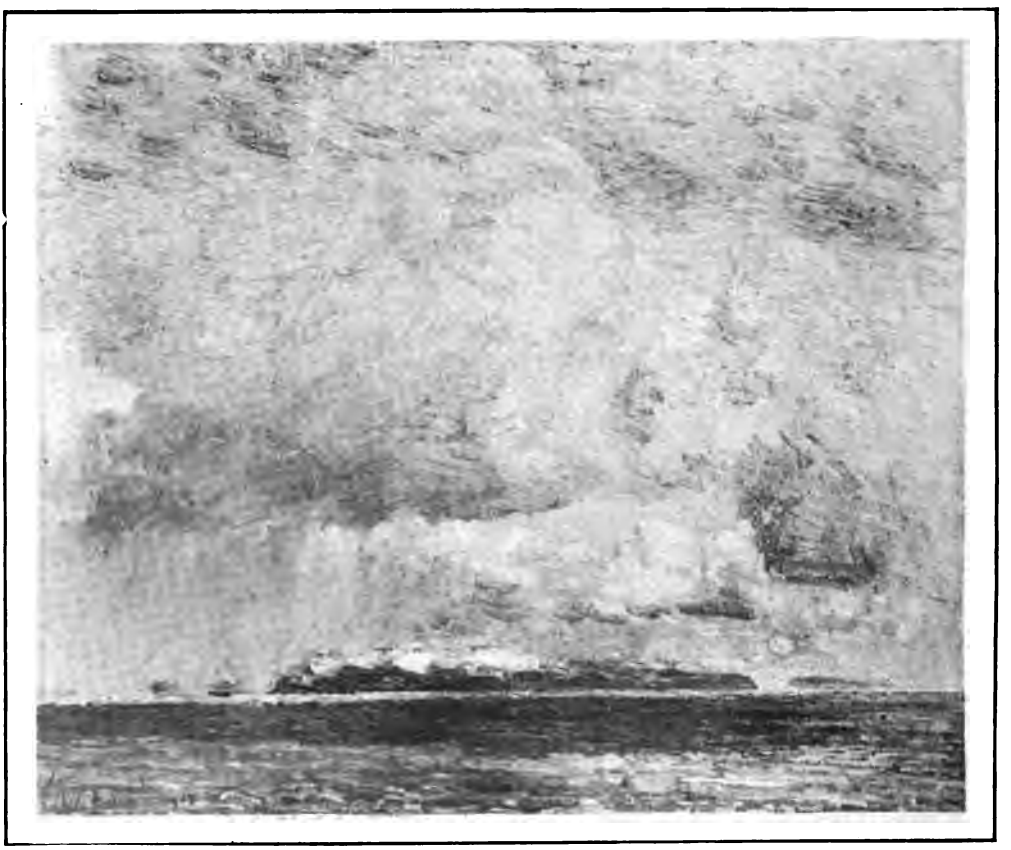
To those curious in hereditary traits, it is interesting to note that Albert P. Ryder, great colorist and poet dreamer in paint, and William Gedney Bunce, a great colorist, and Hassam are all of Puritan New England extraction. That is to say, men peculiarly sensuous and gifted with extreme sensitiveness to beauty are derived from Puritan stock. To them may be added Olin L. Warner, decidedly the greatest artist in sculpture this country has produced.

I have been awaiting the arrival of a catalogue giving details of Mr. Hassam's life and achievements, but now the printer is pressing so I can only add that Mr. Hassam was born in Boston and is represented in the principal permanent collections of the country and has been awarded all the honors to be secured in this country. This is well, for not often is genious recognized in its own day. But the important thing is that the people should appreciate him, and that I believe they do. The cowboys and stockmen seemed to find a delight in the beauty of the canvases he painted among them, quite as genuine though more picturesquely expressed than that of the cultured amateur. These men of the desert saw without exception what the more conventionally minded do not always see; that is, Hassam's power as a draughtsman, his insistence on form. Those who are schooled to believe drawing consists of a hard, continuous, well-defined line, fail to appreciate Hassam's really exquisite drawing, in which the line is lost at points and its value varies exactly as it does in Nature. It is this subtlety which aids so much toward the effect of light and air and the poetry of the picture. I have only time to add that nearly all the pictures exhibited in Portland were painted in Harney County, Oregon, the high, so-called desert plateau. One was done in Catlow Valley, and three of Malheur Butte, in Malheur



SOME ROCKS BRILLIANTLY COLORED IN RED AND YELLOW, AGAINST A BRIGHT BLUE SKY.

County. They all express the clear air and brilliant, blazing light of these high dry altitudes. They are all done with an infallible instinct for decorative arrangement. They are all beautiful, all works of art. I am sorry I cannot describe them in detail. The reproductions give only an idea of the composition. The reader will have to imagine instead of these dull grays, the brilliant skies, luminous clouds, bright yellow foregrounds, or delicate light gray when it is sage brush, and the opalescent, far distant hills in the horizon.



A MASTERLY PRESENTATION OF A SNOWSTORM IN HARNEY VALLEY, SEEN FROM THE RANCH OF WILLIAM HANLEY, TO WHOM OUR PARTY IS MUCH INDEBTED.

The Prospector

By Fred R. Bechdolt

Author of "9009," "The Hard Rock Man," Etc.



HERE the desert rested, a lukewarm creek crept stealthily from the hot sand. It shimmered a space in the blazing sun-rays; took refuge beneath the arid branches of a dozen cottonwoods whose leaves, though June was barely begun, were already sere; and then, grown stronger, rippled through a vivid patch of alfalfa. An exact quarter of a mile from the place of its appearance it sank back wearily into the baked earth. The oasis showed from a distance, a green oblong, standing out sharp against its setting of brown. In its center sprawled an adobe ranch-house and a half-dozen outbuildings. From either end a road wound along the foot of the gaunt hills, gray, bordered by two glaring, white alkali ditches.

Two old men sat on the wide porch of the ranch-house, near them an earthen water-bottle hanging from a post. Their faces were red where the sun had flayed them for many years; their lips were seamed and hard like their gnarled hands; the hair of each was streaked and patched with gray; and their backs were bent between the shoulder-blades. Their features were peculiarly steady, set to far looking and to endurance, without any possibility of the quick light of expression—as though they were thinly filmed in stone. Their eyes, red-lidded from the glare of shimmering sun-rays, were mystical with this same mask of the desert's giving. One of them wore a long, white beard; the other, tall and gaunt, was beardless; his face was marked with deep lines. Both gazed silently in the same direction and they did not move. Whither they looked, two small, black specks crawled slowly along the gray road where it slanted upward to a sharp, uncompromising sky-line. The two old men sat, bent-backed, peering with their mystical eyes; the two specks crawled slowly, growing smaller and smaller, until they reached the meeting-place of parched earth and parching sky. There, suddenly, jigging heat-waves enwrapped them, lifted them high, spread them, and they showed for a moment, the long wavering images of a man and a burro. The dancing air distorted them, held them, caricatured like silhouettes on a loose and flapping screen; spread them to gigantic proportions, and let them vanish. The two old men straightened their backs and looked at each other listlessly, as men look when the last excuse for diversion has departed and they are again thrown back upon themselves.

The tall man rose and went stiffly to the water-jar. He took from its nail a battered tin dipper which clinked musically against the jar's porous side as he filled it. When he had drunk deeply he looked with lightless steadiness, almost weariness, at the other and stretched out his lean arm, pointing with the dipper handle to the sky-line where the silhouettes had vanished.

"A good boy," he said, "a good, lusty boy."

The man with the white beard nodded: "I 've known him from a baby," he answered drearily.

"And now"—the gaunt man paused—"now he 's striking out."

" 'Tis a good proposition he has," the white-bearded man said listlessly.

"That 's the worst of it," said the gaunt man.

They looked at each other; then their eyes again sought the shimmering desert. They gazed into its dim reaches where sharp lines melted into strange dun-colored shadowings. They said nothing. After a long time they nodded to each other in complete understanding,

as though both had read out there something at once inexorable and inevitable.

Beyond the sky-line, where the heat-waves danced weirdly, never tiring so long as day lasted, the gray road still crawled on; the same glaring, white alkali ditches lined it; it found the foot of the same gaunt hills. And ahead a sky-line rose again, knife-like, uncompromising, where heat waves jigged again grotesquely.

In the gray road the man and the burro moved steadily onward. About their feet the gray dust rose, a succession of heavy puffs which united, waist high, in a mantling cloud. The burro bore a heavy pack which clung to his back, a huge incubus, deforming him. The man carried a staff with which he occasionally goaded the animal as the latter lagged. He was hardly more than a boy, red faced, large featured, a shock of blonde hair beneath his dusty brimmed felt hat. Though he had walked many miles since sunrise his long booted legs swung freely. And while his tall frame bent slightly forward, it was not the stoop of weariness; rather it was the poise of one who sees something ahead. This same bodily expression showed in his face. Desert winds and sun of the desert had smitten it until it had become set to endure, and the eyes had gazed into far distances until they, too, had become set. He wore the same thin, stone mask of the desert which the old men at the ranch-house wore. But behind it, through it, something showed, indomitable and eager, intangible yet very present, the something which kept the body bent forward. It was in the steady eyes, in the lips. The desert had not yet taken it from him.

The man and the burro traveled slowly in the gray road, but steadily, without rest, as they had traveled since morning. On to where the heat-waves had jigged on the sky-line; on down the next slope, across the middle distance toward the next meeting place of sand and hot heaven. Always the road beneath their feet was gray, giving forth gray dust-puffs as they trod it; always the two chalk-white alkali ditches stretched like glaring ribbons on either side. The gaunt hills rose to the right, naked, verdureless, scarred in places by winds and cloudbursts, blackened again as by fire, lifting warped summits toward the blazing sky. Between two domes of black lava boulders the road plunged in and up among them. The burro traveled wearily but the stride of the man, though slower, was even steadier than it had been, and he still leaned slightly forward as he walked, looking straight ahead as though his goal were in sight. Thus they climbed several miles; then they traversed a long plateau where greasewood clumps dotted the rolling hills and wind-bent yuccas lifted thorn-tufted branches like seared arms thrown heavenward in gestures of agony.

The ground beneath their feet was hard and stony; the afternoon sun, beginning to wane, glared into the man's face. Once he stopped, unslung a canteen from his burro's pack, drank sparingly, then strode on, prodding the animal with his staff.

They descended a long slope; ahead, beneath their feet, a blue sheet of water rippled in a breeze and green trees waved coolly on the other side. The man looked and his face did not change; he did not change his pace. Slowly, as they moved toward it, the lake lifted high, then vanished. An hour later they crossed its dry floor, flat, white, checked with wide cracks in which lizards lay panting.

They climbed another hill; the sun became a red ball and vanished, painting a saw-toothed mountain range opalescent tints. Dusk came and a tiny star grew big and yellow near the world's edge. Other stars blazed in the black sky. The smell of water came to their nostrils and the burro's ears went forward. They entered a thicket of sprawling mesquite and stopped by a plank-covered well.

When he had unpacked his burro the man kindled a fire and cooked his supper and afterward he wrapped himself in his blankets. While the little animal browsed among the mesquite and the cactus he lay staring at the star-flecked blackness. Staring steadily, seeing yet not seeing, the glory above him, he thought; and the intangible something behind the mask

of the desert's giving crept forth, first from his eyes, then spread over his big features. Hope born of courage and strong belief, the unbreakable belief of youth, kept him thus awake staring upward until weariness from the long day's journey crept up over his limbs, mantling his body. He sighed deeply, his eyes closed, and he slept until dawn began to whiten the sky's rim. He kindled his fire in the cold of early morning and breakfasted in its grateful warmth; and, an hour after he had risen, he was walking steadily along the gray road, urging on the laden burro. The sun, flaring forth, scattered the bold glories of dawn from the horizon behind him. It climbed and smote his back. He journeyed all day to its scourging and another night found him sipping scantily from his canteen, dry-camped where a water-hole had been.

All of a third day he traveled the gray road, climbing upward, ever upward, over arid summits, across thirsty plateaus where the yuccas, like live things struck dead in terrible gestures of protest, pointed with their hideous arms toward the pitiless heavens; on steadily and up, through dust that dragged at his feet like loose ashes, over rocks that gave back to the sky with increase the heat it had rained upon them; on and up, still bending forward, looking ahead past the jigging heat-waves where tortured earth met the sky which flayed it. He did not stop, though the sun-rays descended like a heavy load upon his head and thirst began to swell his tongue. His canteen was empty now. He walked steadily; the set mask of endurance covered his face, but the light still shone from behind it, and he still bent forward as though he saw his goal. The third night found him walking, walking, walking, in a gray-black road that seemed to wind over a waving sea, beneath a black sky which blazed with huge yellow stars. Night wore on; his mouth was dry as ashes; fever of thirst burned him. The stars began to pale, white appeared at the sky's edge behind him, then pale pink. Dawn was crimson when he threw himself prone, face downward, beside a tiny spring which crept from a ledge of green-patched rock where two beetling summits flanked a stone-strewn gorge.

The next morning, when sleep and water had revived him, he climbed to the summit above the little spring. At the top of the hill he scaled a low ledge of the green-patched rock and on the brink of this he paused. He stood straight, his shoulders back, his big features glowing, his blonde hair catching a ray of sunlight from the radiant east, and he looked along the line of the cropping. It rose, sharp, clearly defined against the country rock; it stretched ahead of him, down the slope, across the gorge and up over the opposite summit—one hundred feet wide; on the hill across the canyon it radiated like the ribs of a fan. He looked in silence; then said aloud:

"Some day—and then——"

His mouth shut tight and his head snapped back. He said it quietly, and decisively, like a promise. It was his first word since, in passing, he had stopped to exchange greetings with the two old men at the ranch-house.

He spent the better part of the day going to and fro between his camp and a plank-covered shaft where the slope broke into the canyon. The shaft lay in the path of the great cropping; it was fifty feet in depth. It and three shallow excavations made up the showing for two years' toil and hardship.

Two years! In that space he had made many journeys to this place, and the last of these journeys had been the easiest. Once, half mad with thirst, he had crawled to the spring by the green-patched rocks, guided by instinct, kept moving to purpose by sheer, dogged will. And once, when his burro had strayed away from him into the desert, he had been forced to leave the camp on his arrival and journey back one hundred miles on foot without food. Weary weeks had dragged into weary months since he had found the great copper cropping. He had set his monuments, drilled into the rock, blasted, borne burdens, without ceasing. And for a showing, a concrete result, he had the shaft, fifty feet down into the rock—the other holes meant nothing.

Men had seldom come near him, and the few he had seen had not lingered. Once a friend had passed with news of a big free-milling strike to the east; and once a party, laden with tools and provisions, had told him of rich ore within fifty miles. He had paid no heed to these lures. He had stuck to the great cropping. Summer sun had blazed upon him and the tempests of winter had scourged him as he worked. Each morning had seen him going to the mouth of the shaft and each morning on his way he had stopped at the summit and had looked along the ledge; and then he had said, without any lilt of feeling in his voice, "Some day—and then—" And his lips had shut tight as his head went back.

On his trips to Las Vegas he had met men from far corners of the southwestern deserts, grizzled prospectors, close shaven, brown-faced mining engineers, freighters into whose deep-lined features the gray dust of the road had sunk and settled for all time. He had met them in the stores, on the sidewalk, in the cool saloon whose mirror was covered by a gaudy painting of a tree-topped waterfall. They told him of new places, of good wages, of rich finds, and sometimes one of them came from Los Angeles with tales of the city, its hundreds of tempting amusements, the orange groves and the cool beaches. He had listened to them, standing in front of the bar, staring silently at the gorgeously painted mirror. He had never joined in the drinking, or, when the place grew noisy, in the rougher relaxations. Once he had tried to get a partner, but the men to whom he had broached the subject had laughed at him and had shaken their heads. Gold was what they wanted —free-milling gold.

So he had gone back alone to his ledge of green-patched rock and he had worked alone. Fifty feet he had bored; every foot had meant pain of heavy labor and big endurance. He had run short of funds; but at fifty feet he had gotten something tangible, something which proved what he had known—bright green rock fragments which meant one thing—a rich ore body carrying permanent values down in the bosom of the mountain. He had carried out a little canvas sack full of these specimens on his last journey and had shown them to a mining engineer in Las Vegas. He had returned without the specimens, in their place a promise.

Each morning, on his way to the shaft mouth, he stopped at the summit and looked along the length of the great cropping; and, looking, he repeated— "Some day—and then——" These were the only words he ever uttered. They were his promise to himself of ultimate reward; his assurance to himself that the end of the toil and the hardship and the stern privation was somewhere; his reiteration of the statement that he would some day *live*. He said this and he looked along the cropping each morning, regularly, as a Mohammedan says his prayer and saying it faces the east.

Then each day he went to work. He climbed down the rickety ladders to the bottom of the shaft. There he toiled, bent-backed, a steel drill in one hand, a sledge in the other. The clink-clink, clink-clink of his hammer never lagged.. And the air of the shaft was like the air of a furnace. Each noon he loaded his holes, set his fuse, lighted it, climbed upward and drew after him the last length of ladder. Each afternoon he cleared away the broken rock, the debris of the shot. It was slow work; he loaded the fragments into a bucket, climbed to the top, drew up the bucket by a rude windlass, emptied it on the little green dump; then went back to begin again. He worked just this way, no change, day after day, week after week. Returning at night to cook his supper he sometimes stumbled from weariness. His coarse garments bore huge stains from perspiration. Callouses on his palms grew so hard that he had trouble in trimming them with the sharp blade of his pocket-knife. Every day the same— the coarse, greasy breakfast, the climb up the stony hill, the pause on the summit, facing along the cropping, the promise, grim as the prayer of a Moslem fanatic, the day in the close hot shaft with the sweat smarting his eyelids, the heavy-footed return to camp, the tedium of cooking supper—then sleep.

Summer waned and with its waning there came one night a four-mule team. Returning to his camp he saw the mining engineer from Las Vegas leap from the wagon and run toward him, laughing and shouting greeting. He answered with a bare monosyllable. Repression was second nature with him and he had fallen out of the habit of talking. The next morning they went to the shaft and, when the boy stopped at the summit and uttered his invocation to his own will, the man from Las Vegas looked at him curiously, then, understanding, smiled kindly. They climbed down the rickety ladders to the foot of the shaft and looked at the rock in its depths; they visited the shallower holes, then they went again to the summit where the great cropping sloped away before them, rugged, uncompromising, standing out among the surrounding formations. The man from Las Vegas stood silent a moment; then spread out his arms and his eyes grew big as the gesture became mighty. "Lad," he cried aloud, "you 've a mountain of copper bigger than Butte hill."

"Yes," said the boy flatly, "I know." His big features did not relax.

Three months afterward the place glared with galvanized iron roofs and rang with a multitude of sounds. A gasoline hoisting engine barked staccato in the gulch; clink of metal on rock rang day and night; freight wagons creaked on the hillside; men worked in three shifts, and six green dumps from as many shafts lengthened steadily. Along the gray road, the road the boy had traveled alone wearily, a stage hurried creakingly, three times a week. A hotel sprang up by the green-patched rocks where the little spring came forth; two restaurants came into existence in a night. Men in far cities talked with wonder of the new camp. But nowhere was the enthusiasm so great as in the camp itself. Wildcatters came by hundreds and a recorder's office was kept busy six days a week with the filings of companies who made capital out of the closeness of their holdings to the great deposit.

Then came experts from the East, hard-eyed men who spent days on the cropping; then a geologist of note.

* * * * *

One day six men sat in a heavily carpeted office on the top floor of a lean building where an Eastern city congested. They were firm-jawed, heavy-mouthed, with fine lines about their eyes and they talked with their heads close together of plans involving tremendous work and wealth—plans which centered on copper. They wanted more of the metal. They spoke of Alaskan ledges, of Mexican deposits, of ore bodies in Utah and of shaft-pocked hillsides, hideous with gallows-frames in Butte, of holdings which they owned, of property they might buy, and of working mines which they might wrest from the owners. Then the master mind among them told them what he had learned from the geologist of note. A few days afterward the six climbed out from two big red automobiles whose engines, hideous without their hoods, had startled the new camp with their barkings. They spent five hours in the place and when they left the cropping belonged to them. The boy watched them as they departed. He did not yet realize that he held in his breast pocket a check bearing six figures. He was too dazed. At first he was too dazed to know that fulfilment of the promise he made himself each morning on the hilltop had come.

The whole world had changed. It had changed in a few hours. He knew this and the feeling which the knowledge brought was one of vague discomfort. He had come to the end of his planning and some way he was not ready for it. Gradually it came to him, as he loafed through the day, visiting shaft house and machine shop and absently answering the greetings which were showered on him from all sides, that the fulfilment of his promise, in his hands now, was after all an indefinite something. He had looked forward as far as one thing, the materialization of his hopes regarding the mine. Then he was to *live*. The hopes had materialized. And he did not know what life meant.

That night the camp banqueted. He sat at a long table with mining promoters

and merchants, the new crop of men whom the latter days of the camp had brought forth. There were many speeches and they drank champagne cooled on ice which had been freighted from Las Vegas. He listened to the speeches; they exhilerated him more than the wine. With exhileration came understanding. *He* was the big man of the moment. He had done it; he had done what only one man among thousands could do, one man among a million, perhaps. He had made the desert give up its secret and had shown it to the world. He had found it; and he could do it again. He was rich; and the power of getting wealth was his possession. He lost his taciturnity and when his turn came he was proud to speak. Dawn of the next morning, the searing dawn of the desert, found him in the camp's most ornate saloon, boasting, the center of a large circle, whose members listened to his every word.

Then came days of wild excitement, the fierce growth of a mining camp. Men threw away money which they made as easily as they spent it. The boy rejoiced in this. He had thousands, and tens of thousands—and he could not spend it. The thing lasted a week and he grew weary of it. He became weary with the camp. He was sick of the desert. He sought what he had promised himself—*life*—and he went to the city.

In Los Angeles and San Francisco the newspaper reporters found him a picturesque figure, with his laced boots, his broad hat and his flannel shirt. But that lasted a few days only. One morning he appeared in a business suit of tweeds which hung illy on his big-boned figure.

There were more joys here than he had dreamed there could be—and he tasted them all, one after another. One after another, and in quick succession, for something kept him restless. He could no more keep to one pleasure than he could stay in one place. And the money seemed inexhaustible, at times that almost irritated him.

Then he tried the excitement of business, and he became an investor.

He had been sick of the camp, where the great cropping thrust itself from the mountain. There came to him now a mighty sickness, a nausea, a hatred of the city. And one morning, shortly after it had developed, he awoke to find that he was penniless. He went to his trunk, an oblong, many-trayed affair, and he threw out the trays one after another, scattering on the carpeted floor of his hotel room in grand confusion and terrible riot of colors his latest acquisitions in haberdashery. At the bottom of the trunk he found what he wanted. He did n't know why, but he had kept them —his old outfit, the dust-stained hat, the sweat-marked flannel shirt, the laced boots, the overalls. He felt a throb of joy at the mingled odors of smoke and grease and trail dust, as he drew them on.

Where the desert rested the little creek crept, lukewarm, from the parched earth and sought the shade of the sere cottonwoods. And on the broad porch of the adobe ranch-house the two old men sat, watching again two specks grow small where the gray road met the sharp sky-line. The specks crawled on; the two old men watched, bent-backed, with their mystical eyes; and then, when jigging heat-waves seized them, the dots became again the long, wavering images of a man and a burro. They swelled, lengthened, vanished. The old men looked apathetically at one another and nodded their heads in confirmation of what they had read a year before.

Out beyond the sky-line where dust puffs rose on the long gray road the boy, booted, bearing his staff, urging his burro, strode steadily on, leaning slightly forward as though he saw something ahead.

Theory of Organic Life

(Second Paper)

Left and Right Handedness

By James Rhoderick Kendall

Author's Note:—About the year 1898 I began a series of papers under the title "Genesis of Mind," which gradually led me to the conclusion that as man has a waking or active state, so nature in general has an active, waking state, illustrated by her flowing rivers, moving storms, etc.

Then followed papers on the mental manifestations, symbolized by the general operations of nature. This, after all, was but the generalization of the active phases of energy. Much reflection followed, resulting in the conception that sleep, hitherto so completely ignored in scientific philosophy, is the passive phase of organic energy —that "mind is polar." This disclosed the opening to the labyrinth. "Mind" and life are inseparable terms;—life is polar. This led to change of title, to correspond with enlarged view, to Theory of Organic Life. The title is yet too narrow,—it should be Theory of Being, as all is governed by the same laws,—life being only an incident. But as this theory shows the relations of life to the laws of motion, its title is justified. "Evolution" treats of environment, heredity, etc., and though this phase of the subject, logically should come first, yet they are destined to live together as a completed whole. Many who profess to believe in evolution, will be ready to sneer at this because that is such an easy way to display superior intellect. They firmly believe in evolution, yet the highest proof of its truth is in the fact that the blood of man and that of the five anthropoid apes have the same reaction when introduced into the veins of any inferior animal. Neither have I any direct proof of my position and will be charged with "assuming the thing to be proved" to a greater or lesser extent, —to which I hereby plead guilty to a justifiable extent. The thing to be proved is, that sleep is the passive, or negative, phase of organic motion, one of the two equal and opposite factors of life. To this end an article was published in the Pacific Monthly for October, 1908, devoted to the proof that (1) that laws of motion are uniform (2) that every completed motion has its positive and negative phases, throughout inanimate nature. We hold that analogy proves that man's sleeping state is this negative phase of motion, true throughout nature. This present article with the sub-title, "Right and Left Handedness," is devoted to the same proof,—only the critic will say: "The assumption is more glaring since Right and Left Handedness is itself an unexplained mystery. It is but another alias for the greater mystery: waking and sleeping. The viewpoint of the subject is monism or materialism.



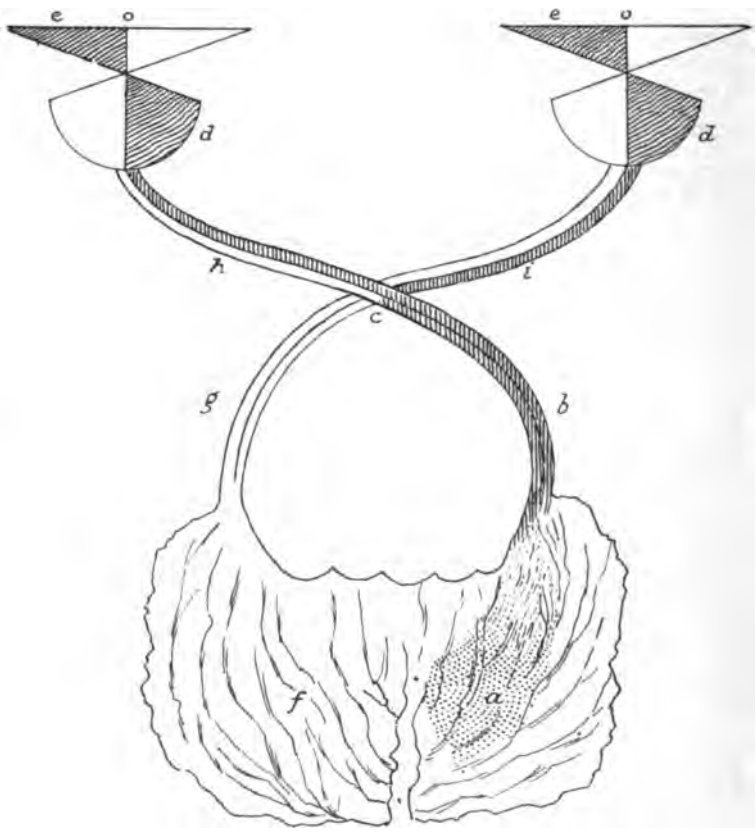
AS a rule chickens begin to scratch with the right foot, though some individual chicken may begin to scratch most often with the left foot, indicating that it is left-footed.

When one starts to walk, as a rule he will lead off with the right foot. When going down a stairway or over dangerous ground, where the advance is made with one foot, in a large percentage of cases it will be the right.

As these are all unconscious acts, lying outside the influence of education, they become doubly significant, indicating that the phases of energy which move the opposite sides of the body are not the same, but that one phase is dominant, leading in all effort, and more reliable in cases of danger.

This phase of energy is what is meant by right-handedness. Is nature right and left-handed? See diagram of vision after Sequin (*James' Psychology*). This diagram was given to illustrate the result produced on vision by disease in the right occipital lobe of brain marked *a*, darkened to show disease. The right nerve tract, *b*, is darkened to *c*, the point of crossing of nerve tracts, to indicate the total absence of the right-hand factor

of vision. From *c* on, a double nerve-tract is provided, one for each phase of vision, the tract leading to the right side of the retina of each eye being darkened to indicate blindness of the right phase of vision caused by disease at *a*. The right retina of each eye, *d d*, and the left field of vision for each eye, *e e*, are also darkened, from the same cause. The optic fibres, *f*, being sound, is indicated by



the light, left nerve-tract, *g*, ramifying to left retina of each eye, showing that the left phase of vision is normal, as is indicated also by the right field of vision.

This study also offers an explanation of the fact that we see but one object when in fact two different impressions, one on each eye, are received. The right and left phases of vision are united at *c* where there is evident correlation, since *b* and *g* are respectively included in the compound nerve-tracts *h* and *i*.

And still another mysterious fact of vision is explained by this right-and-left-hand view of the subject, viz: the "blind spot." There are two blind spots, one for each eye, as any one may prove for himself, located on the lines *o o*, where the right and left fields of vision for each eye join. Look steadily at a small spot on a light wall with the left eye closed, holding the lock end of a key up between the right eye and the spot. Move the key a few degrees to right and find dark spot for right eye. Close right eye and proceed as before, only move key to left. Hold up two keys at once and find both spots at same time. Notice two spirit keys standing, one to right and one to left, still farther watching the last experiment.

The line, *o o*, in geography would be called equator, in astronomy the equinox, in electrical science the neutral line or zero potential. As the union of the crest and trough of the sound-wave gives sil-

ence, so the joining of these opposite phases of vision gives light-silence, *i. e.*, darkness. If one eye were destroyed, vision in the remaining eye might remain perfect, since both the right and left phases of vision are represented by either eye, as the diagram indicates. These opposite phases or factors of energy are as inseparable as the poles of the planet. As vision is one of the phenomena of motion, these opposite factors must both be present, since no completed motion in this universe is possible without them. But if both factors of vision are present in each eye or its structure, how can one eye be a right eye and the other a left, except as an indication of difference in location? This similarity of structure and apparent sameness of function would seem to imply that they are alike; so we have two feet and two hands, which are similar in structure, yet decidedly unlike in function. The poles of a planet are similar in structure, yet they stand facing each other like the two hands whose functions are directly opposite. If the two hands could change places, the palms would face outward, or the thumbs would be down. The suggestion is made to show its impossibility. The study of material forms is a great aid to the study of the mystery of energy.

It is generally understood, or confessed, that man cannot understand woman, no more can the woman understand man. It is the right hand trying to comprehend the left or the left to comprehend the right; neither is convertible into terms of the other. They are attracted toward each other, not because they are alike, but because they are unlike; because one is a right hand and the other a left; one a right eye and the other a left; because one stands for the positive phase of energy and the other the negative phase. We have before us the dynamo and motor principles, the sleeping and waking factors of being. The falling pendulum cannot comprehend the rising pendulum, and yet they are bound together by an indissoluble bond of attraction. The mystery of creation is held inviolable, in the marriage bond of that attraction.

A simple test will show that one eye is dominant in the fact of vision. Hold up a pencil on a line with some small object before you with both eyes open, then close the right eye and observe that the point of pencil seems to swing to the right. This gives line of vision for the left eye. Now open right eye and close the left, and you will have the line of vision for the right eye, and the point of pencil will come back in line with the object, showing that the line of vision for the right eye is the same as the line of vision for both eyes, proving that the right eye is dominant in determining the line of vision, *i. e.*, that you are right-eyed as well as right-handed and right-footed. In a few cases this experience of the pencil test will be reversed, showing that the left eye is the right or dominant eye. This change is in the brain—it is not an exception—it is right-handedness reversed.

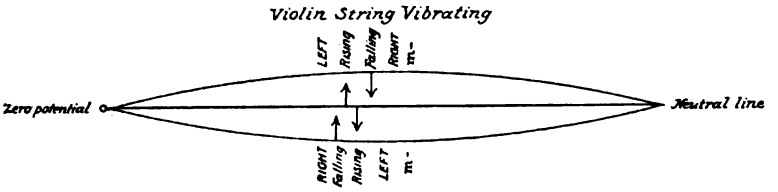
If a magnet were turned over its principle would remain the same.

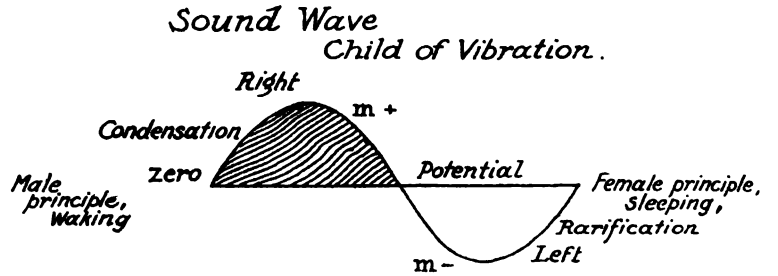
The principle of sex is involved in the act of vision, as it is involved in every phenomenon of motion. The father and mother of normal vision are the left and right lobes or halves of the brain, which stand in the same relation as the opposite poles of the magnet, and this relation is infinitely repeated throughout the infinite movements in nature. The poles must be connected in circuit that the divine operator may, by touching the key, articulate the exhaustless batteries of energy into the harmony of creation. The vibrating pendulum does n't give tone but time; the vibrations of the violin string do not give time but tone; the vibrations of the optical chords do not give time nor tone, but light. The falling pendulum is the right hand or closed circuit, the rising pendulum the left hand or open circuit. See diagram of falling and rising violin string. The vibrating string rises from the center of the arc of vibration and falls towards this center, the rising movement illustrating the left-hand phase of energy, and giving rise to the rarification of the sound-wave; while its falling motion illustrates the positive, or right-hand phase of energy and creates the condensation of the sound-wave.

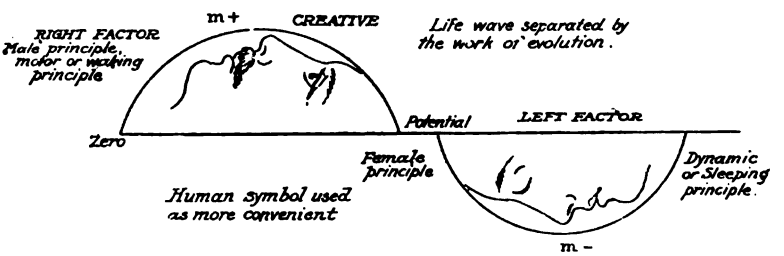
The sound-wave is the offspring, the unit of creative energy, since it includes both principles of sex—its dynamic mother and motor father—the rising and falling violin string.

In the general operations of inanimate nature these right and left principles of being are never separated, but in the organic world, among the higher forms of life, they have swung apart, and have separate individual existences, though still united in principle, and we see everywhere before us the male and female, or the right and left poles of the waves of life; the right and left eyes of organic being squinting at each other, and vainly trying to solve the riddle before them. Each is but a part of the truth of existence, and a part cannot comprehend the whole. The tidal force of evolution has separated them, and though a wave in water, air or ether could not be separated without destroying both the right and left or male and female principles represented by it, yet this miracle has been performed by the work of evolution, in the organic world.

As one eye is dominant in determining the line of vision, so one sex-factor will be dominant in determining the line of creative vision or life line. One of the parental factors is usually much better represented than the other by the offspring. In the operations of inanimate nature these right and left phases of the sex-principle are ideally represented, the rise and fall of the pendulum, the crest and trough of the wave, etc., being reciprocals, determinable by mathematics, but in the organic world, characterized by great instability of structure, these factors are subject to great change and the principles mix, leading to infinite modifications, with which this paper has but







little concern. These changes or mixing of the opposite sex-principles are popularly recognized in the terms "masculine women" and "effeminate men," who are likely to mate in life, since all true marriage is founded on the law of reciprocals. It matters little in the order of nature, which is primary and which is secondary, since this distinction is the true marriage bond, though it be a case of left-handed vision.

My dear Miss Rarification or Left-hand Highness or Lowness, as the case might be, would make a form of address of rare psychologic significance entirely in consonance with the eternal verities.

A high degree of right and left handedness, in the marital state, is highly beneficial to the race, giving it that force-sign called virility. When the Latin blood from the south met the Teutonic blood from the north on the theatre of Europe, the virility of modern nations resulted from the magnetic shock.

An old nation is one that has become homogeneous, that is, by inbreeding has lost, in a marked degree, the psychologic distinction between right and left-handedness. Its name in astronomy is eccentricity.

A marked degree of this distinction in the organic world gives a marked degree of virility, the life-pendulum is caused to swing through a longer arc and the motion is accelerated. Luther Burbank and other famous horticulturists are engaged in the process of increasing the eccentricity of plant life. Every successful farmer learns that his seed-wheat must be renewed and his animal stock crossed often, to insure the most vigorous results. By these measures he counteracts the constant tendency towards homogeniety, oneness, by maintaining or increasing the principle of eccentricity in plant and animal life, *i. e.*, their right and left-handedness.

If I should say these things are done to increase sexual vigor, it would sound more familiar and reasonable. That is just what I am saying, for this paper is written to show that right and left-handedness is but another alias for the positive and negative phases of energy; the male and female principles in nature, and the waking and sleeping factors of being.

The factors of being may be called:

Phases of Identical Meaning.	Right and left-handedness.
	The male and female principles.
	Waking and sleeping.
	The positive and negative phases of energy.

The farmer's wife also discovers that her sour-dough has lost vigor and must be crossed with potato-water, to increase what? Have we something new here? Well, suppose it was Diana, and her dough-pot was the universe, and she discovered that the circling molecules called planets were losing their eccentricities—their sexual vigor—(the principles of sex are inherent in matter)—their right and left-handedness; that the principles of waking and sleeping were becoming neutralized, (no waking, no sleeping, no eccentricity); that the chemistry of the skies was fast losing the distinction of acid and base and approaching the condition of the neutral salt; well, I can't tell just what she would stir into the pot to revive the planetary movements, but I 'm satisfied it would increase their eccentricities or right and left-handedness, just as the farmer's wife vigorized the molecular movements in her dough-pot. The planets have but little to tell the dough-pots about the principles of eccentricity.

The magnet is the symbol of the general and special operations in nature—and art for that matter—since all movement must comply with the same law. An experiment will show that so-called lines of force are passing out of the positive pole through the air and re-entering the negative pole. This fact suggests the thought that the ultimate constitution of matter is in—shall we say a right-hand whirl? I am writing this with the hand called the right, because it is a natural channel for the flow of human energy. Is this fact related to the fact that lines of force are flowing out of the positive pole of the magnet? If I am right-handed because of this fact, then it is right-handed for the same reason. This gives us a definition for right and left hand, viz., the right hand is a convenient alias for the positive pole of energy, and the left hand for the negative pole of energy.

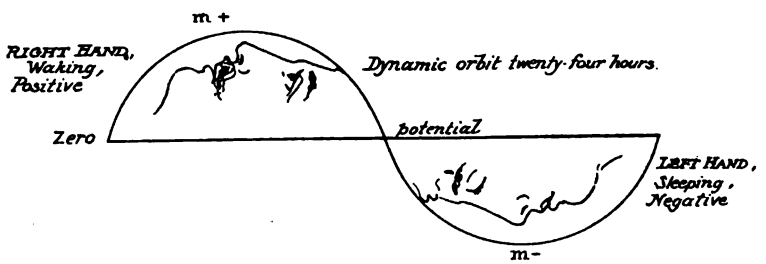
As the magnet is an epitome of the operations or movements of nature, so is man, so is any organic form. The left-hand movements in nature are much more obscure, being for the most part molecular; the spring-winding operations, which give rise to nearly all observable movements, called molar, the positive or the right-hand movements.

The rising moisture is the left-hand or negative movement, the sleep movement of aqueous vapor; the streams returning to the sea are the right-hand or positive movement, the waking movement of the waters. The neutral line, the "dark spot," is sea-level, which is neither right nor left, neither waking nor sleeping with reference to these movements, but the equator, the equinox, that lies at the center of every completed movement. The electric cars, which go thundering by my door every few minutes, are another of the innumerable suggestive analogies of the outflowing lines of force from the positive or right hand, or waking pole of the magnet. But as this is a different form of energy, it had to pass through the left hand or sleeping phase first, at the falls of the Willamette, where the dynamic spring is wound, storing up a part of the energy of another falling pendulum, the Willamette River, to be transported in left-hand, or potential, or sleeping bundles of ten thousand volts to St. Johns, over a wire, and there turned loose in suitable quantities, to rush, like down-flowing water, through an electric motor, back towards the sea-level of energy, driving the cars in its course and illustrating the right-hand or waking phase of energy. Wind your watch and you illustrate what takes place at the waterfalls. The hand that turns the key is the falling water, the energy stored in the spring is the dynamic phase, the running watch is the motor phase—the moving cars at St. Johns. Here is another illustration for those who do not believe there is any such thing as right and left hand, etc., "just 'cause they dont."

Dynamo	Motor
Left	Right
Negative	Positive
Sleeping	Waking

If they will hold these words before the mirror, they will see in it a right hand translation for one set of words, and a left-hand translation for the other.

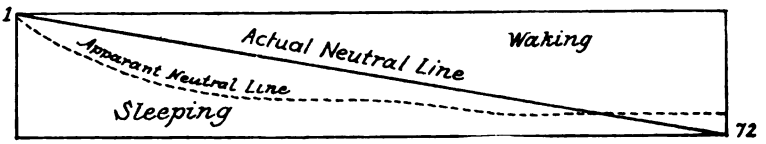
In my former article, "Theory of Organic Life," in the October *Pacific Monthly*, I defined man as "A living planet with a dynamic revolution of twenty-four hours." The orbit of a planet is a wave, as was shown in that article. This diagram before you is a wave-form, and man is represented in the two opposite states through which matter must pass in every revolution. As the wave-form represents the two opposite phases of energy, it is used as the most suggestive symbol. It is an orbit.



Probably the most serious difficulty with this theory, which the more critical mind will note, is the apparent inequality between the theoretic factors, waking and sleeping, since all comparison is with the laws of motion in inanimate nature where these opposite phases of energy are both mathematically and apparently

equal. Much work regarding the subject in general, and this phase of it in particular, must be left for the future, but I think the line of thought may be indicated along which investigation of this particular phase of it will take.

The new-born babe sleeps about twenty-three hours, in twenty-four (one in good health). At the age of twelve, the child sleeps about twelve hours, and at the age of twenty-five the adult sleeps about nine hours, at forty about eight, and from that age on to seventy the time of sleep lessens, until it drops to four or five hours. An ideal diagram would represent the matter thus, including comments to follow:



We are here again face to face with the principle of eccentricity—a body of water with no current has none. It has no departure from the center of motion The sum of movement is called momentum, its velocity or intensity is its potential. A small stream of motion may have a high potential. When the river channel is enlarged the potential of the current falls; when it narrows the current increases, *i. e.*, its potential rises. The potential of the electric current is raised or lowered by narrowing or widening its channel. The living body is a channel, which must be formed and kept in constant repair by the currents of life energy. During the full tide of this work of building and repairing, the potential of the life-current falls, and this life-phase is called sleep, but the momentum remains constant. When this work is finished in a certain degree, the potential rises, opening all the avenues of the senses, and the currents flow on through them towards the sea-level of energy. This phase of life is called the waking or conscious state. That these opposite phases are equal is a matter of necessity, though from the complexity of the problem, not apparent to observation. "The formation of wood and coal gives energy of position" (Gray); the formation of body tissue gives energy of position. The living body is materialized energy. When the potential on the car-line falls, the lights are dim or out, sleepy or asleep, though the cars are moving. It is surplus energy lights the lamps on the car-line or the lamps of consciousness.

Fattening hogs sleep most of the time —the energy of their being is converted for the most part into the left-hand or potential phase, whose right-hand or falling phase is yet to appear in the account of human consciousness.

Streams of energy are not all liquid. Here we find them in the solid form, yet destined to flow back inevitably towards the sea-level of energy. This movement is now, for the most part, prevented. When this left-hand or spring-winding process is finished, the owner will kill and "preserve." Preserving meat means building a dam to hold the force stored in the animal tissues. He will not call his product the left-hand phase of energy, or materialized or crystalized sleep, for it would be better understood as hams, bacon, etc.; but all the same it will drive the dynamo of life, called sleep, which in turn will drive the motor of life, called waking, the left and the right phases of being.

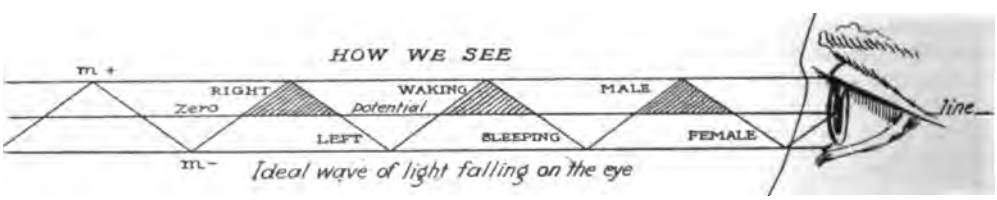
The living organism is the child of nature, whose life is conditioned upon the necessity that it be rocked. One movement of this miraculous cradle is one factor of this mystery, which the opposite movement completes. We are not trying to explain *the* mystery of life, but the *method* of the mystery of life.

Some of these organic cradles rock for a century before the vibrations disappear at the sea-level of energy, some for a few hours only. Confining the view strictly to that phase of life called human, if each member represented the same de-

gree of health, vigor, etc., it might not be difficult to reduce its laws of motion to mathematical formula; but there is that "lean and hungry Cassius" who does not "sleep well o' nights." The reason is plain enough in the light of this theory. Putting on healthy body tissue absorbs surplus nervous energy, which otherwise leads to wakeful irritability. The balance between the opposite phases of energy is imperfect. It is the healthy fat people who "sleep well o' nights" and are usually good natured when awake, because the irritable phase of energy has taken the form of adipose tissue. This does not mean that the two phases of energy, waking and sleeping, are perfect in this case. That one is putting on surplus adipose tissue is the sign royal that there is a corresponding deficit in his waking energies. I speak of want of balance, as we see it with reference to the exigencies of life. By the laws of nature the balance is perfect. What is gained in material development is lost in the positive or right-hand manifestation of energy. The hunchbacks are all bright, because arrested physical development has its equivalent in mental endowment. No giant is a genius, because if he is a giant he is physically overgrown, which means, in the economy of nature, that he must be mentally undergrown. The god Morpheus has marked him for his own. The savage knows the bow must be bent before the arrow flies.

Sleep is the bending of the organic bow, waking the flying of the organic arrow—the left and the right phases of organic energy.

The waking state is compared with the falling pendulum; let us mark the analogies; the falling pendulum is discharging energy, and if it should be instantly arrested at the center of the arc, enough force would be developed to lift it to the top of the arc, to which, in fact, it is lifted by this falling force. It perpetually winds its own spring and the two opposite phases of energy are inseparable. The waking organism is constantly wasting energy, even in a state of so-called rest, through all the avenues of the senses. Very weak patients feel a decided relief from this waste by closing the eyes. As the falling pendulum causes it to rise, so the exhausted organism falls into the arms of Mother Nature who "knits up the raveled sleeve of care," thus lifting it to the top of the arc of organic vibration, where it wakes, because the knitting is finished. If it did n't fall it could n't rise. See ideal diagram of vision. Light vibration is the telegrapher, the eye the "instrument," the brain the "battery," consciousness of vision the "message," loss of potential energy, the equivalent.



If nature had planned an organism always working full time on the building of tissues—a pendulum always rising—it never could have waked up. If, on the other hand, it was planned for the perpetual degradation of tissues—a pendulum always falling— it never could have slept; or if planned so that these opposite processes should proceed simultaneously, in equal degree, then life would have been zero, *i. e.*, neither right nor left.

Let us "hitch up" a little closer to this subject and see if we can get a more rational view of it; our difficulty is not with the subject so much as with the "point of view." If the line of intellectual vision be changed but a few points, the field at first seems filled with mystery, but a little familiarity shows us that nothing is new before us but the forms; that principles and relations are everywhere the same. There is, and al-

ways will be, an insolvable mystery underlying the operations of nature, and advance in thought consists in rolling back the rock of mystery, even ever so little, and converting another link of the endless chain of mystery, into terms of the known. Do we know what a shadow is? "Certainly! A shadow is—is a—a shadow is a—of course, everybody knows what a shadow is"—so we call this a part of the known. Shadows may be very dark, deep blackness, a complete obscurity; or they may be very light, barely discernible, or of any degree of obscurity between these extremes. All these degrees of obscurity turn upon the characters of the bodies casting the shadows—where light energy is totally absorbed the shadow will be the profoundest.

What we see in one asleep is the shadow of consciousness.. The work going on, in the repair shop of the body is the intervening mass, which absorbs the energy of active life. When this work is completed, this left-hand or spring-winding process, the pendulum of life will begin to fall; the right hand or positive phase of energy will succeed and the sensuous sun will rise above the horizon of consciousness—the shadow will disappear.

Life has its sundown and sunup; its night and day; its light and dark; its high noon and midnight; its equinox, etc., like any other system of motion. One factor of every completed motion is its negative shadow. When the shadow of consciousness is deep and profound, sleep is dreamless; dreaming indicates some degree of flickering conscious light. As shadows may have all degrees of obscurity, so sleep may have any degree of profundity, and waking as many corresponding degrees of "wideness." Waking and sleeping is but the opening and closing of the gates of consciousness. "The beating of the frog's heart is accompanied by a distinct electric current" (Mendeleef); this fact indicates that the machinery of life is driven by cosmic forces, as any other system of motion is driven. Note the systole and diastole of the heart, its alternate waking and sleeping phases, delivering the pulsations of life in the former and holding life potential in the latter;—sleeping and waking while the organism is asleep;—sleeping and waking while the organism is awake;—in a key of its own, yet rising and falling in its potential, as its "load" is increased or diminished, indicating that life has tones far below the key of consciousness. As there is no money in sleeping it is ignored as much as may be in this highly social, business and civilized world; one wise man declaring that "five hours is enough." As no two persons are exactly the same in all respects, an absolute rule is as impossible as a rule for eating, but as eating and sleeping are related—as a tree and its shadow—the principles may be known. Prime digestion is followed by sound sleeping. The digestion is the tree; the sleeping, its shadow. Nervous dyspeptics cannot sleep, because digestion has failed; very hungry persons cannot sleep, because there is no tree to cast the shadow. Starving people sleep some, because surplus tissues are torn down to make food for the vital organs, hence their emaciation. Persons with weak stomachs will be greatly disturbed in their sleep, by overeating at night, because as digestion is imperfect, so imperfect will sleep be.

The physical body is a vital bank account, set to each one's credit, the capital fund of life. Its relations to sleep are of vital importance; the waking state with its possibly healthy activities, is the interest to be drawn from this account.

If the capital be properly husbanded the accruing interest will be sufficient, but if one establish "five-hour" sleeping rules, nature must be reckoned with; she cant be fooled, though one may fool himself. Five hours is not enough time to recruit the waste of the capital stock, and nature adopts the five-hour rule, by drawing on it for daily use. This means impairment of the capital stock, which in this case must be kept intact by not overdrawing the accrued interest. Premature collapse is exceedingly common, in these days, in consequence of violating this rule. The sleeping account is en-

tered daily, hourly, under the general name, assimilation; if it shows a deficit, this means that nature is calling out the principal. The bills of life must be honored at once, they are inexorable. If the sleep account is exhausted, pay! The "five-hour" philosophers are paying out of their capital stock of life. This cant last; they are on the verge of bankruptcy; they are dying of vital overdraft. No bank has received so many bogus drafts as this bank of life. The sea of alcohol, consumed, has but little reason for being except as a fraudulent bill of exchange on the bank of life. With this, men set the house of life *on fire,* and, like a falling meteor, light the heavens with their own combustion; or with cocaine, opium or absinthe, they bribe the clamorous creditors of nature, and plunge into a chaos of unconsciousness which is a rank counterfeit of sleep, only to have their ears more clamorously assailed by the relentless creditors on their return to the conscious state. These two opposite artificial states are the counterfeit substitutes for the normal right and left phases of life: waking and sleeping.

The immortal Tyndall gives us many instructive experiments—one, I remember, is with a glass tank containing a liquid in which floats an opaque mass of iron filings, but on being connected, in an electric circuit, the light shoots through the mass onto a screen. The current polarized each iron particle and so they joined right and left hands, as they lined up, like soldiers, ready for battle, leaving file spaces between the ranks, through which the light passed. This is a significant hint of what nature is doing everywhere in the war of forces called life; the sand and mold under our feet are but the disorganized ranks, broken in the battle of life. But nature has her recruiting officers, scattered with a lavish hand throughout the tissues of the living organism. Nutrition is a name for the unorganized mass out of which the molecular soldiery are to be recruited. The work if digestion, assimilation, etc., reminds one of the story of Sysiphus rolling his heavy stone up the mountain, only to see it escape from him just as his laborious task was on the point of completion.

This lifting the molecular army, dynamically, up the declivity, is the rising of the life pendulum, the entries in the sleep account. These entries go on while we sleep, and while we wake, for sleeping and waking are not absolute but relative terms. The field is thickly strewn with the recruiting stations, each separate one a point of protoplasm, defined as "a center within a center in opposite magnetic states." Each of these molecular recruits must pass muster in one of these recruiting stations, each station being specialized to enlist recruits, always for the same tissue. *Is this station nature's polarizing tank?* Here are our dynamo and motor principles, lying at the "basis of organic life"; out of this recruiting station, the potential molecular may be lifted *asleep,* but when it touches elbows with a comrade at either hand on the battle front of life, it will have reached the negative maximum in the arc of vital vibration, and awakened, delivering its infinitesimal fire of potential life-energy and pitching over the battlements of life, to renew the eternal round of vagrant and soldier. What is gravity? What is affinity? What is polarity? What is sex? What is sense? What is hunger? What is love? What is mind? What is life? But varying modes of the same unknown formula of energy.

An answer to one of these questions would be an answer to all, since all is one, and one is all; but what is an answer? We define the unknown in terms of the unknown. But though we may not know what a phenomenon is, we may know what other phenomenon it is like. These papers are written to show by analogies that the factors of motion, positive and negative phases of energy; the factors of sex, male and female phases of energy; the factors of life, waking and sleeping phases of energy; and the factors of organic structure, right and left phases of energy, are like phenomena, differing in mode of expression.

Life is the marriage of right and left-handedness, of waking and sleeping, of the male and female principles inherent in matter.

The mystery of life is held inviolable in the vibrations of the pendulum.



Photo Copyright by Davidson & Averett

Nightfall on Puget Sound

By Daisy W. Field

Somewhere the hushed, low murmur of the stream
Enchants the breathing air with music soft,
The purling melody of lapping waves.
The whispering pines, that to each other lean
In their blue world that seems to beckon us,
Murmur a requiem for the dying day.
The Arab sun, on desert sands of gold,
Folds up his gaudy tent and steals away,
And it is night!

D R A M A



The Dramatic Season in New York

Notable Theatrical Incidents

By William Winter

PURSUANT to the supposition that it is necessary to respond to a feverish public desire for continual change and novelty, the powers now in control of our stage seem to have no hesitancy in recourse to extreme expedients. There is scarcely anything that remains untried, and one by one the old devices, even those that are the most objectionable, are complacently revived. A notable incident of the dramatic season now in progress has been an incursion into the slum life of great cities. Mrs. Fiske has been conspicuous in that movement, appearing in a rickety fabric of vulgarity, profanity and miscellaneous trash—all the more obnoxious because infused with maudlin religious twaddle—called "Salvation Nell," a melancholy compound of ribaldry and fustian, in which that fine actress impersonated an abject, slatternly drudge, who becomes a street preacher in the Salvation Army. Puerile in construction and coarse and silly in its ingredients, the play would have died at once but for the potent personality of the actress. Mrs. Fiske's delivery of an exhortation to a crowd in the slums was the only important or commendable feature of the performance.

A conspicuous success was gained by Mr. William Faversham, in a play called "The World and His Wife," adapted from a Spanish original by Jose Echegary. The evil consequences of scandal are shown in that play, not by a process of manifestation that is perfectly logical, yet with ingenuity and strong dramatic effect. The posture of circumstances devised by the dramatist is simple. A husband and wife, young, fortunate, tenderly attached to each other, are dwelling together in happiness. With them dwells a handsome, talented, exemplary young man, their protégé, a person whom they both esteem, by whom they are respected, and whose advancement they endeavor to promote. Members of the society in which they move, however, choose to look with suspicion upon their relations; to speak of them with inuendo; to defame them by mischievous shrug and malicious sneer; to whisper gross insinuation, and thus, gradually, to make their blameless domestic life the theme of private obloquy. At length the husband's brother, a stern, haughty, malevolent man, who readily and sincerely be-

lieves the worst, openly reproves the husband for allowing the alleged amour to continue. The innocent but suspected youth becomes involved in a duel with one of the slanderers. The husband intervenes and is desperately wounded. The wife, endeavoring to prevent murderous quarrels, involving her name, incautiously places herself in a compromising position. The husband becomes persuaded that his wife and their friend have betrayed and dishonored him, and in his frenzy, he dies of anguish and his wound. The widow and the youth, repelled by everybody, are ultimately forced into the alliance that slander, at the first, had unjustly imputed to them. Mr. Faversham distinguished himself by a compact, symmetrical, passionate, and remarkably effective performance of the maligned young Spaniard, and so carried the play to decisive success.

A five-act tragedy by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, entitled, "The Winter Feast," was submitted to public attention at the end of November. Mr. Kennedy is an avowed reformer, claiming to have "a message" to the world, which is to be delivered through the medium of the stage. The first installment of that message took the form of a play called, "The Servant in the House"—a play that has been acted far and wide, and, generally, has been received with favor, especially by the religious section of the public. The message thus transmitted is a rebuke of hypocrisy, coupled with an assertion of the fellowship of man. The message contained in "The Winter Feast" is a warning against treachery and falsehood. Never tell a lie! Once told, a lie generates other lies, and, eventually, the accumulated volume of deception is precipitated, in an overwhelming avalanche of miscellaneous disaster, upon the innocent as well as the guilty. The scene of Mr. Kennedy's tragedy is laid in Iceland. The time is the eleventh century. The action—which is languid—passes in the home of an old Viking, named Thorkel, and the incidents are supposed to occur within one night; the dramatist, indeed, specifies that the ultimate consequences of a lie that is twenty years old manifest themselves, in this instance, between seven and ten o'clock in the evening of October 14, 1020, at a domicile called Thorkelsstead, in a place called Icefirth—all of which is exceptionally definite. Eight persons are involved in the vortex of retribution, and at the climax of the catastrophe only three of them remain alive. The posture of circumstances shows that the old Viking, Thorkel, was the liar. Thorkel had a son, named Valbrand, and a foster son, named Bjorn. Valbrand was a "skald," that is to say, a Norse poet. Bjorn was a warrior. Both those young men were enamored of a young woman named Herdisa, who loved Bjorn. Thorkel desired that Herdisa should be wedded to his son, Valbrand, and therefore, in order to expatriate Bjorn, he contrived and led a nautical expedition, including Bjorn in his train. Herdisa, enraptured by the glowing valor and glittering military aspect of Bjorn, was impelled to avow her love for him, in a public place and way, as an incident of the departure of Thorkel's expedition; and, although Bjorn had not spoken of his love, and did not then speak of it, they, practically, were betrothed. The paternal Thorkel, however, persisting in his purpose to part them, and to provide for the nuptials of Herdisa and Valbrand, managed to lose Bjorn, in the course of his predatory warfare, and, on arriving home, he lied to Herdisa—stating that Bjorn had sent to her the jeering message that her love was "unasked"; whereupon that resentful young woman promptly married Valbrand. At an earlier time Thorkel had incurred the enmity of a malignant person named Ufeig, by cracking his skull, stabbing him in the breast, and causing his right arm to wither, and Ufeig—at first a warrior, then a priest of Thor, and finally a priest of "the White Christ"—had determined to be revenged on the Viking and all his relatives. Ufeig learned of Thorkel's lie, and, after the twenty years of interim, he avouched his knowledge of it, together with his purpose to reveal the truth to Herdisa, unless Thorkel would make peace with him. Thorkel, at first, for no obvious sufficient reason, assented to the ordain-

ment of a peace; but presently, when required by Ufeig to accede to a matrimonial alliance between their respective families, he took a huge sword, went to Ufeig's dwelling and killed the seven warrior sons of that obnoxious ecclesiastic. Bjorn, meanwhile, had come back, and there was a domestic convulsion—jealousy and rage affecting the foster brothers, and Herdisa, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," requiring an explanation (which, most unnaturally, she did not obtain), relative to Bjorn's alleged message of insult. It was mentioned that Bjorn, in the course of his absence of twenty years, had associated with "a red woman," who had borne a son, Olaf; and that youth had arrived in Iceland, and he and the daughter of Valbrand and Herdisa, a pretty girl named Swanhild, had promptly become lovers. Finally Valbrand killed Bjorn; Olaf committed suicide; Swanhild fell dead upon Olaf's corpse; Valbrand went mad in consequence, and drowned himself; Herdisa expired of anguish, and the Viking was left alone with "a realizing sense" of the sin of lying. The play is written in rhythmical language, which sounds like blank verse. The text is rhetorical, and it abounds in such phrases as "what was yon," "sooth," "enow," "a warrior, I!" etc—tokens of an affected manner, which deepens the impression of artificiality conveyed by the whole presentation. There are also, in the text, certain echoes of Shakesperian phraseology—such as "furnished forth." The structural weakness of Mr. Kennedy's tragedy is the lack of proportion between cause and effect. Suicide, murder, madness and miscellaneous slaughter—the death under horrible circumstances, of twelve persons—is surely excessive as the result of a comparatively venial falsehood; but—allowance, of course, has to be made for high pressure emotions in Iceland in the eleventh century.

Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, assuming the chief part in the tragedy—chief, since it is the resentment of Herdisa that suffuses the play and precipitates its catastrophe, pleased her audience, not by a definite impersonation—for the character is confused in structure and sporadic in revealment, and therefore is measurably impracticable—but by a display of her personal attributes and professional equipment;—a voice that is melodious and sympathetic in its lower tones, a commanding demeanor, the repose that accompanies mental concentration, intensity of nervous excitement, some capacity for outbursts of passion, acute sensibility, and uncommon freedom of wide and large gesticulation. Much of the time Herdisa is merely ominous, and that condition is expressed by an aspect of glowering menace. At moments the secret resentment cherished for years is suffered to break its bounds, and at other moments there are alternations of feeling; but, since the part lacks form, the manifestation of it cannot well acquire symmetry. An auditor could clearly remember such women as Norna, Meg Merrilies, Magdalen Graeme and Lady Macbeth, for they are clearly drawn. Herdisa somewhat resembles a phantom that glimmers through a mist. Miss Mathison, whose acting in "Everyman" was long ago seen, and was admired for its definite form, sustained identity, pathos, and solemn grace, has, notwithstanding the unreality of this new, diffuse character, deepened the public sense of her professional ability. In all respects Mr. Kennedy's tragedy was earnestly and ably acted, and if it were much shorter, and supplied with an adequate motive, and less encumbered with horrors, and shorn of its lingual affectations, it might hold a place among the practical vehicles of serious acting.

A company of Sicilian actors appeared, in November, at one of the principal theatres of the capital, presenting plays of Italian peasant life, all of them proletarian and most of them sanguinary. The company was led by Mme. Mimi Aguglia, and that actress was announced as "the most famous tragedienne of the world." The Sicilian players proved to be competent, capable, earnest performers, of respectable but not unusual talent, and Mme. Aguglia showed herself to be an actress of ability and experience. The plays presented were representative of domestic affairs

of a common kind of life;—little festivals, dances, family bickerings, friendly calls, kitchen incidents, and the nothings of humble homes. In almost every play, however, there was a deed of blood. At the end of the first drama shown by Mme. Aguglia and her company, a play called "Malia," two men quarreled about a woman, and one of them cut the throat of the other with a razor, while the woman fell on the floor in an epileptic fit. The object sought by that sort of "art" is, obviously, a photographic representation of mean details and shocking deeds. Nobody is benefited by it and no good result ensues from it.

To the Heroine of a Book

By Lilla B. N. Weston

You are sleeping there in a rose-leaf bed,
With a silken cover over your head;
Your past all open for me to see,
Your future a thing that will never be.
You have lain in my arms, I have kissed your hair,
I have clasped your fingers, so smooth and fair;
I have wept your tears when the nights were long,
I have dreamed your dreams, I have crooned your song;
And then at the last I have laid you away,
When the morning's mist rose damp and gray.
The silken cover, the rose-decked leaf,
Lie close about you in tender sheath;
But oft from the pages so still and white,
You have called as a siren calls in the night;
And just for an hour I 've dreamed again,
And brought you forth to the world of men.
I have crushed you close in a warm embrace,
I have felt your breath on my sleeping face;
I have heard you breathing the old love-song,
That melted my heart when the years were long.
And I 've heard you give voice to a magic plea
For magic things that can never be;
And I 've worshiped your soul for a magic hour
And given you back to your rose-leaf bower.
I put you away on the top-most shelf,
As though you were a part of another self,—
For it may be that I shall come back some day,
And long to forget that the world is gray:
I may lift you again from your rose-strewn bed,
When the world pronounces me still and dead;
And then—who knows?—I may hold your hand
Forevermore, in the Wishful Land!

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.



AME a beautiful fall day, warm and languid, palpitant with the hush of the changing season, a California Indian Summer day, with hazy sun and wandering wisps of breeze that did not stir the slumber of the air. Filmy purple mists, that were not vapors but fabrics woven of color, hid in the recesses of the hills. San Francisco lay like a blur of smoke upon her heights. The intervening bay was a dull sheen of molten metal, whereon sailing craft lay motionless or drifted with the lazy tide. Far Tamalpais, barely seen in the silver haze, bulked hugely by the Golden Gate, the latter a pale-gold pathway under the westering sun. Beyond, the Pacific, dim and vast, was raising on its sky-line tumbled cloud-masses that swept landward, giving warning of the first blustering breath of winter.

The erasure of summer was at hand. Yet summer lingered, fading and fainting among her hills, deepening the purple of her valleys, spinning a shroud of haze from waning powers and sated raptures, dying with the calm content of having lived and lived well. And among the hills, on their favorite knoll, Martin and Ruth sat side by side, their heads bent over the same pages, he reading aloud from the love-sonnets of the woman who had loved Browning as it is given to few men to be loved.

But the reading languished. The spell of passing beauty all about them was too strong. The golden year was dying as it had lived, a beautiful and unrepentant voluptuary, and reminiscent rapture and content freighted heavily the air. It entered into them, dreamy and languorous, weakening the fibers of resolution, suffusing the face of morality, or of judgment, with haze and purple mist. Martin felt tender and melting, and from time to time warm glows passed over him. His head was very near to hers, and when wandering phantoms of breeze stirred her hair so that it touched his face, the printed pages swam before his eyes.

"I dont believe you know a word of what you are reading," she said, once, when he had lost his place.

He looked at her with burning eyes, and was on the verge of becoming awkward, when a retort came to his lips.

"I dont believe you know either. What was the last sonnet about?"

"I dont know," she laughed frankly. "I 've already forgotten. Dont let us read any more. The day is too beautiful."

"It will be our last in the hills for some time," he announced gravely. "There 's a storm gathering out there on the sea-rim."

The book slipped from his hands to the ground, and they sat idly and silently, gazing out over the dreamy bay with eyes that dreamed and did not see. Ruth glanced sidewise at his neck. She did not lean toward him. She was drawn by some force outside of herself and strong er than gravitation, strong as destiny. It was only an inch to lean, and it was accomplished without volition on her part. Her shoulder touched his as lightly as a butterfly touches a flower, and just as lightly was the counter-pressure. She

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felt his shoulder press hers, and a tremor run through him. Then was the time for her to draw back. But she had become an automaton. Her actions had passed beyond the control of her will—she never thought of control or will in the delicious madness that was upon her.

His arm began to steal behind her and around her. She waited its slow progress in a torment of delight. She waited, she knew not for what, panting, with dry, burning lips, a leaping pulse, and a fever of expectancy in all her blood. The girdling arm lifted higher and drew her toward him, drew her slowly and caressingly. She could wait no longer. With a tired sigh, and with an impulsive movement all her own, unpremeditated, spasmodic, she rested her head upon his breast. His head bent over swiftly, and, as his lips approached, hers flew to meet them.

This must be love, she thought, in the one rational moment that was vouchsafed her. If it was not love, it was too shameful. It could be nothing else than love. She loved the man whose arms were around her and whose lips were pressed to hers. She pressed more tightly to him, with a snuggling movement of her body. And a moment later, tearing herself half out of his embrace, suddenly and exultantly she reached up and placed both hands upon Martin Eden's sunburnt neck. So exquisite was the pang of love and desire fulfilled that she uttered a low moan, relaxed her hands, and lay half-swooning in his arms.

Not a word had been spoken, and not a word was spoken for a long time. Twice he bent and kissed her, and each time her lips met his shyly and her body made its happy, nestling movement. She clung to him, unable to release herself, and he sat, half-supporting her in his arms, as he gazed with unseeing eyes at the blur of the great city across the bay. For once there were no visions in his brain. Only colors and lights and glows pulsed there, warm as the day and warm as his love. He bent over her. She was speaking.

"When did you love me?" she whispered.

"From the first, the very first, the first moment I laid eyes on you. I was mad for love of you then, and in all the time that has passed since then I have grown only the madder. I am maddest, now, dear. I am almost a lunatic, my head is so turned with joy."

"I am glad I am a woman Martin—dear," she said, after a long sigh.

He crushed her in his arms again and again, and then asked:

"And you? When did you first know?"

"Oh, I knew it all the time, almost from the first."

"And I have been as blind as a bat!" he cried, a ring of vexation in his voice. "I never dreamed it until just now, when I—when I kissed you."

"I did n't mean that." She drew herself partly away and looked at him. "I meant I knew you loved me almost from the first."

"And you?" he demanded.

"It came to me suddenly." She was speaking very slowly, her eyes warm and fluttery and melting, a soft flush on her cheeks that did not go away. "I never knew until just now when—you put your arms around me. And I never expected to marry you, Martin, not until just now. How did you make me love you?"

"I dont know," he laughed, "unless just by loving you, for I loved you hard enough to melt the heart of a stone, much less the heart of the living, breathing woman you are."

"This is so different from what I thought love would be," she announced irrelevantly.

"What did you think it would be like?"

"I did n't think it would be like this." She was looking into his eyes at the moment, but her own dropped as she continued. "You see, I did n't know what this was like."

He offered to draw her toward him again, but it was no more than a tentative muscular movement of the girdling arm, for he feared that he might be greedy. Then he felt her body yielding, and once again she was close in his arms and lips were pressed on lips.

"What will my people say?" she

queried, with sudden apprehension, in one of the pauses.

"I dont know. We may find out very easily any time we are so minded."

"But if mamma objects? I am sure I am afraid to tell her."

"Let me tell her," he volunteered valiantly. "I think your mother does not like me, but I can win her around. A fellow who can win you can win anything. And if we dont—"

"Yes?"

"Why, we 'll have each other. But there 's no danger of not winning your mother to our marriage. She loves you too well."

"I should not like to break her heart," Ruth said pensively.

He felt like assuring her that mothers' hearts were not so easily broken, but instead he said: "And love is the greatest thing in the world."

"Do you know, Martin, you sometimes frighten me. I am frightened now, when I think of you and of what you have been. You must be very, very good to me. Remember, after all, that I am only a child. I never loved before."

"Nor I. We are both children together. And we are fortunate above most, for we have found our first love in each other."

"But that is impossible!" she cried, withdrawing herself from his arms with a swift, passionate movement. "Impossible for you. You have been a sailor, and sailors, I have heard, are—are—"

Her voice faltered and died away.

"Are addicted to having a wife in every port?" he suggested. "Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," she answered in a low voice.

"But that is not love." He spoke authoritatively. "I have been in many ports, but I never knew a passing touch of love until I saw you that first night. Do you know, when I said good night and went away I was almost arrested."

"Arrested?"

"Yes. The policeman thought I was drunk; and I was, too—with love for you."

"But you said we were children, and I said it was impossible, for you, and we have strayed away from the point."

"I said that I had never loved anybody but you," he replied. "You are my first, my very first."

"And yet you have been a sailor," she objected.

"But it does n't prevent me from loving you the first."

"And there have been women—other women—oh!"

And to Martin Eden's supreme surprise, she burst into a storm of tears that took more kisses than one and many caresses to drive away. And all the while there was running through his head Kipling's line: *"And the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins."* It was true, he decided: though the novels he had read had led him to believe otherwise. His idea, for which the novels were responsible, had been that only formal proposals obtained in the upper classes. It was all right enough, down whence he had come, for youths and maidens to win to each other by contact; but for the exalted personages up above on the heights to make love in similar fashion had seemed unthinkable. Yet the novels were wrong. Here was a proof of it. The same pressures and caresses, unaccompanied by speech, that were efficacious with the girls of the working class, were equally efficacious with the girls above the working class. They were all of the same flesh, after all, sisters under their skins; and he might have known as much himself had he remembered his *Spencer*. As he held Ruth in his arms and soothed her, he took great consolation in the thought that the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady were pretty much alike under their skin. It brought Ruth closer to him, made her possible. Her dear flesh was as anybody's flesh, as his flesh. There was no bar to their marriage. Class difference was the only difference, and class was extrinsic. It could be shaken off. A slave, he had read, had risen to the Roman purple. That being so, then he could rise to Ruth. Under her purity, and saintliness. and culture, and ethereal beauty of soul, she was, in things fundamentally human, just like Lizzie Connolly and all Lizzie Connollys. All that was possible of

them was possible of her. She could love, and hate, maybe have hysteria; and she could certainly be jealous, as she was jealous now, uttering her last sobs in his arms.

"Besides, I am older than you," she remarked suddenly, opening her eyes and looking up at him. "Three years older."

"Hush, you are only a child, and I am forty years older than you, in experience," was his answer.

In truth, they were children together, so far as love was concerned, and they were as naive and immature in the expression of their love as a pair of children, and this, despite the fact that she was crammed with a university education and that his head was full of scientific philosophy and the hard facts of life.

They sat on through the passing glory of the day, talking as lovers are prone to talk, marveling at the wonder of love and at destiny that had flung them so strangely together, and dogmatically believing that they loved to a degree never attained by lovers before. And they returned insistently, again and again, to a rehearsal of their first impressions of each other and to hopeless attempts to analyze just precisely what they felt for each other and how much there was of it.

The cloud-masses on the western horizon received the descending sun, and the circle of the sky turned to rose, while the zenith glowed with the same warm color. The rosy light was all about them, flooding over them, as she sang, "Goodbye Sweet Day." She sang softly, leaning in the cradle of his arm, her hands in his, their hearts in each other's hands.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. MORSE did not require a mother's intuition to read the advertisement in Ruth's face when she returned home. The flush that would not leave the cheeks told the simple story, and more eloquently did the eyes, large and bright, reflecting an unmistakable inward glory.

"What has happened?" Mrs. Morse asked, having bided her time till Ruth had gone to bed.

"You know?" Ruth queried, with trembling lips.

For reply, her mother's arm went around her, and a hand was softly caressing her hair.

"He did not speak," she blurted out. "I did not intend that it should happen, and I would never have let him speak—only he did n't speak."

"But if he did not speak, then nothing could have happened, could it?"

"But it did, just the same."

"In the name of goodness, child, what are you babbling about?" Mrs. Morse was bewildered. "I dont think I know what happened after all. What did happen?"

Ruth looked at her mother in surprise. "I thought you knew. Why, we 're engaged, Martin and I."

Mrs. Morse laughed with incredulous vexation.

"No, he did n't speak," Ruth explained. "He just loved me, that was all. I was as surprised as you are. He did n't say a word. He just put his arm around me. And—and I was not myself. And he kissed me, and I kissed him. I could n't help it. I just had to. And then I knew I loved him."

She paused, waiting with expectancy the benediction of her mother's kiss, but Mrs. Morse was coldly silent.

"It is a dreadful accident, I know," Ruth recommenced, with a sinking voice. "And I dont know how you will ever forgive me. But I could n't help it. I did not dream that I loved him until that moment. And you must tell father for me."

"Would it not be better not to tell your father? Let me see Martin Eden. and talk with him, and explain. He will understand, and release you."

"No! no!" Ruth cried, starting up. "I do not want to be released. I love him, and love is very sweet. I am going to marry him—of course, if you will let me."

"We have other plans for you, Ruth. dear, your father and I—oh, no, no; no man picked out for you, or anything like

that. Our plans go no farther than your marrying some man in your own station in life, a good and honorable gentleman, whom you will select yourself, when you love him."

"But I love Martin already," was the plaintive protest.

"We would not influence your choice in any way; but you are our daughter, and we could not bear to see you make a marriage such as this. He has nothing but roughness and coarseness to offer you in exchange for all that is refined and delicate in you. He is no match for you in any way. He could not support you. We have no foolish ideas about wealth, but comfort is another matter, and our daughter should at least marry a man who can give her that—and not a penniless adventurer, a sailor, a cowboy, a smuggler, and heaven knows what else, who, in addition to everything, is hare-brained and irresponsible."

Ruth was silent. Every word she recognized as true.

"He wastes his time over his writing, trying to accomplish what geniuses and rare men with college educations sometimes accomplish. A man, thinking of marriage, should be preparing for marriage. But not he. As I have said, and I know you agree with me, he is irresponsible. And why should he not be? It is the way of sailors. He has never learned to be economical or temperate. The spendthrift years have marked him. It is not his fault, of course, but that does not alter his nature. And have you thought of the years of licentiousness he inevitably has lived? Have you thought of that, daughter? You know what marriage means."

Ruth shuddered and clung close to her mother.

"I have thought." Ruth waited a long time for the thought to frame itself. "And it is terrible. It sickens me to think of it. I told you it was a dreadful accident, my loving him; but I can't help myself. Could you help loving father? Then it is the same with me. There is something in me, in him—I never knew it was there until today—but it is there, and it makes me love him. I never thought to love him, but, you see, I do," she concluded, a certain faint triumph in her voice.

They talked long, and to little purpose, in conclusion agreeing to wait an indeterminate time without doing anything.

The same conclusion was reached, a little later that night, between Mrs. Morse and her husband, after she had made due confession of the miscarriage of her plans.

"It could hardly have come otherwise," was Mr. Morse's judgment. "This sailor-fellow has been the only man she was in touch with. Sooner or later she was going to awaken anyway; and she did awaken, and lo! here was this sailor-fellow, the only accessible man at the moment, and of course she promptly loved him, or thought she did, which amounts to the same thing."

Mrs. Morse took it upon herself to work slowly and indirectly upon Ruth, rather than to combat her. There would be plenty of time for this, for Martin was not in position to marry.

"Let her see all she wants of him," was Mr. Morse's advice. "The more she knows him the less she'll love him, I wager. And give her plenty of contrast. Make a point of having young people at the house; young women and young men, all sorts of young men, clever men, men who have done something or who are doing things, men of her own class, gentlemen. She can guage him by them. They will show him up for what he is. And after all, he is a mere boy of twenty-one. Ruth is no more than a child. It is calf love with the pair of them, and they will grow out of it."

So the matter rested. Within the family it was accepted that Ruth and Martin were engaged, but no announcement was made. The family did not think it would ever be necessary. Also, it was tacitly understood that it was to be a long engagement. They did not ask Martin to go to work, nor to cease writing. They did not intend to encourage him to mend himself. And he aided and abetted them in their unfriendly designs, for going to work was farthest from his thoughts.

"I wonder if you 'll like what I have done?" he said to Ruth several days later. "I 've decided that boarding with my sister is too expensive, and I am going to board myself. I 've rented a little room out in North Oakland, retired neighborhood and all the rest, you know, and I 've bought an oil-burner on which to cook."

Ruth was overjoyed. The oil-burner especially pleased her.

"That was the way Mr. Butler began his start,' she said.

Martin frowned inwardly at the citation of that worthy gentleman, and went on:

"I put stamps on all my manuscripts and started them off to the editors again Then today I moved in, and tomorrow I start to work."

"A position!" she cried, betraying the gladness of her surprise in all her body, nestling closer to him, pressing his hand, smiling. "And you never told me! What is it?"

He shook his head.

"I meant that I was going to work at my writing." Her face fell, and he went on hastily. "Dont misjudge me. I am not going in this time with any iridescent ideas. It is to be a cold, prosaic, matter-of-fact, business proposition. It is better than going to sea again, and I shall earn more money than any position in Oakland can bring an unskilled man.

"You see, this vacation I have taken has given me perspective. I have n't been working the life out of my body, and I have n't been writing, at least not for publication. All I 've done has been to love you and to think. I 've read some, too, but it has been part of my thinking, and I have read principally magazines. I have generalized about myself, and the world, my place in it, and my chance to win to a place that will be fit for you. Also, I 've been reading Spencer's *Philosophy of Style*, and found out a lot of what was the matter with me—or my writing, rather; and for that matter, with most of the writing that is published every month in the magazines.

"But the upshot of it all—of my thinking and reading and loving—is that I am going to move to Grub street. I shall leave masterpieces alone and do hack-work—jokes, paragraphs, feature articles, humorous verse, and society verse—all the rot for which there seems so much demand. Then there are the newspaper syndicates, and the newspaper short-story syndicates, and the syndicates for the Sunday supplements. I can go ahead and hammer out the stuff they want, and earn the equivalent of a good salary by it. There are free-lances, you know, who earn as much as four or five hundred a month. I dont care to become as they; but I 'll earn a good living, and have plenty of time to myself, which I would n't have in any position.

"Then, I 'll have my spare time foi study and for real work. In between the grind I 'll try my hand at masterpieces, and I 'll study and prepare myself for the writing of masterpieces. Why, I am amazed at the distance I have come al ready. When I first tried to write, I had nothing to write about except a few paltry experiences which I neither understood nor appreciated. But I had no thoughts. I really did n't. I did n't even have the words with which to think. My experiences were so many meaningless pictures. But as I began to add to my knowledge, and to my vocabulary, I saw something more in my experiences than mere pictures. I retained the pictures and I found their interpretation. That was when I began to do good work, when I wrote 'Adventure,' 'Joy,' 'The Pot,' 'The Wine of Life,' 'The Jostling Street,' the 'Love-Cycle,' and the 'Sea Lyrics.' I shall write more like them, and better; but I shall do it in my spare time. My feet are on the solid earth, now. Hack-work and income first, masterpieces afterward. Just to show you, I wrote half a dozen jokes last night for the comic weeklies; and just as I was going to bed, the thought struck me to try my hand at a triolet—a humorous one; and inside an hour I had written four. They ought to be worth a dollar apiece. Four dollars right there for a few after-thoughts on the way to bed.

"Of course; it 's all valueless, just so much dull and sordid plodding; but it is no more dull and sordid than keeping

books at sixty dollars a month, adding up endless columns of meaningless figures until one dies. And furthermore, the hack-work keeps me in touch with things literary and gives me time to try bigger things."

"But what good are these bigger things, these masterpieces?" Ruth demanded. "You can't sell them."

"Oh, yes I can," he began; but she interrupted.

"All those you named, and which you say yourself are good—you have not sold any of them. We can't get married on masterpieces that wont sell."

"Then we'll get married on triolets that will sell," he asserted stoutly, putting his arm around her and drawing a very unresponsive sweetheart toward him.

"Listen to this," he went on, in attempted gaiety. "It's not art, but it's a dollar:

He came in
When I was out,
To borrow some tin
Was why he came in,
And he went without;
So I was in
And he was out.

The merry lilt with which he had invested the jingle was at variance with the dejection that came into his face as he finished. He had drawn no smile from Ruth. She was looking at him in an earnest and troubled way.

"It may be a dollar," she said, "but it is a jester's dollar, the fee of a clown. Dont you see, Martin, the whole thing is lowering. I want the man I love and honor to be something finer and higher than a perpetrator of jokes and doggerel."

"You want him to be like—say Mr. Butler?" he suggested.

"I know you dont like Mr. Butler," she began.

"Mr. Butler's all right," he interrupted. "It's only his indigestion I find fault with. But to save me I can't see any difference between writing jokes or comic verse and running a typewriter, taking dictation, or keeping sets of books. It is all a means to an end. Your theory is for me to begin with keeping books in order to become a successful lawyer or man of business. Mine is to begin with hack-work and develop into an able author."

"There is a difference," she insisted.

"What is it?"

"Why, your good work, what you yourself call good, you can't sell. You have tried—you know that—but the editors wont buy it."

"Give me time, dear," he pleaded. "The hack-work is only makeshift, and I dont take it seriously. Give me two years. I shall succeed in that time, and the editors will be glad to buy my good work. I know what I am saying; I have faith in myself. I know what I have in me; I know what literature is, now; I know the average rot that is poured out by a lot of little men; and I know that at the end of two years I shall be on the high-road to success. As for business, I shall never succeed at it. I am not in sympathy with it. It strikes me as dull, and stupid, and mercenary, and tricky. Anyway, I am not adapted for it. I'd never get beyond a clerkship, and how could you and I be happy on the paltry earnings of a clerk? I want the best of everything in the world for you, and the only time when I wont want it will be when there is something better. And I'm going to get it, going to get all of it. The income of a successful author makes Mr. Butler look cheap. A 'best-seller' will earn anywhere between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars—sometimes more and sometimes less; but, as a rule, pretty close to those figures."

She remained silent; her disappointment was apparent.

"Well?" he asked.

"I had hoped and planned otherwise. I had thought, and I still think that the best thing for you would be to study shorthand—you already know typewriting—and go into father's office. You have a good mind, and I am confident you would succeed as a lawyer."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THAT Ruth had little faith in his power as a writer, did not alter her nor diminish her in Martin's eyes. In

the breathing spell of the vacation he had taken, he had spent many hours in self-analysis, and thereby learned much of himself. He had discovered that he loved beauty more than fame, and that what desire he had for fame was largely for Ruth's sake. It was for this reason that his desire for fame was strong. He wanted to be great in the world's eyes, "to make good" as he expressed it, in order that the woman he loved should be proud of him and deem him worthy.

As for himself, he loved beauty passionately, and the joy of serving her was to him sufficient wage. And more than beauty, he loved Ruth. He considered love the finest thing in the world. It was love that had worked the revolution in him, changing him from an uncouth sailor to a student and an artist; therefore, to him, the finest and greatest of the three, greater than learning and artistry, was love. Already he had discovered that his brain went beyond Ruth's, just as it went beyond the brains of her brothers, or the brain of her father. In spite of every advantage of university training, and in the face of her bachelorship of arts, his power of intellect overshadowed hers, and his year or so of self-study and equipment gave him a mastery of the affairs of the world and art and life that she could never hope to possess.

All this he realized, but it did not affect his love for her, nor her love for him. Love was too fine and noble, and he was too loyal a lover for him to besmirch love with criticism. What did love have to do with Ruth's divergent views on art, right conduct, the French Revolution, or equal suffrage? They were mental processes, but love was beyond reason; it was superrational. He could not belittle love. He worshipped it. Love lay on the mountain-tops beyond the valley-land of reason. It was a sublimated condition of existence, the topmost peak of living, and it came rarely. Thanks to the school of scientific philosophers he favored, he knew the biological significance of love; but by a refined process of the same scientific reasoning he reached the conclusion that the human organism achieved its highest purpose in love, that love must not be questioned but must be accepted as the highest guerdon of life. Thus, he considered the lover blessed over all creatures, and it was a delight to him to think of "God's own mad lover," rising above the things of earth, above wealth and judgment, public opinion and applause, rising above life itself and "dying on a kiss."

Much of this Martin had already reasoned out, and some of it he reasoned out later. In the meantime he worked, taking no recreation except when he went to see Ruth, and living like a Spartan. He paid two dollars and a half a month rent for the small room he got from his Portuguese landlady, Maria Silva, a virago and a widow, hard-working and harsher-tempered, rearing her large brood of children somehow, and drowning her sorrow and fatigue at irregular intervals in a gallon of the thin, sour wine that she bought from the corner grocery and saloon for fifteen cents. From detesting her and her foul tongue at first, Martin grew to admire her as he observed the brave fight she made. There were but four rooms in the little house, three, when Martin's was subtracted. One of these, the parlor, gay with an ingrain carpet and dolorous with a funeral card and a death-picture of one of her numerous departed babes, was kept strictly for company. The blinds were always down, and her barefooted tribe was never permitted to enter the sacred precinct save on state occasions. She cooked, and all ate, in the kitchen, where she likewise washed, starched, and ironed clothes on all days of the week except Sunday; for her income came largely from taking in washing from her more prosperous neighbors. Remained the bed-room, small as the one occupied by Martin, into which she and her seven little ones crowded and slept. It was an everlasting miracle to Martin, how it was accomplished, and from her side of the thin partition he heard nightly every detail of the going to bed, the squalls and squabbles, the soft chattering, and the sleepy, twittering noises as of birds. Another source of income to Maria was her cows, two of

them, which she milked night and morning and which gained a surreptitious livelihood from vacant lots and the grass that grew on either side the public sidewalks, attended always by one or more of her ragged boys, whose watchful guardianship consisted chiefly in keeping their eyes out for the poundmen.

In his own small room Martin lived, slept, studied, wrote and kept house. Before the one window, looking out on the tiny front porch, was the kitchen table that served as desk, library, and typewriting stand. The bed against the rear wall, occupied two-thirds of the total space of the room. The table was flanked on one side by a gaudy bureau, manufactured for profit and not for service, the thin veneer of which was shed day by day. This bureau stood in the corner, and in the opposite corner, on the table's other flank, was the kitchen—the oil-stove on a drygoods box, inside of which were dishes and cooking utensils, a shelf on the wall for provisions, and a bucket of water on the floor. Martin had to carry his water from the kitchen sink, there being no tap in his room. On days when there was much steam to his cooking, the harvest of veneer from the bureau was unusually generous. Over the bed, hoisted by a tackle to the ceiling, was his bicycle. At first he had tried to keep it in the basement; but the tribe of Silva, loosening the bearings and puncturing the tires, had driven him out. Next he attempted the tiny front porch, until a howling southeaster drenched the wheel a night long. Then he had retreated with it to his room and slung it aloft.

A small closet contained his clothes and the books he had accumulated and for which there was no room on the table or under the table. Hand in hand with reading, he had developed the habit of making notes, and so copiously did he make them that there would have been no existence for him in the confined quarters had he not rigged several clothes-lines across the room on which the notes were hung. Even so, he was crowded until navigating the room was a difficult task. He could not open the door without first closing the closet door, and vice versa. It was impossible for him anywhere to traverse the room in a straight line. To go from the door to the head of the bed was a zigzag course that he was never quite able to accomplish in the dark without collisions. Having settled the difficulty of the conflicting doors, he had to steer sharply to the right to avoid the kitchen. Next, he sheered to the left, to escape the foot of the bed; but this sheer, if too generous, brought him against the corner of the table. With a sudden twitch and lurch, he terminated the sheer and bore off to the right along a sort of canal, one bank of which was the bed, the other the table. When the one chair in the room was at its usual place before the table, the canal was unnavigable. When the chair was not in use, it reposed on top of the bed, though sometimes he sat on the chair when cooking, reading a book while water boiled, and even becoming skillful enough to manage a paragraph or two while steak was frying. Also, so small was the little corner that constituted the kitchen, he was able, sitting down, to reach anything he needed. In fact, it was expedient to cook sitting down; standing up he was too often in his own way.

In conjunction with a perfect stomach that could digest anything, he possessed knowledge of the various foods that were at the same time nutritious and cheap. Pea soup was a common article in his diet, as well as potatoes and beans, the latter large and brown and cooked in Mexican style. Rice, cooked as American housewives never cook it and can never learn to cook it, appeared on Martin's table at least once a day. Dried fruits were less expensive than fresh, and he had usually a pot of them, cooked and ready at hand, for they took the place of butter on his bread. Occasionally he graced his table with a piece of round-steak, or with a soup-bone. Coffee, without cream or milk, he had twice a day, in the evening substituting tea; but both coffee and tea were excellently cooked.

There was need for him to be economical. His vacation had consumed nearly all he had earned in the laundry, and he was so far from his market that weeks

must elapse before he could hope for the first returns from his hack-work. Except at such times he saw Ruth, or dropped in to see his sister Gertrude, he lived a recluse, in each day accomplishing at least three days' labor of ordinary men. He slept a scant five hours, and only one with a constitution of iron could have held himself down, as Martin did, day after day, to nineteen consecutive hours of toil. He never lost a moment. On the looking glass were lists of definitions and pronunciations; when shaving, or dressing, or combing his hair, he conned these lists over. Similar lists were on the wall over the oil stove, and they were similarly conned while he was engaged in cooking or in washing the dishes. New lists continually displaced the old ones. Every strange or partly familiar word encountered in his reading was immediately jotted down, and later, when a sufficient number had been accumulated, were typed and pinned to the wall or looking glass. He even carried them in his pockets, and reviewed them at odd moments on the street, or while waiting in butcher shop or grocery to be served.

He went farther in the matter. Reading the works of men who had arrived, he noted every result achieved by them, and worked out the tricks by which they had been achieved—the tricks of narrative, of exposition, of style, the points of view, the contrasts, the epigrams; and of all these he made lists for study. He did not ape. He sought principles. He drew up lists of effective and fetching mannerisms, till out of many such, culled from many writers, he was able to induce the general principle of mannerism, and, thus equipped, to cast about for new and original ones of his own, and to weigh and measure and appraise them properly. In similar manner he collected lists of strong phrases, the phrases of living language, phrases that bit like acid and scorched like flame, or that glowed and were mellow and luscious in the midst of the arid desert of common speech. He sought always for the principle that lay behind and beneath. He wanted to know how the thing was done; after that he could do it for himself. He was not content with the fair face of beauty. He dissected beauty in his crowded little bedroom laboratory, where cooking smells alternated with the outer Bedlam of the Silva tribe; and, having dissected and learned the anatomy of beauty, he was nearer being able to create beauty himself.

He was so made that he could work only with understanding. He could not work blindly, in the dark, ignorant of what he was producing and trusting to chance and the star of his genius that the effect produced should be right and fine. He had no patience with chance effects. He wanted to know why and how. His was deliberate creative genius, and, before he began a story or poem, the thing itself was already alive in his brain, with the end in sight and the means of realizing that end in his conscious possession. Otherwise the effort was doomed to failure. On the other hand, he appreciated the chance effects in words and phrases that came lightly and easily into his brain and that later stood all tests of beauty and power and developed tremendous and incommunicable connotations. Before such be bowed down and marveled, knowing that they were beyond the deliberate creation of any man. And no matter how much he dissected beauty in search of the principles that underlie beauty and make beauty possible, he was aware, always, of the innermost mystery of beauty to which he did not penetrate and to which no man had ever penetrated. He knew full well, from his *Spencer,* that man can never attain ultimate knowledge of anything, and that the mystery of beauty was no less than that of life—nay, more—that the fibers of beauty and life were intertwisted, and that he himself was but a bit of the same nonunderstandable fabric, twisted of sunshine and star-dust and wonder.

In fact, it was when filled with these thoughts that he wrote his essay entitled "Star-Dust," in which he had his fling, not at the principles of criticism, but at the principal critics. It was brilliant, deep, philosophical, and deliciously touched with laughter. Also it was promptly rejected by the magazines as often as it was submitted. But having cleared his mind of it, he went serenely

on his way. It was a habit he developed, of incubating and maturing his thought upon a subject, and of then rushing to the typewriter with it. That it did not see print was a matter of small moment with him. The writing of it was the culminating act of a long mental process, the drawing together of scattered threads of thought and the final generalizing upon all the data with which his mind was burdened. To write such an article was the conscious effort by which he freed his mind and made it ready for fresh material and problems. It was in a way akin to that common habit of men and women, troubled by real or fancied grievances, who periodically and volubly break their long-suffering silence and "have their say" till the last word is said.

To be continued.

Serenade

By Mary Burke Calhoun

I would so tender be, Love
That thou should'st feel for me
The trembling that the rose feels
For the humming of the bee.

I would so gentle be, dear,
That thou should'st feel for me
The softness of the moonlight
On the gold Acacia tree.

I would so softly stir thee
With fond elusive hopes,
As breezes waft the incense
From the purple heliotropes.

Ah, open, Love, thy window
That they may plead for me,
The trembling rose, the heliotrope,
And the gold Acacia tree.



RED RIVER WINTER TRAIN FROM FORT GARRY, MANITOBA, TO ST. PAUL, 1859.
N. W. Kittson Came to St. Paul in This Manner, in 1859, to Attend the Territorial Legislature.

The Story of the Great Northern

By W. F. Bailey

IN the early days of Minnesota, say from 1850 to 1860, the principal business of the city of St. Paul was the traffic with the Indians and the fur trade, it being the commercial center of the section now comprising the States of Minnesota, Dakota, Montana and to a limited extent across the border into Canada. The country north of the American line and west of the Great Lakes was known as the Hudson Bay Territory. It was owned, governed and its trade controlled by the Hudson Bay Company. Their principal post, or headquarters, for the territory was Fort Garry, located on the site of the present city of Winnipeg, about sixty-five miles north of the American boundary, and three hundred and fifty from St. Paul. Supplies for all the Hudson bay posts, and for their traffic with the Indians in the entire Northwest came from Montreal to Fort Garry by way of the St. Lawrence, Great Lakes and the Lake of the Woods, being distributed from there, their "take" of furs and peltries being in turn collected at Fort Garry and forwarded by the same route to Montreal.

a long, expensive and hazardous journey. When it is considered that the territory thus served exceeded the area of the whole United States, some appreciation of the volume of the traffic may be had.

With the opening of communication between St. Paul and Chicago, and consequently the eastern part of the United States and Canada, first in 1854 by way of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad to Rock Island, and steamboats on the Mississippi; and later by way of the all-rail lines, it became evident to the Hudson Bay people that here was a better route for their business. It could be handled more expeditiously, cheaper and with greater safety, than by the water route with its numerous portages. Accordingly, in 1857, they made arrangements for their shipments to be handled via Chicago and St. Paul, being carried through the United States "in bond."



JAMES J. HILL, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE.

The first consignment came in the spring of 1858. From St. Paul to Fort Garry it was transported in what was known as "Red River Carts." These were rough, two-wheeled vehicles made

of native lumber by native workmen costing about fifteen dollars each, and their most noted characteristic was the screech of their wheels, the latter being guiltless of any form of lubrication. Their motive power was oxen, their drivers as a rule the French-Canadian "*Bois Brules.*" It was no unusual thing for as high as three hundred of these drivers with their carts to be camped around St. Paul.



THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL, ABOUT 1858, SHOWING "RED RIVER CARTS."
The Red River Carts Were the Precursors of the Railroad in the Trade of the Northwest. The First Carts Were Built for the Purpose of Transporting Furs From Fort Garry and Western Canada to the Nearest Eastern Market, and Later to St. Paul and Minneapolis. In 1844 the Traffic, at Mendota and St. Paul Amounted to $1,400; Reached $15,000 in 1850, and in 1863 Was $250,000.

About this time the discovery of gold on the Frazer and Thompson Rivers in British Columbia became noised abroad. A large number of people from the United States started for "The New California," the preferred route being by way of St. Paul, Fort Garry and thence by the Hudson Bay Company's trails to the coast.

Believing this business was to be permanent, and also desirous of securing it and the Hudson Bay Company's traffic for their city, the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce undertook to have the Red River of the North surveyed, to ascertain if it was navigable; that river reaching from within one hundred miles of their city to Fort Garry and Lake Winnipeg. The report being entirely favorable, the Chamber in 1859 offered a bonus of one thousand dollars to any one who would build and operate a steamboat between Fort Garry and the head of navigation.

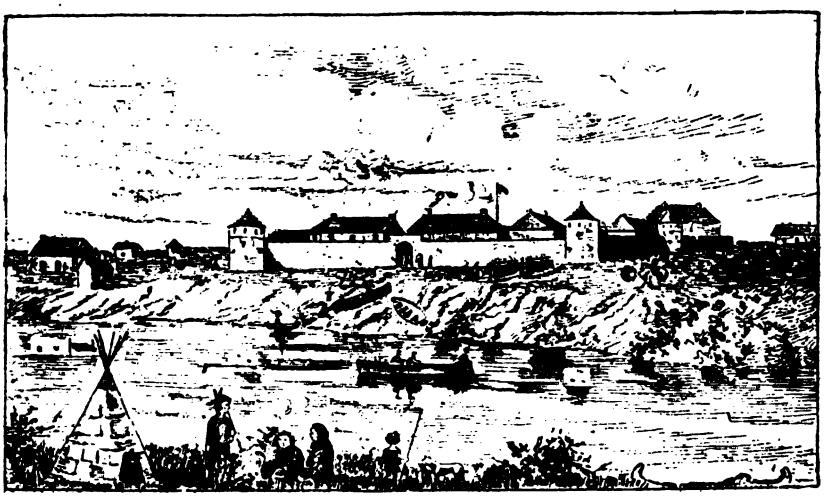
Anson Northrup, a Mississippi steamboat man, said to them, "make it two thousand and I will do it," which proposition was duly accepted. Starting in the dead of winter with thirty-four teams and sixty men, Northrup hauled the machinery and wood work for the

upper works of a steamboat from St. Paul to Fayette on the Red River of the North, some one hundred and fifty miles. There was nothing in the way of a road, but notwithstanding all the difficulties, including a winter of unparalleled severity, in six weeks he had a boat built and ready for business, according to the Minnesota State Historical Society.

One of the most interesting chapters in this society's publication is the one giving an account of the first trip of this boat, which he named after himself. Neither he nor any of his men had ever been down the river. Running aground, or afoul of snags, were almost hourly occasioning the construction of the Manitoba Division of the Great Northern Railway.

Another result of Northrup's boat was a war with the Sioux. They objected very strenuously to the presence of a steamboat on the river, claiming that not only did it scare away the game, but what was worse, her whistle prevented the spirits of their fathers from resting. Possibly if Northrup would send them four kegs of "yellow money" it would enable their medicine men to quiet the spirits. This being refused them, an outbreak followed.

With the extinction of the Hudson



FORT GARRY, NOW WINNIPEG, MANITOBA. ERECTED 1835.

occurrences. Among other experiences, the food supplies became exhausted, and the party had to stop to fish and hunt for grub. Another episode was their running aground on a sand bar and having to build wing dams, from either side to the center, out of trees and brush, so as to concentrate the stream on the bar, that the current might cut the sand and form a channel for them to proceed.

Fort Garry was reached in June, 1859. The result of the trip demonstrated the feasibility of navigating the river, and this brought about such a heavy traffic between St. Paul and Manitoba as to turn the attention of the progressive men of the Northwest to the desirability of railroad communication, eventually Bay Company's title, through its purchase by the Dominion Government, and the subsequent immigration that came into Manitoba, the "Red River Settlements" soon assumed quite an importance. The traffic between St. Paul and Fort Garry, or Winnipeg, as it began to be called, correspondingly increased. This was handled by steamboats on the Red River of the North during the season of navigation, and by ox teams the balance of the year. The mails during the winter were carried by dog trains. These methods were recognized as makeshifts pending the construction of a railroad. St. Paul, and in fact the whole Northwest, was confident that when the much-talked-of Pacific Rail-

road matured, that their city would be its eastern terminus, and the northern route the one over which it would be constructed.

Genesis of the Northern Roads.

Of the twenty-seven railroads to whom charters were issued by the Territorial Legislature of Minnesota, 1853 to 1857, the second one was known as the Minnesota and Pacific, the progenitor of the Great Northern.

The first chartered was the Lake Superior and Mississippi River Railroad, from Duluth to St. Paul, which later became the St. Paul & Duluth, and now is part of the Northern Pacific.

Of the twenty-seven, twenty-three "died a-borning," so that when the land granted by Congress in 1857 to the State of Minnesota, to aid in the construction of its railroads, was to be divided, there were but four companies in existence, viz., the Minnesota & Pacific. The Transit, The Root River Valley & Southern Minnesota, and The Minneapolis & Cedar Valley. The question of apportioning the land grant among these came up in the Territorial Legislature May 27, 1857, and each of the four were given six sections of land for each mile of main line constructed—provided they complied with the requirements laid down by the Legislature, in the matter of rate of construction, standard, etc.


THE FIRST DIVISION
ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC
RAILROAD.
1872. SUMMER TIME TABLE. 1872.
MAIN LINE.
ST. PAUL & LITCHFIELD TRAIN.
ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS TRAIN.
BRANCH LINE.

AN OLD TIME TABLE OF THE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC.

One of the provisions of the State Constitution adopted when Minnesota came into the Union, in 1857, was a prohibition of the State's lending its credit or giving any aid to any individual, association or corporation. This was aimed directly at the railroads. Their promoters were able, however, to convince the public that without state aid there would be be no railroads constructed. Consequently in the following year, 1858, a constitutional amendment was submitted and adopted, which permitted the state to issue bonds to the amount of five million dollars, the proceeds of which were to be loaned the railroads to assist in their construction.

The Minneapolis & Pacific was one of the favored lines. Assisted by funds loaned them by the state, some sixty-three miles of its line from St. Paul to Brainerd were graded. The progress was slow, not only on this line, but on the other three. The Governor was accused of favoritism, the validity of the bonds was attacked, and altogether the situation was so unpromising that the public became dissatisfied. This was intensified by the failure of the companies to pay their interest.



THE "WILLIAM CROOKS," FIRST LOCOMOTIVE. (1861), OF THE ST. PAUL & PACIFIC, NOW GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.



MINNEAPOLIS IN 1857.

In 1860, by a nearly unanimous vote, the constitutional amendment was repealed. Of the $5,000,000 bonds authorized, $2,275,000 had been issued to the railroad companies, they being secured by a deed of trust to the state, covering the franchises, land grants, and other belongings of the railroads. Demands being made for the accumulated interest, without compliance, the state authorities foreclosed, and in this way the state became the owner of the uncompleted lines.

Adverse Public Sentiment Unprofitable.

During the next two years the public discovered that railroad builders were very shy birds, that they required considerable coaxing, and that the anti-subsidy agitation was resulting in leaving their state without any railroad connection with the outside world. This feeling of chagrin was greatly intensified by the passage of the Pacific Railroad Bill by Congress, omitting any mention of their city, and the northern route that they considered the only practical one.

Public sentiment swung from the extreme of no subsidy in 1860 to railroads at any price. From this feeling grew the organization of new companies who were given by the State Legislature the franchises and rights of the four defunct ones.

The first to receive attention was the old Minnesota & Pacific proposition, which reappeared as the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad Company. The charter granted them called for the construction of their main line from Stillwater, Minnesota, to Breckenridge, Minnesota, via St. Paul and St. Anthony, with power to extend to the Missouri River; Stillwater being on the Minnesota-Wisconsin state line, a short distance east of St. Paul; Breckenridge on the Red River Of The North, on the western boundary of the state. The evident intention was that this line should eventually become a line to the Pacific.

In addition to the main line described, the charter also authorized a branch line from St. Anthony, via St. Cloud and Crow Wing, to the Minnesota-Manitoba boundary, this being to take care of the Manitoba traffic to which reference has already been made. St. Anthony, the starting point of this branch, was ten miles from St. Paul proper, now North St. Paul, and across the Mississippi River from where the city of Minneapolis now stands. Satisfactory guarantees being offered of the good faith of the company, they were given the franchise, land grants and other property of the defunct Minnesota & Pacific Railroad.

This company was a local syndicate headed by Edmund Rice as president. A

contract was made with E. F. Drake to build ten miles of the road from St. Paul to St. Anthony. Mr. Drake was a railroad contractor, having built a number of railroads in Ohio and Indiana, and who, after completing his contract with the St. Paul & Pacific, became interested in the St. Paul & Sioux City, remaining with that company in various capacities for many years, finally becoming its president.

The Drake contract was carried out successfully and the line opened June 28, 1862. It was laid with forty-five-pound iron rails, and its equipment consisted of two wood-burning engines of twenty-five-ton capacity and eight cars.

President Rice having affiliations with Holland, went to Amsterdam and there placed a bond issue for the company. This was to the extent of $12,000 per mile, at 8 per cent. To cover the completed line from St. Paul to St. Anthony, a separate issue of $120,000 was made; the remainder being to cover the extension to Breckenridge. He also purchased and forwarded to St. Paul 3,000 tons of rails to be used on this line.

For a variety of reasons not much headway was made. Labor was scarce; material was at war prices. The Civil war was engaging the energies of the whole country; and affairs with the St. Paul & Pacific were discouraging. In 1864 an act was passed by the Minnesota Legislature permitting the segregation of the line. The original company retained the line to the Manitoba border (St. Vincent) with St. Cloud as their southern terminus, and also the line from Watah (Sauk Rapids) to Brainerd. The remainder of the line, St. Paul to Sauk Rapids and from Anthony to Breckenridge, was turned over to a new corporation called the St. Paul & Pacific First Division Railroad Company. In 1865, a further grant of four sections of land to each mile of main line constructed was made the companies by act of Congress, thus bringing the total up to ten sections per mile, the idea being to facilitate construction.

In 1867, the First Division Company completed their bridge across the Mississippi between St. Anthony and Minneapolis, and also the extension of their grade to Lake Minnetonka. Their report for the year gave the value of the



ST. PAUL IN 1861.
This Shows the First Piece of Railroad Track in the State of Minnesota, the St. Paul & Pacific Railway. The Grade of the Road Is Distinctly Shown in the Foreground by the White Bank. The Railroad Track Ends Right on the Bank of the Mississippi River. The "William Crooks," the First Locomotive in the State of Minnesota, Was Unloaded From the Steamboat and Placed on the Railroad Track at the Top of the Bluff.

property (December 31, 1867) as $7,746,000, including their land grant certified to date, which they estimated at $3,846,000.

In 1870, the Northern Pacific purchased a controlling interest of the stock of the First Division Company with a view of using that line as their St. Paul connection, operating it, however, as a separate organization; and in 1871, they effected a lease of the original St. Paul & Pacific Railroad to the First Division Company. By the terms of the lease the First Division Company obligated itself to complete the line, Congress having extended the land grant to cover the extension to St. Vincent. An attempt was made to float a bond issue of $15,000,000 on the entire line to pay for the extension. This was objected to by the security holders, with the result that the St. Vincent extension went into the hands of a receiver.



EDMUND RICE
First President of the St. Paul & Pacific.

In the fall of 1873 the Northern Pacific, embarrassed by the failure of their financial agents, Jay Cook & Co., surrendered the First Division Company to its bondholders. At this time that part of the line had a bonded indebtedness of $17,000,000 with $10,000,000 of capital stock.

Up to 1875 construction proceeded spasmodically. On the First Division, the main line, St. Anthony to Breckenridge, 207 miles was completed in November, 1871, its branch line, St. Paul to Sauk Rapids, seventy-six miles, September, 1867, and another branch, East St. Cloud to Melrose, in 1875; this latter being operated by the St. Paul & Pacific Company under a monthly rental of $500. In 1878 the road seemed in a hopeless tangle. The State Legislature seeing that construction had ceased, and that there seemed no prospect of its affairs being straightened out, and the line completed as originally chartered, passed an act requiring the completion of the line to the Manitoba border by January 1, 1879, under penalty of cancellation of charter and loss of land grant.

To protect the property, the Court instructed the receiver to at once proceed with the construction and to complete the line within the limit fixed by the Legislature, issuing Receiver's Certificates to cover the cost of building the extension. According to the *Pioneer Press,* construction commenced July, 1878, and the following December saw it completed, one hundred and twelve miles being built in the interim by the receiver at an expense of only $9,000 per mile as against $30,000 per mile, the cost charged up by the company as the expense for that portion of the line constructed by it.

The road was now in five sections, viz: St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, Main Line, Branch Line: St. Vincent Extension; the St. Paul & Pacific First Division Railroad, Main Line and Branch Line. The bonded indebtedness totaled $28,000,000, most of it being held in Holland; the majority of the stock being controlled by the Litchfields of New York and London.

Entrance of J. J. Hill.

A syndicate was formed to take over the several parts, reorganize the companies, and to make out of the disconnected links one harmonious whole. The principals of the syndicate were George Stephen, N. W. Kittson, Donald A.

Smith, R. B. Angus and James Jerome Hill. The first mentioned, George Stephen, was a prominent woolen manufacturer of Montreal. From a "herd boy of the Glebe of Mortlock" in Scotland, he had risen to be the leading financier of Canada, and the president, in 1876, of its most important financial institution, the Bank of Montreal. He was best known as the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company during its construction. For his services to the crown in connection with that road he was knighted by Queen Victoria.

The second member, Norman W. Kittson, was a prominent merchant of St. Paul, originally a trader with the Indians and dealer in furs; largely interested in the Manitoba trade and the owner of a steamboat line on the Red River Of The North. The third member. Donald A. Smith, was the head of the Hudson Bay Company. Entering its service in 1838 he served thirteen years on the Labrador coast, afterwards at different points in the Northwest, promoted, step by step, to Chief Factor, and finally Resident Governor and Chief Commissioner. According to the Montreal Board of Trade, he was "the most eminent personage that Canada can boast of during the present century." During the early days of the Canadian Pacific he was vice president of that company. On the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Strathcona and Lord Mount Royal.

The fourth member of the syndicate was R. B. Angus, who left the general managership of the Bank of Montreal to cast his fortunes with the new organization.

The fifth member is the personage generally known as "Jim Hill." He was the chief promoter and leading spirit of the project. Born near Guelph, Ontario, in 1838, he received his education at the Rockwood Academy; being thrown on his own resources at the age of fifteen by the death of his father. When eighteen he came to St. Paul in search of his fortune. According to one of his contemporaries: "A green country lad out of the Canadian backwoods. His only capital, good health, a common-school education, Scotch thrift and an indomitable ambition. The only job he could find was wrestling freight on the levee, and he accordingly wrestled himself into a clerkship, then into an agency, and after some more hard wrestling, into the ownership of boats of his own."



E. F. DRAKE.
Famous Old-Time Railroad Contractor Who Built First Ten Miles of the St. Paul & Pacific.

His first employment was with the Dubuque & St. Paul Packet Co., an organization operating a line of steamboats on the Mississippi River. He went through the steps of freight handler, clerk, agent of the Northwestern & Davidson Line, and in 1865 in business for himself.

During the Civil War he organized a company for the army, but it was not called into active service, he himself being rejected because of defective eye-sight.

In 1867 he embarked into the fuel and transportation business under the firm name of Hill & Gregg; in addition to other business, they were forwarding agents for Canadian consignments. This led to his entering the Red River business in 1869; his first boat being the *Sel-*

kirk, which he had built. This was a flat-bottomed, light-draft affair; the boilers and machinery were brought from the East. In 1870 he put it into service to Winnipeg, in opposition to the rival boats operated by N. W. Kittson in the interest of the Hudson Bay Company. In 1872 the two interests were consolidated forming the Red River Transportation Company. In this connection he was brought into contact with Governor Smith of the Hudson Bay Company, forming associations that affected not only his interests, but also those of the entire Northwest.

In 1875 Mr. Hill formed the Northwestern Fuel Company that eventually controlled and monopolized the coal business of Minnesota. He sold out his holdings in both this and the Red River Transportation Company in 1878, to organize in connection with the four mentioned, a syndicate for the purchase of the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad.



LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN (SIR GEORGE STEPHEN.)
Of the Original Hill Syndicate, Knighted For His Services in Connection With the Canadian Pacific.

A satisfactory proposition was made the bondholders, mostly Hollanders. They were given the option of selling their bonds for cash at the market price; to exchange them for securities of the new organization at ninety cents on the dollar; or to accept bonds of the new company at dollar for dollar with a bonus of twenty-five per cent. stock.

The proposition being accepted, a new organization, The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company, was formed to take over the property of the old. The new company was organized May 23, 1879. The different parts of the St. Paul & Pacific were foreclosed and brought in as follows:

St. Paul to Sauk Rapids Branch Line First Division Company 75.75 miles, May 7, 1879.

St. Anthony to Breckenridge Main Line First Division Company, 207.10 miles June 2, 1879.

St. Paul to Morris, Main Line, St. Paul & Pacific Company, 150.00 miles, June 5, 1879.

Barnesville to St. Vincent Extension, St. Paul & Pacific Company, 170.25 miles, June 14, 1879.

The Red River & Manitoba Railroad, Breckenridge to Barnesville, and the Red River Valley Railroad, Crookston to Fisher's Landing, two short auxiliary lines were included in the deal. The outstanding obligations of the old companies totaled some thirty-three million dollars, to absorb which the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company, which will hereafter be referred to as "The Manitoba Company," issued $15,000,000 of capital stock and $16,325,000 of bonds.

The company was organized with Stephen as president; Kittson, vice president, and Hill, managing director, with title of general manager.

The whole proposition was, in a sense, a huge gamble, its success being dependent on their ability to unload their securities. The players, however, knew their cards, and played them well, the result being that all five members of the syndicate came out of the deal millionaires.

Their plans, however, went beyond the marketing of the new securities. They were after the immediate profit, but also what there was to be made out of the traffic subsequently. Their aim was to corral not only the Manitoba business, but also that of northwestern Minnesota and Dakota. After many vicissitudes the Canadian Pacific Railroad had been finally launched. The construction of its Pembina Branch, ex-

tending from the junction of the Pembina and Red River of The North at the American boundary (St. Vincent) to Winnipeg, had been commenced. The ceremonies in connection with inaugurating its construction were held at St. Boniface, September 29, 1877; Governor-General Lord Dufferin being present and chief spokesman on the occasion. This line was to furnish a rail connection between the growing communities—Winnipeg and Portage La Prairie, known as the Red River Settlements—and the American Railways, pending such time as it would require to build the main line of the road from Montreal to the Pacific Coast.

The relations between the party in power in the Dominion, headed by Premier MacKenzie, and the members of the syndicate, to say the least, were not cordial. The five had purchased a Manitoba charter and announced their intention of paralleling the Government line between St. Vincent and Winnipeg.

With the fall of the MacKenzie party and the return to power of the one headed by Sir John Macdonald, this was changed.



NORMAN W. KITTSON.
Old-Time Indian Trader and Merchant. Member of the Original Hill Syndicate.

On invitation of the new administration, Mr. Stephen was invited to organize a company to build the main line of the Canadian Pacific. This he undertook to do, and as a natural consequence Hill and Smith figured prominently in the new syndicate. Stephen was made president, Smith, vice-president, and Hill one of the directors and a member of the executive committee.

In 1883, Hill sold out his interests in the Canadian Pacific. According to general report he held $2,000,000 of its stock, that had cost him twenty-five cents on the dollar, or $500,000; this had paid him dividends to the amount of $585,000 and was disposed of at ninety, netting him the neat sum of $1,885,000.

Progress of the "Manitoba" Company.

But to go back to the Manitoba Company. One of its first acquisitions was the charter of the Minnesota & St. Cloud Railroad. This was one of those granted by the Territorial Legislature in 1856, having been reaffirmed in 1869 by the state. Under this charter, the line from Hinckley to St. Cloud was built; also the lines Morris to Browns Valley, the St. Cloud & Lake Traverse Railroad and Moorehead to Barnesville. The Moorehead and Barnesville line was added to the system.

The city of Minneapolis had voted a subsidy of one thousand dollars per mile to a company known as the Minneapolis & Northern Railroad to aid in the construction of a narrow gauge line from Minneapolis north, on the west side of the Mississippi. This the Manitoba also constructed and absorbed. In fact, during the first ten years of its existence the company was constantly adding to its mileage. At first the growth was by steps, then by leaps and bounds:

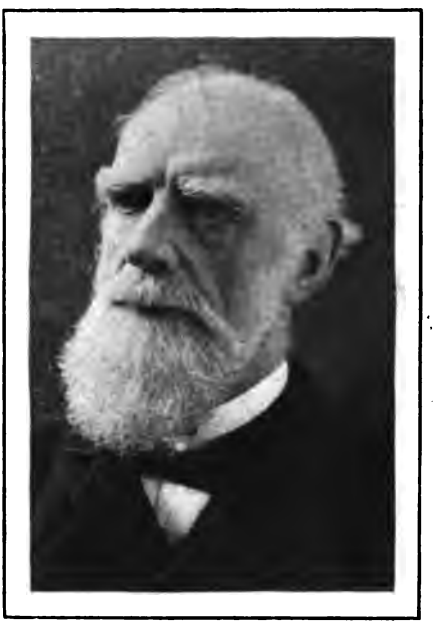
		Mileage.	Total issue stocks and bonds
St. Paul M. & M.	1879,	640	$31,325,000
St. Paul M. & M.	1884,	1378	51,368,000
St. Paul M. & M.	1889,	2931	72,785,000
Great Northern,	1890,	2991	110,485,000
Great Northern,	1895,	4495	170,779,354
Great Northern,	1900,	5202	195,430,154
Great Northern,	1906,	6319	341,440,038

At first the extensions were in the direction of covering the northern part of Minnesota, then Dakota; and in 1887,

by Act of Congress, they were authorized to extend their line into the Territory of Montana. The line, Great Falls to Helena, was completed November, 1887, and the extension into Butte, October, 1888. To cover bonds issued to pay for this construction, a general mortgage of $25,000,000 was executed June 1, 1887.

First Appearance of the Name: Great Northern.

Reference has already been made to the purchase of the charter of the Minnesota & St. Cloud Raiload, it being very liberal in its provisions, permitting among other privileges, the change of name of any of its branches or divisions under the powers thus granted. Notice was filed with the state authorities September 18, 1889. of intention to change the name of the line from Minnesota & St. Cloud Railroad to that of the Great Northern Railway Company; this new organization to be capitalized at $40,000,000; one-half of this amount to be known as preferred stock and to be issued to the holders of the stock of the Manitoba Company at fifty per cent of its face value; the other half to be known as common stock, to be issued to the Manitoba Company in payment of all the securities owned by it (the Manitoba Company) amounting to over $22,000,000; the title of these securities to pass to the new organization. To the Great Northern Railway Company thus constituted, a lease was made of the Manitoba Company for 999 years; the terms of which called for an annual rental on the basis of 6 per cent on the $20,000,000 capital stock of the Manitoba Company, and the payment by the Great Northern of both interest and principal of the Manitoba Company's obligations as they fell due.



RT. HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, (SIR DONALD A. SMITH).
Member of the Original Hill Syndicate; Head of the Hudson Bay Company, and Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific.

On this basis the Great Northern took possession of the property of the Manitoba Company, February 1, 1890; and at the same time it also absorbed the Duluth, Watertown & Pacific, and Wellman & Sioux Falls railways; two lines, seventy and 147 miles respectively, constructed by the Hill interests during 1888 and 1889.

Seeming "Folly" of the Enterprise.

With the launching of the new company also came the formal announcement of the intention to extend its lines to the Pacific Coast. This had been surmised as Hill's ultimate destination, but was supposed to be far in the future. The Northern Pacific, just south of this line, had been opened in 1883. Notwithstanding its magnificent territory, and the valuable aid received from the National Government through its land grant, it had been unable to pull through, and had been through two receiverships and foreclosure sales.

On the north was the Canadian Pacific backed by all the resources, both political and financial, of the Canadian Government, with a land grant of 50,000,000 acres ,and yet it, too, was financially a failure. In view of these unpromising facts it seemed like utter folly for a third company with practically the same termini, and without Government aid, to parallel them for its entire length.

The proposition met with little favor in financial circles, and the carrying out

of the project in the face of the opposition of the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific Companies, and of other financial interests, is certainly a proof of Hill's great powers as a financier. The fact that the Great Northern and its predecessor, the Manitoba Company, had distributed between fifteen and sixteen million dollars to its security-holders, never defaulting a payment, materially assisted him in this new undertaking. Regardless of opposition and discouragements the mileage of the Great Northern stretched farther and farther westward until 1893, when it reached Everett, Washington. There it connected with the coast lines of the system commenced in 1891; these latter extending from Seattle to New Westminster, B. C., the initial point of the Pacific extension being Havre, Mont., originally called Pacific Junction, the connecting point for the Butte-Helena line. This was the location of old Fort Assiniboin, a strategic point of much importance in the Indian troubles following the Custer massacre, but which has since fallen into disuse with their final adjustment.



ANSON NORTHRUP.
The Old Mississippi Steamboat Man Who Operated the First Steamboat on the Red River of the North.

For over three years, fifty engineers with an army of followers were engaged locating and surveying the route of the 838 miles; 430 of which is through heavy timber. Along no portion of the line was there anything approaching a wagon road, and for over two hundred miles there was not even the semblance of a trail. In several stretches of the primeval forest the accumulation of fallen timber made traveling very difficult; five miles a day through some of this was all an energetic man could travel. The chief engineer's report mentions the experience of one of his assistants who was instructed to make a reconnoissance near the summit of the Rockies over a distance of about thirty-five miles. Starting out with his blankets and six days' provisions on his back, he was yet four days without food when he reached a cabin on the other side. After regaining his strength he started back, and after almost unendurable hardships returned, being thirty days in making the round trip of seventy miles. All the supplies and requirements of the engineers had to be packed in, either by men or on horseback.

Beginning Construction.

A few explorations were made in the fall and winter of 1889, but work on the preliminary surveys did not begin until March, 1890. The grading commenced in August, and the tracklaying in October of the same year. In the twenty-eight months that followed, the rails proceeded without interruption, excepting for three months when work was stopped by snow. During this time five mountain ranges were crossed, *i. e.*, the Rocky, Missouri, Cabinet, Selkirk and Cascades. The best day's work was four and one-half miles of track laid. A greater feat was the building of a bridge across the "Two Medicine" River. This was 800 feet long and 212 feet high, containing over three-quarters of a million feet of lumber, and was erected and trains running over it in forty-five days. The rate of construction was 100 miles in 1890, 162



MT. INDEX, CASCADE RANGE, GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

miles in 1891, 554 miles in 1892, and on January 6, 1893, the connection was made between the two sections, completing the through line.

In commemoration of the event a celebration was held at St. Paul, Minnesota. The original intention was to hold festivities at the different cities along the line, but by agreement it was arranged that they should all unite in one big "Hill Demonstration" to be held under the auspices of a joint committee. This was opened Wednesday, June 7, 1893, by a monster procession and street pageant exemplifying not only the methods of transportation but also the material progress and resources of the Northwest.

At the head of the procession came the Indians with their moveables loaded on poles attached to ponies, followed by the trappers on foot and horseback, and with led horses carrying their outfits; then the French Voyagers carrying their canoes; then Red River carts, dog trains, steamboats and stage coaches. Modern methods were illustrated by imitations of the consolidation engines, heavy freight cars, sleepers, diners, lake and ocean steamers, and the whaleback grain carriers. On Thursday a popular reception was given Mr. Hill and the officials of the line, during which a magnificent silver punch bowl was presented to him. The festivities wound up with a banquet at the Aberdeen hotel, Friday evening, presided over by Governor Merriam of Minnesota, and largely attended by public men and railroad officials. For the occasion the twin cities were lavishly decorated, triumphant arches erected, and over 60,000 "Great Northern Flags" being used; delegations and committees from nearly every city from Duluth to Seattle being present and participating.

Beginning Operation.

Through traffic over the line commenced June 18, 1893, and was ush-

ered in with a material reduction in passenger fares, the reason advanced for this action being the allegation that as 75 per cent of the transcontinental passenger traffic was done on second-class tickets, they proposed establishing their new line's business by making their first-class rates on the basis their competitors had been carrying the second-class business, the relative figures being:

	First Class		Second Class	
	Old Rates.	Great Nor.	Old Rates.	Great Nor.
Seattle & Coast Points.	$60.00	$35.00	$35.00	$35.00
Spokane	52.50	30.00	33.00	20.00
Helena & Butte.....	50.00	25.00	25.00	15.00

As might be expected this precipitated a rate war. The Northern Pacific met the reduced rates the nineteenth day following their announcement by the Great Northern, and three days later went them some better by reducing still further: ten dollars on first-class and seven dollars on second-class. It was over a year before the row then precipitated was settled by agreement.

In 1892, after the line had reached Spokane, a traffic arrangement was made with the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, giving the Great Northern the use of that company's line between Spokane and Portland.

A strike of its employees in 1894 tied up the line from April 13 to May 2, when it was settled, partially by agreement and partially by arbitration. This came, according to Mr. Hill, "without a day's notice or warning of any kind," being the first of the "Debs or O. R. T." strikes that made the year notable in railroad history.

The great Cascade Tunnel, two and one-half miles long, commenced in 1896, was completed in 1900 at a cost of approximately $4,000,000. Previous to its completion the range was crossed by a switch-back track over the summit,



TUMWATER CANYON, WASHINGTON, BY WHICH THE GREAT NORTHERN CROSSES THE CASCADES.

reaching an altitude of 4054 feet. While this was interesting from a tourist or sight-seeing point of view, and also presented many points of interest as an engineering feat, it was expensive and difficult of operation. With the tunnel the altitude was reduced to 3304 feet.

Striking Innovations by Mr. Hill.

In 1895 the company made an innovation in railroad customs—since become general—withdrawing all of their insurance in the different companies and carrying the risk themselves—very much to their financial advantage.

An auxiliary company, The Great Northern Steamship Company, was incorporated at St. Paul in 1900. This was for the purpose of operating a steamship line between the Pacific Coast terminals of the Great Northern Railway and the far East. Previous to this time the same service had been performed by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Company). A line of steamers were also put on the Great Lakes between Buffalo and Duluth.

In 1892, a profit-sharing plan for the benefit of its employees was put in effect. Under this, the employees were given the privilege of purchasing stock in the company in installments.



THE GREAT NORTHERN STONE-ARCH BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, BETWEEN ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS.

Since the completion of the line in 1893 its history has been one of constant aggression. The construction of branch lines has amounted to over two thousand miles, bringing its total mileage up to 6748 miles on October 1, 1908.

For sixteen years, ending with 1894, the average of one mile a day new line was built and added to the system, and for the twenty-six years it has averaged six-tenths of a mile for each and every

day. Construction, however, was the smallest factor in adding to the mileage of the "Hill Lines."

Early in 1900 steps were taken by Mr. Hill and his associates to purchase a controlling interest in the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, with the evident intention of adding its mileage to the system. Through the refusal of the holders of its stock to become party to the project, and their subsequent opposition, this plan they were forced to abandon.*

Turning their attention to the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway and its mileage of 8824 miles, their overtures met with greater success. The Burlington had securities of the par value of about $100,000,000 outstanding. These were quoted at from 178 to 190. Active buying on the part of the Hill people, both publicly and privately, brought them large holdings in these, and when they were ready to announce their proposed deal it was an assured fact that they could carry it through. The plan as consummated was to purchase the Burlington stock at $200.00, just double its face value, paying for same with joint Great Northern-Northern Pacific 4 per cent bonds. An issue of $200,000,000 of such bonds was issued, these being guaranteed by the Great Northern Railway Company and the Northern Pacific Railroad Company jointly, and secured by the deposit of the Burlington securities purchased.

This deal was originated by Mr. Hill, who had from time to time been gathering in Northern Pacific stock, until he had become a very considerable holder of it. It had been his ambition to secure the control of the road, not only to prevent injurious competition to his Great Northern interests, but also as lending great weight to his domination of the Northwest. It is claimed that in 1893 the shoe had been on the other foot. Henry Villard, the president of the Northern Pacific, states in his memoirs that he and Hill had reached an agreement relative to the latter transferring his holdings of Great Northern to the Northern Pacific; alleging that all the details regarding price had been agreed upon and that it was only owing to Hill's vacillating mind and bad faith that the deal fell through.†

Associated with Hill in the Burlington deal, and in fact the chief promoter of it, was J. Pierpont Morgan, the New York banker, then in the heyday of his campaign of consolidating or "Morganizing" railroads.

Opposed to it was what is known as the "Union Pacific Crowd," E. H. Harriman as its leader, and the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. It would rather appear that these latter persons had been the occasion of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul deal proving a fiasco, and that they were caught napping by the transfer of the proposition to the Burlington. A combination between the Hill interests and the Burlington threatened them in a number of directions, and as the plans for this seemed unassailable, they turned their attention to a weak point in their adversaries' armor. Hill and his associates owned their domination in Northern Pacific, not to the actual ownership of a majority of its stock (for though their holdings were very considerable, they did not amount to an absolute majority of the amount outstanding) but to the fact that its owners were so widely scattered and lacked organization or leadership; a great deal of it being held in Germany, having been placed there during the Villard regime.

The Fight Between Hill and Harriman.

As the Union Pacific and Harriman interests could not prevent the consummation of the Burlington deal, they determined to protect themselves by securing control of the Northern Pacific. Buying orders were quietly placed in both Berlin and London, as well as New

*This was proposed by some Northern Pacific interests but was at once turned down by Mr. Hill.

†Mr. Villard in the presence of W. P. Clough and Thos. F. Oaks at his house on Seventy-third Street, New York, agreed to sell control of The Oregon Transportation Co. to Mr. Hill, and a few days later changed his mind.

York, and the accumulation of its stock in their hands rapidly grew. Continual purchases brought up the price, and their absorption of all the floating Northern Pacific stock in the market aroused the suspicion and finally the anxiety of the Hill-Morgan crowd. To secure themselves they too went into the market to buy Northern Pacific, so as to solidify them in their control of its policy and operations.

It was soon evident to the insiders of both parties that neither of them had a majority, and under the stimulus of the great stakes at issue, the buying became fast and furious. Bids for lots as high as 10,000 shares were called on the stock exchange on Wall street. The supply not being unlimited, the market soon became oversold, and without design on the part of either of the two contesting interests, the stock became "cornered."

In the rapid advance in price from 130 to 170 during the month of April, 1901, a large "short" interest had been created, and with the knowledge of the corner the parties comprising this became panic struck. To maintain their credit they must have Northern Pacific stock to deliver on their contracts. The floating supply had been absorbed by the two warring interests, and consequently there was none to be borrowed. Their only salvation was to buy it in the open market, and their efforts to do this on top of the buying of the Hill and Harriman interests, resulted in a panic in the Exchange.

Northern Pacific went up and up. Speculators were obliged to sacrifice other securities to obtain it, regardless of the losses incurred. Consequently advances in Northern Pacific were followed by decline in other stocks. Hundreds went broke, and on May 9, a scene of "frenzied finance" unparalleled in the history of the Exchange resulted. The highest point reached by Northern Pacific was one thousand dollars for a share of the par value of one hundred dollars, though the official record put it at considerably less.

This meant disaster to all concerned, and compromise was the only solution of the situation. The leaders of the two warring interests got together and reached an agreement as to the adjustment of their differences, and incidentally a basis of settlement for the "shorts."

The Famous Merger.

Out of this agreement grew the formation of the famous "Northern Securities Company." This was organized under a New Jersey Charter in 1901.

Its capital stock was fixed at $400,000,000; this being the amount necessary to pay for the total outstanding stock of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific at the price agreed therefor. At the same time its charter was sufficiently liberal as to permit of indefinite increase, should the acquisition of other roads be determined upon. The organization of the company was duly consummated, Mr. Hill being elected its president. The two roads maintained their distinct individuality, but the control of their policy and operations, and the naming of their officers became vested in the Northern Securities Company, through its ownership of their stock. Practically all of the Northern Pacific issue (98 per cent) and 76 per cent of the Great Northern was secured.

In the meantime the public became very much wrought up over the merger. This first took hold in the Northwest, being indicated by steps taken by the Minnesota state authorities looking to its dissolution. In time it became general, and so insistent as to occasion intervention by the National authorities.

A suit was brought before the United States District Court by Attorney General Knox, remaining on the calendar unheard for nearly a year. An act of congress authorized its being taken up before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Minnesota, the hearing being held in St. Louis, Missouri, the decision being rendered in St. Paul, April 9, 1903.

In the opinion handed down by Judge Thayer, all four of the judges on the bench concurring, the court declared: first, that the control of the two roads were in the hands of a single person, to-wit: The Northern Securities Company by virtue of its ownership of a large ma-

jority of the stock in both companies; and second, that its condition destroyed every motive for competition between the two roads engaged in interstate traffic which were natural competitors for business, by pooling their earnings for the benefit of the stockholders of both companies, and according to the familiar rule, that every one is presumed to intend what are the necessary consequences of his own act when done wilfully and deliberately, we must conclude that those who conceived and executed the plan aforesaid, intended among other things to accomplish these objects.

The result of this decision was to prevent the Northern Securities Company's acquisition of further Great Northern or Northern Pacific stock, from voting its holdings, exercising any control or direction in the affairs of the two lines, and of receiving any dividends on the stock it held.

The right to reconvey the stock to the Great Northern and Northern Pacific shareholders was admitted, the ownership of this stock itself not being illegal, but the consequent control was. A week later application was made, asking that the operation of the decision, so far as the receiving of dividends was concerned, be suspended, pending decision of the United States Supreme Court, to which an appeal was immediately made. This being granted, the case came up before the Supreme Court, creating intense interest on all sides. The decision was handed down in March, 1904. This was written by Justice Harlan, three of his associates concurring. In it he decided against the Northern Securities Company, taking the ground that the Sherman anti-trust law is righteous and beneficent, enacted in the interest of the people, and for their protection, and should be given a liberal interpretation. The strong point of the decision was that an agreement in relation to and between rival agencies engaged in interstate commerce comes within prohibition by the act, without regard to whether actual rates imposed are reasonable or not.

Four members of the court dissented from these views, believing that the stock that went into combination was the property of the stockholders, and that they had the right to do what they pleased with their own, regardless of its consequences to the public.

Justice Brewer, the ninth and deciding member of the Court, took the middle ground, that this particular combination was a combine resulting in unreasonable restraint of interstate commerce, and consequently illegal.

This settled the Northern Securities Company, and in the subsequent winding up of its affairs a further attempt was made to upset the ownership of the Northern Pacific, through the claim that the actual stock contributed should be turned to the contributors instead of pro rata.

Out of it all, Hill and the Great Northern emerged victors, their possession of the three roads assured.

In 1904 the Hill interests built for the Great Northern Steamship Company two of the most magnificent vessels that were ever floated, the *Minnesota* and the *Dakota;* their carrying capacity being 28,000 tons,—say 280,000 barrels of flour, the equal of one hundred train loads of twenty-five cars each. The frames and plates of these ships were about double the weight and thickness of the heaviest American battleship (1904); these being the two heaviest vessels that ever came under survey of the British Lloyds.

This attempt to dominate the trans-Pacific traffic has apparently failed. Competition of the subsidized Japanese lines and the loss of the Dakota rendered it abortive. The final outcome is as yet on the knees of Fate.

Mr. Hill and the Great Northern.

During the twenty-five years that have elapsed since Mr. Hill was elected president of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad Company, he has each year strengthened his personal hold on the property. According to his own statement made in a speech to the Northwestern Lumbermen's Association in Minneapolis recently, there are 3200 stockholders in the Great Northern Railway Company; he, himself, owning less

than seven per cent of the total. Yet his control is practically as definite and positive as though he were its sole owner.

He receives no pay, salary or commission for his services; he even refused to accept reimbursement for his personal expenses incurred in the company's service, and he has distributed over $50,000,000 in profits to its security holders.

There can be no question as to his participation in the prevalent idea that he is the Great Northern Railway; that he made it, is its head, its hands and its conscience, so far as a "soulless corporation" can be said to have such an attribute.

Its affairs are handled like those of his own home. He knows in detail its workings. Every little hamlet along the line is recorded in a little "Red Book"; its earnings and possibilities. Familiar not only with the finances and accounting of the line, he also is the head of its traffic and operations. Nearly every man on the system has come in touch with him at one time or another.

In routine work, Mr. Hill is a martinet, but not of the "red-tape" variety. The most insignificant employee is welcome to suggest a reform or improvement, with the assurance it will be received just as cordially as though it emanated from the Vice President of the road.

Any or all of his employees are apt to receive orders from him direct, and heads of departments are liable at any time to find their subordinates have received instructions in contravention to their most sacred rules.

He has a habit of telling a large proud man with a long title, of his sins of omission and commission, that he does not know his business, and that he is a blanked fool.

These characteristics have led to the Great Northern being noted for changes in its pay rolls. And yet, instances are many where Mr. Hill has treated the employees of the line with consideration and kindness; where he has gone far beyond the usual limits in their behalf or to assist them personally.

One thing else is also certain. There is no railroad company or management that receives more hearty support and genuine loyalty from its employees than does the Great Northern.

"Competing companies" says one of Mr. Hill's biographers, "have maintained able departments of profanity for the exclusive purpose of keeping him well damned."

Personally, he is square and solid in appearance, short in stature, a typical John Bull. In manner calm and bland, except when roused and then a perfect Vesuvius of invective. A keen appetite for reading, joined to a phenomenal memory has made him a man of decidedly high attainments, and with a very considerable amount of information on a wide variety of subjects.

A few of the lines in which he has figured with credit to himself are, farming, financiering, art critic, author, political economist, philanthropist, stock raiser, horse breeder, railroad builder, public speaker and collector of jewels.

In his management of the Great Northern there has been no absentee ownership. It has been handled from St. Paul with a close personal investigation and knowledge of its needs and dangers, and further it has been run for its legitimate earnings. There has been no stock ticker in its president's office.

Mr. Hill's great aim in regard to the line has been to get its road-bed equipment and power into such shape as would permit the handling of the maximum tonnage at the minimum expense.

He has very aptly been called the "Apostle of Low Grades and High Tonnage." Big train loads in large-capacity cars moved by heavy engines over good tracks has ever been his text to his lieutenants. The following earnings per ton per mile over the Great Northern as compared with the lines between Chicago and New York illustrate the manner in which he has reduced the expense of moving freights over the road:

	Great Northern	Trunk Line
1882,	2.51 cents per cwt.	1.16 cents per cwt.
1893,	1.24 cents per cwt.	0.91 cents per cwt.
1902,	0.859 cents per cwt.	0.768 cents per cwt.

Showing a reduction of sixty-six per cent on the Great Northern in the last twenty years as against a reduction of

thirty-three per cent between Chicago and New York. To accomplish this it has been necessary to reduce the number of freight trains, and correspondingly increase the loads of those that are moved. Thus, for the year 1902, the average number of tons of revenue-paying freight per train mile on the Great Northern was 417; on the Northern Pacific 346, and on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe 247.

It has been claimed for the Great Northern that road-bed, power and equipment have never been allowed to fall below the standard. That the "Hill Policy" of never putting a dollar into these until it was required and always doing so when it was needed, has put the line in the best shape of any of the transcontinental lines. There is no question that this has been the ambition of its management.

In an article in the *World's Work* in 1901, Mr. Hill says: "The building (of new railroads) has come to an end. * * * Existing lines between the West and the East are prepared to transport twice or even thrice the tonnage offered." In a letter to the Governor of Minnesota two years ago, in regard to the freight congestion in the Northwest, he is reported as saying: "The increase of business is the cause of delay in the national traffic movement, which threatens to bring industry to a stand-still. There are cars enough to carry the traffic, but cars and engines must have tracks to run over. The building of additional trackage is the best and only solution of the problem."

And as to this additional trackage, how was it to be had? His views were evidenced by the announcement of a sixty-million-dollar increase in the capital stock of the Great Northern Railway Company.

Says Mr. Hill: "The law of the survival of the fittest applies with special force to railway management. Concentration is the dominant spirit of the age. It has produced the eighty-pound steel rail, the eighty-ton locomotive, and the continuous haul," and undoubtedly in his opinion fully justifies the Great Northern-Northern Pacific management in such further construction and consolidation as will assure to them,—and by them is meant Hill—the control of the Northwest, and to what end? Certainly not the mere accumulation of wealth. His most severe critic has not accused him of anything so sordid.

But recently the old employees of the Great Northern entertained Mr. Hill on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. From all indications he seems to be good for the eighty-nine years of his peer, with whom he has many points of similarity, W. E. Gladstone.

If so, it is a reasonably safe prognostication that the Great Northern will continue to be the prominent factor in the transportation business it now is. Without Mr. Hill, it is almost a case of the play without *Hamlet*.

His is the finished type of the great American business, its foundation laid in the minute personal experiences, and its results expanded by bold combination to the verge of unreality.

EDITOR'S NOTE: That the Great Northern was built and made profitable without receiving the usual donation of an empire of public land from a prodigal government, is a fact that diminishes nothing from the lustre of Mr. Hill's achievements.

A First Year's Experience

By Elizabeth Lambert Wood



HY! What is this?" asked Treve, viewing with surprise the gray silk gown that was spread out over the bed.

There were touches of soft yellow, here and there among the pretty lace, and about the throat, and even to a young and recently married man's inexperienced eyes the effect was very attractive. Therefore, with masculine reasoning, he leaped the chasm of premises and concluded that it had been costly. A slight line of sternness drew together his fine nostrils, and his eyes assumed a degree of coldness.

But his young wife, a mother by half a dozen weeks, was fondly near his elbow, and failed to note the change of expression.

"Is n't it pretty?" she asked softly, a happy thrill in her voice.

"Y-e-s, pretty enough—I guess," he admitted doubtfully. "But—why, you see, Beth, we 've been married less than a year—an—and I thought you had such a lot of things then——" He was pausing awkwardly, thinking of the stories he had heard, at the clubs and from his bachelor friends, of young wives' foolish extravagances. There would be a bill coming in soon, he reasoned, a bill to pay for the pretty display on the bed, and at the thought the secret hopes he had been building for their vacation were razed at a blow.

His business was doing well—in fact his marriage had seemed to bring to it the promise of early prosperity, still it was the part of wisdom to be careful for a time yet, especially as he was ambitious to show his little world that he possessed much business acumen. Therefore it was right for Beth to understand now—though he would do it very gently, of course—that his pocket-book was not the limitless one she had been used to in her father's house.

Beth had drawn a little away from him, and her hand, grown doubly slim and white since her illness, trembled a little and slowly settled against her side, in the folds of her soft gown.

"Why—why, I thought you would be glad," she murmured; "I wanted to surprise you—I had it made at mother's. Tess was having some sewing done—and—and you know since baby came—"

"Oh, I know," he interrupted her to say rather hastily; "but you are not going out now. It does n't seem to me you really need it."

They were in Beth's room where they had gone together after breakfast for Treve to say good-bye to his young son.

The young wife was hurt to the center of her tender heart. She was still a little weak and shaken from her illness, and her instinct in this moment of unexpected misunderstanding was to go to the comfort and consolation that could not fail her. As she moved softly to the cradle she felt the weakness of her steps, and a pang shot through her as she remembered the vigorous, buoyant tread of a year ago.

There were tears in her blue eyes, but she would not let them fall. It was so silly to feel like this, she thought—no doubt Treve was right—perhaps she did not really need the dress. Why, when it came to that, what in her life had she really needed. Only two years ago she had not needed Treve, had not even known him. A few months ago she had not needed her son. The girl stifled a cry, and snatched her baby, still sleeping, from his cradle, and drew him, all soft and yielding, to her quivering breast. Yet even in her intensity her

love for him was so deep that the movement, impassioned as it was, had not wakened him.

Treve followed her with his eyes, and seeing her with the baby thought with something of relief that, after all, she was a sensible little thing, and would remember to be careful next time. Looking at the clock, he said hastily:

"I must be off. Good bye, dear. Dont come downstairs. Yes, I 'll be home for lunch," and dropping a kiss on his son's downy head, and another on Beth's cheek, he bounded lightly down the stairs and out the door.

But at noon, when he came in, Beth's loving glance at once detected something wrong. The gray dress was laid away in tissue paper for some coming time of festivity, and she could not bring herself to believe that his annoyance of the morning could extend to this hour. It was not till they were seated at the table that she was enlightened as to the cause of the pucker between his handsome brows.

Beth's head, beneath its coronet of bright brown hair, was not wholly a foolish one; she saw that her husband was served with the hottest and plumpest of chops and the clearest cup of tea.

But man was born to trouble, and this one, though casting a hungry eye at his savory rations, drew an envelope, with a sigh, from an inner pocket.

Beth's heart fell. How she wished she might urge him to eat his luncheon before they discussed anything disagreeable.

Treve was of a nature firm and resolute, and he had long been given to priding himself on doing thoroughly the duty before him, even when it was a hard one, and his wife's intuition now warned her that this was to be an uncomfortable experience; his silence, and the slowness of his movements all told her this. Goodness and rich experiences, she believed, came into one's life with rippling laughter, or with passionate tears, or with both. It was only logical duty, and a wise mind's reasoning, that had a stiff and righteous manner of presenting truths.

Treve pushed back his chair a little, away from the cooling chops and tea. He drew a paper from the envelope, but as yet had not framed his words of enlightenment.

Beth hastily swallowed a gulp of tea, and dug her silver fork into her chop. A gush of juice and an entrancing odor followed, but she could not bring herself to lifting even a small bit of it to her mouth. A strange impulse, to scream or laugh or leap to her feet, came over her, but she pushed it from her and held it away by the force of her young will.

Suddenly Treve spoke out. "Beth, it 's mighty disagreeable, I know," he began, unable to keep suppressed a tone of injury," "but the bill for the—for the gray dress came in this morning."

Beth smiled out, deeply relieved, for this could not be so bad;—that had been part of the surprise—the cheapness of her pretty dress.

Her husband opened the sheet of paper and held it out for her to see. "Here it is," he said. "All this lot of truck—a whole page of it."

"Yes, but the bill is not big. All the little items are hooks and eyes and linings and shields and——"

"I dont care anything about what they are—but just look at the length of the bill—that 's what I cant stand. Nothing really bought, just a lot of trifles."

"But it 's the whole that makes the dress," she explained in wonderment.

"The whole—the whole—the whole of what?" he asked testily, his eyes taking no note of the soft cheek that was pale where a year ago it had been blooming—nor of the fragile hand, almost as transparent as the cup she held, nor of the figure that had lost its pliant, slender roundness.

"Why—why, I thought—" she began, "I thought you wanted me to look nice. You said, dont you remember, on our wedding day——"

He moved impatiently, and pushed his chair back from the table, scraping it harshly over the floor.

"There is no use in our arguing, Beth. Of course, I want you to look nice, but with the boy's future to look out for we must learn some new economies." His voice had fallen—he was observing how

pale Beth was, and how her eyes shone. He looked at her again, and a bit anxiously.

"I believe nursing the baby is too much for you—you must be very careful."

"No, no, it is n't that! I love to," she managed to say. She rose, a smile summoned to her lips, but darted suddenly from the table, unable longer to hold back the flood of tears, and welcoming the lusty cry that was coming rolling down the stairs from the nursery.

As Treve went down the front steps to the street he realized that he had made something of a fool of himself and had gained little of his point. After all, Beth was a dear little thing, and it was hard to be firm with her. He believed he would have to go a little slow in training her—he had never noticed before how white she was, or that her veins were as blue as her eyes, and were laced in a network over her temples, and on her pretty hands.

As he walked with much briskness to the corner and swung to the step of a passing car, he had made up his mind to drop in and have a talk with her doctor; he might be able to tell him something to do for her; perhaps the care of the baby was going to be too much for her; she was only twenty-two. At this he blushed, remembering his own thirty years. At her age he feared he had been far more extravagant than she dreamed of being, but dismissed the thought promptly from his mind, arguing that he was a man, which made it very different.

In the meantime Beth was working with fevered haste, folding and placing the new dress in a box. Calling Katie from the kitchen and leaving her with the baby, Beth hurried on trembling feet, with the box in her arms, to her mother's.

She was greeted there with glad surprise, and her mother, at sight of her pale cheeks, hastened to get her a cup of hot tea.

Beth was mustering all her courage for the delicate task before her. She drew the box round in front of her, and sitting down, placed it across her knees, her slender fingers plucking at the string. When the tea was brought, she drank it thankfully; it was what she needed in her weakness to give her courage to hide from these loving women the motive for her coming.

She began cautiously:

"You know, Tess, how well my gray silk looks on you."

"Yes! Why, Beth," interrupted Tess, eagerly, her eyes shining with anticipation. "Dont you like it?"

"No; not very well. I am so pale now. I think some other color would suit me better, so if you want it I 'm going to sell it to you."

"Oh! Beth, you dear girl! I believe you are doing it just because I admired it so. I 'm wild for it, but after all your work and planning—why, Beth, dear, I really hate to take it."

Beth was smiling now; how easy it was after all!

Tess had taken the box from her knees and opened it, and now, amid many ohs and ahs, was lifting the gown from its wrappings of tissue paper.

Until that moment it had seemed to the young wife that her single wish was to get the dress out of her hands and to pay the bill, but as the shimmering loveliness was unfolded and held up for admiration, she remembered with a rush of emotion all her tender anticipation in planning it, and her design to show it to her husband in the hope of seeing his eyes light up proudly as he looked.

Tess was filling the room with extravagant delight, while her mother had sent for her purse to pay Beth.

"Mother, I want only the exact amount it cost me," she said; "not one cent more."

"But all your hard work, and planning and time—that is worth a good deal, dear." Her mother's eyes were filling slowly as she looked at Beth, realizing the ravages a short year's time had made in her young daughter's health and beauty.

"No, no, mother dear," Beth was remonstrating, "it is sweet and thoughtful of you to want to pay me for my time,

but I love to do that for Tess, I love to think that she is going to have the dress. It is perfect on her."

She rose to go amid a chorus of loving protests. She put them off gently.

"I must go back," she explained. "Kate has some ironing to do, and cannot be bothered with the care of baby."

When she was out in the open air, thought of the bill possessed her and she resolved to take the car down town and pay it at once.

She was tired when she got home at last, but her mind was at ease. The dress was Tessie's, dear, beautiful Tess, who was only twenty and had a passion for pretty clothes; and the bill was paid and she had the receipt in her purse to show proudly to Treve when he came home.

When she heard his latch-key in the door, she went to meet him, a quiet peace shining in her blue eyes, and in her smile of welcome. Baby was undressed and sound asleep for the night in his snug little nest upstairs, and she had come from the kitchen and knew that a modest little dinner was waiting there to be served, and that it was both well cooked and well garnished.

Treve came in with a smile on his face. He had been doing some thinking, and his interview with the doctor had left him anxious and a little apprehensive.

"Well!" her exclaimed brightly, kissing her with fondness. He noticed with a sudden pang that her lips were cold, and paler than he would have liked. Where was the bright, impulsive girl of a year ago?

"You are cooping yourself up too much, dear," he said, as they strolled toward the open fire in the lamp-lighted sitting-room, after he had laid aside his coat and hat in the hall.

"Oh, no," she protested.

"Yes, indeed you are! I 'll tell you what we 'll do tonight; you put on your pretty new frock, and I 'll get into my evening clothes, and we 'll go to the opera. Then we 'll have a gay little supper afterward."

Beth gasped, and shrank back a step. She had not been to the opera for months and months. How she longed to hear the rise and throb of passionate music again, and to have it beat against her, recalling all her girlhood ideals of life, glorious life with its limitless possibilities of happiness and goodness.

"But—" she began hesitatingly. Her hands were clasped together with intense longing. "But—Treve—I have nothing to wear!"

"Nothing to wear?" He laughed out, with his head thrown back, and his handsome eyes shining in the fire-light. "Wear your new dress, of course. We 'll christen it. I have been picturing you in it—beautiful as the day you were a bride!"

Beth's knees suddenly went wrong under her. She groped toward a chair, and dropped tremblingly into it. What was the tight feeling about her heart, in her throat, about her brows? Why were her fingers locked together in a kind of agony of suppression?

She was turning her head, her beautiful young head, with the coronet of bright brown, and the delicate, blue-veined temples, from side to side, unconscious of movement.

"I have n't any dress," she said at last, her voice sounding far away.

"Have n't any dress?" Treve's voice was sharp.

"I—I—I sold it!"

"Sold it?" he cried out brutally, staring at her. "Sold it? Beth! What do you mean?" A passion of anger against her was rising and filling him.

"You—you said we could n't afford it," she suggested faintly; "Tess was anxious for it—and I took the money—I took it and paid the bill!"

He was staring straight before him at her face—he was wondering was he hearing right.

"Beth!" he cried out fiercely at last; "Beth! What have you done? You have disgraced me! In your foolishness you have disgraced me!"

Neither noticed that he spoke only of his own feeling, of the effect only on himself—not a syllable of her or her suffering.

"I did n't suppose you would care—just my sister—just Tess——"

"Your sister! Have you time to waste planning things for your sister?"

"N-o!" She did n't exactly know what he was talking about.

He should have seen then that she had been simply loving, and gentle and fond of peace.

Perhaps she did n't know very much about money, after all, but she had been brought up carefully and prudently, and had never before been accused of extravagance; and yet when she had tried to remedy her first offense in the only way she knew, he had still been angry.

The room was silent for a long time. Beth sat thinking; yes, she saw plainly her wrong, now. After today she would do what her own judgment told her was right; as she had done when she bought the inexpensive silk at a sale, and had planned the dress which cost so little. Her mistake had not been in having the dress, but in allowing another's opinion to replace hers. She should have been firm enough to let the storm rise and break in unreasoning fury around her, and with an inward calmness she would have been almost unconscious of it. The only danger in it all would be if there should grow up within her a slight sense of her own superiority. At the thought she was shaken inwardly with a trembling. That was the awful part—not the losing of the dress, the paltry thing; not the missing of the opera; but the fear that she had lost her priceless treasure—that her young husband had been lowered from the place into which her love and faith had lifted him. She fell to praying silently within her that this might not be; she prayed that he be still above her by right of his superior strength of mind and goodness.

She had been thinking so deeply that she was surprised to see her husband bending over her, his own face pale. He was holding a glass in trembling fingers to her lips. "Drink this, dear," he was urging, gently, in a shaking voice. "I was afraid you had fainted!" After a pause in which Beth was trying to gather together her scattered forces, he added, "Dear—I did n't mean to be harsh—but——"

Beth mustered a weak smile and pushed the hand and glass with a gentle firmness from her.

Her husband fell back a step, away from her, and a slow, inward horror crept up into his eyes and drew his brows together in a painful line. Why had she not seized his hand and fondled it and clung to it for strength as she had done before in times of weakness and suffering?

Beth rose slowly. "I am going to baby now," she managed to say. "It is time to feed him. I 'll be down to read to you when he is quiet again."

Treve stood where she had left him, the glass still in his hand. He watched her move slowly from the warm light of the fire into the dimness of the hall. He heard her feeble steps on the stairs, and later could hear her sweet voice cooing gentle, loving words to his tiny son.

In the darkened room above, Beth was holding the baby against her breast, nursing him to sleep again, and as she felt the presure of the dear head above her heart, all the pain there was washed away in a rush of warm feeling that flooded over her for the man she had left below. Of course there would be mistakes—she should have remembered that—they would have to learn to understand each other better. Why had n't she stopped to kiss him instead of turning and running away like any coward?

Her weak arms were tightening with a gentle pressure about the soft form within them. "Your daddy, my baby—your dear daddy—" she was murmuring, her lips against the soft hair.

"Beth! Beth! Where are you?" It was Treve without the door, calling in a trembling voice, in an agony of suspense. "I cant see you in the dark—I was afraid you were faint—oh! Beth, my little girl, I did n't mean to treat you so!" He was in the room—groping to find her.

"Here! Treve! Why!—no—no!—not tears? No, no! you must n't! Nothing matters, dear, nothing—just your love—that is all!"

Army Anecdotes

By Thomas McArthur Anderson
Brigadier General U. S. A., Retired

VANCUOVER Barracks, Washington, is a storehouse of army reminiscence. In the ante-bellum days, as the period before the Civil War is called in the service, there were more officers stationed there who attained distinction than at any other post in the country. On its records appear the names of Hathaway, Harney, Loring, Bonneville, Grant, McClelland, Sheridan, Ingalls, Joe Hooker, Augur, Alvord, Pickett, Wright, Withers, Forsyth, Macfeely, Raines, Phil Kearney, Reynolds, Hodges, Haller, Kantz, Casey, Gordon, Granger, A. J. Smith, Sill, James B. Fry, Stoneman, Ekerson, Darby, better known as John Phoenix, and old Ben Beall. Of this list of worthies not one remains. More recently some other names have appeared on the department roster, Miles, Howard, Morrow, Gibbon, Otis. Many of their names are writ large in history and others live in story and tradition. Some of these I will record. Something could be told of every man whose name appears upon the list, and also of Douglas, McLaughlin and Ogden, the Hudson Bay Barons of early days.

I will begin with one of General Ingalls' recollections of the antagonisms between General Wool and Governor Isaac Stevens. It seems that Wool refused to give Stevens an escort for one of his explorations along the line of the projected Northern Pacific. In fact, the records show that Wool habitually disapproved of all the Governor's suggestions. A discussion of this subject nearly always brought out something sensational.

Why General Wool Did n't Like Governor Stevens.

Governor Stevens, when a lieutenant of engineers, published a pamphlet on the Mexican War. Once, at a public dinner, Wool reproached Stevens with having ignored his service. Thereupon Stevens rose and said he was glad to be able to make amends for that omission, for he said: "I neglected to state in my monograph that Wool always commanded the reserves." And that is the reason, said the story-teller, why Wool was willing to let the Blackfeet scalp Stevens, when he was coming out here as Governor. Then another veteran asserted that Wool was right in mistrusting Stevens, Curry and Brown and the whole set of Volunteers. "I was here on 1855 and '56," said the speaker, "and I know that in the Volunteer company enrolled in the town of Vancouver, men, women and children were entered in the roll, mustered and paid. Why," he went on, "there were only fifty white people in the county, yet a full company was raised here. Mary Jane Smith, old Squire Smith's wife, was entered on the roll as M. J. Smith. Young Dick was properly entered in the Infantry, for he was a baby in arms."

Another gentleman referring to the same period said that he did not know anything about the Vancouver companies, but that he, himself, had raised a company of good, able-bodied men and that General Wool had refused to accept them.

A Reminiscence of Colonel Shaw.

A reminiscence of the Nez Perce War throws a strange side-light on that episode, and incidentally upon Indian character:

An Indian interpreter states that he was present in camp when a lot of Nez Perces and Umatillas received General Howard's notice that he would force them on the reservation. A number of young bucks had just returned from the Blackfeet country and were having a coup-dance in celebration of their achievements. Dancing around the fire, one young dare-devil was showing his coup-stick covered with scalp locks and telling when and where he had gotten them, when a half-drunken fellow spoke up and said: "How about your father—tell us how he died?"

The young fellow's father had been killed by the whites; so he sat down amid the jeers and laughter of all present. The next night it came the turn of the Indian who had mortified the young buck with his questions, to have his coup-dance and give his experience. He was doing this and receiving much applause, for he had many scalps and trophies, when suddenly the young warrior stopped him. "Stop!" he yelled, "tell us if your father is revenged?" For his father had also been killed by some Oregon Volunteers, in 1856, while bearing a flag of truce. In an instant the whole camp was a scene of wild confusion, the two men who had goaded each other to desperation, swore they would have revenge before morning; and they did, for, dashing off on their horses to the nearest white settlement, they murdered a whole family before the next sunrise. Joseph and Looking Glass, who were absent at the time, came back too late to prevent the outrage and the war began.

Anecdotes of Ben Beall.

As Falstaff was said to be a wit himself and a source of wit to others, so old Ben Beall, who was stationed here at the outbreak of the war, was a source of amusement from the erratic things he did and the many strange tales told of him.

It is related that when, on a certain occasion, a number of gentlemen were calling on him, he took them one at a time into a back room to take a drink. When asked why he invited them separately and not together, he replied: "You see, gentlemen, by this method I am able to get half of my own liquor." The way he induced a backward host to stand treat is known to all old army people, in the "Ghost of Pecos" story. It was in substance that once when he was camping on the banks of the Pecos, the mist hanging over the stream took the shape of a terrible apparition and approaching him, almost distilled to jelly by the sense of fear, said in sepulchral tones: "Ben Beall! Ben Beall!! It is a long time between drinks!" Another well-known story on Beall was, that he was present at Tejon, in Southern California, when the post was shaken down by an earthquake. Ben was very fond of reciting Shakespeare, and also of his toddies. He was just mixing the ingredients of a toddy and rendering a fine passage, when the wall of the house he was in fell with a crash. Beall started across the parade with flagon in one hand and a tumbler in the other; before he had gone far the earth cracked and a deep chasm opened before him. The old sinner fell on his knees and began praying, but it is said that he dropped neither the bottle nor the glass.

His epitaph on old Billy Grier, the Bureno commandant, ran thus:

"Here lies the body of Billy Grier,
Whose mouth was spread from ear to ear.
Stranger, tread lightly o'er the sod,
For if he yawns, you're gone, by--thunder."

Colonel Beall was irritable and crabbed while stationed here, and the last story related of him was that when he saw the Volunteers coming to the post he got off the old joke about the Militia being invincible in peace and invisible in war. Beall himself was invisible in the war, and after leaving this station was lost in obscurity.

Nothing can happen on the face of the

earth that does not remind an old army officer of something. To illustrate: Two old veterans were standing one day at a convenient distance from the club-house, looking at a company exercising in the new drill. One remarked that he did not like the new *"turn."* It lacked precision, he said. "Well," growled the other, "Captain —— is a better gardener than drill-master any way."

That at once reminded the first speaker of a story about General Doubleday and Captain Cunningham. He said that, when old "Forty-eight hours" commanded the Twenty-fourth "discolored" Infantry in Texas, he had on several occasions sent out Cunningham's company to gather pecans for him. In due course of time an inspector came around and made some uncomplimentary comments on Cunningham's "forty thieves." This criticism "Old Dub" communicated to his captain. Nothing daunted, he replied: "General, that is true. They are not much on drill, but they are hell on pecans."

The Stupid Soldier.

"Oh," said the other vet, "that story comes from an older one. Dont you remember Jackson, of the class of '56?"

"There were two Jacksons in that class."

"Well, J. H., then. The one who went to the Rifles. He was once detailed to bury a dead soldier because he was the most clerical-looking man in the garrison and the chaplain could not be found. 'Jack' dressed in full uniform and, taking a prayer book, went to the grave, telling the sergeant in charge of the working party to have one of his men throw a shovelful of dirt in the pit at the proper point in the ceremony.

"When the funeral party arrived, he read the service with great solemnity. When he came to the words: 'Earth to earth,' he glanced significantly at the man with the shovel. The gourd-head did not move. *'Earth to earth,'* he repeated. Still no motion. 'EARTH TO EARTH,' he shouted at the top of his voice; and, then in a stage whisper: 'Sergeant, knock that damn man down,' concluding the ritual, however, with prayerful pathos and dramatic effect. After that it was said of Jackson that he was 'h—l on funerals.'"

This reminded another officer that his company had been called:

"Death on Wakes."

His story was that, on a certain occasion, his first sergeant came to him and said that the men wanted to "wake" Haultzbaum, who had just died. "What does the company want to 'wake' a Dutchman for?" inquired the captain? "His real name which was O'Flaherty, and this is how it was, if it plase the captain.' When the last batch of recruits were sent from the Island, the sergeant-major could not find a man named Haultzbaum; seeing O'Flaherty, who was just his make, he says, says he: 'You were born in Stuttgart, state of Germany; you're five feet seven; twenty-three years old; your name is Fritz Haultzbaum; get your blankets and fall in.'"

"I suppose," interrupted one, "that when the other man turned up he was somewhat surprised to find his name was O'Flaherty, and that he was born in Limerick." "That is no part of the story," said the raconteur; "but it is a fact that, after the 'wake,' there was not a pair of eyes in the whole company not in mourning."

Some one then remarked on the originality and force of Cunningham's language, but the seniors present all protested that for volume and versatility of profanity a certain old quartermaster excelled all competitors.

Unconsciously Profane.

One remarked that swearing was so natural that he was entirely unconscious of it.

The story was then told that, at some whist party, old Daniel was telling of some *chevaseo* which was the —— —— storm that ever raged. "Why," he said, "Tirene (his wife) woke me up and said: 'General! this infernal —— wind will blow every —— shutter off this mud-bedamned cussed old *Casa.*"

"Hold on, General!" said one of the

party, "Did Tirene say that?" "Why, certainly; she woke me up and——"

"Well," said the other, "I have known Tirene a great many years and I have never known her to swear."

"Why, who said she did? And who was swearing? I was only telling you about the storm."

As this story elicited little applause, the raconteur remarked, after a rather trying silence, that he was reminded of something which befell Captain "He-be-gad" Patterson, when he was stationed at Steilacoom.

Captain Patterson's Rebuke.

It was "He-be-gad's" custom, he said, to drop in at the bachelor's quarters every day about toddy-time. He was always invited to partake and as invariably rewarded the "subs" with a good story. One day, by way of a jest, the youngsters agreed not to laugh or make any remark on the old gentleman's stories no matter how good they might be. So the next time he came around several of his best stories were received with solemn silence. Mystified and mortified, the captain told his very best, which had never failed before to evoke the risibility of his auditors. No use; there was nothing but silence.

Then "He-be-gad" took his cap and started for the door, but turning as he reached it and casting a reproachful look at the boys, he said: "Gentlemen, I can furnish you with yarns and reminiscences, but be-be-gad *blanked* if I can supply you with appreciation."

On an Army Munchausen.

Among the officers mentioned as engaged in the Siwash Wars was Captain Maurice Maloney, who then expressed some modest doubts about the decisive Schute Prairie. In the fullness of time character of the victory of Muckle he became major of the First Infantry. Among the subaltern officers of that regiment they had a Baron Munchausen. This worthy gentleman had had many remarkable adventures. But the one which impressed itself most on the minds of his brother officers, as an Irish member remarked, "from the frequency of its reiteration," was the story of his swimming three miles out into Lake George and rescuing three ladies from drowning.

The officers of the First would never discourage chivalrous endeavor, by questioning this legend, as appears from the following story:

The regiment was under orders to change station. A complimentary dinner was given it. Major Maloney was to reply to the toast: "The noble old First Infantry." We give the speech entire:

"Gintlemin—The First Infantree, is first in war—first in pace——" Here the major became either modest or oblivious, for he glanced doubtingly around the table;—"First in pace," he repeated; "and first—" and then his glance falling upon Baron Munchausen, his fine Milesian features beamed with a sudden inspiration, when he added, "and by the powers, the first in *swimming.*"

Colloquial romancing was not confined to one branch of the service. The Cavalry also had some highly imaginative raconteurs.

General John P——, while commanding the —— Cavalry, used to take pride in explaining his method of training band horses, so that these noble animals would keep step to "Garry Owen" or the "Rogue's March."

Tragic Fate of a Bandmaster.

One of these narratives reminded a captain from Tennessee that once when he was a small boy in his native state, he witnessed an attempt to train a set of high-blooded chargers of the Grey Eagle and Waggoner stock, for band horses.

"The experiment," said the Tennessee captain, "promised at one time to be successful; but one day the man who played the big brass horn, that twists around the neck——"

"The tuba," interposed the general.

"Yes, the tuba. Well, the tuba-player rode a big iron-gray horse on the first occasion the band tried to play mounted.

"Well, sir, the very first blast the infernal old 'hewgag' gave, the iron-gray

horse pitched the man and his instru ment clean over his head."

"Did it break the tuba?" sympathetically asked General John.

"Why, sir," said the captain, "the tuneful Dutchman was jammed so tight into his horn that they never got him out."

"What did they do with him?" demanded all present in chorus.

"Buried him in it," said the captain.

"Captain," said the general, with a sad and reproachful look, "I fear you are not telling the truth."

This last anecdote will remind old frontiersmen of one of Jim Bridger's stories.

Jim Bridger's Tale.

Not long before the death of this famous trapper and romancer, an English traveler visited an army post at which he was one of the guides. The tourist was very anxious to hear Bridger talk: but the old man did not take a fancy to the tenderfoot and would not say a word in his presence.

The fact was that Jim had become somewhat taciturn in his old age. He was probably the first white man who ever penetrated the Yellowstone Park and the accounts he gave of its wonders were received with such incredulity that, to use his own expression, he became "reckless."

Then when his account of *putrified* forests and *putrified* gravity, too, were travested by accusing him of telling of putrified birds, singing putrified songs to their putrified maker, old Jim became misanthropic.

On the occasion referred to, however, he was finally induced, by the commanding officer, to relate this exploit to the wandering and wondering Briton.

He said: "I once went with a party of a dozen men from Fort Bridger to Bent's Fort to get horses. Returning, when near the White River Mountains, we were attacked by a large band of hostile Utes and driven into a cañon with precipitous walls." He gave a graphic description of how they drove their horses before them and held the Indians back with ingenious strategem and desperate fighting. But at last they were driven to the very end of the cañon when they found they were in a perfect trap. The sides were absolutely perpendicular. There was no escape. Bridger stopped and a profound melancholy settled over him.

After a long silence, the traveler said: "Well, how did you get out after all?"

"We did n't," said Bridger,—"we were all killed."

Called Sheridan "Paddy."

We will conclude this symposium of army stories with one of General Sheridan. When he was sent from Vancouver with a detachment for the relief of the Block House at the Cascades, he was not stationed here but had come down from Fort Yamhill with some prisoners. A gentleman who was here at the time, says that Sheridan had evidently been on some hard expeditions and was dressed rather shabbily. One of the officers at the post, who was rather a dandy, undertook to have some amusement at Little Phil's expense and called him "Paddy." The future hero of Five Forks, said at once: "You must address me as a gentleman and by my proper title, or I'll wipe the ground with you." The offending officer really did not intend to offend Sheridan, so serious trouble was prevented.

The next day the whistle of a steamboat coming down the river, was heard a long distance off, sounding an alarm. All knew what this meant and rushed to the landing. As the boat approached, some one shouted that fifteen hundred Indians were attacking the Cascades. Colonel Morris told a Captain present that he would have to take his company and go at once. This patriot, the same who years after bobbed off the coat-tails of a lot of officers who reported to him at Governor's Island, having no fancy for Indian fighting, said to "old Tompey," "Can 't Sheridan go?" Colonel Morris asked "Little Phil" if he would go. Sheridan said instantly: "Certainly. How many men will you give me?" "Sixty," said the Colonel. "That is not many to fight fifteen hundred Indians," said Sheridan, "but get your men ready and I

will go." In an hour they were off. This was a voluntary act on his part, as he was stationed at another Post.

At the Block House he met Colonel Wright with four companies from Walla Walla. After the fight Colonel Wright put Sheridan in charge of the Indian prisoners and ordered him to inspect their guns. All whose arms were found powder-stained were made to stand in line and every tenth buck was shot. Sheridan was never called "Paddy" after that.

Fear

By Helen Tompkins

Fear of the thing I cannot name—the thing I cannot see!
Fear of the shadowy thing that walks three paces back of me.

Sometimes I loiter by the way, to let the shadow fall.
Sometimes the terror grips my heart. I call and call and call.

To no avail. Three paces back, the shadow keeps its pace.
The thing I cannot bear to hear, the thing I cannot face.

Three paces back! To no avail, I hurry on my way.
To no avail I cry for help, to no avail I pray.

Three paces now and three alone, thou slaver'st at my heel,
A thousand pangs my spirit knows—a thousand tortures feel.

But neither threats can make him haste, nor coaxing make him wait
He cares as little for my love, as trembles for my hate.

Three paces now and three alone, I feel his panting breath.
I know him now, mine enemy, his name I know is Death.

Nor marvel I since him I know he did not hear my cry,
For in all the years one hour alone is set for man to die.

The Architect and The Goddess

(A Phantasy Containing Fact)

By Arthur Davies*

THE architect was a boy once; even then he built up toy castles with bricks and stones, making gardens and terraces out of the mud and sand. Other boys looked down with contempt on the boy architect; hence he grew lonesome and went out into the woods and the valley, where the stream ran down over the pebbles. He used the pebbles to build more castles which his little soul peopled with imagery of kings and beautiful princesses, to whom he would talk, and tell how the other boys could not understand his buildings. One day he found a spring where the stream bubbled up out of the earth. It was almost hidden in a beautiful cluster of ferns; round the ferns were long grasses, and just beyond the grass was a covert of tall pine trees. Through the tops of the pines the wind would sing to the boy, and sometimes in the sunset glow the pine trees turned into ruddy gold; then he ceased to build, and listened to the song of the wind.

The boy grew into a youth, but even yet—when life seemed all mixed up and full of people who wanted him to be different and just do as others did—he would rush off to the spring, and wait for the sun-glow and the wind-song, until the sun and wind went down to rest beyond the smoke-town which he hated. Then, when all was still, he could hear the magic tones of the girl-voice calling to him from the spring. Every night he felt she was getting nearer, and that some night he would see her.

One day, in winter—when the stream was frozen over and the grass had gone to sleep under the snow-sheet—the boy's father took him down into Smoke-town to a building that seemed to reach up into the sky, and left him in the room where many men were building, but all on paper; there were no clay bricks nor pebbles. Kings, princesses, the sun-glow, the wind-song, and above all, the girl-voice, could not enter because of the noise and the window shades. An ugly man with a bald head and red beard, who looked like a goblin, showed him how to sharpen pencils. It looked so easy, but every time the boy tried, the point broke; and the goblin said—"clumsy!"

For many weeks he seemed to be always sharpening pencils and sticking pictures of dead-and-gone presidents on to white pockets; until one day—when winter had given place to spring, and the snow-sheet had been rolled up and thrown into the river—the youth threw down the pencil he was sharpening and rushed away from the smoke-city; on and on, until he reached the water spring just as the sunset glow was turning the tops of the pines into gold. Then he bent down over the spring, and his tears knocked at the home of the girl-voice.

The wind-song ceased, the gold pines changed from dark green to black, and were blotted out. He lay down among the ferns, close to the spring, and listened to the magic tones. She sang to him so sweetly that he scarcely noticed the silvery light rising over the pine tree tops. The voice ceased, but he slept until the silver edge on the pine trees grew wider and wider, and at last the bright beams of moonlight were cast right into the center of the spring, and—nestling close to him—he saw the beautiful form of the girl-voice.

She was young—oh! so very, very

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young; and yet she was taller than he. She was fair—oh! so very, very fair that even the most beautiful lily in his father's garden seemed ugly in comparison. Her cheeks were like cream on which the depth of the full red rose was relieved by tones of exquisite pink. Her hair was a glorious gold, far more glorious than the golden hue he had seen at sunrise on the pine trees. Her little pink-and-white feet were wet with the dew from the fern leaves; but all this was as nothing compared with the light that shone from her eyes; a light which pierced his very soul, and sent the blood rushing through his veins. At first, he could only look into her eyes for a moment, then, after she had kissed him—all the coldness and misunderstanding seemed to vanish out of his life; he could look at her now and ask, who she was. She just touched his ear with her lips and whispered—in magic tones—"I am Genius and you are mine."

Then she kissed him once more on the forehead and was gone; leaving the faint echo of her good-night, rising from the spring.

Next day, down in Smoke-town, the whole world seemed altered; the ugly man was kinder and gave him a drawing-board and corner-seat. The young architect went on, day after day, using up the stub ends of pencils and waste paper, until he heard the ugly man telling of the competition for the new State Buildings, and of the great money prize offered for the best design. That night he went out to the spring again, reaching it just in time to catch the moonbeams crossing the centre. There—waiting for him—was she who had called herself "Genius." He forgot all about the office and the plans, but he kissed her full on the rosy lips and swore he would be true to her and none else. She placed her soft arms round his neck, and kissed him again on the forehead.

For weeks afterwards the young architect was busy—so busy that he almost forgot to eat his meals—but he never forgot to go to the spring and tell Genius how much he loved her.

At last the plans were finished. For two months he heard nothing—neither did he care—for all this time he was constantly seeing his love, and she was talking to him in the magic tones.

Down in Smoke-town the ugly man gave him more paper and harder work every day, and the master took him to see the workmen building. He liked that the best; it reminded him of the pebbles, of the spring, and of Genius.

One morning, in smoke-town, the newsboys were crying out—"Result of the State Buildings Competition!"

The architect walked on, but when he arrived at the office, the ugly man—the master—and all the clerks crowded round him. They shook him by the hand and told him he was a great man, that he had won the prize, and his building would be magnificent. All through the day he thought of nothing but Genius, and how brilliantly her eyes would flash when he told her.

As the dusk of evening was blotting out the smoke, he rushed off to the spring to tell the great news to Genius; but at the outskirts of the city, a splendidly equipped carriage, driven by a man in scarlet and gold, barred his way; the arc light shone down on the woman—the sole occupant of the carriage—and the architect saw she was very beautiful, but altogether different from Genius. The light from her eyes did not enter his soul, but it drew him to her as if by a magnet, and the diamonds on her corsage caught up and shot back this voluptuous light into a thousand lesser lights.

She asked him where he was going, and he answered, almost with a blush—"I am going into the country."

She whispered into his ear—"I am Midassia; I will drive you on your way, and—as we go—I will tell you how to use the rich prize you have gained, so that it may grow and grow until all things are within your power."

He hesitated! for just at that moment he seemed to hear the voice of Genius calling to him from the spring, but Midassia gently touched his hand with hers, the heavy bracelets on her arm rang out with the sound of gold, the diamonds dazzled his eyes, and the voice of Genius went from him.

It was late—very late indeed—when

the architect reached the spring; the moon had gone down and Genius was trembling in the frosty stillness of the dark night. She was crying, because she had waited long for him. When he told her of his success and what a great man he was, she looked glad and joyful again; but he never told her about Midassia, and he forgot to kiss her lips.

For many years the architect lived and worked; the ugly man and the master were dead, the State House had long since lost the look of a new building; but every year, thousands of tourists came to see it, and architects from all parts of the world studied the lines of the beautiful structure. He built many buildings, but none approached this in beauty of construction; the fame of it still brought him in great honor and more work. He occasionally — very occasionally — saw Genius at the spring, but every day he met Midassia, and now drove about with her openly in the carriage; all men coupled their names together.

One day the architect picked up the daily paper and read an article about himself, every line of which burned into his heart; for the writer was telling the people that the architect had built but one fine building, all the rest were commonplace, and that for the great City Hall it was proposed to build, he should compete like any other architect.

He threw down the paper in disgust, picked up his bank-book, and exclaimed: "Bah! they are jealous of my wealth."

For a few months he worked on as usual, but noticed less and less work coming to him; he had always loved work and hated to be idle; Midassia could not help him—she loved pleasure and hated work.

Then came a day when the results of the designs for the new City Hall were published. This time he picked up the paper with trembling hands and saw his name was not even mentioned. The prize had been won by a young student—so young that he appeared to the architect to be but a mere boy.

That day the architect would see no one, but in the evening he started once more for the spring. It was so long since he had been that way, he scarcely knew the road. The place where Midassia had first met him was now built over, but higher up in the woods the stream still ran over the pebbles. The architect limped wearily along the banks, counting the years since he had last seen Genius, and wondering if she would remember him. As the memory of the old days revived, he felt almost young again —if he could but look into her eyes the full soul-fire would be rekindled.

It was a dismal, stormy night, but occasionally the moon broke through the storm clouds, and when he reached the spring the fitful, silvery beams were shining over the tops of the pine trees. He looked at the spot where he had lain so many years ago, and lo! his rival was there; Genius had clasped him in her arms, and the fire from her eyes was passing to the youth. Even in his agony he noticed that his girl love was still the same. She was looking, oh! so very, very young! and he remembered, Midassia's face was lined and wrinkled.

As he looked, the spring changed to a dense black—blacker even than ink—and the stream widened out into a river of black rushing waters. He would have jumped across to save Genius, but she and the youth had disappeared; so he ran along the banks of the stream to cross on the stepping-stones, but long before he reached them, the black river had grown into a boiling torrent, which seemed to circle round and round and cut him off. He saw hundreds of men and women rush into the stream, but none reached the opposite bank. Suddenly he came upon a little mound of dust upon the bank; he stood there and cried out in his agony, for the swirling waters made him dizzy and he fell down on the heap of dust.

Almost as he fell, the figure of a woman came up out of the inky waters. She was wrapped in a garment of purest white, so white that it radiated from her and struck the surface of the black waters, changing them to purple and gold. He noticed she was old—very, very old! and yet extremely beautiful.

She came up to him and said—"I am Truth; Genius is my earth child, and you have been false to her."

Then the architect struggled to his feet, bowed his head, and tried to speak; but the dust was in his throat and nostrils and choked him; until Truth stretched out her hand and touched his tongue. Then the dust fell from his throat and he said—"It was the woman Midassia who tempted me."

And Truth laughed a gentle laugh. It was like the ripple from a very small wave—as she said:

"It was ever thus, from the Creation. Oh! child of man, have you no will power? See! I will show you what a small thing Midassia is. Look at that heap of dust, some of which is covering you now; it is all that remains of Midassia."

And he cried out—"But even yet it sticks to me."

And Truth bent low and whispered—"Oh! child of man, that dust will be washed from you when you plunge into the dark river."

He struggled towards the river, then paused, and said to her—"How shall I get out of the river? I have seen many plunge in, but none emerge."

Then Truth said—"Come!"

And he rose up and plunged with her into the black river, and as he touched the waters the dust of Midassia fell from him.

Confessio Amantes

By D. Harris Coy

Tell me, Padre, as you 're sleeping by the fountain's mossy brim,
Where the ragged eucalyptus makes an arbor cool and dim;
Do you ever, when you 're dozing 'neath your cowl's sober brown,
Dream of some sweet Senorita in a far off Spanish town?
Does the night bird, when he 's singing in the palm tree's dizzy height
Carry you through years of memory, with intoxicating flight?
Do you dream of strolling with her where the purple Pyrenees
Cast a glint in sunset splendor of the famed Hesperides?

There, the bell for mass has sounded,
Do you catch the incense rare,
Trailing from the unseen censor like the fragrance of her hair?
Well, I must be going, Padre,—lest the brothers think it queer
To find little Daniel Cupid sitting by the fountain here.
But I feel you need confession, just as much as any soul,
And this makes a grand confess'nal, here beside the fountain bowl;
If you 'd only wake, O, Padre, with your rosary in your hand,
Tell me that you still love someone, in that far-off Spanish land,
I would feel, my dear old Padre, that your life of sacrifice
Would yet find its full fruition, in a hard won Paradise.



Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Phillipines

"Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Timber Land Hereafter to Be Sold for Real Value.

The recent ruling by Secretary Garfield of the Interior Department that future entries under the timber and stone act must be sold at their real appraised value instead of at a flat rate of $2.50 per acre as formerly, is of great economic importance to the West and the nation. The timber and stone act provides for the sale of quarter sections of land chiefly valuable for either their timber or stone, upon a minimum payment of "not less than $2.50 per acre." It seems strange that this simple statement should have been interpreted to mean that the government could charge no more than $2.50 per acre for such land, but so it has been always interpreted, and under this interpretation millions of acres of land have passed into private, and largely monopolistic, control. The timber land might be worth on the market as much as fifty dollars per acre, but it was always sold for the flat $2.50 per acre and no questions asked. In an argument for the complete repeal of this act recently before the National Conservation Commission, Commissioner Fred Dennett of the General Land Office, stated that nearly 2,000,000 acres of land had been taken under this act during the past year,—all at the flat rate of $2.50 per acre. This law encouraged monopoly and speculation, he argued. The speculator gave the government its $2.50 for the land, the timber baron gave the speculator twenty-five dollars and the baron expects to hold it for a time and get $100. The individuals who take up their timber claims under this act, in the great majority of cases are afraid to keep them because of the danger of forest fires, and the baron customarily offers them only one-half of the market value of timber land, but his ten or twenty-five dollars is a big advance over the original $2.50, so he gets the timber. Under this decision there will not be as many individual sales, but the total revenue will very likely be increased, and the timber conserved.

Settlers Must Actually Live on Reclamation Projects.

An upper court has upheld the decision of the Interior Department that a settler is required to maintain continued residence on a homestead entry in a government reclamation project, even though the government fails to deliver water at the time expected. The test case in which the entry was cancelled because of non-residence on the homestead, was in the Minidoka project in southern Idaho, and the court opinion states that the Reclamation Act is merely to supplement the Home-

stead law and can in no way annul its provisions as to residence, and cultivation and improvement of land. The defendant had improved his land but had maintained his residence in Salt Lake City instead of Idaho, and had only occasionally visited the land, averring that without water he could not raise crops on the land.

Speculation in Arid Lands Hinders Settlement.

The annual report of General Land Commissioner Dennett discusses vital land questions affecting the present and the future West. The land laws should be so administered in the future, he says, as to insure that remaining public lands pass into the hands of bona fide home builders. Against this demand there is, under present rulings, possibility of speculation and trafficking that defeats the original purpose of the Reclamation and Carey Acts. Knowing that land worth almost nothing in an arid state, increases to a valuation of $100 an acre or more with water, the wise man with little else to do, goes about and picks out such arid land as he thinks will be some day reclaimed either by the government or some private company, and acquires title to it. Thus when the government picks out a reclamation site they find the land already largely owned, though this land is worth nothing without the water which they are willing to spend millions of dollars to give it. Future settlers must buy of this speculator and the purpose of the Reclamation Act is largely defeated. Likewise when a Carey Act project is sensed, there is a rush to get in ahead of the developing company and acquire previous rights for the sole purpose of selling them out at a profit. This preliminary cost is of course tacked onto the cost per acre which the bona fide settler must pay when he decides to acquire a Western home. The remedy suggested is a complete classification of all open lands which are incapable of providing a home without irrigation and withdrawing them from entry, to await the time when the different tracts can be reclaimed either under the Carey Act or the Reclamation Act.

Is the National Reclamation Act Impracticable?

The settlers on the Carson-Truckee Reclamation project have held a mass meeting and appointed delegates to confer with Secretary Garfield asking relief from the payment of their annual fees which they declare to be excessive. This situation has brought up the whole question as to whether this law is entirely practicable and exactly meeting the hopes of those who originally framed it. Uncle Sam is to build the reservoirs and ditches, and the settler is allowed ten years in which to return the acreage cost of the project to the government. This amount, which is the entire cost of the farm, varies from twenty-five to fifty dollars or more per acre. Under the conditions of the act the settler must make his farm earn ten per cent a year from the start on the original investment. His alternative is to have a surplus of capital or to get the money from some other source to meet his ten per cent payments. If it is the purpose of the act to provide homes for the homeless, then this class cannot be expected to have enough money ahead to live on for several years, besides the meeting of the yearly payments, and the stocking of the farm. As to borrowing money on their claim, this can rarely be done for the simple reason that title is not given until all payments have been made. Many of the projects are miles from the railroad, hence there is no market for such products as can be brought to quick maturity, and there is also apt to be a prohibitory railroad rate on this class of produce due to its bulkiness, even if the railroad has already reached them, or happened to be there ahead. Carrying objections a little further, it has been pointed out that other governments have been much more lenient in similar dealing with homeseekers. For example, the British Government allows the Irish peasant from thirty to fifty years to pay for his land; in Australia the settler is paid cash wages weekly and is to return five per cent annually; Texas allows forty years with interest at two per cent; nearly all private companies give better terms than the government. In opposition to all of these criticisms, the Carson-Truckee project is said to be less promising to the settler than some of the others; it being the first one completed, conditions were not so well understood and because of long delays in getting water to the land the expenses were very great, with no income. And in comparing the government policy with that of other countries and private land holders, it should be remembered that the government charges only for the actual expense of reclamation and not for the land, and that the settler is not charged with interest. If there be defects in the administration of the Reclamation Act, these can and will be corrected, but there can be no dissension from the statement that this act in its ideal is the most far-reaching and beneficent land legislation in the history of the West.

Representative Mondell, of Wyoming, is to continue his efforts during the present session of Congress to secure the passage of his bill increasing the amount of land that may be taken up for a homestead from 160 to 320 acres. The bill was left on the speaker's desk at the close of the last session and it may stay there during this session. The contention of the father

of the bill is, that as open land becomes less valuable a larger amount ought to be allowed as encouragement to the homeseeker. There is some suspicion as to an alleged "joker" in the bill, whereby, if enacted, it may let down the bars to land-grabbers.

The Bureau of Soils in the Department of Agriculture has begun a systematic survey of soil conditions of the arid and semiarid west. Since only a small per cent of this section can ever be recovered, due to lack of water, this survey is meant to supplement the work of the reclamation department and prepare the way for the extensive dry farming that must come as land in the United States becomes more valuable. At present the bureau is working east of the Rockies and has just finished North Dakota and gone south to the dry belt of Texas for winter work.

A recent ruling of the Secretary of Interior holds that "a quarter section" means never more than 160 acres. Some of the former "technical quarter sections" contain as much as 800 acres due to careless surveys of an early day.

Six district headquarters for the Forestry Service have been established in as many Western cities, instead of compelling all important business to go to Washington, D. C., as formerly.

The grinding of alfalfa hay is one of the new industries in the irrigated West. This new feed can be easily shipped and is of great value, furnishing nourishment for anything from a chicken to an ostrich, and from a hog to a beef steer.

There are those who say that the government is handicapped in its opening of reclamation tracts from the fact that no fund is provided for advertising them, in contrast to the large funds that the private companies always use to attract the most desirable class of homeseekers.

A count was taken in one of the many trains which carried 115,000 homeseekers to a recent land-drawing in South Dakota, and the result showed one hundred and fifty business and professional men, one hundred saloon keepers, ninety traveling men, seventy farmers, fifty clerks, fifty farm hands and the remainder miscellaneous.

IDAHO.

4500 Acres of Valuable Fruit Land to Be Reclaimed.

Boise.—A new segregation of 4,500 acres in Ada county has been granted by the State Land Board, and an application for its separation under the Carey Act has been placed with the Department of Interior by the projectors of the scheme. The company has already reclaimed 3,000 acres on the south side of the Snake River, and the future plan is to add 8,500 acres to this original tract, and to also carry water across the Snake River on a high suspension bridge to the north side where it will be made to reclaim the 4,500 acres of the new project, which includes some of the finest fruit land of the state. Due to the fact that the water must be raised twenty-five feet out of the Snake River by pumps, and the long suspension flume built across this wide river, the project will be fairly expensive and the water right will cost fifty or sixty dollars an acre. Besides supplying the 4,500-acre segregation, the company will supply water to a number of persons who have taken up land in this neighborhood. If the final governmental approval of the tract is secured by that time, an opening for the land to desirous settlers will be held the first of May.

Indian Reservations Likely to Be Opened.

Government surveys have already been made of three Indian reservations in Idaho, and it is believed that much of these tracts will be thrown open to settlement some time during the year. These reservations include the Coeur d' Alene, Blackfoot and Lemhi. The government has already begun the work of allotting parcels of land to every member of the three separate Indian tribes. The parcels allotted to those under age will be held in trust by the government until the children reach the age of legal responsibility, thus affording protection against misleading speculators. The Coeur d' Alene reservation, which reports say is likely to be opened first, is in the northern part of the state and contains some of the richest agricultural land in the Northwest. The Lemhi reservation is in the central part of the state and borders on Montana; while the Blackfoot reservation is near Pocatello and in the arid section, but the government is now engaged in building a large irrigation system to recover this section.

Resources and Possibilities of Idaho Summarized.

Boise.—The state department of immigration, labor, and statistics has just compiled, through its chief clerk, Herbert Q. Hale, some interesting figures which tersely tell the tale of Idaho's past growth and future possibilities. Among other points it tells that Idaho has: 275 days of sunshine every year; an average mean temperature of 46.2 degrees; an average annual precipitation of 20.47 inches. Idaho produces more than half of the lead mined in the United States. It has a million and a half acres of land actually cultivated under irrigation, and twice this amount of

land in reach of canal systems. It will have one tract of 2,000,000 acres which will be the largest contiguous irrigated body in the world; yet Idaho has, according to this report, more land open to settlement than any other state of the Union. Idaho has redeemed more land under the Carey Act than any other state. The great Snake River Valley is in the same latitude as Italy and Spain. Idaho has quadrupled her population since being admitted as a state in 1890, and has doubled population in the last seven years. Of the total of over 52,000,000 acres in the state, over 20,000,000 acres are in forest reserves, nearly a million acres in Indian reservations, and nearly 27,000,000 acres unappropriated and unreserved. The total cultivated area of the state is about three million acres, about one-half of which is dry-farming land. Grain, hay, livestock, beet sugar, fruit, lumber and minerals are its chief present products.

Overheard Among Idaho Boosters.

With nearly half a million acres of dry-farming land within easy reach, American Falls has hopes of becoming the wheat-growing center of the state within a few years. The encouraging feature is the numerous yields of from twenty to forty bushels of this grain per acre on entirely dry land, and a general community average of thirty bushels per acre is not uncommon. These figures, it is pointed out, are far above the yields of the Mississippi Valley wheat-growing states.

The next session of the Idaho State Legislature will have placed before it an appeal for a large bridge across the Snake River at Glenns Ferry. The proposed extension of the south side Twin Falls canal will place 100,000 acres of new irrigated land directly tributary to Glenns Ferry, and the large number of settlers that will follow will make the bridging of the Snake at this point almost imperative, it is urged.

The yield of alfalfa seed is said to have been over 1,000 pounds to the acre in a number of instances in the vicinity of Hagerman, in the Snake River Valley. Alfalfa hay yields eight tons to the acre in three cuttings. All of this is ascribed to the very fertile, disintegrated, volcanic soil, the almost continuous sunshine, and the great abundance of water within easy reach. The valley, protected from winds by the high hills is also extremely well adapted to the growing of berries, melons and fruits.

Sugar-beet growing is one of the promising industries of the upper Snake River Valley in the vicinity of St. Anthony. The yield has been from twelve to thirty tons per acre and they contain a high per centage of saccharine matter. There are at present five sugar factories in the state. Some state lands in this vicinity can be purchased for ten dollars per acre, while tested farming land, including water right, can be had for forty dollars or fifty dollars per acre. Near this town is also one of the greatest coal fields of the interior west, as yet but little developed, due to lack of transportation facilities.

The hay ranches of the Council Valley district, in the west central part of the state, are fast being turned into apple orchards, for it has been demonstated that this change means the difference between an earning capacity of thirty dollars average and one of $200 average. During the past year more than 500 acres have been planted to apples, and there are indications that 1,000 acres will be added to this amount in the next twelve months. There are approximately 15,000 acres of good apple land in this valley, it is said.

State Issues Bulletin to Aid Amateur Irrigators.

Caldwell.—A valuable bulletin on "The Preparation and Irrigation of New Lands" has just been issued by the Government Experiment Station. The trained author of the pamphlet is Elias Nelson, irrigationist of the Idaho experiment station and superintendent of the sub-station at this place. Detailed instructions are given for the preparation and culture of irrigable land, and suggestions as to the best crop for the first years, and the advisable rotation of crops on irrigated Idaho lands.

The average arid sagebrush land is easily cleared by dragging a railroad rail over it; the brush that is not pulled up by this method can be grubbed by hand. The ditches are next surveyed, then the land leveled, and plowed, and everything is ready for the application of the transforming water, by means of the shallow furrows that lead out from the main ditches through or around the tract. The farmer should specialize from the first, and in most parts of Idaho he has choice between stock raising, with a specialization on wool and mutton, pork, or beef; dairy pursuits; small fruit culture; or apple or other larger fruit orchards. Alfalfa is the banner crop, but small grains are always profitable.

A new scheme for the development of orchard lands has been started in the Boise Valley. The company is securing options on and buying large tracts, not to be planted to trees and then placed on the market in five and ten-acre tracts as is usually done, but to be kept intact in one body—the larger the better—and to be cultivated scientifically. The property value will be divided into unit shares and sold to investors, a certain income to be guaranteed and the company to retain the amount above this earning. It is claimed for the scheme that it will insure scientific care and prevent deterioration in the orchard.

It is said that the only thing that one can hear talked about at any public place in Idaho is water, water, reclamation, and again, water. Lawyers, business men, farmers—all have the frenzy and fever and have it badly. But perhaps this isn't so wonderful when it is remembered that over $7,000,000 have been or will be put into the various irrigation schemes of the state during a period of a very few years, that a score of towns and cities have suddenly sprung up from the desert, and that the great majority of these same frenzied ones owe their very presence to the one fact—reclamation, or water.

An Idaho land company has just planted a thousand-acre orchard near Mountain Home, largely in apples. This is one of the largest orchards in the Northwest, and will shelter a small colony of families when it is cut into small orchards.

In the Medbury Valley there has never been a failure in the peach crop since the orchards were planted eighteen years ago.

Another 42,000-Acre Carey-Act Irrigation Project.

The first steps in the reclamation of a 42,000-acre tract which includes some of the best land in Southern Idaho, were taken in the recent filing of articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State at Boise. It is planned to spend $800,000 in reclaiming this land under the terms of the Carey Act, and construction is announced to begin at once. A large reservoir is to be constructed on Castle Creek and the water of several other small creeks will also be utilized. The land to be irrigated is on the south side of the Snake River in Owyhee County and completes a chain of irrigated tracts beginning with the Minidoka tract.

Idaho Has 2,000,000 More Acres to Be Used Under Carey Act.

It will be remembered that at the last session of Congress a bill was passed allowing Idaho two million more acres to be reclaimed under the Carey Act, her first allowance of a million acres by the act of 1894 being almost all allotted. Bills providing for similar grants for Colorado and Wyoming failed, apparently for the reason that these states had not made as good use of their privileges under the first grant as had Idaho. Since the Carey-Act business of the state has become a $15,000,000 proposition, as Governor Gooding expresses it, he proposes now to call a special session of the Legislature for the purpose of providing a new land-commission board, for the control of this large business of the state. Formerly these matters have been administered by a composite board consisting of the governor, secretary of state, attorney general and superintendent of education.

OREGON.

Dry-Land Experiment Stations to Be Established.

It has been recently announced that the Department of Agriculture and the Interior Department will co-operate in the establishment of an experiment farm on the Umatilla irrigation project to assist the farmer in mastering the problem of irrigation. The average homeseeker on a new irrigation project has only a few theories as to the use of water, and as often as not, these are wrong, for it is as much a crime to the land to cover it with too much water as with too little. There is a nice balance between stinginess and profligacy, which only careful experiment can determine. The nature of the soil, the slope of the land, the crop desired, and general climatic conditions, are a few of the vital factors to be considered. The scheme under which the Reclamation Service is allotting land presumes an almost immediate success on the part of the farmer or he will be unable to meet his regular payments on his selection of land. Hence the importance of the experiment farm.

President Kerr, of the State Agricultural college, who is largely responsible for this action on the part of the Federal Departments, also secured the promise of a dry-land experiment station to be established somewhere in the counties of Morrow, Gilliam, or Sherman, provided the state would co-operate in its establishment. It is estimated that there is only enough water in the West to recover one-tenth of its arid land, so the future agricultural development of the West will depend fully as much on the proper understanding of the principles of dry-farming as of irrigation.

Notes From Oregon's Reclamation and Colonization Projects.

Silver Lake.—A representative of a Salt Lake City firm has recently been in this section looking over possible reclamation sites that would claim the attention of his company. That he considered this section a promising one seems to be proved by the fact that he has filed on the flood waters of Silver Lake and Thorn Lake for irrigation purposes, and announces that the survey will begin soon and that construction work will immediately follow. The opportunities of this section are neglected perhaps because Silver Lake has long had the reputation of being the furthest from the railroad of any postoffice in the United States, but this company announces

through its representative that if something is not doing in the railroad line by the time water is ready for the land that they will do a little building themselves.

La Grande.—What promises to be the largest irrigation system in Northeastern Oregon is well under way here. Preliminary surveys for the large ditch to carry water from the Grand Ronde River far out into the valley are being made, the 20,000 acres of land that must be subscribed to at twenty dollars an acre, have been largely secured, and David Eccles, the sugar king of the valley, has promised to float the necessary bonds as soon as the minimum acreage is pledged.

Pendleton.—Claims for the use of 25,000 miner's inches of water have been filed with the county clerk at Pendleton. The plan of the company is to construct a fifty-mile ditch to carry water for irrigation and power, from the point of appropriation on Camas creek to the town of Echo. As a further index to the prosperity of Echo comes the word that the money has been subscribed for the erection of a $50,000 wool-scouring mill.

Albany.—Another one of Linn County's largest ranches has surrendered to the march of the Eastern homeseeker, and instead of its single group of farm houses, broad grain fields, and heavy forests, it is to become the home of several hundred North Dakota people who have come to this coast state to get a new grip on life. It was last summer that a Grand Forks, North Dakota, firm secured an option on the thousand-acre Payne ranch four miles southeast of Lebanon; and returning, they have been so successful in the sale of the ten-acre tracts which will be devoted to fruit and nut culture, that they promise to bring the first colony of 250 people early in the spring. The tract is on the survey of the proposed Albany-Brownsville electric line.

Vale.—This is one of the fast growing districts of Oregon, and there is good reason for it, since tributary to the town are 200,000 acres of irrigable land of great agriculaural and horticultural value, which is to be all reclaimed by two large projects, if these two schemes materialize,—which there seems every promise of now. The Willow Irrigation & Land Company has a force of men working, and promises to have water in time for the next irrigation season. The other project is that of the Reclamation Service, the Malheur project, which was abandoned several years ago, but which is very likely to be again revived.

The Secretary of Interior has announced the formal opening of the first unit of the Oregon-California Klamath irrigation project which consists of 31,153 acres. The Reclamation Service is to recover a total of 165,000 acres by this scheme, in which is included the drainage and irrigation of two navigable lakes of Southern Oregon and Northern California. The first unit contains some of the most choice land of the project, especially fitted for dairying, hay, grain, and certain fruits. The land will cost the settler thirty dollars per acre, payable in ten installments without interest, and an annual maintainence fee of seventy-five cents per acre.

Roseburg.—That there has been much misrepresentation in reference to the restoration to public entry of a part of the Umpqua Forest Reserve, has come to the notice of the local land office. The report sent out by some of the abstract companies and land lawyers stated that there was to be restored "91,950 acres of dairying, fruit and timber land." As a matter of fact the amount restored was only that part of this tract unappropriated at the time of the creation of the reserve in 1907, which totals about five per cent and is made up only of scattered small divisions, very few of which are valuable.

La Grande.—The recent small opening of ten tracts of the Umatilla project for selection by the public, proved that the demand for this sort of land has not yet been satisfied, for there were more than twice as many applicants in line for the drawing as there were tracts to be allotted.

Oregon Conservation Committee Asks for New Water Law.

Portland.—At a recent conference here between the Oregon Conservation Commission and the various water users of the state it was decided that a bill would be placed before the next Legislature asking for a new water law for this state. It was pointed out that one of the chief resources of the state was its water power, available for power and irrigation; but that the present water laws were lax and out of harmony with the present needs of the state. The result of all of this, as shown by the testimony of the meeting, was the discouraging of capital and even the forcing of it out of the state, the hampering of the Reclamation Service, the turning of prospective Eastern settlers to states having better water laws, and an appalling amount of litigation in irrigated districts, which could not definitely settle anything, since water rights are so indefinite under the present law.

The model of the bill to be presented will be the Wyoming water law, under which water privileges are to be administered through a State Board, the state to come into control of the unappropriated waters, and the priority and relative value of rights to be based on actual measure-

ment of streams and a system of central records, which is not the case at present. This report merely revives the movement for a modern water law which has been put before the past two sessions of the Legislature and which has been vigorously opposed by hordes of holders, and prospective holders, of all sorts of speculative water rights. The popular will demands such legislation and it is only a matter of time until it will be secured.

Settlers Want Malheur Project Revived.

Ontario.—There is great activity in this section towards the revival of the Malheur project of the Reclamation Service, which was abandoned four years ago after hundreds of dollars worth of preliminary work had been done. There was much harsh feeling against the Government at that time, for the land to be reclaimed was especially valuable and the engineers in charge admit that it is one of the best projects in the Northwest, from an engineer's standpoint. The chief obstacle to the project has been the attitude of two large land companies who hold large tracts under the proposed canals. These lands are being held for speculative purposes, hence have not been on the market. According to the national law the largest unit allowed under a reclamation scheme is 160 acres, since the whole purpose of the Reclamation Act is to parcel the desert land out to actual homeseekers and prevent just such attempts to hamper development for speculative purposes. These companies would much rather wait until after the system is completed before selling their lands, but the Government engineers refuse to push the project until ninety-five per cent of all land under the system has been pledged to take water. There has been much recent agitation of the matter and there is rumor that the land of these two companies will soon be placed on the market. That the Government is ready to go to work is shown by the recent words of Engineer Newell who has had charge of the preliminary work of the project. He says:

"It is a splendid project, and it presents no difficult engineering. The Government will start construction work just as soon as the ranchers and other landowners sign up. I believe that there is a great change in public sentiment now and that the great majority of the people want the Government system installed."

Oregon Railroad Talk.

The general manager of the Harriman lines of the Northwest states that he has forwarded estimates for the construction of the first unit of the proposed road up the Deschutes river into Central Oregon. The road bed will be expensive, but the section is the largest in the United States without a railroad and is already well developed, having the largest irrigation projects in the state, near Bend, which place will be the terminus of the second unit of the proposed road.

A company has been organized at Pilot Rock to divert water from the upper John Day River and generate electric power for an electric line from Ukiah south about fifty miles, to Umatilla, to connect with Upper Columbia boat service.

A half-million-dollar company has been organized in Marshfield for the purpose of constructing an electrical road which will connect this place with North Bend, Empire and Sunset Bay.

The Oregon Electric Company has just celebrated the formal opening of their new electric line from Hillsboro to Forest Grove. This company now operates seventy-six miles of high grade road in the upper Willamette Valley.

Progress Notes From All Parts of the State

A representative of the Amalgamated Sugar Company is attempting to secure contracts for 1,000 acres in the Wallowa Valley to be planted to sugar beets for next year.

A Douglas Country fruit grower has sold his entire crop of apples for two dollars per box on the ground, which means $2,400 per acre for his crop. This county also claims to be two weeks ahead of other sections with early strawberries.

The 240-acre Bear Creek orchard near Medford has been called "the champion orchard in all the World," and the claim is based upon a sale last year at auction in New York of a car load of its pears for $4,622, or $8.20 a box, which is claimed to be the highest price ever received for a car of fruit. Seven acres of pears in this orchard have earned $2,200 per acre in a single year.

The sheep industry in Oregon is estimated to represent a valuation of $11,000,000 and during the past year returned a profit of nearly two millions, with the employment of 15,000 laboring men.

The Portland Committee is busy in raising the necessary $100,000 for the third annual Rose Carnival, to be held next June.

The president of the Rock Island Railroad has announced that he will use Douglas fir for the interior finishing of the new coaches under construction.

An alfalfa farm near Pendleton has just been rented for an annual fifteen dollars per acre, the hay to be used in the alfalfa-meal mill of that place.

Near Astoria a tree was cut which was 128 feet to the first limb, over nine feet in diameter and contained nearly 50,000 board feet.

The apple has been pronounced the the State's best advertiser. A New York

paper recently called a Hood River exhibit "the finest and most complete exhibition of apples by all odds ever seen in the East." The fruit industry now ranks as the fourth or fifth in the state and is fast catching up with the wheat yield and salmon catch and livestock. These latter together with lumber must decrease in time, but the apple and fruit industry is expected to go on and on.

The Deschutes River, flowing through the center of the state and joining the Columbia at right angles, represents not only great potential wealth but has been pronounced a scientific wonder. Authorities state that it would be possible to develop a million horse power on this stream, or over forty times what is at present developed from Niagara Falls. But the most wonderful feature of the river is that its flow is almost constant during the entire year, not varying more than a foot or two between the flood period of the spring and the drouth period of the fall. This feature is due to secret overflow channels and porous soil which stores up the overflow and feeds it out gradually through so-called springs.

WASHINGTON.

National Apple Show a Success.

Over a hundred thousand people saw the recent apple show held in Spokane, some of them coming three thousand miles for the especial purpose. Sixteen states and six foreign countries were among the competitors, although some of the exhibits of those farthest away did not reach Spokane in time to be entered for the prize awards; and others of them were carelessly shipped and not in condition to show. The largest perfect apple exhibited weighed one ounce less than two pounds, and was seventeen and one-half inches in circumference. Another specimen weighed thirty-six ounces but was imperfect in form. Three acres of floor space were necessary for the exhibits for this, the first national apple show on the continent. Wenatchee County, Washington, captured many of the big prizes, including the thousand-dollar prize for the best carload exhibit. Yakima Valley, Washington, came second for the big prize, and Montana third. Washington captured fifty-eight of the prizes, Canada eleven, Idaho five, and Montana one. The state of Oregon was pouty because there was a misunderstanding in the judging tests, so did not enter any of her apples which surely must have taken some of the prizes. The next national apple show will be held in Chicago, and it is expected that this more central location will encourage a more general competition and more nearly decide the relative merits of the Western apple in comparison with that of the rest of the world.

State Lands on Sale Monthly.

Olympia.—State Land Commissioner Ross has prepared a circular stating that state lands will be on sale in the twenty counties of Washington on the 5th of every month. Circulars with full details have been sent to the auditors of each county for free distribution. The January sale will include over 5,000 acres which cannot be sold for less than an appraised value of over $97,000. Timber, tide, and general agricultural lands are included in the next sale. The sales for last month totaled $249,000.

Will Irrigate 20,000 Acres in Okanogan.

Riverside.—A large corporation of Seattle has proposed to the landowners of this section to irrigate 20,000 acres of the Tunk Creek Valley land at an approximate cost of a million dollars. Shares in the corporation will be sold to the landowners, or they will be allowed to trade land for them or even exchange work to a limited amount. The necessary water is to be taken from a lake and it is to be a gravity system throughout. This county, Okanogan, has already about 15,000 acres under irrigation, and the government ditch will add 10,000 more acres. The Brewster project will give another tract of 3,400 acres in the fall and the rest of its 10,000 acres the following spring.

High-Priced Tract Near Spokane to Be Reclaimed.

Spokane.—About 4,600 acres bordering the city limits will soon be irrigated by the largest underground system in the Northwest, and platted into five and ten-acre tracts. After the water system is developed from the several large springs on the tract and a storage reservoir and electrical pumping system, a part of the land will be improved. This land has had a wonderful advance in price. Not more than five years ago the land was considered practically worthless, and as late as 1903 it was sold by the Northern Pacific for a little more than two dollars an acre, but with the late proven fruit possibilities of the land, and the new irrigation system, the company, which is exploiting the scheme, expects to get $350 an acre for the unimproved and $500 for the improved tracts.

Prospective 50,000-Acre Project, Along the Columbia.

Hanford.—Seattle capital is said to be behind a scheme to reclaim a 50,000-acre tract about ten miles below this place on

the east bank of the Columbia. A shipment of piling has already been landed near this point and construction work will be begun at once, it is said. Whether this is a bona fide story or not does not lessen the practicability of such a project in this section, for the land has long been recognized as especially valuable.

Wenatchee.—The Brewster Flats irrigation project which was announced as 1000 acres has broadened to 18,000 acres, according to the recently announced plans of a Spokane capitalist, who has the project in hand. A forty-four mile canal is to be built at an estimated cost of $1,000,000, which will reclaim 3,000 acres on the Pateros Flats, besides the 15,000 acres of the Brewster Flats. The construction work will require three years for completion, though some water is expected to be ready for use in two years.

White Salmon.—An irrigation district has been voted by the land holders of this section with a bondage of $60,000, the plan being to pump water from the White Salmon River, to irrigate 2000 acres, and to begin construction at once.

Washington, D. C.—Water will be supplied for 11,590 acres of the Sunnyside government project in 1909, the first unit having been completed. The selection of land under this project was very rapid and all of the land in the first unit just completed is already taken. Applications for the other units of the project may be made at the United States Land Office at North Yakima, and the first payment of $6.15 per acre is required at the time of the entry.

Puyallup.—About 4,000 acres of logged-off lands located twelve miles southeast of here have been placed on the market by Mills & Son of this city. In marked contrast to the condition in many parts of the East this land is proving very valuable especially for dairying purposes. Much of this body of land can be very easily cleared. The firm expects to locate 120 families on this land during the year.

Wilson Creek.—A promising irrigation scheme is being much talked of here and the matter will very likely be put before the Reclamation Service, if private capital does not volunteer before that time. The scheme would be to build several reservoirs at natural sites and irrigate about thirty-five miles of the Crab Creek Valley between Odessa and Adrian.

Notes From the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

Seattle.—Several interesting announcements have recently been made that will be of interest to all with whom there exists even the remotest possibility of attendance at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be opened in this city on June 1 and continue until the middle of October. Expositions have come to be a habit with the American people, for during the past fifteen years at least seven such gatherings of national breadth have been held, and two of these, at Chicago and St. Louis, had the dignity of world expositions. The educational and economic value of these gatherings is now firmly established and abundantly justify the expenditure of the millions of dollars that they have cost. The Seattle Exposition will be of great national importance in that its chief purpose is to put before the nation and the world the immense undeveloped resources and great advance made by the Alaskan and Yukon territories and the Pacific Northwest.

The Exposition will have several unique features. The Seattle commercial bodies will conduct a free information bureau which will be a great saving and protection to the public. No liquor will be permitted to be sold on the Exposition grounds, which is something entirely new in national fairs. Hotel and restaurant keepers have promised to keep their charges down to the normal, which will mean much to the thousands of visitors. The amusement street will be a mile in length and, in keeping with the Alaskan tone of the fair, will be called the Pay Streak. A livestock show as large and complete as any ever held on the continent is planned to begin late in September. When the curious begin coming this way, perhaps the first object to attract their attention will be the Exposition monument in front of the Government building which will be entirely covered with Alaskan gold leaf contributed by hundreds of people of the Northwest.

Miscellaneous Paragraphs of Growth and Opportunity.

A million-dollar corporation is to be organized in Tacoma for the building of the most modernly equipped paper mill in the West, if the plans of its promoter materialize. The most of the paper used in the Northwest and on the Coast is shipped from the East, since there are but two paper mills in Washington, three in Oregon and one in California, it is stated, and these do little more than supply their local demand. Press paper could be sold at a profit at half what it can be shipped from the East for, the promoter says, and the mill would use material from the saw mills and forests that is now wasted.

Opie Read, humorist, lecturer and novelist, has bought a fruit farm in the Wenatchee section and is planning to write a book on the Northwest. "This is a great

Continued on Page 224b.



A LONE RANCH HOUSE IN A FERTILE VALLEY.

The Treasure of Yesterday and Today

A hundred and fifty miles out from Reno, Nevada, on a spring day forty years ago a ponderous wagon-train picked its way through sand dune and over *mesa*. The wagon was a huge, cumbersome affair, rearing high on its wheels, and the four horses strained at the tugs as each little ascent was encountered. Evidently the load was a heavy and a valuable one, but the drivers seemed oblivious of impending danger from the "bad man," who was supposed to lurk abroad in the land, during that eventful epoch in the West.

From the edges of the great canvas covering, wisps of hay poked in divers places. From the rear, the form of a box was apparent. Beneath the wagon wa a box arrangement from which dangled an occasional pot or bucket.

The wagon moved slowly across the plain until a lone ranch-house appeared in a little fertile valley. The caravan slowed up before the rude shelter and the women and children ran out to greet the newcomers. The rancher also appeared and casually, in an effort to learn the business of the driver and his companion drawled: "What ye peddlin'?"

After a brief exchange of words, the horses were unhitched from the heavily freighted wagon and turned loose in the corral. Without removing or examining the load, the strangers went into the house, accepting the hearty invitation to "visit a bit" with the company-hungry settlers. Nor did they again return to the wagon until the following morning.

Evidently satisfactory arrangements were made during the evening for an examination of the load, for on the following morning the "peddlers" busied themselves with unpacking their "wares." It was a task equal almost to moving a house. First from the load came the canvas covering, revealing a layer of hay—feed for the horses. When the hay was removed there came to view several

boxes, three resting on the bed of the wagon, and a fourth on top of the pile. The topmost box was removed after much labored effort, the second taken from the rear of the load and the third and fourth until at last the wagon was emptied and the boxed contents taken into a sheltered place.

The two smaller boxes contained—organs; the two larger ones—pianos. Then began a dickering and bartering which might last a day, two days, possibly longer and, perhaps, in the end three boxes were replaced on the wagon, the hay again spread over the load, the canvas covering replaced; the caravan taking up the journey, the "peddlers" carefully pocketing a neat sum of money and the rancher's wife and daughters examining rapturously the splendid new piano or new organ which had been left at the home.

The chances of a deal were exceedingly good if there happened to be a musically inclined child in the home, or a music teacher within a radius of fifty miles of the ranch.

Perhaps several days more passed before another ranch was reached that contained a possible buyer; perhaps a day or two later a settlement would appear with the inevitable dance-hall in need of music and a quick sale would be effected.

"If I would have had the modern player-piano in my outfit, I would have had a gold mine," a pioneer dealer remarked.

Such were the experiences of the inland dealer in pianos in the early days of the great West. In the coast cities, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, some pianos were, of course, carried in stock. The instruments were brought on the long journey around two continents by boat and then sold by the pioneer dealers, far into the inland homes, from wagons. It was a risky, long-between sales business and the rule was slow sales and large profits.

All praise is due the pioneer piano dealer for encouraging the growth of music-love in the first settlers, for there is no section of the world today that appreciates the artist and the art production more than the great West.

Occasionally the "peddler" happened into a home where there was already a piano that had been carted across the plains, one of those stately old grands that was too valuable to be left behind. Almost invariably the owner who so prized his piano as to undertake the risk and undergo the hardship in "bringin' it along" was the proud possessor of the then, and still, matchless Knabe. And the owner of the Knabe guarded his prize as the cattleman guarded his herd, and the miner, his *cache*.

At that early date there were few pianos scattered over the vast plains of the West. There were few who had the time between guarding the cattle and fighting the Indians to devote to music. How different today! There are thousands of pianos in the new country, not



THE LOAD SOLD; CAMPING ON THE WAY TO HEADQUARTERS TO SECURE NEW SUPPLIES.

only in every city but in almost every farm home in the West and Northwest.

There are hundreds of Knabe pianos, too, because the western farmer, rancher, merchant, professional man has the money and he does not want cheap, inferior musical instruments in his home. If his daughter or his son shows an aptitude for music he must have the best—and the best is the ideal that William Knabe, the first, had in mind when he built the pianos of the early day and which the Knabe factory today sends forth as the masterpiece of ingenuity wrought by the hundreds of skilled piano-builders, who have put, not only their best work, but their hearts and souls into the building. Grandmothers who owned Knabes recall the years and years in which the pride of the home was their piano, and the years during which that wonderful treasure retained its

fresh vibrant, ringing tone, as true and vibrant as when the wonderful instrument was first purchased.

Imagine the wide-eyed wonder of one of these old-time piano owners should he step into the modern piano houses in the cities of Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, or any of the busy western cities of today and see the display of Knabe pianos—Mignons, Mozarts, Chopins, Beethovens—the beautiful mahogany and ebonized art productions that are the epitome of the Knabe fame!

William Knabe, the first, creator of the first Knabe, built his piano in a tiny frame house, in the woods, seventy years ago. Today the acres and acres of Knabe Piano factories in Baltimore are creating, still, the same wonderful instrument, embodying the added genius, inherited by the sons and the grandsons of the founder, and the artisans who have been taught to put only their best efforts into every piano to which their skill is applied. The seventy years since the first Knabe was built, in the little house in the woods, have been filled with triumph, for it is experience that teaches and seventy years of continuous effort to excel have not gone unrewarded.

William Knabe, the first, was a genius. He worked with infinite pains to produce a piano nearly perfect in every detail. He had determined to make the best piano in the world, and to the consummation of that purpose he directed his skill as a cabinet-maker, his musical ability and his brains and the first Knabe piano was an instrument of wondrous cunning, taking its place without dissent, as the rightful claimant of the first honors in the piano world.

The originator of the famous Knabe passed away at his allotted time, but the creation of his brain and skill has lived a perpetual and growing monument to his genius. The makers during all these seventy years have never stood still—have never been content to allow the honor and fame which came to William Knabe to lull their energies. They have worked hard to keep up the reputation of that wonderful builder of pianos, and have worked successfully.

It takes a bit longer to make a Knabe piano than it does some of the others, the felt is just a little better than the others use, the ivory keys a bit finer, the sounding board a bit better made, and it is just these little bits that have made the Knabe piano the leader of the rest.

All pianos are made of bits of wood, bits of wire, bits of ivory, bits of felt—but so are all houses made of wood, and brick, and plaster. It 's the skill of the architect, the carpenter, the mason that makes a mansion from an ugly mass. It 's the ability of the skilled artisan, the quality of the component parts that makes a piano a lasting treasure or a short-lived pleasure.

The Knabe piano is a piano with a mission—a mission to uphold the past traditions of the builders and to establish new ideals of excellence. And it has accomplished that which it has sought to maintain. The world today has accepted the Knabe as the standard, toward which all others must build if they wish to attain the pre-eminence tomorrow. Write for our brochure entitled "Musical Celebrities" containing portraits of all the leading musicians of the world.

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Continued from Page 221.

country. I am charmed with the bigness of it," he said in a heart talk with a woolly Westerner.

Four railroads are said to be in a mad scramble to get first choice of right-of-way into the rich territory on the Columbia between Kennewick and Priest Rapids, that is being recovered by irrigation.

The officials of the Northern Pacific railroad have announced that they will at once establish a model irrigation farm and orchard near Prosser under the ditches of the government Sunnyside project. The orchard will not be less than 140 acres and will be developed scientifically. The establishment of this farm is in harmony with the policy of Empire Builder Hill, who loses no opportunities to assist in the development of the territory which his great system of railroads cover.

A company has just been organized at Spokane for the purpose of creating an European market for Inland Empire apples. Already ten carloads of choice apples have been shipped to London, Paris, and Berlin where they will be exhibited and sold in this neglected market.

Capitalists have been buying land options on the Little Klickitat River near Husum, and the presumption is that a large reclamation scheme will be developed since there is plenty of water.

Four hundred bushels of potatoes per acre is the claim for some of the logged-off land near Montesano.

A billion feet of lumber has been sold from the Olympic National reserve to a Seattle lumber firm.

In ten years the Seattle assay office has received 351.3 tons of gold with a value of over one hundred and seventy-five million dollars. Of this amount seventy-six millions came from Alaska, ten millions from British Columbia, eighty-six millions from Yukon Territory, and nearly two millions from Washington, Oregon and other states.

In the new Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul division town of South Cle Elum, over $40,000 worth of town lots were sold in less than two hours.

Artesian water has been struck on a farm near Walla Walla, which would seem to prove that the whole valley can be irrigated in this way without being compelled to depend on its present uncertain surface supply, and that land values will go even

beyond the present maximum rating of from $1,000 to $1,500 per acre for orchards.

There is a movement in Seattle for the securing of a franchise for the building and operating of a 7.8-mile subway system. The estimated cost of the enterprise is $6,000,000 and the time of building is fixed at two and one-half years. The promoter is representing European bankers who believe that Seattle will have a population of 500,000 in five years. A complementary proposal has been put before the city council by another promoter asking for a franchise for the building of a freight subway to cost several millions. The two proposed systems do not conflict since the larger one is to be for passenger traffic only.

CALIFORNIA.

Fifty-five Thousand Acres to Be Reclaimed

Sacramento, California—To recover 55,000 acres of land just north of this city from floods in the winter and drouth in the summer and create homes for thousands of settlers, is the purpose of a recently organized company. The plan is rather complicated and distinctly unique in that the canals to be built will be for the double purpose of irrigation and drainage. It is probable that electric pumps will lift the water into or out of the canals as the case may be. The district to be recovered is bordered by the Sacramento and American rivers and is of a deep, rich, alluvial soil, but without levees is subject to overflow. It is estimated that the district will support in time, from 5,000 to 10,000 families.

Reclamation Service Orders Survey of Large Project.

Red Bluff, California.—The Chamber of Commerce here is active in trying to secure Federal aid in the building of a large dam across Iron Canon to store up water for the reclamation of 100,000 acres or more of rich land in Tehama and Glenn counties. The project is very promising and has been endorsed by several large commercial bodies of the state. The estimated cost of the dam and canals is $4,000,000 which would be a prohibitive amount for private capital. One of the most hopeful happenings in reference to the project is



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the recent ordering of a survey of the location by Secretary of Interior Garfield, though this action is merely preliminary and in no way binds the Reclamation Service to follow up the matter.

Limits Fixed for Orland Project.

Orland, California.—A recent report issued by the Department of Interior fixes the limits of the Orland project at 15,004 acres. This is a larger area than was hoped for by those who will profit by the undertaking. So enthusiastic are the citizens of this place that they have met in a public session and adopted resolutions asking for the inclusion of an additional 20,000 acres in the next unit granted and the appropriation of a million dollars for this extension. Their resolution also "extends to them (the Reclamation Service) our heartfelt thanks for their care and consideration." Six hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the amount that has already been allotted to the Reclamation Service for the Orland project.

Wonderful Reclamation Possibilities of Sacramento Valley.

Sacramento, California—The interesting assertion is made by authorities on the topic, that only one-tenth of the great Sacramento Valley is now put to its best agricultural use; that two million acres of the richest soil in the state is languishing and waiting for reclamation. The Sacramento Valley has long been recognized as a district of wonderful irrigation possibilities. Elwood Mead, the Government expert on irrigation, has said that "the available water supply for this valley (Sacramento Valley) will make it the Egypt of the Western Hemisphere." The valley contains 2,600,000 acres of land, and of this amount 250,000 acres, or about one-tenth, is fully reclaimed from the floods of the spring and the drouth of the late summer. Half of the remainder, or over a million acres, is subject to annual overflow and in little better agricultural condition than when white men first came to the Coast. The unrecovered land ranges in value from twenty-five to fifty dollars an acre, while with water these values would jump to $100 to $500 per acre and in time would be worth from five to ten times that amount. In conjunction with this great valley of floor-level land is the annual summer and flood flow of the Sacramento River. Enough water is carried to the sea every year to cover the entire valley to the depth of ten feet, and the utilization of this vast natural wealth only awaits the capital and the vision that will construct large impounding dams in the canyons above the valley, long levees to hold the river to its channel, and many miles of canals to scatter the water after it is stored up and brought under control. This project would require vast capital and public education, perhaps special legislation. In the past, reclamation attempts have been purely local and mutually conflicting. The National Reclamation Service is already building one large dam and has another projected on the upper Sacramento, but because of limited funds this construction will necessarily be slow. Irrigation is the basis of the agricultural wealth of Egypt, India, Italy, and means scarcely less to France and Spain; and the promise is just as great for America.

General California Notes.

Willows.—If the drilling of the fifteen-inch well is successful on the Rideout tract near this place, and there is every promise that it will be, other wells will follow and the whole tract of 10,000 acres will ultimately be recovered to irrigated fertility.

Riverside.—A quarter-million-dollar corporation has been formed to take over an eight-thousand-acre tract of land along the western boundary of Riverside and extending six and a half miles along the Santa Ana River. This company, will construct reservoir sites to store up the water supply which is within the land itself. About 2500 acres of this is regarded as promising citrus land and all of the rest nearly as good. The whole tract will be subdivided into five-acre lots.

Corning.—A local irrigation company has authorized the sending of a special representative to Washington, D. C. to put before the Reclamation Service an irrigation scheme which would mean the reclamation of about 60,000 acres near this place. The project has already been partly developed by the private company and there are now about 3,000 settlers occupying a large portion of the land which would be reclaimed by such a scheme. The company is anxious, however, to have the Government step in and complete the project.

Turlock.—There was a definite and decided expression on the part of the tax payers of the Turlock Irrigation district, at a special meeting here to construct a storage reservoir for the irrigation of 60,000 acres of the district. The dam and reservoir site would cost over $200,000, it is estimated, but the investment would be a good one, according to the prevalent sentiment.

Atwater.—A land company of Palo Alto has added a new tract of 1,700 acres near here to their original tract of 1,300 acres which was platted into small homeseekers' farms last spring. It is announced that over half of the original tract has been secured for homes by Kansas people. Another 1,300 acres is to be added to the present 3,000 in the spring.



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Every day at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the grand-opera stars sing, accompanied by the hotel orchestra of sixteen pieces. The diners listen with rapt attention, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the singer. But it is a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

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A complete list of new Victor Records for February will be found in the February number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's; and March Cosmopolitan.

Chino.—The Southern California Colonization Company has just purchased a 320-acre tract near here and is planning to establish a Free Methodist colony. Wells will be sunk to develop water for the tract.

Los Angeles.—The old Jacobo Rancho, a tract of between 15,000 and 16,000 acres in Kirk county has been placed on the market. This has been one of the largest of the undivided tracts of the San Joaquin Valley but the changes now will be rapid. The postoffice authorities have already granted a postoffice permit for the new town of California City, and a branch railroad is expected to be extended to this very fertile section. Water will be supplied by artesian wells and from the several nearby ditches.

Corcoran.—Eighteen miles south of this place, between 8,000 and 9,000 acres of promising sugar-beet and dairying land has been placed on the markets. An extensive irrigation system has been developed by cement-lined irrigation ditches which carry water from six large artesian wells several miles away.

Modesto.—A committee of Mennonites, representing others of their brethren in Oklahoma were recent visitors at this place looking over colonization opportunities. The frugal habits of this sect make them especially desirable residents. Originally natives of Germany, they were induced to migrate to Russia by Peter the Great who became interested in them during his wanderings over Europe. About thirty years ago they began coming to America in bands, and since that time the march has been ever westward.

Le Grange.—The land owners of this section have expressed themselves as favorable to the organization of an irrigation district under the provisions of the Wright law for the purpose of irrigating 60,000 acres of their land. The storage dams, tunnels and canals are estimated to cost about $600,000.

The Wright Irrigation Law of California.

Stockton.—An interesting letter has been received by the Chamber of Commerce of this place from W. A. Beard, a well known editor of Sacramento, relative to the new Wright irrigation law of this state.

The letter is in part as follows:

"I am unqualifiedly in favor of community-owned irrigation systems and have no hesitation in advising organization under the Wright-Bridgeford law. The purpose of the Act is to enable land owners to combine and build their own irrigation systems. By this Act they are authorized to band themselves together and to do the things necessary to the carrying on of a large work, including the borrowing of money.

"I know of but one better plan than that provided by the Wright irrigation law of this State, and that is the federal Reclamation Act of 1902, under which the United States Reclamation Service is now building extensive projects in various parts of the West. Under this law the federal government furnishes the money and builds the works, requiring of the farmers only the repayment of the cost, without interest. The advantage of this from the standpoint of cost is in the elimination of the interest.

"One of the very best features of the Federal Reclamation Act is the enforced subdivision and settlement of lands irrigated. Our State law does not provide for this, but land owners organizing a district should provide for it and should see to it that, as rapidly as possible, the large farms are cut into smaller ones and the water put to its best use."

One thousand farmers in Plumas County are to irrigate their farms with water pumped by electricity.

Just as the electric road has largely replaced the steam road in handling rural traffic in many parts of this state, so is the gasoline-motor car becoming a strong competitor of the electric car.

It is estimated that the hay crop of the state is 100,000 tons short of the demands of the state for the winter, and other states are already shipping hay in. Surely this is not discouraging for any who have land good enough for alfalfa or grain.

A fruit grower near Selma reports a yield of 353 tons of raisins from a 210-acre vineyard, and 130 tons of dried peaches from a sixty-five-acre orchard. At the prices received the whole farm gives a profit of over $130 per acre.

Asparagus culture is one of the profitable industries about Corcoran. The average yearly net profit per acre for this industry from $140 to $360.

A spring arbor day is to be selected, at which time all fraternities, clubs, societies, and individuals are supposed to turn out and assist in the planting of trees along the roads leading into the city of Stockton.

Nearly 6,000 acres have already been contracted to the growing of sugar beets for the new $550,000 sugar plant that is being erected two miles south of Santa Ana.

A number of prominent Iowa capitalists have purchased 284 acres of the old Nuevo San Jacinto land grant which formerly included 48,000 acres, near Lake View, Riverside County. They will erect a health resort and bring other Iowa people to the Coast. In the same vicinity a ten-acre orange grove in full bearing has been sold for $13,500, and another grove of the same size for $10,000 to wealthy Eastern people for a future home.

Fresno County has the largest vineyard acreage of the counties of the State. A single vineyard covers 3000 acres, and another 5,400-acre ranch is largely devoted to the culture of the grape.

General reports indicate that the orange crop of Southern California will sell for about $20,000,000 this year, or approximately the same as that of last year. The fruit is ripening slowly, and the oranges are a little small, but of a high grade.



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Thomas A Edison

Oranges in large or small quantities are shipped from California every day of the year.

A farmer on the borders of Tulare Lake reports three crops of wheat a year. He threshed one crop in August, cut another late in December, and planted the third about January 1.

Due to the excessive heat of the past summer, the fig crop this year will be extremely light in California.

A new process for the prevention of the sugaring of raisins is said to have been discovered by the E. L. Chaddock Company of Fresno. This will enable the fruit to be kept several times as long, it is claimed.

It is reported that Los Angeles is to be the distributing center for a new company that will develop a rich 42,000-acre deposit of borax.

A 4000-acre building-stone, sand, and gravel tract will be opened up northwest of Los Angeles for the production of these utilities on a large scale.

MONTANA.

Half-a-Million Acres to Be Reclaimed Under Carey Act.

Conrad.—A contract has been made between the State Land Board and a La-Crosse, Wis. firm, for the reclamation of an additional 65,000 acres of arid land under the Carey Act. The tract to be irrigated is in the central part of Teton County and the storage dam is fifteen miles west of Conrad. About one hundred and fifty men are being employed on the construction work at the present time. Besides this tract, the same company will supply water for an additional 50,000 acres which it has previously segregated. This body of land will be put on the market in 1909, the deeded lands to be open for sale in June and the Carey Act withdrawals in September.

When all of the projects under construction in this county are completed, about half a million acres will have been recovered to the homeseeker. The other projects, besides the Withee-Cargill, are the Sun River, Bynum, and Warfield in the southern part of the state, and the Milk River in the northern.

"Amalgamated" Interests to Construct Large Dams.

Butte.—Filings have been made, by the "Amalgamated" interests, of applications for water for two additional dams and power plants. Both of these applications call for 25,000 cubic feet of water per second from the flow of the Missouri River, one dam to be erected near Rainbow Falls where the same company is already constructing a similar work, the other to be built above their dam under construction at Big Falls. The application states that the water is to be used for irrigation, mining, manufacturing, and railroad purposes.

Montana Leads Other States in Mining Industry.

The annual report of State Mining Inspector, William Walsh, contains some interesting facts in reference to the mining industry in Montana. During the past ten years Montana has held first rank among the precious-mineral-producing states of the nation. Montana has led all states in the production of silver and copper, though just at present this may not be the case due to curtailment among some of the largest mines and not due to the falling off of the supply in any way. More than forty per cent of the copper of the world is furnished by the copper fields of this state, and the increasing need for this metal due to recent electrical development will not permit any slump in the future demand.

Government Withdraws Land for Irrigation Project.

According to reports from Butte, the government has withdrawn from settlement a large amount of land in the watershed of the Little Bitter Root Mountains that a reservoir may be constructed to irrigate the Flathead Indian Reservation, which is to be thrown open to settlement during 1909.

Future development in Montana hinges largely upon the utilization of her immense water resources. The next year promises much in this direction, for it is almost certain that two new electric roads will be built, the one by former Senator Clark, from Missoula up the Bitter Root Valley to Hamilton, the other, by a Billings syndicate, up the Yellowstone valley to Laurel. Three other roads are projected and work may be begun this year; —one of these is to connect Helena and Butte, another is the Great Falls-Teton line which will pass through one of the most productive sections of the state, and the third is projected to pass up Stillwater Creek to Cooke City, opening up one of the richest mining sections of the state. Besides this, two of the continental railroads will electrify a part of their lines among the Montana mountains; and water power will be used in various ways in the several irrigation projects of the state.

NEVADA.

25,000-Acre Reclamation Project Under Way.

Reno.—Arrangements were completed in this city for the beginning of a scheme to irrigate 25,000 acres of land in the extreme north-western corner of Nevada and the eastern corner of California. Water rights have already been secured and the



Flexible Wafer-Like Blade

MAN'S first cutting implement was a piece of flint chipped to a sharp edge.

Ages later he noticed copper and though soft, made his tools of that. Then he found that tin and copper mixed made a harder substance—bronze. The bronze age lasted thousands of years.

Not until what we know as "historic" times did man learn to use iron.

Steel came centuries later.

Man is now perfecting steel.

We are not always aware when history is being made.

The GILLETTE Blade represents a new idea—the first new principle in a razor blade in over four hundred years.

Experts from The Massachusetts Institute of Technology have been working for five years on a finer steel for the GILLETTE Blade. (*Introduced September 1, 1908.*)

This New-Process Blade is the keenest shaving edge ever devised by the skill of man—a new steel, made to special formula. It takes an edge so sharp, a temper so hard and tough that no cutting implement has ever been known to compare with it.

The GILLETTE Blade is wafer-thin, flexible, with a hard, mirror-like finish, and a marvelous durability.

For certain very good reasons it is impossible to make a piece of steel that will take and hold as fine an edge unless it is wafer-thin and flexible.

There is no other blade in the world as thin or as flexible as the GILLETTE—or that will do the work of the GILLETTE.

There is no razor like the GILLETTE: no handle, no blade like it.

It is the one "safety" razor that is safe—cannot cut the face. It is the only razor that can be adjusted for a light or a close shave.

Standard set, $5.00. On sale everywhere.

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Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.

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504 Kimball Building, Boston
Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

Canadian Office
63 St. Alexander St.
Montreal, Que.

Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

firm expects to put half-a-million dollars into the scheme. The location selected twenty-five miles from Cedarville, California, has three lakes, one of which is to be turned into a storage reservoir. As soon as expedient a town site will be established and the gentlemen interested in the project expect to make their homes here.

NEW MEXICO.

Unutilized Water Resources of the State.

Santa Fe.—The statement has been made here recently by one of the engineers of the United States Geological Survey that only eight hundred of the half-million available horse power of the territory is being utilized at present. There is now practically no data on the flow of the different streams of the territory though many of them will be of immense importance in the development of the near future. The Water Resources branch of the Geological Survey has been active during the past four years in the attempt to secure data on the flow of the various streams of the state, but their working appropriation has been too small to allow anything but very meager records and the majority of the streams of the state they have not been able to touch at all. The recent creation of the office of Territorial Engineer proves that New Mexico is now alive to her needs in this field and some very important work is under way.

Movement to Organize International Irrigation Congress.

Albuquerque.—At the time of the holding of the Sixteenth National Irrigation Congress in this city, a letter was read from the governor of Sinaloa, Mexico, endorsing the movement which this national congress represents, and encouraging the organization of an International Irrigation Congress: The suggestion was well received at that time and a committee was appointed to confer with the chief executives of all foreign nations and the various states of the republics of the American continents, inviting them to the next national congress which is to be held in Spokane, Washington in 1909. It is probable at that time that the congress will either be broadened to an international scope or some such auxiliary organized. At the last congress representatives were present from Mexico, France, England, Italy, Germany, South Africa, and South America, some of these delegated having come thousands of miles for this special purpose. Already the governor of Sinaloa, Mexico, whose message originally suggested that the congress be broadened to an international scope, has invited the 1910 session to his state, and the public erection of a large auditorium with a view to its acceptance has already begun.

National Railroad From Washington, D. C. to Coast Agitated.

Santa Fe.—There has been recent strong agitation here of a national railroad to be built from Washington, D. C. to pass through St. Louis, Kansas City and Santa Fe and on to California and the Coast. The enthusiasts of the scheme would have the road built and maintained jointly by the National government and the various states through which it passed and who received its benefit. The agitators say that it is only a question of a few years until such a national highway must be seriously considered.

Land Restored to Public Entry.

Notice has been given by the Interior Department of the restoration of four sections of the Gila National Forest to public entry, filing or selection to be allowable at the land office at Las Cruces, New Mexico, on or after January 13, 1909.

National Archaeological Museum Likely for Santa Fe.

Santa Fe.—It is very likely that the only school of archaeology on the continent will soon be established in this city. The managing committee of the American School of Archaeology recently has made a tour of inspection of the most available locations for such a school to become the Western Hemisphere sister of the older and highly endowed schools of the same society at Athens, Rome and Jerusalem. The competitors for the school location include Los Angeles, Denver, Colorado Springs, the City of Mexico, and Washington, D. C. From the school would be directed the research work of the Southwest and also that to be undertaken in Alaska, Central America and some portions of South America. Also there would be established a museum of world interest. The historic associations of this city and its nearness to large fields of research are responsible for its favorable consideration.

Whether this school is to be located here now rests with the citizenship, for at the last meeting of the national committee, resolutions were passed which stated the conditions under which the school and museum would be established in Santa Fe.

The conditions specified have in part already been pledged by the Legislature, so there is little doubt that this city will be the ultimate selection of the national committee.

Underground Irrigation for New Mexico.

It is reported that several hundred farmers who want to establish themselves on arid lands in New Mexico will be assisted to this realization by the National Land and Sub-Irrigation Company, a three-mil-

Do you realize the great and distinct advantages of the Franklin automobile?

The Franklin is not complicated nor heavy. It is not hard on tires. It does not strain and rack itself. It does not jar and jolt the passengers.

The Franklin has full-elliptic springs, front and back—the only spring suspension that gives perfect riding qualities. The wheels are large, giving road smoothness. The chassis frame is wood, laminated—lighter and stronger than pressed steel, and it does not transmit shocks.

These features make the Franklin the most comfortable of automobiles—a supreme advantage.

The Franklin motor by using an auxiliary cylinder exhaust and sheet metal radiating flanges is cooled with air, without using water. This does away with the weight and complication of the water system—a distinct advantage.

There is not anything in the Franklin cooling system to disable the motor, as does leakage, boiling, or freezing of the water system. There is nothing to fuss with nor worry over.

You can use the Franklin freely every day in any climate—a most important advantage.

Then you have the advantage of high-grade construction—the best steel and the best materials. And with a motor that gives continuous power, with plenty of reserve ability, you can go anywhere you want to with comfort and safety. That is what you want.

Weigh and examine different makes of automobiles. Ride in them Then weigh and examine a Franklin. Ride in it over the same road. You will realize the advantages of the Franklin as you cannot in any other way.

Our new 40-page catalogue de luxe shows all Franklin models—their graceful design and high character. It is the most informing automobile book ever printed. It is sent (on request only) to all interested.



H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING CO., Syracuse N Y

lion-dollar corporation recently organized in Kansas City to exploit the Wiggins system of irrigation, as announced in the Arizona columns last month. The claim of this system is that it can reclaim any section where a well can be found that will supply from fifty to a hundred barrels of water every twenty-four hours for each ten to twenty-five acres. The plan is to scatter the water over the land entirely by underground tiling, thus preventing evaporation and waste. A machine has been perfected which will make the tiling at from one half to one-fourth the previous cost, and the plan is to establish the settler and allow him considerable time to pay for the pumping system.

Work Begun on 32,000-Acre Project.

The Eden Ditch Company in San Juan County has begun work on its system which purposes to recover 32,000 acres of fine alfalfa, fruit, and sugar-beet land. Water is expected to be on the land for 1909 and will provide home sites for at least a thousand families.

ARIZONA.

Restoration of Land to Public Settlement.

Notice has been given through the Department of Interior that 223 acres of land formerly included in the Garces National Forest of Arizona will be subject to settlement and entry at Phoenix, Arizona, on December 19, 1908. Preference is given to any persons who have in good faith claimed any part of this land and occupied it since January 1, 1906.

There is also notice that a small tract formerly withdrawn in connection with the Salt River project, has been restored for entry or selection after January 29, 1909, at Phoenix.

Water for 10,000 Acres of Yuma Project.

A temporary scoop-water wheel has just been completed and perfected, which will reclaim 10,000 of the total 92,000 acres of the Yuma Government project. This large wheel is turned by two fifty-horsepower gasoline engines and when still further perfected will lift 6,000 miners inches of water per second. In form it is copied after the old scoop-water wheel which has been used in different parts of Europe for many years and in some parts of California. Its use is to be merely temporary, or until the large dam now under construction is completed and the reservoir filled. With this water wheel the Government is anxious to demonstrate to prospective home-seekers the immense possibilities of irrigation in the Yuma Valley. Already water has been supplied to about 500 acres and this amount is being added to at the rate of about 160 acres per day.

Plan to Reclaim 50,000 Acres of Desert.

Near Harrisburg, a site has been chosen for the building of a storage dam which it is claimed will safely irrigate 50,000 acres of promising desert land. There is said to be far more land just as rich, but the limiting feature is the seventeen-foot bedrock dam which will supply but an estimated flow of 10,000 miner's inches of water. The building of a three-mile ditch will give a drop of fifty feet, which will insure light and power for the desert oasis that will follow the successful completion of the enterprise.

Irrigation and Power Project South of Tucson.

Tucson, Arizona.—Though the names of the exploiters were not made public, it is known that the cement has been purchased in this city for the building of an immense irrigation and power project about seventy miles southwest of here. The general plan is to wall up a deep narrow canyon with an up-to-date concrete dam. It is affirmed that the water flow will supply power for the operation of a hundred stamp ore mill and still be available for cheap irrigation. This is enthusiastically claimed to be one of the greatest irrigation schemes ever proposed in the territory of Arizona.

General Arizona Notes.

Glendale, Arizona.—Nearly four thousand people attended the large public barbecue here, held in commemoration of the reopening of the large beet-sugar factory and the beginning of the new era of Salt River Valley prosperity. Special trains were run from Phoenix, and the day given up to numerous athletic contests and a general good time about the great pits where the three steers, two pigs and a sheep were roasted to juicy lusciousness. This event is to celebrate the recent purchase of the property and equipment of the former projectors who were not making a success of their beet-sugar venture. The new company has invested about a million dollars here and has a good record of successes in Colorado and other sugar-beet fields.

The largest ostrich farm in the world is that of the Pan-American Ostrich Company, twelve miles out on the Yuma road from Phoenix. The only possible exception to this statement is a certain ostrich ranch said to be located somewhere in Africa. The Pan-American ranch has two thousand full-grown ostriches at present, and nearly a thousand chicks. The life of an ostrich is about the same as that of a human being, and the annual profit is figured to be about fifty dollars per year per bird. This is one of the very few



Crowds at Auckland, New Zealand, witnessing the first official welcome into British dominions, of Admiral Sperry and the American fleet—under a roof covered with Genasco Ready Roofing.

World-wide Fame

There's a good reason why Genasco is known and used in every civilized country under the sun.

Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake Asphalt and withstands every climate and every change of weather. That's the reason you should use it, too.

Mineral or smooth surface. Ask your dealer for Genasco—the roofing backed by a thirty-two-million-dollar guarantee. Insist on getting what you ask for. Look for the trade-mark on every roll. Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.

GENASCO THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA

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ranches where the plumes are fully prepared for the market and even retailed from the farm house, though some of the raw product is shipped to New York. The plumes are often worth fifty dollars when carefully curled and tinted, and altogether this forms one of the most profitable enterprises of the Salt River Valley. The present flock on the ranch is the natural increase from a few birds brought over from Africa about eighteen years ago by Dr. Harbert. The ranch contains sixteen hundred acres, mostly in alfalfa, which is a choice food for this noble bird.

The federal control of public grazing lands was the one great live topic at the recent session of the Arizona Cattle Growers' Association at Phoenix. The policy was strongly endorsed by the president in his address. He stated that there had been a steady growth of sentiment toward government supervision during the past year, and this feeling was very largely due to the favorable treatment received by stockmen grazing upon the national forest reserves. He quoted from the resolution unanimously carried by the association a year ago which suggested that the open public lands be leased upon a per-capita carrying basis, the lease to be for a period of not less than ten years, and not to interfere with homestead entries at set periods. A bill recommended by the National Livestock Association, embodying these and other points, has been introduced in the Senate and will be actively pushed during the present session of Congress.

Among the interesting features of the recent annual territorial fair of Arizona at Phoenix, were the exhibits from the new cotton industry of the Salt River Valley, where 200 acres are now being harvested. About two hundred different varieties of dates were also exhibited from the Southwest, where this industry has a good start. At the annual Indian Day thousands of the redskins pompously came to take advantage of the free admission and gave almost circus amusement to the crowds.

Parties of Phoenix and Los Angeles, California, business men have recently investigated what they enthusiastically think will become one of the greatest reclamation projects in the West. The section consists of a vast area on the western border of Arizona and the south-eastern corner of California. On the Arizona side of the Colorado is said to be a desert valley of 200,000 acres and half as much on the California side. There is plenty of available water ready for application and the land is known to be very rich. At present the nearest railroad station is Glamis, seventy miles away on the Southern Pacific, but it is possible to go down the Colorado River from Parker. There is already the town of Blythe City, and the immediate dream of the two sections is a railroad and possibly a government reclamation project.

COLORADO.

Garden of Gods Becomes City Park.

Colorado Springs.—Colorado has been called the playground of the nation, and one of the most interesting sections of the state centers at Colorado Springs. Very recently this city has been put a big step forward in the perpetuation of her claims to the tourist. By the gift of the children of the late Charles E. Perkins, the 480-acre tract including what has long been known as the Garden of Gods, has become the property of the city of Colorado Springs. Nothing pertaining to the gift was found in the will of the late Mr. Perkins when he died about a year ago, but a note written on the back of an envelope told of the wish that his children might give this scenic wonder to the city for park purposes. This tract was purchased by Mr. Perkins in 1879 and has been open to the public since that time. It was even improved to the extent of several thousands of dollars by the owner. No attraction of this region, not even excepting Pike's Peak itself, is more famed than the Garden of Gods. Colorado Springs park system now includes over 2,000 acres of scenery unrivalled for variety and beauty.

Estate of Late John Hay to Become Summer Resort.

Crystal Park, consisting of 1,200 acres, 9,000 feet above the sea level, has been purchased from the estate of the late John Hay and is to become a summer resort. It is nine miles from Colorado Springs and is reached by a broad automobile path.

Returns From Colorado Fruit Lands.

Well-developed orchard tracts in the irrigated fruit-growing belt of Colorado are worth from $1,000 to $1,500 per acre; and to prove that that valuation is not excessive, it is told that a man near Grand Junction sold his 1907 pear crop from ten acres for $20,500. At Palisades, bearing orchards have recently been sold for $2,000 per acre and they are paying from twenty to fifty per cent yearly on this valuation.

ALASKA.

Alaska Seeks Government Aid For Roads.

Portland, Oregon.—A representative of the Valdez Chamber of Commerce, Dan S. Kain, was recently in this city on his general tour through the Northwest for the purpose of arousing interest in the build-



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The "NATIONAL" Style Book (sent free) shows ALL the desirable New York Styles—gives you complete, all the changes in fashion for the Spring Season. The complete edition of this Style Book cost $214,782; no expense being spared to make it the most attractive, complete and valuable fashion work in America. One copy of this Style Book is intended for YOU—FREE, only YOU must write for it to-day. We will send it to you postpaid, gladly, but YOU must say it is welcome.



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In addition to the Made-to-Measure Suits, this "NATIONAL" Spring Style Book shows the following

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Millinery	Tub Suits	Petticoats	Corsets
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ing of Alaskan roads. "No where in the world," he says, "does the building of wagon roads and railroads promise so much towards the production of wealth and the relief of mankind. Give us roads and we will give you in return heaps of gold. We are giving you gold in millions now, without roads, but what we will do when you aid us to open that land with any decent road system, will amaze the people of the United States. There are from 40,000 to 50,000 of the most venturesome men in the world," he continues in the interview, "who struggling day and night against arctic conditions are enriching America by some eighteen to twenty million dollars of gold produced every year. There are beds of gold that will not be mined for a century yet, for districts may come and go, but with the exhaustion of one there will be two more waiting, if you will only give us roads." The nucleus for road-making is already there in the form of the Board of Road Commissioners for Alaska. This commission is composed of army officers appointed under the act of Congress of 1905 and supported by the appropriation of seventy per cent of a general license and occupation tax provided for under the law. With this limited fund the construction of trails and roads has been going on, but the vast territory has only been touched as yet with modern methods of transportation. In some parts of Alaska the freight charges are from seven to eight dollars per ton per mile or from $700 to $800 for hauling a ton a hundred miles. The average rate is from one dollar to two dollars per ton per mile. This excessive rate permits the working of only the very richest claims. For example, in many districts ground that will not pay more than two dollars and forty cents per cublic yard in gold is considered worthless, while in other parts of the United States ten cents per yard will make money for the capitalist. The hope now is that Congress may be persuaded to provide a larger amount for the road fund. The promise is made that with reasonable transportation rates, in addition to the agricultural development that is fast taking place, wages would drop from the ten dollars now demanded, to three or four dollars per day, and a new era of exploitation and development would begin.

Alaska As a National Investment.

The vision of Seward is vindicated, according to the big figures that are floating about concerning the various items of Alaskan production. The gold output could pay off the original $7,200,000, which early day croakers thought more than wasted, about every four months. It will be only a year or two until the scarcely less valuable copper metal will be able to swallow the original amount every twelve months. The yearly salmon catch has been larger than this amount for some time now; and the seals caught from three small islands have created a much larger amount of wealth than the first price. One of the latest discoveries is of vast beds of coal which will enable Alaska to work her raw material into commercial shape right at home; and it may be that all of the Pacific Coast will in time be supplied with cheap fuel from these coal deposits.

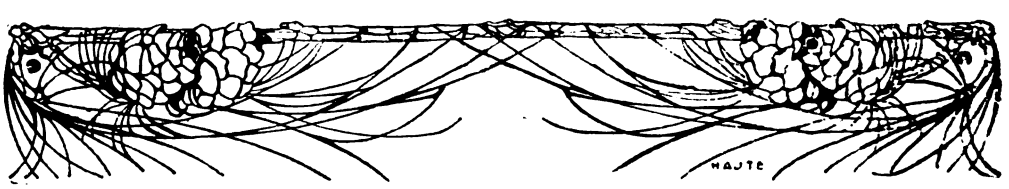
HAWAII.

Greatest Tropical Military Post in the World.

The new army post at Leilehau, the estimated cost of which is over two million dollars, will be the largest tropical military post in the world, it is said. The new post will consist of three hundred reenforced-concrete structures and will be one of the largest in the United States, if not absolutely the largest, though the permanent garrison will likely be a little smaller than that at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The work is estimated to require two years for completion, and the first two squadrons of the Fifth Cavalry which will arrive the middle of January will be given temporary quarters until the first buildings are erected.

A Large Irrigation System Assured.

Honolulu.—Word has been received of the recent sale of a million dollars worth of Hamakua ditch bonds in London. This ditch company will now be able to push construction on the largest irrigation system of the Islands, the completion of which will without doubt be the beginning of a new era of prosperity and development for the rich territory covered. The most direct benefit from this large project will be enjoyed by the Honokaa and the Paauhau sugar plantations.



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THE dainty equivalent of Japanese fabrics in a more pronounced, crinkly texture, rich in design and coloring.

Printed patterns of exquisite variety, and plain shades covering everything that is modish.

It retails at not over 20c per yard. Ask your retailer for it, or send to us to-day for beautiful sample book. Please mention this magazine.

PACIFIC MILLS, BOSTON

Jim Gotthebestever and His Relatives

By H. A. Bronson

Did you ever read an alleged story, get all worked up over the plot, and having reached the last paragraph make the horrible discovery that you had been stung—that you had been putting in your time on a paid advertisement?

Of course you have—we all have—and will probably do it again. But it leaves kind of a bad taste in the mouth, dont it?

Now we propose telling you something of a confidential nature. The stories are true to life, and they contain some facts with which you may not be familiar. It will be of permanent value to you, but it is an advertisement just the same. First, however, you should know something about

Promoters and Promotions.

Promoters are regarded by many as a necessary evil—the middlemen of the financial world.

There are grafters in the promotion business, as in nearly every other line, who promote their own interests to the exclusion of everything and everybody. They care nothing for their clients or their friends. They are not honest even as a matter of policy, and their cupidity wrecks their business, occasionally landing them where they belong—in prison.

There are others who tote fair and whose word is good. They never close a promotion deal until fully satisfied that the thing to be promoted has merit, and that it will make money for themselves and those with whom they do business. Their offices are equipped with the machinery necessary for getting quick action. Their expenses are relatively small and their profits large.

A promoter is one who raises money, either from the sale of stock or by subscription, for a specific purpose. He may or may not be directly interested in the enterprise which he undertakes to promote—he need not necessarily invest his own money. He may finance a public amusement or a hospital, a manufactory or a bank, an undeveloped mine or a patent, an irrigation project or a bonanza farm. He starts things and the public eventually pays the bills.

The pay of a promoter is always large, and there is a reason. He does something that the other fellow, lacking confidence in his own ability, can not do. He makes the terms and is in a position to enforce them.

Who Employs the Promoter?

The inventor of the best devices ever patented is absolutely helpless, and his invention worthless, unless he has the money to put it on the market. If he sells it he gets skinned; if he keeps it he can't do anything with it. So with the moneyless prospector. He may have title to the best claim in the hills, but unless he can sell or develop it he might better own a job with a section gang.

It is the promoter's business to come to the rescue of the man with the invention, the miner with the prospect hole, the genius who has originated a practical scheme for making money and lacks the financial or business ability to interest the investing public. If the promoter does as he agrees, and promises investors no more than is possible of accomplishment, he is working along legitimate lines and is really a benefactor, be his pay little or big.

Promotion companies, as a rule, are close corporations. One or more men who know that there is big money in the business, open an office. Trade secrets are jealously guarded and the company is bound to succeed with proper management. It never expands because the important factor of co-operation—combination on a large scale—is overlooked or ignored. Compared with the business developed by the corporation which takes in hundreds of partners, all co-



The Howard Watch

"Arrived on HOWARD time." You can't do better than that. Every HOWARD owner knows what *Howard Time* is. Men who carry HOWARDS are almost a class by themselves. They are men whose time is valuable and who expect accuracy in others. They like precision for its own sake. Punctuality is the politeness of kings. It is also a quality of the successful business man. A man finds that a HOWARD helps him to form habits of decision and exactness. Unconsciously he begins to live up to his watch. You must *know* the time before you can *save* it.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-kt. solid gold case at $150.00 — is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.
Drop us a postal card, Dept. Y, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.

operating for success, it remains a pigmy.

The following experiences, which are not exaggerated, may be witnessed almost any day in the offices of promotion companies. They emphasize the usefulness of promoters to individuals and corporations that are short of money. They also show the possibility of a *rude* awakening, and a suggestion that patience and cheerfulness should be cultivated by those having business with a promoter.

Jim Gotthebestever, the Prospector.

An old, gray-haired prospector, known the country over as Jim Gotthebestever, enters the office of Hardphist, the promoter. He has tramped the hills all summer, picked up some float, found the vein—or thinks he has—and located a claim. He honestly believes he has discovered a mine and returns to civilization loaded with rock, woodticks and enthusiasm. Jim sees his everlasting fortune and has freely spent a large part of it in his mind—but. He has neither money to develop his property nor the ability to float a mining company. That 's why he came to Hardphist.

Jim tells his troubles to the promoter, who, being a philanthropist (?), agrees to help him out of his difficulties on certain conditions and for a stipulated consideration. The conditions and price depend upon "what the traffic will bear." When the preliminaries are settled the promoter will, if he is reliable and doing business on business principles, send an expert mining engineer to look at the property and submit a report. Jim's fortunes are now in the hands of the engineer. If the engineer's report is unfavorable, its back to the hills for Jim. If favorable, the promoter will incorporate a company, divide the stock with Jim as previously agreed and place a block of the shares on the market to be sold for development purposes. The promoter will get a good commission for selling the stock and Jim will watch and pray for the success of the company. If the property proves to be a mine, Jim has made a good thing and so has the promoter. It it does not, poor Jim and those who bought the stock have another guess coming. The promoter did the best he could, and if the promotion was a failure it was because the engineer could not see into the ground far enough.

Brother George the Inventor.

Jim's brother George, who is an inventive genius, has worked for years on a device that he knows will revolutionize the world. The machine is finally perfected and he borrows the money to take out a patent. George has visions no less rosy than Jim's of untold wealth, and he has erected the usual number of air-castles—but. It takes money to manufacture the article, and it takes more to sell it. He has no more business ability than Jim. His friends feel sorry for him, but they do not manifest their sorrow with the dollars that would make him happy.

He, too, goes to the promoter, who listens attentively and finally agrees to look carefully into the matter. George is so sure that the world is clamoring for his invention, and that a few days' delay will disappoint millions of people, he can hardly wait for the promoter to make the necessary investigation as to its merits and the feasibility of the undertaking.
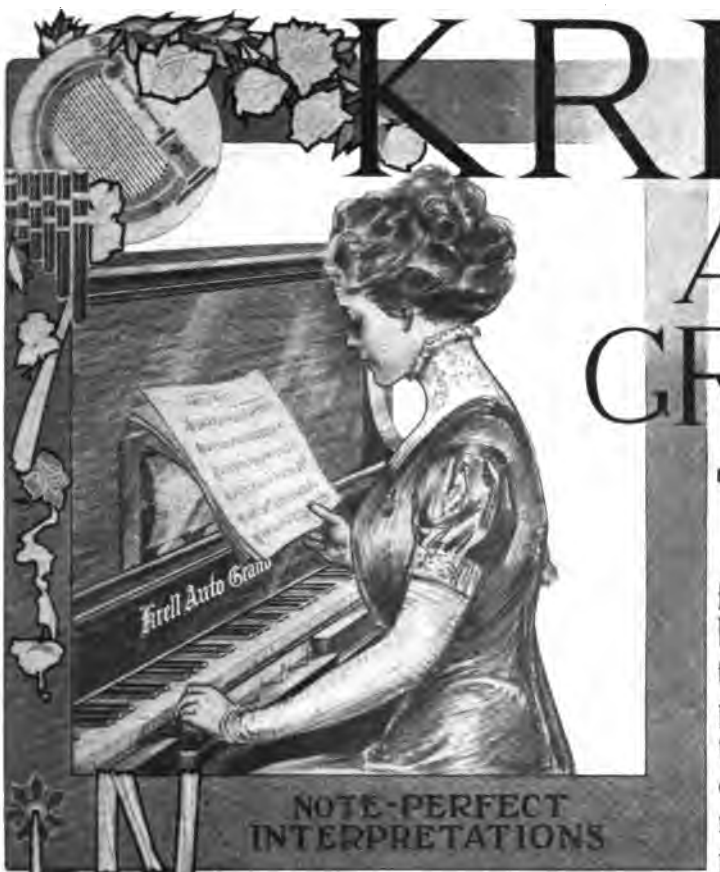
At last George gets real hungry. Living on hope, climate, or snowballs and rabbit-tracks is all right for awhile, but like a diet of hash, it gets monotonous after fifty or sixty meals. So George comes around with the offer of a little larger interest in his patent if the promoter will only get busy right away. The promoter was going as fast at the time as prudence would permit, but of course he accepts the added gratuity without batting an eye. When one does not bat an eye, he is perfectly calm.

The promoter finally incorporates a company, sells enough stock to begin the manufacture of the machine and place it on the market and George gets a position with the company. Success has at last crowned his efforts. Had the company not been successful the promoter would have made money on the sale of stock, while George would have been out his time and had the privilege of looking foi a job.

Cousin Bill Loosewad.

When Bill Loosewad was a young man he worked in his father's hardware store and was a fairly good salesman.

KRELL AUTO-GRAND



THE finished musician and the novice alike prefer this player-piano because it renders even the most classical composition with a subtlety of coloring and delicacy of phrasing rarely equaled in hand playing.

The true human touch, striven for in all players, is actually attained in the Krell Auto-Grand—and in the Krell Auto-Grand only—by reproducing *naturally* the action of the human fingers in tapping the keys instead of forcing the hammers mechanically.

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Every "pneumatic" is individual, detachable and interchangeable. The tubes are metal instead of rubber as commonly used. Aluminum fingers instead of wood.

Learn the decided advantages that these and many other exclusive features give the Krell Auto-Grand. Write for Catalog F and the interesting book entitled, "How to Select a Player-Piano." Then consult the Krell dealer nearest you—we will tell you his name when you write.

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"Opportunities For Settlers"

Is the title of a booklet that has just been published by the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company.

There are golden opportunities for farmers, dairymen and fruitgrowers within easy reach of Portland, on the rich farming and fruit lands along the Oregon Water Power lines of the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company.

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For copies of booklet write to

LAND AGENT

Portland Railway Light & Power Company

First and Alder Streets, Portland, Oregon

He afterward learned the tinner's trade and learned it thoroughly, being able to cut patterns and lay out work for others. He was a natural mechanic and should have stuck to his trade.

Like hundreds of other young men, Bill became infected with the clean-hands-gentleman microbe. He ignored the fact that clean hands, spotless linen and the old man's reputation do not necessarily make a gentleman—that gentleman are not hand made. So Bill decided that he was too nice to work at the bench, and quit. He prevailed upon his father to loan or give him enough money to go out West and establish a real-estate office.

At that time business was good in all lines, new towns were springing up all over, and a lunkhead, with a few dollars in the bank, was sure to make money buying and selling real estate. Bill fell in with an impecunious hustler who claimed to know everything and then some. He was also good at figures. Bill gave him a half interest in the business for what he had forgot and the boys

commenced to snare suckers. Business was good from the start, but Bill got so busy putting on style and buying wet goods that he neglected the office. His partner concluded that if he was to run the business alone he might as well take all the profits. So he figured Bill out of his interest in the most approved style, hoped he would do well at anything he might undertake, and advised him to try some other town.

Bill took his medicine and moved. It was not long before he became known among his acquaintances as a "remittance man." He was an only son, and while the old gentleman remitted with regularity he never omitted an allusion to the fact that Bill was worth something less than thirty cents as a paternal asset.

Bill finally became weary of these allusions and commenced to do a little thinking for a change. At last he evolved a money-making scheme that would hold water—but. He had no established reputation for business or anything else that was worth a dollar. His father knew him too well to advance more than living

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CREDITMAN'S SOLILOQUY



FRANCIS G. LUKE

"Man ariseth in the morning and runneth his face for credit at the store.

At noon he passeth the owner by and seeth him not.

In the evening all memory of it is cut down, dried up, and withered.

Verily, short is the memory of man.

He talketh in a vain shadow, saying many times, 'Yea, fear not, I will pay thee,' but disquieteth himself not; he heapeth up accounts, but cannot tell who can collect them.

The days of an account are three score years and ten; and though some come to four score years, yet is their age but sorrow and trouble to him that selleth the goods.

The memory of a man dateth not back to the time of a payment; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be.

And the owner telleth the scribe to charge it off and it passeth away and is gone forever."

CHARGED TO PROFIT AND LOSS.
"Requiescat in Pace,"
until it is turned to us for collection.

As red streaks of honesty exist in everybody, we collect it—the goods seller and the man with the streaks are happy.

The sun shone more brightly the same day.

MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

SCIENTIFIC COLLECTORS OF HONEST DEBTS, HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE
WE CAN COLLECT FOR YOU IF YOU TURN IN YOUR CLAIMS

Suite 100 Commercial National Bank Building Salt Lake City, Utah

FRANCIS G. LUKE, General Manager "SOME PEOPLE DON'T LIKE US"

THE ABOVE WAS CONTRIBUTED BY THE CREDIT MAN OF ONE OF SALT LAKE'S LEADING STORES

expenses and his acquaintances knew him too well for anything.

Bill was in a dilemma and sought the office of a promoter. He explained his plan and was given some encouragement. An appointment was made for another meeting, which gave the promoter time to study the proposition and to decide how much of an interest he would allow Bill in the company to be organized. Everything was finally settled, but before the papers were signed it was agreed that Bill should superintend a certain department of the plant for which his earlier experience qualified him. It was further understood that if Bill happened to get his hands soiled that it would not break the contract.

The promotion was a success and everybody made money. The promoter would have made a good thing in any event, but the fact that Bill had finally come to his senses helped matters greatly.

These experiences do not always end as the reader would like to have them, but one thing is absolutely certain—the promoter never loses.

"Business."

The idea of profiting by the misfortunes or the necessities of our fellow creatures is repugnant to most people. In an ideal state of society such a thing would be unknown and impossible. The ideal, however, is as yet to be found in books only. The most approved twentieth-century "business" methods take no notice of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain. They make no distinctions on account of race, color or previous condition—one man's dollar is just as good as another's. The all-absorbing problem is how to get the dollar without violating some man-made law.

The world is full of men and women who are receiving an income from the corporations. They know that the men who are handling their money are reliable, from a business standpoint, and they ask few questions. These people would lose money if they attempted to do the business themselves, because their ethical sense would not harmonize with their business judgment. They would vacillate and lose, without getting credit for anything but weakness.

The principal feature of this High Top is the Long Outside Rawhide Counter Pocket which encloses the durable Sole Leather Counter. Of all the hide products, Rawhide is the very best counter protection known to shoe constructors and has many advantages over other kinds of courter pockets. It is extremely tough and wears like metal. It is water resisting, thus assuring a dry and substantial counter beneath until the boot is no longer of service. Hard wear will not affect this pocket

The uppers of this High Top are cut from Tan Siberian Veal, which we selected after a most thorough test. This boot has a full vamp (double leather toe) which is an important point in shoe construction. We use sole leather to produce a substantial box toe. The two full soles extend from toe to back of heel, are reenforced in the shank with brass clinch nails. This shank will not "break down." Send for sample of leather and booklet "B" which fully describes this and other High Tops. Write today.

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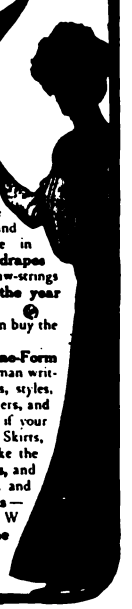
The United Securities Company is a promotion company, operating on a large scale. Its business is conducted along original lines and is co-operative—genuinely co-operative. The management believes that with a few hundred satisfied, dividend-receiving partners, each one boosting for the company, it will make more money for everybody, and do it easier, than it would if operated on the old grab-it-all plan. There is a motive, to be sure, behind such liberality, but no one is loser by reason of this policy.

If you have read the foregoing sketches you must have a clear idea of how promotion companies make money and how little risk is assumed. The United Securities Company's plan of dividing the large profits of such a business is entirely new and practical. It is done with

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"An Income Perpetual" published by the United Securities Company, contains

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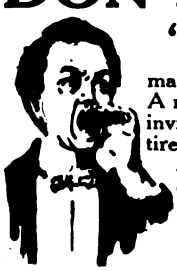
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a copy of the bond, explains it in detail and gives figures showing the income that will be received by the bondholders. If you have not received a copy of this booklet, send for one.

It is conservatively estimated that these bonds will net the holders a good annual dividend above a guaranteed six per cent dividend which is payable semi-annually. This estimate and the guarantee are based upon a thorough knowledge of the promotion business and an experience of several years in that line.

The company is building for the future, and the object in selling a limited number of the bonds is to secure a few hundred partners who will have a personal interest in advertising the business. Satisfied customers (partners) furnish the best known advertising.

If you have received a copy of "An Income Perpetual" and have not made up your mind to invest in one or more of the Life-Income Investment Bonds of the United Securities Company, there is a reason. Your inaction must be attributed to one of two causes—lack of money to meet the first and succeeding payments or failure to fully understand the nature of the investment and its possibilities. It would be presumption for us to say that you have the money; but it takes only five dollars down and five dollars a month for nineteen months to buy one $100 bond. Fifty dollars down and fifty dollars a month for nineteen months will buy a $1000 bond.

If, after reading "An Income Perpetual," and the plain facts stated in this booklet as to how promoters make money, you are still in doubt, write us for further information. State plainly the points you do not understand and you will receive a personal letter by return mail. Address all communications to

THE UNITED SECURITIES CO.,

Empire Building Seattle, Washington.
Branch offices in Spokane and Portland.

Refer to Bradstreet's and R. G. Dun & Company.

Blazing the Way for the Telephone



The World's Greatest Business Romance

FROM the stage-coach days of the Bell Telephone to the present—when one calls up from a Pullman attached to the eighteen-hour special in the Union Station at Chicago—is not a very long span of years.

There are women whose youthful beauty has hardly faded who remember the first chronicled tests of the new Bell toy.

Remembering that date—1876—and all the marvelous development since, one fact stands out:

The companies comprising the Bell System have had no help. They have had to *invent* and *pioneer their way* from the very start, blazing the path for all the rest of the world.

The steam-boat and railway revolutionized methods of travel. The telephone took the place of nothing previously existing.

First, Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone. His friend, Watson, enthusiastically prophesied that in 1900 there would be 100,000 telephones in use.

There are upwards of 4,000,000 instruments on the Bell lines now.

The first switchboard used by the original Bell Company was made of a piece of plank.

For the whole period of development the Bell system has been building and throwing away switchboards by the millions of dollars' worth—blazing the way for America's wonderful telephone career.

The only company willing to pioneer the field had to invent the switchboard before any practical intercourse was possible.

It had to invent the apparatus leading to and carrying from the switchboard.

Then it had to invent the business uses of the telephone and convince people *that they were uses.* It had no help along this line.

As the uses were created it had to invent multiplied means of satisfying them.

It built up the *telephone habit* in cities like New York and Chicago and then it had to *cope satisfactorily* with the business conditions it had created.

It has from the start *created the need* of the *telephone* and then *supplied it.*

In all this pioneering and inventing, still going on, this company has had to *soundly finance* every undertaking, to keep its securities valuable as a basis of the immense credit necessary to build such a national institution on lines that would prove *universal and lasting.*

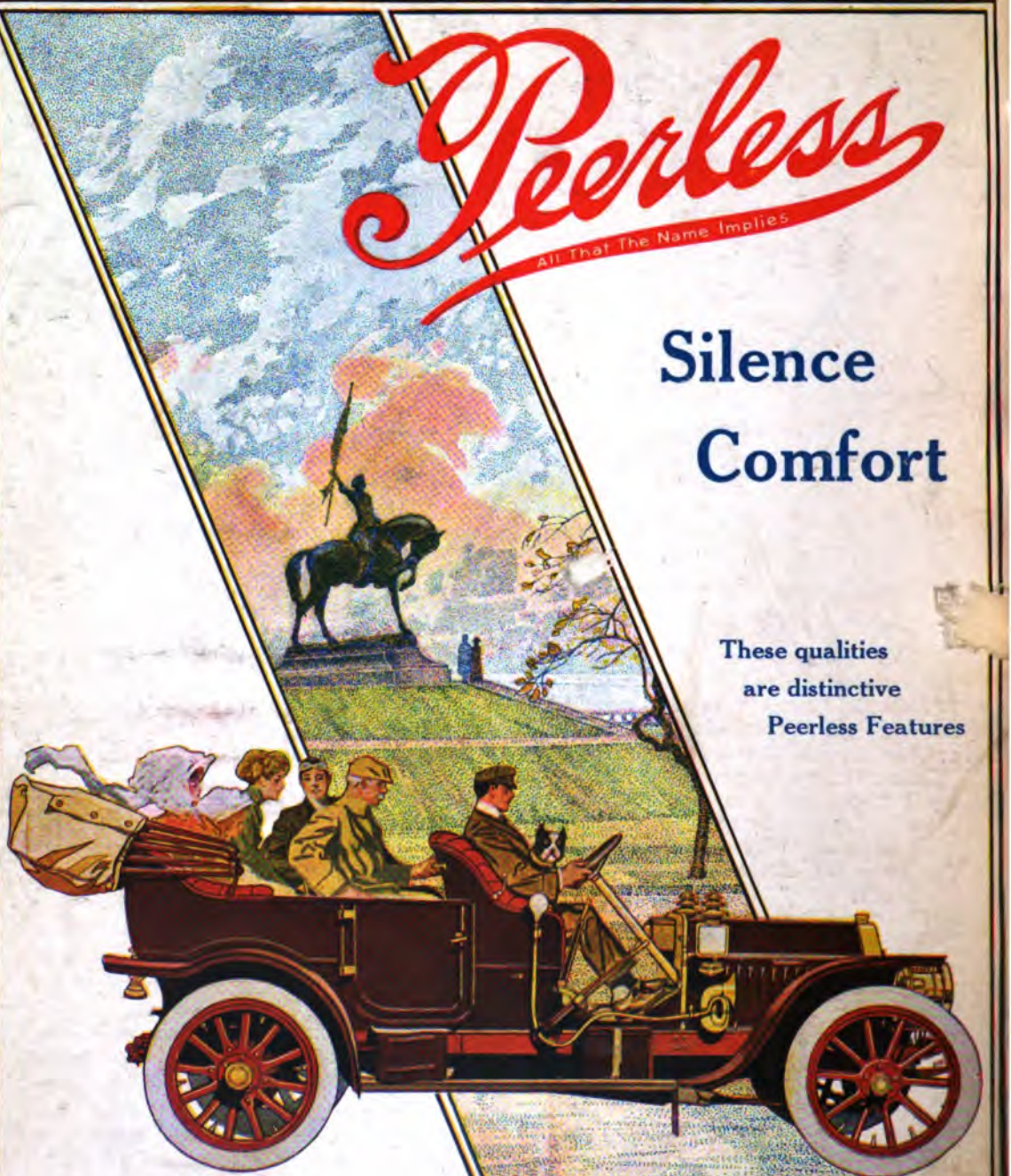
People who look upon the universal telephone of to-day as indispensable must look upon the universal telephone of to-morrow as even more so.

On this plan alone has the building of the universal Bell System been possible.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

Peerless

All That The Name Implies



Silence
Comfort

These qualities are distinctive Peerless Features

¶ Write to-day for our Catalogue "B" which fully describes the 1909 Peerless Models.

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2483 Oakdale Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Member A. L. A. M.

The Pacific Monthly

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If the magazine is not received every month, you will confer a favor by so advising us.

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The Pacific Monthly Company

PACIFIC MONTHLY BUILDING

PORTLAND, OREGON

LUTE PEASE, Editor.
FRED LOCKLEY, Manager.

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No one who is interested in the West in any way, either through desiring an intimate knowledge of its wonderful, constant and surprising growth, or because of having more direct interests there, can afford to be without the next twelve issues of THE PACIFIC MONTHLY. Other than that it is everywhere recognized as a magazine of the highest literary merit. For the benefit of those of our readers who desire in addition to THE PACIFIC MONTHLY some of the other standard magazines, we list herewith some of the best clubbing offers of the season. Should it happen that these are not just what you want, and you should prefer any other combination, THE PACIFIC MONTHLY can be added to any such for one dollar. We will gladly quote prices on any clubs or combinations desired on application.

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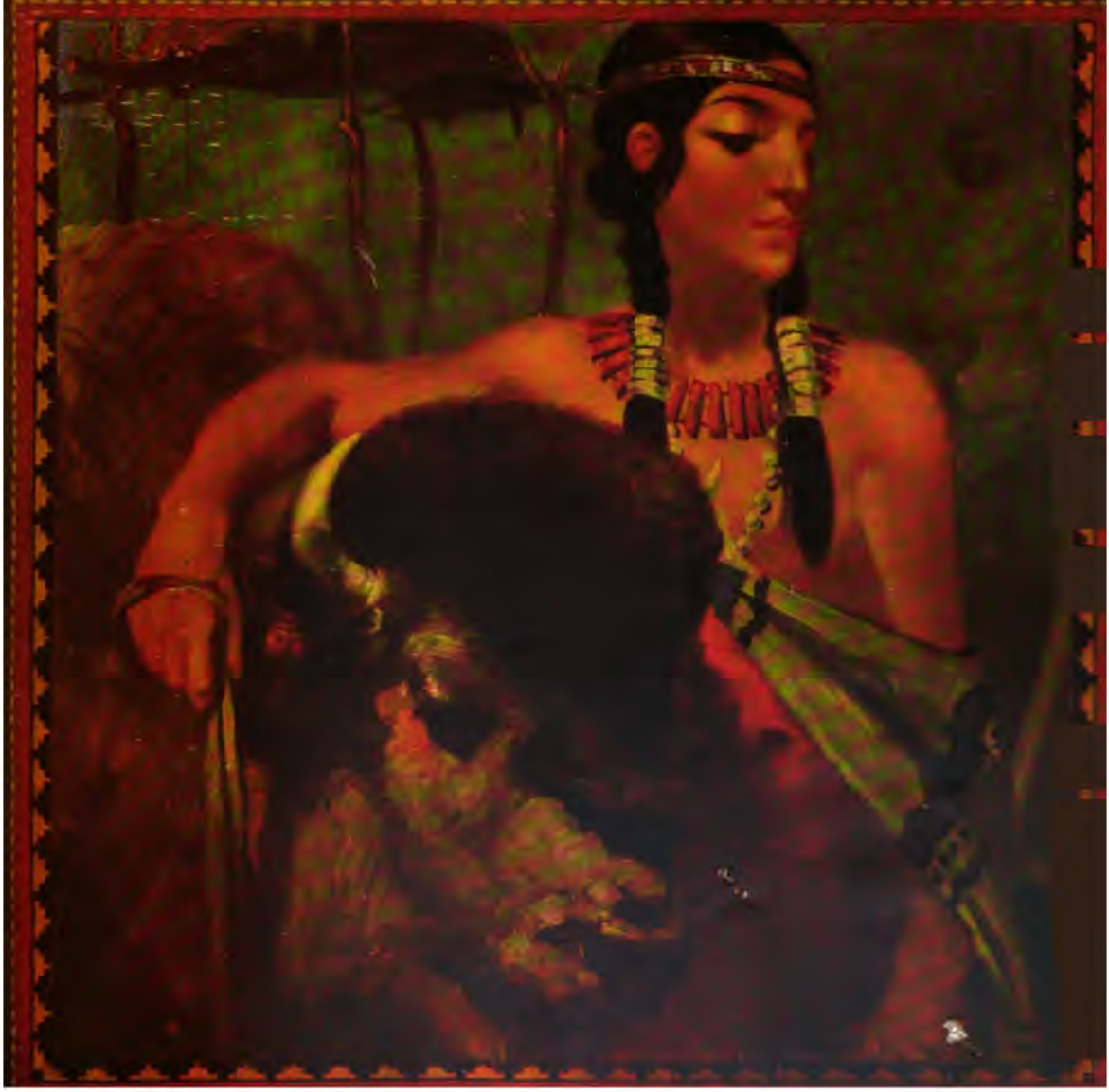
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MARCH 1909 PRICE 15 CENTS

The PACIFIC MONTHLY





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It is her delight to see their skin preserved in youthful bloom and freshness as they grow in years, and to this end nothing will serve so well as

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which acts as a soothing, emollient balm to the tender and sensitive skin of infants and young children.

It keeps the cuticle in a permanent condition of velvety softness and smoothness, enabling the complexion to develop into a lasting loveliness of natural color.

Best for the bath and the toilet

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AFTER A SNOWSTORM IN THE MOUNT WILSON REGION, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Photograph by Ferdinand Ellerman.



Photograph by Putnam & Valentine.

INDIANS OF THE GRAND CANYON REGION; AN EVENING AT HOME.



A SHADY ROAD IN WESTERN OREGON.

Photograph by Mrs. A. I. C. Black.



A WALL OF THE GRAND CANYON.

The Pacific Monthly



VOL. XXI MARCH, 1909 No. 3

The Inland Waterways of Europe and the United States

By Grant Foreman

NOTE—This article bears interestingly upon the present great movement for waterway improvement in America. The author has given the subject extended study, both in this country and abroad.—EDITOR.

HISTORY records that the growth of the civilization of every country is coextensive with the development of its commerce. No nation has been great enough to develop its possibilities by a merely domestic commerce, but all have enjoyed their greatest prosperity through trading and intermingling with the peoples of other countries. And their success was measured by the facility with which their products were transported.

The coast line of Europe is 19,820 miles in length, or one mile of coast to every 192 miles of area of the continent, a much greater rate than that of any other continent. The 3,600 miles of Arctic coast line along northern Russia, which is ice bound for many months of the year, has contributed little to either commerce or civilization, while the extensive coast line of the Mediterranean Sea where winter and storms are little known, gave to the world the pioneers of commerce and a civilization whose impress has been felt for thousands of years.

While the benefits of commerce were focussed on favorably-situated sea-ports, they radiated over large areas of adjoining territory. The city of Venice, built on the Rialto, and others of a group of islands in the Adriatic Sea, by reason of its splendid situation as a sea-port, six hundred years ago became the autocrat of the world's commerce, but it only reflected the prosperity of the whole kingdom.

While the advantages of sea-ports were utilized, the value of rivers and canals for navigation also was early recognized in Europe. Though water navigation in



SCENE ON THE AMSTERDAM-UTRECHT CANAL.
At Breuhelen Fourteen Miles South of Amsterdam. In Europe Much of the Heavy and Imperishable Freight Is Transported, at Insignificant Cost, By the Waterways.—the Railways Handling Chiefly the Lighter and More Perishable Merchandise.

some form throughout Europe is nearly as old as history, its great growth is of but recent date. The invention of the lock, in the fourteenth century, made it possible to build canals through territory of varying elevation, but it was not until the invention of the steamboat that stimulus was given to river and canal navigation. There is abundant evidence that as far back as the Roman occupation of Germany, France and England, their streams were improved and canals were constructed for the purpose of navigation. And in later years the utilization of these streams became part of the national policy of the countries of Europe.

The Movement in Belgium.

Antwerp, metropolis of Belgium and one of the great ports of Europe, is situated on the River Scheldt before it crosses the line into Holland. The improvement of the river has made of this city a seaport of importance. She has dockage facilities for receiving 2,000 sea-going vessels. In a public square of Antwerp is a large statue surmounted by the graceful figure of a man poised on one foot, in the act of throwing from him the severed hand of a giant who lies at his feet. This monument tells a story that is cherished by the people of Antwerp as part of her history. In the early days of the city all who were engaged in navigating the River Scheldt were required to pay tribute to a giant who inhabited a fortress on the bank of the river. Any one passing the giant's stronghold without rendering him tribute did so under pain of losing his right hand. This continued until Brabo, who gave his name to the province of Brabant, succeeded in destroying the monster, whose right hand he cut off and threw into the river; whence the residence of the giant obtained the name of Handwerpen.

Whether or not the legend is true, it is believed by Belgians, and the monument erected to Brabo is a testimonial of

the fact that the utilization and enjoyment of her rivers is essentially part of the national life of Belgium, as indeed it is of other European countries. Belgium has 11,373 square miles of area—about one-fifth the size of the state of Illinois—and she has 1,367 miles of navigable rivers and canals, one mile of waterway for every 8.3 square miles of territory, and on these 1,367 miles of waterways she has expended $80,000,000 in the past twenty-five years.

Wonderful Holland.

While Europe is now witnessing a vast amount of river and canal improvement, its achievements in that field are by no means due to any advantage which nature has given her over the United States. She is engaged in this work so extensively because she has been in the business long enough to find that it pays. The countries of Europe have demonstrated that river and canal development is a practical, paying investment. The experience of Holland may be cited as an example; originally a section poor in soil and resources, she became rich in commerce because of her rivers and canals and harbors. Only thirty-four per cent of her land is even good clay soil. The remainder is poor, and partially re claimed, swamp land.

Within the 12,731 square miles of her area, only slightly larger than that of Belgium, there are navigable channels of streams totaling 1,135 miles in length. And by appropriating the smaller streams to the canal system, the Dutch have formed for themselves a network of canals, small and great, the united length of which amounts to 1,522 miles. The surface of a large part of Holland is below the level of the sea, which is kept



A TYPICAL DUTCH WATERWAY.

In Holland the Canals Are Literally the Highways of the Country, the Surface Being Above the Adjacent Farm Lands. Innumerable Windmills Supply "Power" for a Great Number of Purposes Besides the Important Duty of Land Drainage by Pumping

out by huge dykes. Many of her canals therefore, being at sea level, are built above the surface of the country.

Three navigable streams empty into the ocean within the boundaries of Holland: the Rhine, the Meuse and the Scheldt. These rivers, in connection with the many inlets and bays abounding on the coast of the Netherlands, offered an unsurpassed system for moving freight from the interior, which centuries ago placed Holland in the front rank of commercial countries and made her one of the richest of states. In 1282 the Zuyder Zee was opened to the north into the German Ocean and there was carried into the docks and canals of Amsterdam the traffic of the ports of the Baltic, of the English Channel and of the south of Europe.

Since 1862 Holland has expended nearly $85,000,000 on improvements and extensions of her waterways. One of the largest and most interesting canals in Europe is the ship canal extending from Amsterdam westward across Holland to the North Sea. The surface of this canal is several feet below the level of the sea, necessitating huge dams and locks at the ends, to keep the sea out. This method of construction made it possible to drain and reclaim 12,000 acres of valuable low-lying land near Amsterdam. The canal cost about $12,000,000.

A trip I made by canal-boat from Rotterdam to Delft was no less instructive than interesting. Passing along this elevated highway of water, I looked down on either side of me at the meadows and gardens, the landscape in every direction punctuated by windmills. This part of Holland is a dead level, and as a constant sea breeze blows over it without interruption, windmills are universally employed, not only for industrial purposes, but for pumping water out of low places where it is constantly collecting from this low flat land. On the canal we met loaded boats of all sizes and descriptions One type we met often—a boat, towed by a man and his family, taking to Rot-



A TOW OF BARGES ON THE RHINE.
This Most Important Waterway of Germany Has Been Improved at Enormous Cost; Many Times Returned, However, By the Wealth Added to the Region.



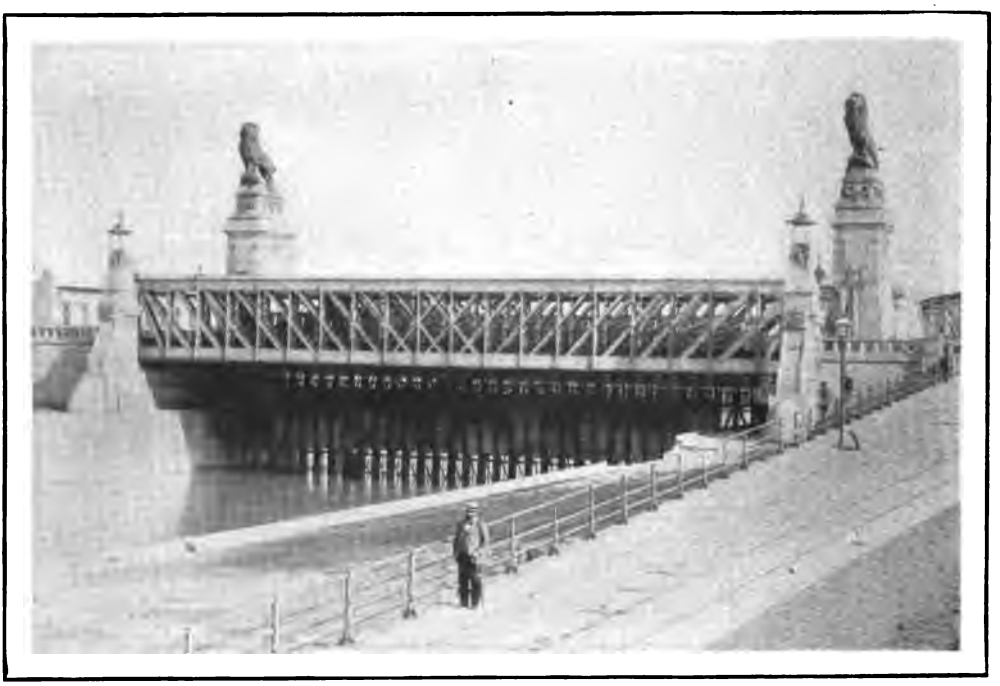
A CURVE ON THE MAGNIFICENT DANUBE CANAL, VIENNA.

terdam a load of country produce at an expense of only a few cents a ton. Others were sea-going vessels plowing their way through this pastoral landscape, taking to the very door of the consumer, without change of transportation and at a minimum of cost, the product of some other country.



GODESBERG—ONE OF THE OLD CASTLES OVERLOOKING THE RHINE.
In Ancient Days Each Petty Prince or Baron Exacted Toll of All Traffic of the Waterways Through His Domain.

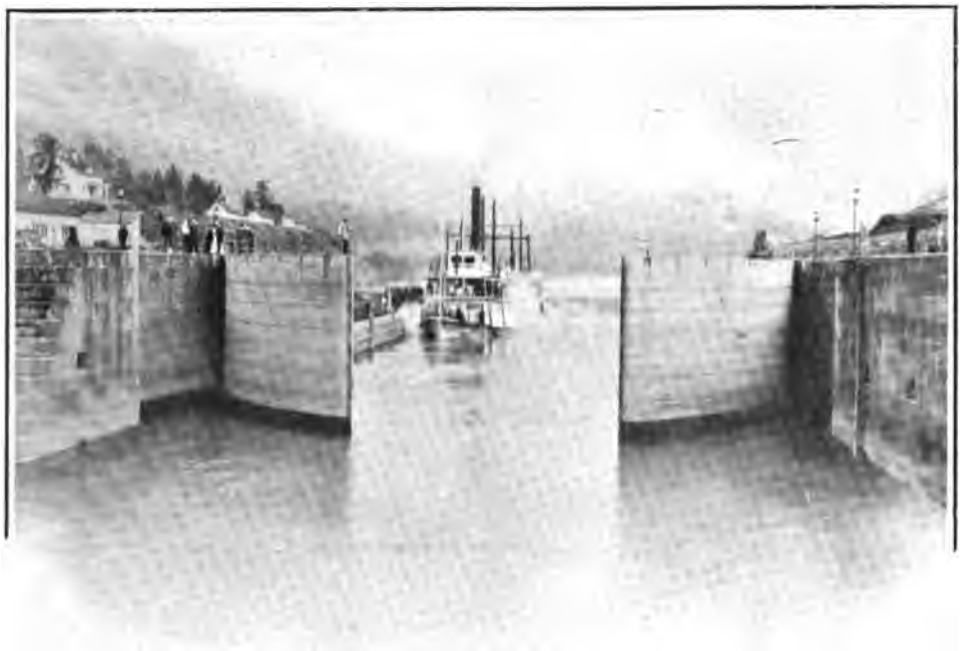
Nature has not favored Europe as she has the United States in the matter of natural inland waterways. Europe contains no great river systems such as we possess, where the main stream and its tributaries may serve large tracts of territory. Yet the countries of Europe have taken advantage of every opportunity offered by nature and have supplemented her gifts by artificial waterways. They have coined the word "canalization." Where they find a small stream feeding a navigable one they "canalize" the small stream—make a canal of it—build locks, dig it out, and by following the meanderings of the stream secure a navigable channel at comparatively small cost, and bring water navigation into a new region or cut across into another river or canal.



HEAD OF THE DANUBE CANAL, WITH LOCKBRIDGE, AT VIENNA, SHOWING COMBINATION OF LOCK-GATE AND BRIDGE, AND DISPLAYING THE NOTEWORTHY ART CHARACTERISTIC OF PUBLIC STRUCTURES IN EUROPE.

The Great Work of Germany.

The Rhine is one of the greatest commercial highways in Europe. Next to the Danube it is the largest river in Europe outside of Russia. The Rhine is 880 miles long and drains an area of 75,000 square miles. The Arkansas River is 2,170 miles long and drains an area of 178,000 square miles. A vast amount of money has been expended in improving the Rhine and its tributaries. Today in one of the upper reaches of the Rhine, from Mannheim to Strassburg, a distance of seventy-five miles, where normally the river is navigable only about six months in the year, $3,212,000 is being spent in deepening and regulating the river, which it is expected will reduce the cost of transportation from all ocean points to southwest Germany and Switzerland. Germany is now building a canal to connect the Rhine with the city of Hanover, which is to cost $47,000,000. In 1905 the German Government approved the expenditure of $83,500,000 for river and canal improvement. A large part of this sum is to be used in constructing a canal to connect the river Weser with the Rhine, including the canalization of the Lippe, a trib-

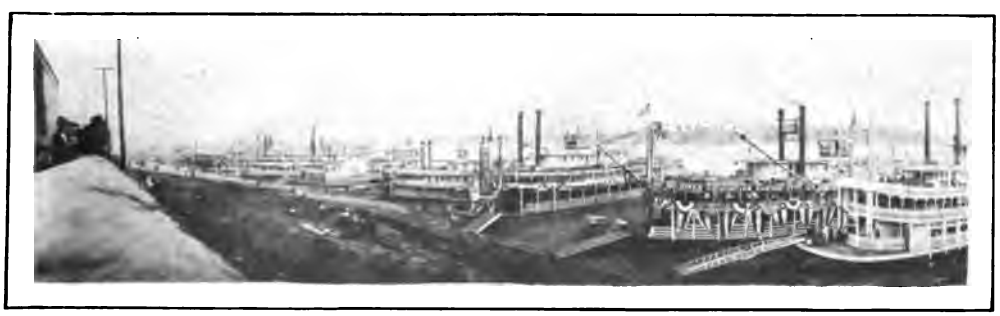


From Photograph by Floyd Bushnell.

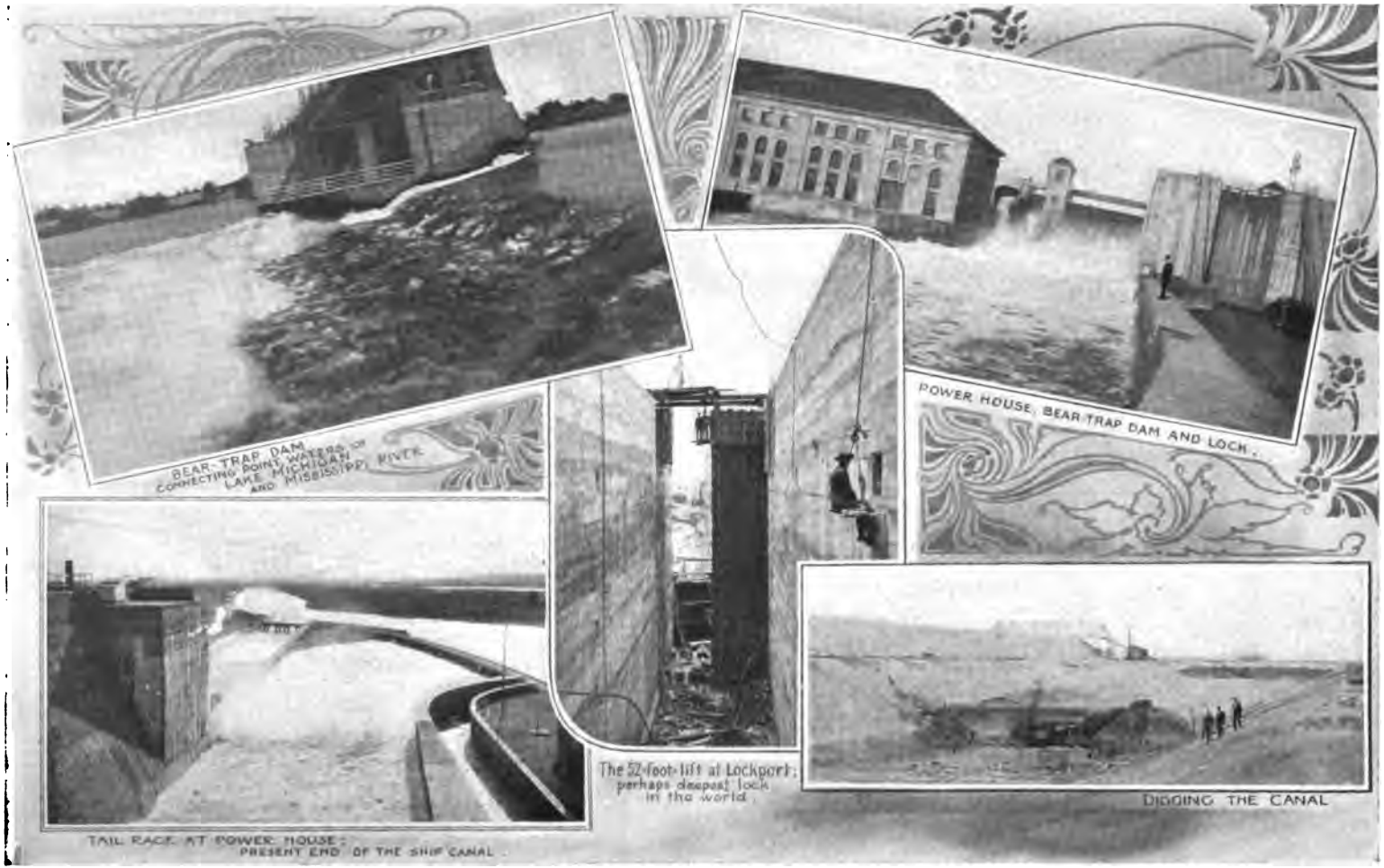
CASCADE LOCKS, ON THE COLUMBIA.
Gates Half Open, Showing Steamboat Bound From Portland to The Dalles.

utary of the Rhine. A canal now being constructed, at a cost of over $10,000,000, from Berlin to Stetten, on the River Oder, which flows into the Baltic Sea, will soon enable ocean vessels to unload within the city of Berlin, which will make that inland city practically a seaport.

In Germany before 1870, canals languished, but by 1875 public opinion was sufficiently educated to understand the necessity for a development of the inland waterways. This feeling was stimulated by the dissatisfaction with the high rates of the state railways, and traders began to avail themselves of the low freights on the then existing waterways. During the ten years, 1890-1899, a sum of nearly $73,000,000 was expended on inland waterways, mainly on the canalization of rivers; and in the next five years Germany spent over $30,000,000



TYPES OF MISSISSIPPI CRAFT.
Waterfront of Cairo, Illinois, on the Occasion of President Roosevelt's Mississippi Trip in 1907.



SCENES ON THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

Constructed at a Cost of Over Fifty Million Dollars, for Diverting Chicago Drainage From Lake Michigan to the Illinois River. It Has Now Come to Be Regarded As of Quite As Great Value As a Link in the Lakes-To-The-Gulf Waterway As It Connects Lake Michigan With the Illinois River, a Tributary of the Mississippi. It Is Thirty-Two Miles Long, Two Hundred Feet Wide and Twenty-Two Feet Deep. The District's Water-Power Plant at Lockport, on the Canal, Was Completed at a Cost of Four Million Dollars, and Is Capable of a Development of Forty Thousand Horse Power.

more on her 9,000 miles of waterways. Beside a number of other canals contemplated, she is planning a canal which shall leave the river Rhine at Mannheim, utilizing by canalization the river Nackar, proceeding eastward and joining the headwaters of the Danube. By this route goods may be carried from the Black Sea westward up the Danube through Europe and down the Rhine to the North Sea, and *vice versa,* at cheap rates. The result of the careful development of canals and natural waterways in Germany is apparent in the reduction of the cost of transportation by about one-half. The present cost of carriage is less than one-half of one cent per ton per mile.

The traveler on a passenger train in Europe receives some of the very substantial benefits of water transportation. The rolling stock on European railroads is small and light. They have no freight trains as we know them. Instead, they have what they call "goods trains" made up of light cars of a few tons capacity. They carry only light, perishable freight and many things we would send by express. The result is that there is not the wear and tear on the tracks that are caused by our great engines and enormous freight trains, with the frequent loss of life and property resulting from broken rails. Their railroads do not carry coal and lumber and grain and other heavy freight that wears out the rails and congests the roads, causing delayed passenger trains which so often tax our patience in this country. Such freight is carried by water on the numerous canals and rivers of Europe; more slowly, perhaps, but in the end quite as expeditiously and at only a fraction of the cost of moving freight in this country. I traveled all of one day up the Rhine from Bonn to Mainz. We met tow after tow of barges—four or five great barges fastened together and traveling tandem under the steam of one tug. All day we met these great freight vessels and all manner of sea-going ships, loaded in the upper reaches of the Rhine with coal, lumber, iron, etc., for the cities of the lower Rhine, for coast cities or inland-river towns of other European countries; the merchandise carried practically from the producer to the consumer so cheaply that the freight rates did not cheat the producer out of a decent profit nor outrage the consumer by their amount.

Passing up that German river whose waters are guarded by ruined castles of the Middle Ages, one is impressed by the frugality and industry of the Germans. And one realizes too, how free river transportation makes the land near the river which is otherwise inaccessible, the most desirable of all. From Bonn to Mainz the north and west bank of the river is one continuous vineyard from which is produced some of the best wine of Europe. Not a foot of available ground is neglected. In the vicinity of Bingen the banks rise almost precipitously for several hundred feet from the water, and these banks are often nearly solid rock. At intervals of a few feet up these slopes that seem almost too steep to stand on, these patient Germans have built stone retaining walls and have actually carried up on their backs, earth to fill in behind the walls, in which to plant their grapes. Looking up at the men and women at work among the vines one thinks that a misstep would drop one of them in the river at the bottom of this tilting vineyard. This unusual spectacle is seen for many miles along the river. The market for these people is practically at their door. The river which rolls past their vineyards, carries, for a few cents a ton, the fruit of their arduous toil, and the question of rebates and freight discrimination enters not into the calculation of the thrifty husbandman.

The Splendid Improvements of France.

France has an area of 204,000 square miles—about four-fifths as large as Texas—with 40,000,000 population. In the past twenty-five years she has expended $200,000,000 on her 3,045 miles of state-owned and toll-free canals and her 4,665 miles of streams, and she has schemes in hand for spending $100,000,000 more. France has no large rivers, but she has made the most of those she possesses. One of the largest enterprises she has under way is a canal from Mar-

seilles to the river Rhone. The Rhone flows south through France into the Mediterranean, but before reaching the sea it spreads over a large delta through which it has been difficult to maintain a navigable channel. To overcome the trouble a ship canal is being built from the river above the delta to the coast at Marseilles which shall cost when completed, $13,703,000. This canal will not be completed until 1913. On the splendid inland waterways of France the average freight rate is about one centime (one-fifth of a cent) per ton per kilometer (six-tenths of a mile) as against six or eight centimes by rail.

Most of the principal rivers of Europe outside of Russia, rise in or near Switzerland and take their various courses to the sea. Advantage has been taken of their arrangement to connect them by canals into one large system of waterways. The fact that some of these rivers pass through more than one country or political subdivision was for a long time a great hindrance to their systematic improvement. Beside the necessity of securing the co-operation of the different countries affected, frequently a difficult accomplishment, there were petty princes on some of the rivers who claimed the right to levy taxes on the vessels passing their various strongholds in emulation of the giant of Antwerp, and it was not until within the last forty years that these claims were completely abolished in Europe.

The difficulties encountered in opening up rivers for free navigation may be illustrated by the history of the river Elbe which rises in Bohemia and flows through the German provinces of Saxony, Anhault and Hanover into the German Ocean. Formerly three *entrepots* (Pirna, Dresden and Magdeburg), thirty-five tolls and numerous corporations of privileged watermen, opposed almost insurmountable obstacles to navigation. The Austrians and Saxons alone could navigate the upper Elbe, that is from Magdeburg to where it ceases to be navigable, and the Prussians and Hamburgers had the sole privilege of navigating the lower Elbe. To overcome these obstacles, the countries interested, Austria, Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, Denmark and minor principalities, met in convention in 1821, 1842, 1850, 1858, 1861 and 1870, on each of which occasions mutual concessions were made, until in 1870, after great difficulties, the German Empire succeeded in securing the complete freedom of the river.

What Russia Is Doing.

The largest river in Europe, the Volga in Russia, is 2325 miles long—only 155 miles longer than the Arkansas. Next to it in length is the Danube—I can testify that from Vienna to Budapest it is beautiful but not blue—it is only 1735 miles long—a little longer than our Columbia,—but it has over 100 navigable tributaries. Immense sums have been spent for the improvement of the Danube, a large part of which was accomplished under what was known as the "European Commission of the Danube," composed of representatives of England, France, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, Turkey and Austria; and in 1901, Austria-Hungary in the recent enthusiasm for economic development, voted a credit of $12,500,000 for the construction of canals between the Danube and the Oder, and thence to the Elbe and the Vistula which empty into the German Ocean and the Baltic Sea respectively; the work to be completed by the year 1914.

Russia has spent large sums for the accomplishment of great internal waterways, and is now developing the most ambitious plans for improving her system in a manner that shall benefit the interior of her domain, and will give many of her inland cities the advantages of a sea-port. Besides many other projects in hand, Russia is planning to put the Caspian Sea and all the country near it in close communication with Europe by way of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

Total Improvement Covers Area Less Than Mississippi Valley.

Excluding Russia, the seven countries engaged so extensively in this great work constitute what is known as Central Europe, which has an area of less than 800,000 square miles. This is less than

two-thirds of the area of our Mississippi-river system. In other words the area of the section drained by the Rhine, the Weser, the Oder, the Meuse, the Scheldt, the Seine, the Loire, the Rhone, the Po, the Danube, the Vistula, the Elbe, the Moldau and the Iser, is less than the area of the watershed of the Missouri, the Arkansas and the Red rivers. *Yet in this area, these countries of Europe have expended over* $500,000,000 *in the past twenty-five years, or* $20,000,000 *a year for the improvement of these rivers and for the construction of connecting canals making all into a great waterway system, and the work now in hand and being planned calls for the expenditure of three or four hundred millions more.*



TYPES OF FREIGHT BARGES USED ON AUSTRIAN WATERWAYS

They have passed the experimental stage and this work has been progressing in a business-like way purely as a business venture, the soundness of which has been demonstrated by years of success. The result is that Europe is covered with a network of navigable channels. Cargoes can pass up one river from its mouth, follow a canal across to another river, penetrate some other country; or passing down that river, enter another sea. The market is always within the reach of the producer and a famine of freight cars has no terrors for him.

Why Has the United States Lagged?

There was a time when we of the United States enjoyed a considerable commerce by way of our rivers and canals. But while ocean-going vessels and ocean harbors have been improved and enlarged year after year to meet the increasing demands placed upon them, our internal waterways have languished. And the fact that this era of neglect of our water transportation facilities is concurrent with the amazing growth and combination of railroads and their power in our state and national legislative bodies, is more than a coincidence. And while I am not an advocate of government ownership of railroads, I believe the fact that in Europe, where most of the railroads are owned by the governments that are endeavoring to reduce freight rates and stimulate commerce, the improvement of rivers and the construction of canals by the governments have kept pace with the building of rail-

roads, should convey to us a wholesome lesson.

In Europe if there is rivalry between railroads and water transportation it is not allowed by the governments to prejudice the latter. Practice has shown that normally they are not necessarily competitors, but that the one is complementary of the other. By a natural process of adjustment the railroads carry lighter and more valuable materials which must be conveyed rapidly, while the rivers and canals carry heavier and less valuable goods which do not require rapidity of transit and which should not be subjected to the freight rates imposed by railroads.



WHERE THE SEINE RUNS THROUGH PARIS; THE BEAUTIFUL ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE.

France Has a Magnificent System of Canals and River Improvements, Costing Many Hundreds of Millions of Francs, and Is Planning the Expenditure of Further Enormous Sums in This Work.

England Halting, But Canada Very Enterprising.

Great Britain is deploring the fact that she is being left behind in the matter of water transportation. In discussing the matter the *London Standard* says that in contemplating the possibilities of railroads, the use of canals and need for their development seemed to have passed away, and general acquiescence was given the demand for their purchase by the railroads. But it was discovered that, with the progress of the times, the capacity of the railroads in solving the question of good traffic was limited, and attention was again turned to canals and this agency for transportation is again taken up with renewed vigor and energy.

Time was, they say, when the canal system of England was considered the best in Europe. Now it is deplored as the worst. Its decline was simultaneous with the rise of the railway. The best of the canals were bought cheaply by the railway companies and made inoffensive appendages. Though but 1264 of the 3936 miles of canals of Great Britain are owned by the railways, the fact that the cream of the system has been thus absorbed has apparently taken all life out of the larger part remaining in other ownership. But the English have transplanted the waterway idea to fallow soil on this side of the Atlantic, and while we of the United States were looking the other way and talking of big things, the Canadians have quietly accomplished a Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway. In the St. Lawrence River from Lake Ontario to the Gulf of St. Lawrence there are many rapids and rocks that interfere with the commercial navigation of the river. To overcome this difficulty, canals and locks have been constructed on the north side of the river wherever these obstructions occur, so that the Canadians now have a fourteen-foot channel from the Great Lakes to the Ocean and they are boasting of the fact that they are far in ad-

vance of us. Through this channel England could float one half of all her war vessels and assemble them on the lakes where it is now impossible for us to place even the smallest of our fighting ships.

An interesting feature of the transportation situation in Germany and Austria is that their large river and canal improvement measures have been advanced only by the governments, that is to say, by the political parties representing the wishes of the emperors. In the Austrian Reichsrath and in the Prussian Landtag these measures have been bitterly fought and more than once defeated by the agrarian or agricultural element on the ground that by cheapened freight rates the canals would flood their countries with foreign food products, especially grain and vegetables, to the very serious detriment of their farmers. On the other hand the canal and river extensions have the thorough approval of their manufacturing and commercial interests. The force of the agrarian position was emphasized, perhaps unconsciously, by the American consul at Vienna who wrote: "It is to be hoped that with the completion of these waterways, our American products can be more cheaply introduced into Austria-Hungary than at present." If there is force in the agrarian contention and the American farmer is benefitted by the construction of canals and improvement of rivers 5,000 miles away, how much greater would be the benefit to our farmers and to every American citizen from the creation of these improvements at home!



CELILO FALLS, COLUMBIA RIVER.
After Much Agitation and Expenditure By the State of Oregon, a Tardy Government Is Building a Canal and Locks At This Point.

Difficulties Encountered in the United States.

The constitution of the United States

makes no provision for the construction of internal improvements, and it was believed for a long time that Congress had no power to improve rivers and build canals. In 1818 the house of representatives proposed to settle this mooted question and passed a resolution declaring that Congress has the power to appropriate money for the construction of roads and canals and for the improvement of water courses. But for years after, these undertakings were fought in Congress by the champions of states' rights who argued that to concede this power to Congress would be a surrender of the rights of the states. After 1823, appropriations for rivers and canals were made by Congress, but many of them were vetoed by Presidents Jackson, Tyler, Polk, Pierce, Grant, Arthur and Cleveland. This in a measure reflected the convictions of the champions of states' rights, and indicated the disfavor with which these undertakings were viewed by the government, its attitude being directly contrary to that of European Governments. But these vetoes contained also a rebuke to the improvident manner in which these appropriations were made. We have never handled the subject in the business-like way in which it is treated in Europe. Too often our river improvements have been mere patchwork on isolated streams or sections which conferred only local benefits without making them part of a well-considered system, and our appropriation bills resulted from the swapping of votes needed to put some other measure through, from which they have been compared to a "pork barrel." Congress has never risen to the point where it can view this subject with the unselfish business consideration which maintains it in Europe. And the growth of public sentiment which should impel Congress in the right direction has been hampered by the contemplation of these improvident log-rolling appropriations, made ostensibly for river improvements, but usually for local and individual benefits. In Europe they have worked to better advantage than we have, because river and canal improvements are undertaken only after careful consideration and reports of commissions appointed for the purpose, and a system is worked out which will accomplish the greatest good for all the people. Where more than one country is affected, treaties are entered into and a commission is appointed whose business is to investigate and work out plans so the work immediately in hand shall be part of a well-considered system.

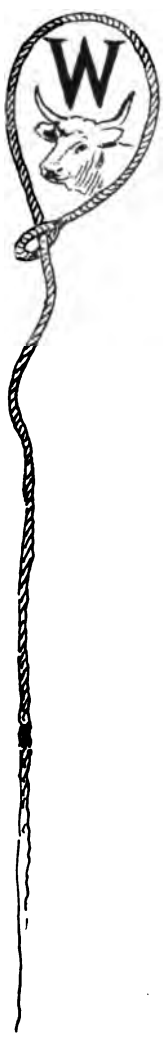
The development of the idea in this country gives but a slight conception of the possibilities of inland waterways. In Europe practical water transportation exists between all the great river systems and all the principal seas—the mention of such an accomplishment in this country has been regarded as visionary and impractical. Yet if the possibilities of our Mississippi system alone were developed, we would possess a system of internal waterways beside which that of Europe would appear poor and insignificant.

We have resources in our country the value of which depends entirely on cheap and available transportation. There is a margin between the cost of production and a reasonable selling price that would represent a fair profit for the producer, but because we do not avail ourselves of cheap transportation this margin is appropriated by our freight carriers, who not only consume our profits, but in effect dictate the market price to the producer and the price to the consumer, and frequently dictate our market itself. And many of our resources which in time will make for the prosperity and happiness of our people must lie practically dormant until we shall have secured cheap transportation.

Nature has been so prodigal of her gifts that we do not properly value them. If we do not learn a lesson from the experience of Europe, necessity will soon correct the error of our way, and with the frugal eyes of the European we will look with dismay upon the energy and wealth sweeping past us between the banks of our rivers. It is to be hoped that that time will soon come and with it an intelligent vigorous conservation of these forces so freely given us and so little appreciated.

THE BUNKHOUSE ORCHESTRA

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

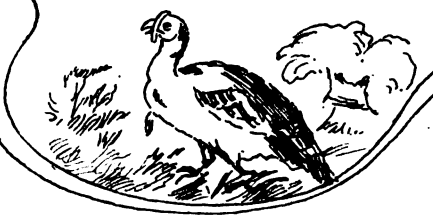


RANGLE up your mouthharps;
drag your banjo out
Tune your old quitana till it
twangs right stout.
Oh, the snow is in the mountains
an' the wind is on the plain
But we'll drown the chimney's
moanin' with a livelier refrain.

Good old 'dobe fireplace, shadows
on the wall,
(See old Shorty's friv'lous toes
a-twitchin' at the call)
It's the best grand high that
there is within the law
When there's seven jolly punchers
playin' "Turkey in the Straw."

Freezy was the day's ride; lengthy
was the trail;
Ev'ry steer was haughty with
a high arched tail;
But we held 'em an' we shoved
'em, for our hearts were sorely tried
By a yearnin' for tobacco an' our
dear fireside.

Swing 'er into stop time; don't you
let 'er droop.
(You're about as tuneful as a
coyote with the croup!)
Ay! the cold wind bit when we
drifted down the draw,
But we drifted on to comfort an'
old "Turkey in the Straw."

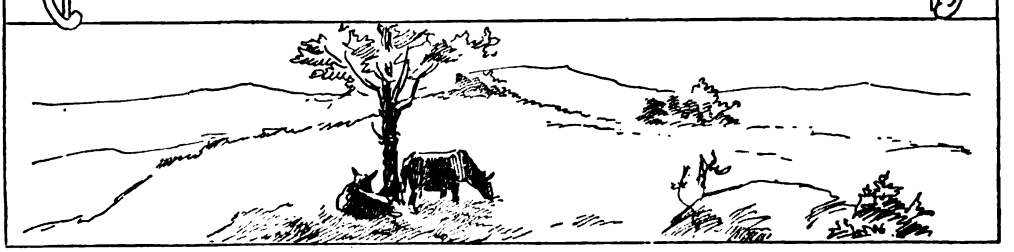


Snarlin' when the rain whipped,
cussin' at the ford,
Ev'ry mile o' twenty was a long
discord,
But tonight is brimmin' music
an' its glory is complete
When the naked eye is dazzled
with the play o' Shorty's feet.

Snappy for the dance, now, till
she up an' shoots!
(*Don't* he beat the devil's wife for
jiggin' in his boots!)
Shorty got throwed high an' we
laughed till he was raw,
But tonight he's done forgot it
prancin' "Turkey in the Straw."

Rainy dark or firelight, bacon-
rind or pie,
Livin' is a luxury an' don't come
high.
Oh, be happy an' onruly while
our years an' luck allow,
For we'll all be dead an' married
less than forty years from now.

Lively on the last turn! lope 'er
to the death!
(Reddy's soul is willin' but he's
gettin' short o' breath.)
Ay! the storm wind sings an'
old Trouble sucks his paw
When there's friendship, fun an'
firelight set to "Turkey in the Straw."



"Medium Well Done"

By Charles Sumner Warren

IT was not because Watson was a stranger in court that he was alarmed. He had been there before, often.

Once he had been well frightened, but by gripping, with all the strength of his broad wrists, the arms of the same old-fashioned chair in which he sat to-day, had managed to conceal most of the agitation he felt at the accusing attitude and melodramatic tones of the deputy prosecutor as he read from the information:

"The said Richard P. Watson did then and there feloniously, willfully and with malice aforethought hold with his hands the said pistol and pressing it against the breast of the said Benjamin Coleman, the said Richard P. Watson did then and there discharge from the said pistol one leaden ball or bullet, which did pass through the lungs and into the heart of the aforesaid Benjamin Coleman, then and there wounding him unto his death."

But it was a false alarm for Watson upon that occasion. Though truthfully confessing to all the details of a violent quarrel with Coleman, and unable to establish a clear alibi, the defendant had aroused such a doubt of his presence on the fatal day that the justice would not bind him over to the higher court. Two weeks later the murderer, who resembled Watson in three or four smallpox scars on his cheeks, blue eyes, strong, red hands and thin brown hair, was captured and afterwards won the distinction of being the first man hung in Kiuagu County.

Yet whenever conscience accused him afterwards Watson thought of himself as the said Richard P. Watson, and the still small voice would arraign him and proceed to riddle his peace of mind with the most embarrassing questions as to why he had left home and buried his best ambitions.

Another day in court had fed his hearty dread of the place. As the chief witness against a saloon-keeper, who sold three barrels over his bar for every one rolled into his back-door, Watson felt impelled to tell the truth though he knew it was earning him the deadly hatred of the defendant. And this fear found plenty of justification later.

It was n't that he shied at liquor or ordinary conversational lying. He disposed of a desert man's share of both and enjoyed them. But when a sharply-drawn issue brought him face to face with the evil effect of falsehood the truth came out in spite of habit or preference.

He had planned to lie and fully intended to "let the rummy down easy," as he put it to himself, but the facts would blurt themselves out when he got into that chair, and the truth, the whole truth, came from him as readily as though his one thought.

Before he went into court Watson had reasoned it all out. "A man who 's so blamed low he pours down his throat the kind of a lie Sam Ross deals over his bar ought to be willing to stick by his poison and swear it out in court. It 's a devilish sight worse to drink the stuff than to lie about it." But it would n't work. The said Richard P. was arraigned again by the aforesaid still small accuser and he could not, he dare not, and he would not do other than he did. Something, far back in his brain, that seemed to be very old, strong and unyielding, had come to the front and put

to sudden and guilty flight the reasoning by which he tried to take the course of least resistance.

This sudden outburst of convicting fact had the effect of an unexpected explosion. They had looked for lies, these men of the desert, and for a long time kept as far from him as they might from any dangerous mystery. It was scarcely less a mystery to himself. For months he pondered it. He could n't forget it had he tried, but had he been able to lose it in the excitements of an all-night town Sam Ross would n't let him. In grim, regularity the thirteenth of every month brought to Watson's "Square Deal" restaurant a short missive scrawled in red ink:

"D—— your heart. You 'll eat them words yet."

This was all, but Watson recognized Sam's pet curse and felt no doubt of its source. In view of its author's well-earned reputation for studiously avoiding every honorable means of revenge, one of these messages would have been sufficient to cause the desired mental discomfort, and their monthly appearance made Watson wonder if he had not inherited a monomania for truth.

At length the powerful lever of association lifted from the depths of memory the spring of action for which he searched. It was his first wilful lie. He remembered it as trivial in itself and told to save him from punishment for disobedience. But most vividly of all, and with a shade of the same nerve-pricking fear he had felt on the witness stand, he recalled the shocked look of horror in the eyes of his gentle, mild-mannered father when he found that his son was untruthful. Not a word then passed the man's lips, but the same startled expression that comes at sudden and dreadful discoveries, lingered in his face for days. His wrath arose and gathered force for a full week. Virtue must have gone forth then from the father. The chastisement he administered was a stinging one, but his own more painful *mental* impressions were what punished Watson and lived with him in later life. Tears, not those of weakness, but from sorrow and anger at his son's sin, flowed down the Puritan face. At sight of this emotion the child was dumb, his suppressed feelings leaving him weak and sick when ordered to retire to a chair where he might reflect on the wickedness and dire consequences of falsehood.

That was his only parental punishment, but sufficient to store away an effect, in the plastic mind of childhood, which years of the West and its whirling roulette of lucky, and ill, turns of fortune could not wholly efface. In all things else he was as the men of the desert. To the lure of gold and adventure he had abandoned himself till truth seemed completely crushed within; yet in every crucial occasion it fulfilled the poet's prophecy and rose again with undiminished vitality.

It was this truth business that alarmed Watson today . It stared him in the face and mocked him. The picture of a felon, in stripes and peering through the cell bars at Sam Ross' evil, jeering countenance without, was flaunted vividly before him. He knew it was coming. Consequences could work only one way, he told himself, and he felt that they gripped him like a giant hand holding him a helpless victim on the track of a rushing, vengeful engine, growing higher and more inevitable every instant.

He had given up trying to reason himself out of the truth. The story he planned to tell today was like fastening on his own chains, he felt, but his mind rejected all others as fast as they were presented. He was certain to be bound over, he concluded, and what was more certain, trial in the Los Angeles Superior Court would end only one way—conviction and the penitentiary. Los Angeles juries were uniformly taking this course to effect reform on the desert.

If these dreadful visions had involved another than himself, Watson might have found relief for mental distress in the view packing itself closely about him in the small box-like court room. Justice "Jack" Cochrane literally crammed his short, rotund figure through the men about the door and into the office. The air was close to choking and he puffed as busily as a toy engine when he sat

down, so close to the prisoner that that person's throat might have been seized by judicial fingers at any instant of the trial. Just now these fingers were engaged in plying a handkerchief on his perspiring face. It disappeared and reappeared beaming smiles from blue eyes and a wide mouth, much like a sun dodging out from behind clouds.

Not a single hint of judicial dignity rewarded the closest scrutiny of Justice Cochrane's form or countenance. It was n't there. Quite different things were apparent. Among them the conclusion that he counted the bill-of-fare in his eating house as important as a bill-of-costs in his court. The revolving chair for the court bulged out, when Cochrane sat down, like an exhibit of the comfortable living offered in Needles, which was most evident in his face —round, full and rich in coloring.

When three lawyers and their stenographers had arranged themselves before the court's eye, and almost within touch of his pudgy finger, the built-in-a-day justice coop was pressed down and running over with its measure of desert inhabitants. Faces, in all shades of brown, and surmounted by sombrero brims, filled the doorway. Only one inlet for air remained open. Fine, fiery sand, driven by a hot desert wind, swept in the window and was no respecter of persons. In burning pellets it shot against the fat cheek of the court and sifted shamelessly down the neck of Attorney Earl White, in new and immaculate attire, from Los Angeles.

In the presence of this man the anxious defendant saw another menace to his composure. Among the plain men of the settlement this lawyer brought an obtrusive presence, a complacent air of having the reins of the situation full in hand whenever he wished to pull them. Watson knew now something of the measure of Ross' hate and purpose for revenge. Even in the Los Angeles courts White's talents were a luxury, and out here on the desert, he reflected, as aid to an obscure deputy prosecutor, they were an extravagance that only the enmity of the rum shop would afford.

And the temperature climbed steadily up its ladder of degrees. Savage to drink the last drop of moisture, the growing heat penetrated even the parchment-like skin of the Oriental who sat in the seat of the prosecuting witness. Tiny globules oozed beneath a bandage on the left side of his head, traveled unhindered down the dry, sallow cheek and caught Watson's eye as they dropped to the floor, unheeded by the Chinaman. Not so much as a blink varied his stolid stare at the lower edge of the court's desk.

"The yellow heathen!" ran through Watson's mind as he looked. "He always was a wooden man and just as intelligent as an idol. I 'll gamble he 's been coached to lie today better than ever while I 've got to tell the truth just because I 'm too much of a coward to lie. If I only had the nerve to lie like the rest of 'em I 'd get out of this easy enough."

The voice of the state's attorney broke in on these evil meditations. As it pointed the accusing finger of justice and punishment in the direction of the defendant his fears were set in still livelier motion.

"This is the case," began the hollow, husky tones of the health-seeker, "of one Richard P. Watson, charged with assault to murder. The complaining witness is Chong Fow, whose nationality finds little favor in this part of the world, but nevertheless is entitled to the full protection of the law and redress for an assault upon his life. We hope the court will lose sight of the prejudice against the state's witness, due only to the chance of birth. We feel sure that your honor will give it no consideration in weighing the evidence we shall present, that a grievous crime has been committed against the peace and safety of all citizens of this commonwealth. The testimony will show that this assault was a particularly atrocious one. Though much superior in strength to the complainant, this defendant used a heavy meat-cleaver as his weapon, and only chance and the angry haste with which he made his aim defeated his murderous purpose. We shall show that he had no mercy, even while his victim lay prostrate on the ground, but kicked the de-

fenseless person into insensibility and then left him for dead."

Watson had never felt such heat. The court's smiles shriveled, dried up and disappeared as the arraignment proceeded. By the time it had ended in monotonously hoarse tones, his honor's aspect was heavy and solemn.

In silence he signaled Fow to the witness stand. The Chinaman stood up stolidly, was sworn, and toddled eagerly over to the chair beside the court. Watson had hoped to hear incoherent jargon. A badly-told lie might be his best help, he reasoned. But the first answer blasted all chance of confusion. Never before had he heard the Celestial utter an intelligible sentence in English. A child could understand him today. Barring the usual inevitable "ls" and "ees," Fow fitted a cunning tongue to his story with little hesitation. In unbelieving amazement Watson stared at him. It was unreal, Fow could not talk this way, he knew, and never could have learned so soon. He bent forward, listening intently for the least defection in voice and scrutinizing every feature for a difference. But it was no use. There were the same oblique, unmeaning eyes, the flat nose, projecting cheeks and yellowish brown skin that had always made his image of Fow. Meanwhile there was the belying evidence of those answers coming with ominous regularity and as laconic as a clock. Not a word too much escaped him. Watson was sure of the fraud his eyes could not detect. He leaned over close to his attorney's ear.

"He 's bogus; he 's a fraud. That aint Fow."

All the vehemence of his agitation and fears must have sprung forth in that whisper, for the lawyer looked around in quick concern for his client's reason.

"He 's bogus, I tell you," repeated Watson, inclosing his face with his hands to hide both the sound and his excitement. "It aint Fow at all. He dont know his own name from a knothole. They 've run in a new Chink on us. Pull him off a there. Why dont you pull him off? That aint the real Fow. Make him stop his damned lies."

Attorney Mitchell understood, but taking either dictation or advice from clients, merely because they paid him money, was not part of his professional policy. He was n't always abrupt, often he tried to reason with them.

"Let him alone," he counseled. "The more he lies the better. If he does n't spike their case now I 'll tie him so tight on cross-examination he 'll never get out. You cant prove it is n't Fow anyway, and it would only hurt your case to try. You keep quiet and let me run this for you."

And Watson did keep quiet. Not because he trusted in Mitchell, but he saw the futility of his position without more proof than his own assertion and knew there was no way save to hold his peace. In silence he raged at the cunning conspiracy closing about him. Anger dispelled his fears and curses boiled up in his mind. He longed to heap them all and far worse on the heads of the Chinaman, Ross and his self-assured lawyer. The calm arrogance of this person, and his evident satisfaction at the story unfolding to his purpose, filled Watson with murderous impulse. His fingers tightened on the arms of the chair as though clutching a throat, and he wondered madly if a desperate fight for a few minutes, even though the sheriff whom he suspected of covert and shady dealings with Ross, should shoot him in the back, would not be the best way to end it all.

Nothing less than Mitchell's startling talent for cross-examination could have roused him from so dangerous a revery. The persistent conceit which led the lawyer continuously on to the thinnest ice and often plunged him below, was fascinating even to a wrathful and desperate client. In loud, bantering voice he tried to goad the witness to anger. He succeeded. Before Mitchell could check him, Fow turned loose a voluble stream of harrowing details, declared he had been worked like a slave and beaten from his first day in Watson's restaurant, added to the damning statement that his wages were always behind, and swore that the assault on his life followed a threat to quit if he was n't paid.

Every word of this imprinted severity

on Cochrane's face. It hardened with sternness and he turned away as though the sight of the defendant was repulsive. His honor also labored under the indelible effects of first lessons in moral conduct. He saw and felt today the wickedness of debt as had his banker father years before when in a passion at delinquents. The Chinaman's testimony was well corroborated. Three witnesses Watson had never seen before they took the stand, by the adroit leading of White served their purpose of fixing in still stronger colors the most damaging details.

"This is terrible," exclaimed the court to himself, "the worst case I ever tried."

"Stand up there," he commanded so fiercely Watson was startled out of his anger and his liveliest fears of the certainty of conviction returned. His knees began to shake and chills chased up and down his back as he stepped around to the witness chair. Ashamed as he was of this weakness, he could not brace himself into steady nerves nor keep a cold dampness from his hands. Men, he felt were conspiring to rob him of liberty, hemmed him in. There was no mercy nor help in their faces. Something of the wild animal at bay sprang to his aid as he looked at his accusers and traducers. He determined to fight it out for himself.

"Your honor," he appealed in a low, thin voice, "I want to tell this thing myself, just as it happened. I dont need an attorney any longer. If my own story is n't accepted, nothing he can say will help and I dont want to be interrupted with any questions. I swear to tell the whole truth without sparing myself."

The judicial eyes gazed in wonder at the defendant. They distended and seemed about to shoot out and explode upon him in righteous wrath. Attorney White broke in with vehement objections, but the court resented such interruptions and overruled them as fast as they came.

"Go on," he directed to Watson. "Tell your story as you wish, but remember that you are under oath. Dont expect to deceive the court. If you attempt to twist the truth about in any way you will find grave cause to regret it, and while you can stand on your constitutional rights and refuse to give any evidence whatever, the court advises you that it will be much better for you to adhere strictly to the facts."

"The facts are these," began Watson, his voice sounding in his own ears like a mere echo of his natural speech.

"On the morning this trouble occurred I came in the front door of my restaurant while several people were eating their breakfast. One or two were waiting for their orders. I did not notice who they were. The waiter went just ahead of me into the kitchen, but I guess he did not hear me as the door swung back in my face as he went in carrying a plate. I pushed it in and got inside just in time to hear Fow let out a curse or two while he grabbed a blood-red steak off the waiter's plate and gave it a wipe around on the floor."

Had Justice Cochrane pulled a mask from his face it could not have changed more quickly or completely than now. Sternness fell from every feature. Genial content sprang into the eyes and his lower lip twitched as though wrestling with its mate against a smile, while the defendant continued his story.

"I grabbed him before he could straighten up and getting a good hold on his collar and the seat of his pants ran him to the back door and threw him out. He jumped up as quick as a cat, flashed a knife out of his sleeve and came back at me jabbering curses and with murder in his eyes. Your honor I could n't run from a Chinaman, and the sight of that knife made me so wild with rage I did n't care what I did. This cleaver fell under my eye and I had it in my hand before I realized what it meant. Then I determined to kill him if he tried to cut me with that knife."

Watson spoke rapidly, and his voice became stronger as his mind repeated the excitement of the fight.

"I took one step toward the door, as near as I can remember, and as he rushed in with his knife stuck out at me. I brought the cleaver down hard aiming for it for the top of his head. But I was too mad to strike straight. He was close

to the side of the door and the cleaver cut off a thick splinter that drove into his head while the blade just grazed down his ear. He howled with pain and felt of his head. It covered his hand with blood and he fell down yelling louder than ever. The sight of blood has always sickened me and I did n't know then what I had done to him. Anyway I could n't stay there. I ran out the back door, not to hide or because I had any remorse or regrets but simply to get away from the blood. While I am telling the whole truth I must state that I could n't feel any regrets if I had killed the yellow-skinned sneaking——"

"We object, your honor," shouted White. "Such language is an insult to this court; an outrageous contempt." He gave marked emphasis to "this" as though implying that such a court must put up with a great deal and only the last degree of affront could affect it.

But Watson could not be restrained. He was no longer frightened. He was fighting again with the treacherous Chinaman and every nerve tingled with the action and the anger of it. Ignoring the interruption, except to let the noise of it subside, he went on.

"I 'm only sorry that I——"

"Stop," thundered Cochrane, bringing down his doubled fist so hard on his desk that it halted Watson and silenced the murmurs of approval his strong language had stirred from beneath the sombreros at the doorway.

"The objection is over-ruled" came with another crash as the justice leaned his short, fat body slightly forward toward the attorneys for the state.

"And the defendant is discharged," he exploded at them, louder than ever.

As though smitten on the mouth they were dumb.

"Wha, what's that?" stammered White recovering himself.

Cochrane regarded him severely.

"The defendant is DISCHARGED" he repeated with great distinctness on the last word.

White sprang to his feet. His eyes blazed. He bristled with protest and rebellion. His objections could n't find vent fast enough from his tongue and ran to his feet and arms. He moved back and forth in the narrow space and seemed all motion as he talked.

"You can 't do it sir. You can 't do it," he declared. "It is irregular, wholly irregular and without foundation in law or evidence. The case against this defendant is overwhelming. His statement is unsupported by a single word of testimony."

The court's chubby hand was up by this time, and White paused for breath.

"But I have done it, sir. I have done it. I am the only person competent to decide what is regular or irregular in this court room and my decision is that your remarks are decidedly out of order.

"No sir. I have heard enough," he denied as White tried to interrupt. "Sit down, sir" he commanded sternly. "You have said enough, too much."

White hesitated for an instant as though meditating worse rebellion.

"If I need any help in conducting this court," went on the justice, "I am fully advised as to the best place to find it," and he glanced toward the dark faces framed in the doorway. White also knew and sat down sullenly awaiting the next move.

"The court is convinced that the defendant acted wholly in self-defense. Facts within the personal knowledge of the court have been recalled by the evidence and a further hearing is useless. The defendant is discharged, I repeat, and court is adjourned.

When the doorway had been cleared and the whirling wind brought in a cloud of heated sand, Watson still sat staring straight ahead as stupidly as a somnambulist. The retreating figures of then hurrying across the dry hot street meant nothing to his dazed eyes.

"Wake up," commanded Cochrane, shaking him by the arm. "You need a bracer. Come over to Ross' and take one on me."

The familiar invitation brought him back to earth. "They 're certainly on me, good and plenty, this time" he replied as he stood up and started for the door.

Neither man spoke till the drinks were set out on the bar.

"How in tarnation did it happen?" ventured Watson. "Let me in on it, can't you judge?" he urged, confusion still troubling his head.

"I was there myself that morning" replied Cochrane with characteristic directness, and so loudly it reached White and Ross talking low in a rear room. The sombreros lined up at the bar also turned toward the justice.

"I had forgotten all about it till you told your story. I didn't see any of the fracas; I didn't need to. At one of those measly little tables of yours I was waiting hungry and cross as a bear."

He glared at Watson with the memory of it.

"Why didn't you kill that lop-sided, slant-eyed, yellow devil? That was my steak he wiped on the floor. I always take mine medium well done."

And his honor hastily gulped his liquor as though swallowing his wrath and ending the whole affair.

Kismet

By Frances McNeil

There was a strange commotion in her breast,
Low throbbings, pulsings of a newer life,
That stronger grew, until she found no rest,
And wondered at the constant inward strife
That raged between her heart and mind; and oft'
When all was quiet at the evening hour,
A yearning came, that bore her soul aloft
And strengthened her whole being with its power.
Then she would wander moodily alone,
Seeking in vain for solitude and peace,
Striving to still the voice of the Unknown,
Yet strangely troubled lest its summons cease,
Till Love was born, and when she saw the Child,
She cared not for it till it went astray.
Then as it older grew adown the wild
Rough road it wandered ever, day by day,
Until it reached the shores of Passion's Sea
And gathered pebbles on the slimy strand,
Or watched the moss that looked so velvety,
Spreading above the beds of treacherous sand.
At last lured on by voices from a wave
That beckoned lightly, kissing it with spray,
'Twas drawn beneath into a lustful grave,
And on the Ocean's bosom borne away.

"Stompedes"

By Dane Coolidge

IT was a fine hot Arizona morning when Jackson Carter dropped off the top of a cattle train that had just pulled in on the the switch, and made a straight point for Jim Sam's American Restaurant. Behind him trailed a string of his Mexican *vaqueros,* their swarthy features more or less obscured by alkali dust, pointing as directly for the Monte Carlo saloon. The two weeks of hard riding had furrowed deeper lines in their set faces and they walked stiffly in their fringed *chaparejos,* but Jackson was as merry as ever, though somewhat the worse for wear. What had been a good sombrero when he started was now slouched and battered from fighting brush; his open-work shirt afforded extensive glimpses of ruddy brown arms; and his torn overalls were modestly supplemented by the remnant of a second pair, chopped off above the knee.

"H'lo," he hailed, pausing at the restaurant door, "you here yet? Come on in and watch me eat—wanter see you!"

The heavy tramp of boots and the clank of spurs brought the Chinaman from his kitchen, smiling affably, though the hour was ten-thirty.

"Howdy, Jim," said the cattleman, casting one leg over a stool at the quick-lunch-counter, "gimme two orders of ham an' eggs and a beef steak. Get a move on, now—I'm hongry." He made a hurried sandwich out of two slices of bread and a dill pickle and bit into it unhesitatingly. "Haint had nothing but bacon and flour gravy for a week," he explained, "and nothing but cigarettes since yesterday. My stomach was shrunk up so she 'd chamber a liver pill."

Jim Sam glided methodically about in the smoky kitchen; soon the eggs began to sizzle and plop, and the first life-saver was laid on the counter. When the feed was over Jackson sat down against the wall of the New York store, rolled a cigarette, and abandoned himself to the joy of uninterrupted narration.

"Where did I get them pants?" he said, glancing amiably at the overalls in question. "I picked them up—kinder big, but after a man has lost the whole seat out of his jeans and is still riding through the cat-claws he can 't be too dam' particular. Some prospector threw 'em away, I guess; I found 'em at an old camp up there in Tonto Cañon.

"Seems like I can never strike it right with my shaps—when I put 'em on, some outlaw bull gits after me and pretty near kills me because I 'm hobbled and can 't run; and then when I leave 'em off I git caught in a stompede and come out stripped to the buff." He laughed reminiscently, and eased himself by a lazy change of posture.

"I thought I 'd seen wild cattle," he remarked, "rastling round though these mountains for fifteen years, but that bunch out there in them stock-cars can git the pink ribbon anywhere. I 'd jest like to see Buffalo Bill and his outfit try to tie down some of them bald-faced Sonora steers—they 'd do it, all right, but it 'd be worth the price of admission.

"There's cattle in that bunch that never see a man since they was branded seven years ago, and the 4L boys had to catch 'em in cattle traps and starve 'em down before they would drive at all. I wouldn 't go within a mile of them long-horned Mexican critters ordinarily, but cattle are cattle these days—you have to go a hundred miles from the railroad to git anything. The 4L outfit had been gathering for a month, and every time they caught a bunch they'd turn 'em into a big pasture they had made by fencing

in the cañon. They was awful proud of that pasture—it was about the size of the state of Rhode Island, I reckon—anyhow she was twelve miles square, and the brush was that high and thick you couldn't hardly see straight up. The 4L foreman told me he had 800 head in there by count, but when we got through gathering we only had three hundred and forty-two. There's a big difference between a cowman and a fence-builder—you can bet on that. The 4L fellows had put all their staples on the outside of the fence, and them big mountain steers



From a Drawing by R. F. Thomson.

MR. JACKSON CARTER, OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

jest sifted through like nothing and skipped out for the hills again—all that did n't get lost in the brush.

"Brush! Well sir, that pasture was so brushy we could n't ride—had to go in there afoot and drive them wild cattle out by hand, you might say. You never see such a scratched-up bunch of *vaqueros* in your life as we was when we finally got away from there, but that was only a flea-bite to what was coming to me—I still had the seat in my pants, anyway.

"The third day out we was jest leaving the mouth of Tonto Cañon when there come up a tremendous big thunder-storm, one of these regular old hell-roarers. As soon as I see it coming I threw back the leaders and we held the whole herd in a kind of open space where the sand wash had spread out and made a hole in the brush; but down the cañon the meskeet and cat-claws was so thick it put me in mind of that 4L pasture back there. Well, we 'd no more 'n got 'em in between the cañon walls than the music began.

"*Br--rump!* she 'd go, and them old cows 'd roll their eyes 'n' bawl, an' the calves would blat, and all them long-horned steers would begin to mill around restless like, looking for a chance to run. Then she comes on to rain, and there was n't a man in the outfit that even had a coat. Wet? Well I should smile—in about a minute. That rain jest came at us on the level and the cattle began to drift up the cañon as fast as they could hike. I heard the boys a-yelling on the other side, and so I told Ramirez and Chico, and the fellows I had with me, to ride around and help 'em. About the time they got there a big black cloud come rolling down on us, shooting out thunder and lightning, and the rain turned into hail-stones as big as pistol bullets. That settled it—them cows threw up their tails and began to run, with the hail bouncing off their backs two feet high.

"Well, if they was going to be a stompede I thought I might as well git in on it! but before I could catch up with the procession there came the blankedest streak of lightning I ever saw in my life, right square in our faces. There was a big giant cactus on the rim of the cañon in front of us and she busted that old *sahuaro* wide open like a dropped water-melon—leastways that 's what the boys told me afterwards. I was n't interested in scenery jest then. I batted my eyes at the glare, and the next thing I knew my old horse had swapped ends and we was goin' down the cañon hell-bent-f'r-election with three hundred and forty-two wild cattle touching us up behind, and that lovely cat-claw thicket jest about two hundred yards ahead. Maybe I did n't wish I had on a pair of shaps, and about two more jumpers! Say, I can feel them stickers yet!

"If there was a hole in that brush big enough to let a rabbit in, I did n't see it—and I reckon Buck did n't neither. We made our plunge the first place we struck, and them cattle hit in behind us like a landslide. You cant prove it by me what happened next—I went down on my horse's neck and let him do the rest. All I know is there was some fancy ducking and dodging, and I was nigh dragged off twice, and then we broke out into the open. It sounded like a cyclone was tumbling down and gitting up again behind us, but that brush stopped 'em, all right, all right—when they came out they 'd lost their steam. Sure, I held the whole bunch lone-handed, and I never knowed there was anything funny about my personal appearance until bimeby the boys come up. They came chasing around the other way to head the stompede, and when they see me sitting there with nothing on but my boots, you might say, they pretty nigh died a-laughing—but you bet I made 'em pick the stickers out of me that night!"

A triumphant smile lighted up Mr. Carter's face at the thought of this ultimate revenge, and he smoked a cigarette soothingly.

"Of course, we had a run every night after that. Them cattle was so skeered of lightning they 'd stompede if they saw it forty miles away, and we jest had to cut it out on smoking altogether. You 'd scratch a match and *ssstt,* the bunch is half-way up the mountain an'

still a-going. When we finally got 'em down to the railroad they was so tired they could n't hardly walk—and the conductor that runs that 'commodation told me if I didn't load them stock cars of mine that night he 'd take 'em away and I would n't git no more for two weeks.

" 'I 'll give you jest two hours to load,' he says, 'and not a minute more.' And you bet I took him up. Them cars had been standing on the switch for ten days while I was chasing my cows out of the 4L pasture, and the old Con. was so hot about it I knew he 'd do jest what he said. There 's some people that think it cant be done, load three hundred and forty-two head of range cattle in two hours, but you bet I kept that engineer busy bumping cars down to the chutes.

We got most of 'em in and was working on our last car, when the conductor comes down the line.

" 'Time 's up,' he says, 'stop whar you are.'

"I never said nothing, jest kept punching away.



From a Drawing by C. S. Price.

"IF YOU WANT TO GET GOOD AND FULL OF STICKERS, YOU DO A LITTLE NIGHT RIDING."

" 'Hey, you,' he yells, climbing up on the fence and flashing me in the eyes. 'cant you hear nothin'? *Quit!*'

" 'All right,' I says, 'be through in a minute.' By that time we had 'em all loaded but one bad steer—he weighed about eleven hundred, and he jest naturally would n't go in. We put two

ropes on him and dragged him up to the door—but there he stopped.

"Then the Con. began to cuss. '*Leave* the blankety-blank,' he yells, swinging his lantern to start, but we kept right on working. I dropped down behind that old steer and began to boost—the son-of-a-gun kicked me over twice. Then, by Gee, I went hog wild. I went up over his back rough-shod, jumped down in front of 'im and slapped 'im in the face with my hat.

" 'Come on, you old stiff,' I says, and he jest let out one blat and went for me. You bet I beat the world's record getting into that car. He was right behind me, breathing fire on them fancy overalls I picked up, but I ducked under the bellies of them other cattle and before ary one could kick me in the face I popped up at the back end of the car like a chipmunk.

" 'All right, Conductor,' I says, 'let 'er roll!' But dont you worry about that conductor—we was rolling already."

Jackson Carter showed his teeth in a grin and, reaching for his knife, began to dig the *mesquite* thorns out of his rope-burned hands.

"Something doing every minute, that trip," he observed, shifting his seat uneasily. "I hain't had time to pick half them meskeet spines out of me yet, and the stompede came off a week ago. Got a few more on the way in, too.

"But I tell you, man, if you want to get good and full of stickers, you do a little night riding. Maybe I did n't get filled up good and plenty when we had a run at the Montaño corrals one night. I was a kid then, and if there was a stompede or any rough work like that I was n't satisfied unless I was the hero of the occasion. There 's been times since when I lay back and let the other fellow git the wind knocked out of him—but not then.

"We 'd been gathering cattle up in the Sierra Anchas for two or three weeks and finally we got 'em down the Salt River as far as old Nicholas Montaño's place. The old man was all swelled up over a fine new corral he had there, made out of cottonwood logs—it was nigh onto ten feet high and built strong—and nothing would do but we had to turn 'em in for the night. Of course we was glad enough to get 'em off our hands and make up a little sleep, but they 'd been running so bad some of the boys was afraid they might bust the corral down.

" 'No can,' says old Nicholas—he spoke fine English—'beeg fence, es-stronga *postes*—holda *mucho ganado*—no can break, you bet!' And being a kid that way I did bet—everything I had on except my underwear.

"I had a pair of boots that fit me a little too quick, anyhow, so that night when I turned in I took 'em off—and that felt so good I took off my overalls and jumpers—we wore two pairs, the cactus was so bad—and laid myself out to be comfortable, jest for a change. That was a fine sleep while it lasted, but along in the middle of the night the old man's dogs heard a coyote or something and out they went—*Booo-wooo-wooo*—right down past that corral, and the next thing we knew them wild outlaw cattle had knocked one side clean out of that 'es-stronga' corral and was rolling out across the *mesa—stompeded.* They was in such a hurry that they jest punched the bottom out of that corral and carried the top logs on their backs plum to the top of the hog-back—and from there they run up the river a ways—and then took up Bulldog Cañon.

"Well, sir, when I heard that corral go down I gave about three jumps and landed on my horse and went biling out across the *mesa* to head 'em off. Some people might 've stopped to put on a few clothes, but not me—I jest hit the wind *oh naturrel,* as the French say, and in three minutes I bet I had more stickers in my legs than there is on a giant cactus. My horse was in on the play by that time—he knew if we did n't turn them cows back to the river we 'd have some dirty work up the cañon later on, and the way he jumped gulches and smashed through brush was scandalous. I did n't have anything on him but a picket rope anyhow, so I turned him loose and spent my time dodging cactus.

Down in the cañon I could hear the stompede a-ripping and tearing up the wash—and you bet she sounded fierce. Them cattle was running in a solid body, jest a-ploughing through the cactus, and you could hear their feet clacking on the rocks like sharpening a butcher's knife, but by that time me and my horse was wild and we run in on 'em, regardless.

"I 've seen some stompedes in my day, day and night, but for a genuwine ring-tailed snorter that was the limit. Them cows was mostly outlaws, anyway, they had n't learned what a man on a horse meant yet, and when I rode in on 'em yelling and swinging my picket-pin they never hunched. I crowded in on the side and tried to throw 'em over, but it was dark as a wolf's mouth down there, and the first thing I knew the gulch took a sudden turn my way, and I was in front of 'em! Say, maybe you think I was n't scairt! My eyes bulged open until I could see like an owl, and the first thing I noticed was them shiny horns, gitting nearer every jump. It was up-hill, and sandy going—and a cow can outrun a horse in the night, anyhow. I found that out in about a minute. My horse he began to blow and snort, and kinder stumble a little; the cañon boxed in so we could n't turn out, and I could jest the same as feel them sharp feet a-chopping me up real fine so 's to save funeral expenses—when I see a big rock ahead. Dont ask me how I did it—must 've flew, I reckon—but when we went by that rock I dropped off and made a running high jump, and when I finally come to I was sitting on a little island with nothing around me but tails and horns, going by me like the mill-tails of hell."

The hardy Mr. Carter laid down the knife with which he had been gesticulating and took a long breath.

"That finished me for leading stompedes," he said. "If I cant turn 'em from the side now I let 'em go. My horse beat them cows out as soon as I got off of him and broke up onto the high ground, but I had a lovely time walking around barefoot and looking for him all the same. He was scairt so bad he come to me when I called for him jest like a lost dog. You can 't tell a cow pony *nothing* about stompedes—he *knows* 'em. I dont know which was the worst stuck up, him or me, but I got a pair of wire twisters and we took turns at it—I 'd pull 'em out of his legs until he kicked and then out of my legs until I cried—but we was both like the Bad Man from Bitter Creek for many a long day:

'Wild and woolly and full of fleas,
And hard to curry below the knees—'

"You bet! I reckon I called myself all the kinds of durn fool there are in the dictionary before I got through; but it was n't a month afterwards that I found a feller that was worse 'n I was. That was old Jim Barclay—you've seen him around town—kind of a heavy-set feller that rides a big roan horse. One of the best cattlemen in the Salt River Valley now, but he was fresh from Missouri then, and I guess he had a little of the 'show-me' left in him. He 'd been feeding punkins to them Texas dogies back there so long that we could n't tell him nothing about range cattle. The idea of a bunch of steers getting up out of a sound sleep and frisking over the continental divide before sun-up was new and strange, and he thought we was giving him a fill. Back in Missouri the cattle was fed up so big on corn that they threw a track like a wagon road, one rut for each side—they lay in the shade like hogs, making fat, and the first farm-hand that woke one up got fired right there. But Jim soon learned that Arizona is different from old Missou'.

"It was right after that stompede at Montaño's corrals that I came down to town and hired out to Barclay for a buckaroo. He was stocking that big pasture of his with mountain cattle, and there was a feller over on the Globe trail that had agreed to deliver about seven hundred steers to him at a certain time, so Jim grabbed up the first ten men he could find, and we started out. The cattle were there, all right, but the other outfit had driven 'em too hard, and they was tired out, so after we 'd received 'em we held 'em on the *parada* grounds for the night. Jim he divided us off

into guards and I went on from nine to twelve. It was a still, dark night, hot, with heat lightning flashing away out there over the desert, and pretty soon the cattle began to lay down. I was only a kid then, but I had a few rings on my horns when it come to cows and I rode out and made 'em git up. There 's nothing like letting a steer go to sleep and then waking him up with lightning, to start stompedes.

"Pretty soon Barclay come down from the camp and rode out to where I was.

" 'Carter,' he says, kinder surprised and grieved like, 'what in the world are you doin'?'

" 'Keepin' 'em awake,' I says.

" 'Well, for heaven's sake,' he says. 'dont you know better 'n' that? What you doin' that for?'

" 'Wy, to keep 'em from stompedin', of course,' I says, 'you dont want a run on your hands the first night, do you?'

"But he laughed at me—did n't know no better, then.

" 'Run!' he says, 'they cant hardly walk. Let 'em lay down, boy, and git rested.'



From a Drawing by C. S. Price.

"I WAS JEST MAKING A BLUFF AT EARNING MY FORTY A MONTH."

"'Well, pardner,' I says, 'you 're the boss, and what you say goes. All the same, I 'd jest like to bet you the drinks they stompede inside of an hour.'

"'All right,' he says, kinder absent-minded like. 'And that reminds me I come off without the canteen. Ride up and get it—I 'll take your place.'

"It was a quarter of a mile to the camp, up on the high ground, and I was jest turning back when I heard a roar. Pretty quick work, all right, but they had stompeded already. I 'spect I ought to have been glad I won that bet, but I was n't. Something about a run like that, in the night, that always makes me feel kinder sick—it sounded like all hades had broke loose down there for a minute—and then I throwed the canteen away and went to it. I could n't see nothing. 'cepting a cloud of dust, but I could hear the bulk of the herd pounding down the cañon and I rode in on 'em, quartering like. No more leading stompedes for me—not after that Bulldog Cañon run—but, being as the ground was open and I had a start of 'em I thought I 'd take a little flyer, anyhow, so when I got close to the leaders I jest unhooked everything and went clean across their front, yelling like an Injun uprising. My horse was throwing the dirt fifty feet high and I was making a big noise all right—but I had no idea of turning 'em—I was jest making a bluff at earning my forty a month. But boy, if you 'll believe me, it was n't three minutes till I had them leaders throwed back on their haunches, jest fanning the air to git away from me. Dont know how it happened—must 've looked fiercer than I felt—anyhow my bluff held good. They turned back and went to milling and the first thing I knew I was riding around five hundred head of wild cattle singing 'Little Bull Calf' like the steam cally-ope in a circus. I held 'em, too, lone-handed. How was that for Willie, The Boy Cow-Punch?

"And while I was trying to be all sides of a circle at the same time, Jim Barclay and those other stiffs was riding up the cañon in the dark after two hundred head of cattle, knocking down more cactus and jumping more rock piles than there is between here and the snow line. They chased 'em three miles, straight on end, and then some up through the rocks and the boys told me that Jim had me fired seventeen times over for not coming to help. But when they brought their little old bunch back, 'long towards morning, and found me singing a bass solo to about five hundred head there was nothing doing. I was wore out on 'Little Bull Calf' by that time, and when I heard them fellers coming I begun on something chesty, like this, for a change:

'With my foot in the stirrup
An' my hand on the horn
I 'm the best blank-blanked cowboy
That ever was born!'

"And when Jim saw them five hundred steers that he thought was lost he come around and shook hands. 'That 's right, boy,' he says, 'you are,' and he sure set up the drinks when we come to the end of our drive.

"What starts these stompedes? Well, that 's a big question. This one I was jest telling you about was touched off by a dirty little sidewinder rattlesnake. He was hiding under a bunch of *galleta* grass right close to my riding trail, and about the time them steers was sound asleep Jim turned out of the beaten path and trompled on 'im. Cattle are awful scared of snakes, you know, and when that little devil rattled and struck at Jim's horse, the whole bunch jest rose up out of their sleep and flew."

Jackson took off his battered sombrero and gazed philosophically at the holes in its crown.

"All these big stompedes," he said, "come off at night, and the worst ones happen when the cows have been asleep. Sometimes I used to think them cattle had bad dreams—kind of nightmares—and woke up scared. You know how kids will dream they 're falling over a thousand-foot cliff and wake up yelling bloody murder—well, what 's the matter with cows doing the same thing? There 's always a lot of outlaws in a herd, steers that 've been roped and thrown and man-handled and maybe left out a night or two with their legs tied and the coyotes trying to chew their ear.

Jest think what a pipe-dream that would make; and then, while this outlaw is dreaming that the coyotes are eating him maybe some other steer stretches out a leg and jabs him in the back. Would he wake up running? Well, say!

"It dont need no diagram," continued Mr. Carter, "to explain why that particular steer gits up and dusts, and I can savvy how some of them other outlaws gits up and goes with him, but what I want to know is how they all git off at once. I 've seen a thousand head of cattle all bedded down quiet and peaceful, sleeping jest as nice—and then some kind of a wave would hit into 'em and they 'd be gone like a bat out of hell. I had an old Injun medicine man tell me one time it was a bad spirit that come down in the night and jumped inside them cows to hide. Our cattle was running bad at the time and he offered to drive the devils out of 'em for one beef critter, but I reckon the old boy was jest meat-hungry. All the same, there 's something mighty spooky and mysterious about it. There was a college professor down here for his lungs one time, and he tried to tell me these stompedes is a result of what he called mob mind. As near as I could make out this mob mind was a kind of cross between Texas fever and wireless telegraphy—something catching, and mighty quick, at that. Here 's a lot of cattle standing together, all touching each other—if one of them steers gits scairt his scare jest shoots through that herd like electricity, only quicker, and the whole bunch goes plum crazy right there. That 's a little deep for me, and while I like to agree with a professor when I meet one, I 'm betting on the Injun, myself.



From a Drawing by C. S. Price.

"AND WHEN THAT STOMPEDE WAS ABOUT FIFTY YARDS AWAY.

"One time there was an exhorting evangelist hung out his gasoline torch over by the Monte Carlo and tried to show us sinners the error of our way. Not being religious, I 've forgot everything he said except what he read outer the Bible. It seems there was a man in those days that was possessed of a devil—kinder crazy, you savvy—and Jesus Christ, taking pity, cast the devil out of him, and as soon as that devil was thrown loose he jumped into a herd of hogs that was feeding there and they stompeded over a big cliff into the sea. There you have it, and if that was true two thousand years ago, what 's the matter with its being true today? Hogs is a little out of my line, but I come

pretty nigh knowing when it comes to cows. When they have got stompede devils in 'em anybody can tell it; as soon as the sun gits down their eyes begin to burn like bullseye lanterns, and when you ride around 'em you can jest *feel* that crazy *locoed* spirit. And when they git that look in their eye you want to keep *your* eye peeled. If a man's hat blows off, or a horse stumbles, or some guy strikes a match, the bunch will hit the wind—and if you happen to be in the way it 's a case of God-help-you.

"Do people git killed in them stompedes? That 's right, pardner, but it 's awful bad for a man in my line of business to let his mind dwell on such things. We dont talk about 'em. Did you notice that tall Mexican with the black mustache that come in with me on the train? That 's José Maria Ramirez—and a rattlin' good puncher, too—he had the curl took out of his hair in about a minute one night, and he dont like to talk about it yet. It was quite a while ago, when he was a kid at the business. There was twenty-seven of 'em, all Mexicans, and they undertook to take a herd of fifteen hundred range steers from Tucson to Wilcox. The country down there is open and you would n't find a tree big enough to climb in thirty miles. It 's bad enough to have a stompede in these rocky cañons, but a man has got a chance, anyhow, he can jump up on a boulder or maybe climb a palo verde if he ain't particular about thorns, but when you roll out of your blankets and try to outrun fifteen hundred *locoed* steers you feel kinder creepy. Well, that 's what José Maria did.

"It was right in the middle of a big plain and forty miles from nowhere. The night guards were holding the herd and all the rest was asleep when some kind of a devil hit into them cattle and the whole bunch stompeded right straight for the chuck-wagon. José heard the roar and felt the ground shake under him, and then he jumped up and run like a scairt wolf. It was n't any use, but nothing else was neither, and them steers was whirling down on 'em like death and destruction. There was over twenty men sleeping around that wagon, most of 'em good *vaqueros,* and they all got up and run like rabbits—all except one man. There was one old Mexican there that had his nerve with him, you bet. He stood up to it, and when that stompede was about fifty yards away—he scratched a match! Only chance he had, but that match did the business. When them leaders saw it flash they flew back on their haunches and side-jumped, and then the whole herd opened out like she was split with a knife. Old Manuél jest stood in his blankets and held that match between his hands, and before it burnt up to his fingers the stompede was past. Them steers never touched the chuck-wagon and when they caught up with José Maria—which was in about forty jumps—they went by him in a solid wall. There was jest one feller killed, and he got rattled and run sideways, but godamighty, man, that 's close work!"

Jackson Carter stabbed his knife into the hard sun-burnt ground with sombre violence and rose slowly to his feet. His laughing eyes were downcast and he scowled as he slapped the dust out of his hat.

"Well," he said at last, "I reckon I 'd better round up them *vaqueros* of mine and throw a little grub into 'em before that Monte Carlo whiskey goes to their heads. Dont go off mad," he protested, "come along. But say—bust this solemn talk, anyway—dont say nothing about that stompede before José Maria—that fellow that got killed was his best friend."

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE weeks passed, Martin ran out of money, and publishers' checks were far away as ever. All his important manuscripts had come back and been started out again, and his hack-work fared no better. His little kitchen was no longer graced with a variety of foods. Caught in the pinch with a part-sack of rice and a few pounds of dried apricots, rice and apricots was his menu three times a day for five days handrunning. Then he started to realize on his credit. The Portuguese grocer, to whom he had hitherto paid cash, called a halt when Martin's bill reached the magnificent total of three dollars and eighty-five cents.

"For you see," said the grocer, "you no catcha da work, I losa da mon'."

And Martin could reply nothing. There was no way of explaining. It was not true business principle to allow credit to a strong-bodied young fellow of the working class who was too lazy to work.

"You catcha da job, I let you have mora da grub," the grocer assured Martin. "No job, no grub. Thata da business." And then, to show that it was purely business foresight and not prejudice, "Hava da drink on da house—good friends justa da same."

So Martin drank, in his easy way, to show that he was good friends with the house, and then went supperless to bed.

The fruit store, where Martin had bought his vegetables, was run by an American whose business principles were so weak that he let Martin run a bill of five dollars before stopping his credit. The baker stopped at two dollars, and the butcher at four dollars. Martin added his debts and found that he was possessed of a total credit in all the world of fourteen dollars and eighty-five cents. He was up with his typewriter rent, but he estimated that he could get two months' credit on that, which would be eight dollars. When that occurred, he would have exhausted all possible credit.

The last purchase from the fruit store had been a sack of potatoes and for a week he had potatoes, and nothing but potatoes, three times a day. An occasional dinner at Ruth's helped to keep strength in his body, though he found it tantalizing enough to refuse further helping when his appetite was raging at sight of so much food spread before it. Now and again, though afflicted with secret shame, he dropped in at his sister's at meal-time and ate as much as he dared —more than he dared at the Morse table.

Day by day he worked on, and day by day the postman delivered to him rejected manuscripts. He had no money for stamps, so the manuscripts accumulated in a heap under the table. Came a day when for forty hours he had not tasted food. He could not hope for a meal at Ruth's, for she was away to San Rafael on a two weeks' visit; and for very shame's sake he could not go to his sister's. To cap misfortune, the postman, in his afternoon round, brought him five returned manuscripts. Then it was that Martin wore his overcoat down into Oakland, and came back without it, but with five dollars tinkling in his pocket.

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He paid a dollar each on account to the four tradesmen, and in his kitchen fried steak and onions, made coffee, and stewed a large pot of prunes. And having dined, he sat down at his table-desk and completed before midnight an essay which he entitled "The Dignity of Usury." Having typed it out, he flung it under the table, for there had been nothing left from the five dollars with which to buy stamps.

Later on he pawned his watch, and still later his wheel, reducing the amount available for food by putting stamps on all his manuscripts and sending them out. He was disappointed with his hack-work. Nobody cared to buy. He compared it with what he found in the newspapers, weeklies, and cheap magazines, and decided that his was better, far better, than the average; yet it would not sell. Then he discovered that most of the newspapers printed a great deal of what was called "plate" stuff, and he got the address of the association that furnished it. His own work that he sent in was returned along with a stereotyped slip informing him that the staff supplied all the copy that was needed.

In one of the great juvenile periodicals he noted whole columns of incident and anecdote. Here was a chance. His paragraphs were returned, and though he tried repeatedly he never succeeded in placing one. Later on, when it no longer mattered, he learned that the associate editors and sub-editors augmented their salaries by supplying those paragraphs themselves. The comic weeklies returned his jokes and humorous verse, and the light society verse he wrote for the large magazines found no abiding place. Then there was the newspaper storiette. He knew that he could write better ones than were published. Managing to obtain the addresses of two newspaper syndicates, he deluged them with storiettes. When he had written twenty and failed to place one of them, he ceased. And yet, from day to day, he read storiettes in the dailies and weeklies, scores and scores of storiettes, not one of which would compare with his. In his despondency, he concluded that he had no judgment whatever, that he was hypnotized by what he wrote, and that he was a self-deluded pretender.

The inhuman editorial machine ran smoothly as ever. He folded the stamps in with his manuscript, dropped it into the letter box, and from three weeks to a month afterward the postman came up the steps and handed him the manuscript. Surely there were no live, warm editors at the other end. It was all wheels and cogs and oil-cups—a clever mechanism operated by automatons. He reached stages of despair wherein he doubted if editors existed at all. He had never received a sign of the existence of one, and from absence of judgment in rejecting all he wrote it seemed plausible that editors were myths, manufactured and maintained by office boys, typesetters and pressmen.

The hours he spent with Ruth were the only happy ones he had, and they were not all happy. He was afflicted always with a gnawing restlessness, more tantalizing than in the old days before he possessed her love; for now that he did possess her love, the possession of her was far away as ever. He had asked for two years, time was flying, and he was achieving nothing. Again, he was always conscious of the fact that she did not approve what he was doing. She did not say so directly. Yet indirectly she let him understand it as clearly and definitely as could she have spoken it. It was not resentment with her, but disapproval; though less sweet-natured women might have resented where she was no more than disappointed. Her disappointment lay in that this man she had taken to mould, refused to be moulded. To a certain extent she had found his clay plastic, then it had developed stubbornness, declining to be shaped in the image of her father or of Mr. Butler.

What was great and strong in him, she missed, or, worse, yet, misunderstood. This man, whose clay was so plastic that he could live in any number of pigeonholes of human existence, she thought wilful and most obstinate because she could not shape him to live in her pigeonhole, which was the only one she knew. She could not follow the

flights of his mind, and when his brain got beyond her she deemed him erratic. Nobody else's brain ever got beyond her. She could always follow her father and mother, her brothers and Olney; wherefore, when she could not follow Martin. she believed the fault lay with him. It was the old tragedy of insularity trying to serve as mentor to the universal.

"You worship at the shrine of the established," he told her once, in a discussion they had over Praps and Vanderwater. "I grant that as authorities to quote they are most excellent—the two foremost literary critics in the United States. Every school teacher in the land looks up to Vanderwater as the Dean of American criticism. Yet I read his stuff, and it seems to me the perfection of the felicitous expression of the inane. Why, he is no more than a ponderous bromide, thanks to Gelett Burgess. And Praps is no better. His *Hemlock Mosses* for instance, is beautifully written. Not a comma is out of place; and the tone—ah! —is lofty, so lofty. He is the best paid critic in the United States. Though, heaven forbid, he 's not a critic at all. They do criticism better in England.

"But the point is, they sound the popular note, and they sound it so beautifully and morally and contentedly. Their reviews remind me of a British Sunday. They are the popular mouthpieces. They back up your professors of English, and your professors of English back them up. And there is n't an original idea in any of their skulls. They know only the established—in fact, they are the established. They are weak minded, and the established impresses itself upon them as easily as the name of the brewery is impressed on a beer bottle. And their function is to catch all the young fellows attending the university, to drive out of their minds any glimmering originality that may chance to be there, and to put upon them the stamp of the established."

"I think I am nearer the truth," she replied, "when I stand by the established, than you are, raging around like an iconoclastic South Sea Islander."

"It was the missionary who did the image breaking," he laughed. "And unfortunately. all the missionaries are off among the heathen, so there are none left at home to break those old images, Mr. Vanderwater and Mr. Praps."

"And the college professors, as well," she added.

He shook his head emphatically. "No; the science professors should live. They 're really great. But it would be a good deed to break the heads of nine-tenths of the English professors—little, microscopic-minded parrots!"

Which was rather severe on the professors, but which to Ruth was blasphemy. She could not help but measure the professors, neat, scholarly, in fitting clothes, speaking in well-modulated voices, breathing of culture and refinement, with this almost indescribable young fellow whom somehow she loved, whose clothes never would fit him, whose heavy muscles told of damning toil, who grew excited when he talked, substituting abuse for calm statement and passionate utterance for cool self-possession. They at least earned good salaries and were—yes, she compelled herself to face it—were gentlemen; while he could not earn a penny, and he was not as they.

She did not weigh Martin's words nor judge his argument by them. Her conclusion that his argument was wrong was reached—unconsciously, it is true—by a comparison of externals. They, the professors, were right in their literary judgments because they were successes. Martin's literary judgments were wrong because he could not sell his wares. To use his own phrase, they made good, and he did not make good. And besides, it did not seem reasonable that he should be right—he who had stood, so short a time before, in that same living room, blushing and awkward, acknowledging his introduction, looking fearfully about him at the bric-a-brac his swinging shoulders threatened to break, asking how long since Swinburne died, and boastfully announcing that he had read "Excelsior" and the "Psalm of Life."

Unwittingly, Ruth herself proved his point that she worshiped the established. Martin followed the processes of her thoughts, but forebore to go further. He did not love her for what she thought of

Praps and Vanderwater and English professors, and he was coming to realize, with increasing conviction, that he possessed brain-areas and stretches of knowledge which she could never comprehend nor know existed.

In music, she thought him unreasonable, and in the matter of opera not only unreasonable but wilfully perverse.

"How did you like it?" she asked him one night, on the way home from the opera.

It was a night when he had taken her at the expense of a month's rigid economizing on food. After vainly waiting for him to speak about it, herself still tremulous and stirred by what she had just seen and heard, she had asked the question.

"I liked the overture," was his answer. "It was splendid."

"Yes, but the opera itself?"

"That was splendid too, that is the orchestra was, though I 'd have enjoyed it more if those jumping-jacks had kept quiet or gone off the stage."

Ruth was aghast.

"You dont mean Tetralani or Barillo?" she queried.

"All of them—the whole kit and crew."

"But they are great artists," she protested.

"They spoiled the music just the same with their antics and unrealities."

"But dont you like Barillo's voice?" Ruth asked. "He is next to Caruso, they say."

"Of course I liked him, and I liked Tetralani even better. Her voice is exquisite—or at least I think so."

"But, but—" Ruth stammered. "I dont know what you mean, then. You admire their voices, yet say they spoiled the music."

"Precisely that. I 'd give anything to hear them in concert, and I 'd give even a bit more not to hear them when the orchestra is playing. I 'm afraid I am a hopeless realist. Great singers are not great actors. To hear Barillo sing a love passage with the voice of an angel, and to hear Tetralani reply like another angel, and to hear it all accompanied by a perfect orgy of glowing and colorful music—is ravishing, most ravishing. I do not admit it. I assert it. But the whole effect is spoiled when I look at them—at Tetralani, five feet ten in her stocking feet and weighing a hundred and ninety pounds, and at Barillo, a scant five feet four, greasy-featured, with the chest of a squat, undersized blacksmith, and at the pair of them, attitudinizing, clasping their breasts, flinging their arms in the air like demented creatures in an asylum; and when I am expected to accept all this as the faithful illusion of a love-scene between a slender and beautiful princess and a handsome, romantic young prince—why, I can 't accept it, that 's all. It 's rot; it 's absurd; it 's unreal. That 's what 's the matter with it. It 's not real. Dont tell me that anybody in this world ever made love that way. Why, if I 'd made love to you in that fashion, you 'd have boxed my ears."

"But you misunderstand," Ruth protested. "Every form of art has its limitations." (She was busy recalling a lecture she had heard at the university on the conventions of the arts). "In painting, there are only two dimensions to the canvas, yet you accept the illusion of three dimensions which the art of the painter enables him to throw into the canvas. In writing, again, the author must be omnipotent. You accept as perfectly legitimate the author's account of the secret thoughts of the heroine, and yet all the time you know that the heroine was alone when thinking these thoughts, and that neither the author nor any one else was capable of hearing them. And so with the stage, with sculpture, with opera, with every art-form. Certain irreconcilable things must be accepted."

"Yes, I understand that," Martin answered. "All the arts have their conventions." (Ruth was surprised at his use of the word. It was as if he had studied at the university himself, instead of being ill-equipped from browsing at haphazard through the books in the library). "But even the conventions must be real. Trees, painted on flat cardboard and stuck up on each side of the stage, we accept as a forest. It is a real

enough convention. But, on the other hand, we would not accept a sea scene as a forest. We can 't do it. It violates our senses. Nor would you, or, rather, should you, accept the ravings and writhings and agonized contortions of those two lunatics tonight as a convincing portrayal of love."

"But you dont hold yourself superior to all the judges of music?" she protested.

"No, no, not for a moment. I merely maintain my right as an individual. I have just been telling you what I think, in order to explain why the elephantine gambols of Madame Tetralani spoil the orchestra for me. The world's judges of music may all be right. But I am I, and I wont subordinate my taste to the unanimous judgment of mankind. If I dont like a thing, I dont like it, that 's all; and there is no reason under the sun why I should ape a liking for it just because the majority of my fellow creatures like it, or make believe they like it. I can 't follow the fashions in the things I like or dislike."

"But music, you know, is a matter of training," Ruth argued; "and opera is even more a matter of training. May it not be—"

"That I am not trained in opera?" he dashed in.

She nodded.

"The very thing," he agreed. "And I consider I am fortunate in not having been caught when I was young. If I had, I could have wept sentimental tears tonight, and the clownish antics of that precious pair would have but enhanced the beauty of their voices and the beauty of the accompanying orchestra. You are right. It 's mostly a matter of training. And I am too old, now. I must have the real or nothing. An illusion that wont convince is a palpable lie, and that 's what grand opera is to me when little Barillo throws a fit, clutches mighty Tetralani in his arms (also in a fit), and tells her how passionately he adores her." Again Ruth measured his thoughts by comparison of externals and in accordance with her belief in the established. Who was he that he should be right and all the cultured world wrong? His words and thoughts made no impression upon her. She was too firmly entrenched in the established to have any sympathy with revolutionary ideas. She had always been used to music, and she had enjoyed opera ever since she was a child, and all her world had enjoyed it, too. Then by what right did Martin Eden emerge, as he had so recently emerged, from his ragtime and working-class songs, and pass judgment on the world's music? She was vexed with him, and as she walked beside him she had a vague feeling of outrage. At the best, in her most charitable frame of mind, she considered the statement of his views to be a caprice, an erratic and uncalled for prank. But when he took her in his arms at the door and kissed her good night in tender lover-fashion, she forgot everything in the outrush of her own love to him. And later, on a sleepless pillow, she puzzled, as she had often puzzled of late, as to how it was that she loved so strange a man, and loved him despite the disapproval of her people.

And next day Martin Eden cast hack-work aside, and at white heat hammered out an essay to which he gave the title, "The Philosophy of Illusion." A stamp started it on its travels, but it was destined to receive many stamps and to be started on many travels in the months that followed.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARIA SILVA was poor, and all the ways of poverty were clear to her. Poverty, to Ruth, was a word, signifying a not-nice condition of existence. That was her total knowledge on the subject. She knew Martin was poor, and his condition she associated in her mind with the boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, of Mr. Butler, and of other men who had become successes. Also, while aware that poverty was anything but delectable, she had a comfortable middle-class feeling that poverty was salutary, that it was a sharp spur that urged on to success all men who were not degraded and hopeless drudges. So that her knowledge that Martin was so poor that he had pawned his watch and overcoat

did not disturb her. She even considered it the hopeful side of the situation, believing that sooner or later it would arouse him and compel him to abandon his writing.

Ruth never read hunger in Martin's face, which had grown lean and had enlarged the slight hollows in the cheeks. In fact, she marked the change in his face with satisfaction. It seemed to refine him, to remove from him much of the dross of flesh and the too-animal-like vigor that lured her while she detested it. Sometimes, when with her, she noted an unusual brightness in his eyes, and she admired it, for it made him appear more the poet and the scholar—the things he would have liked to be and which she would have liked him to be. But Maria Silva read a different tale in the hollow cheeks and the burning eyes, and she noted the changes in them from day to day, by them following the ebb and flow of his fortunes. She saw him leave the house with his overcoat and return without it, though the day was chill and raw, and promptly she saw his cheeks fill out slightly and the fire of hunger leave his eyes. In the same way she had seen his wheel and watch go, and after each event she had seen his vigor bloom again.

Likewise she watched his toils, and knew the measure of the midnight oil he burned. Work! She knew that he outdid her, though his work was of a different order. And she was surprised to behold that the less food he had the harder he worked. On occasion, in a casual sort of way, when she thought hunger pinched hardest, she would send him in a loaf of new baking, awkwardly covering the act with banter to the effect that it was better than he could bake. And again, she would send one of her toddlers in to him with a great pitcher of hot soup, debating inwardly the while whether she was justified in taking it from the mouths of her own flesh and blood. Nor was Martin ungrateful, knowing as he did the lives of the poor and that if ever in the world there was charity this was it.

On a day when she had filled her brood with what was left in the house, Maria invested her last fifteen cents in a gallon of cheap wine. Martin, coming into her kitchen to fetch water, was invited to sit down and drink. He drank her very good health, and in return she drank his. Then she drank to prosperity in his undertakings, and he drank to the hope that James Grant would show up and pay her for his washing. James Grant was a journeyman carpenter who did not always pay his bills and who owed Maria three dollars.

Both Maria and Martin drank the sour, new wine on empty stomachs, and it went swiftly to their heads. Utterly differentiated creatures that they were, they were lonely in their misery, and, though the misery was tacitly ignored, it was the bond that drew them together. Maria was amazed to learn that he had been in the Azores, where she had lived until she was eleven. She was doubly amazed that he had been in the Hawaiian Islands, whither she had migrated from the Azores with her people. But her amazement passed all bounds when he told her he had been on Maui, the particular island whereon she had attained womanhood and married. Kahului, where she had first met her husband—he, Martin, had been there twice! Yes, she remembered the sugar steamers, and he had been on them—well, well, it was a small world. And Wailuku! That place, too! Did he know the head-luna of the plantation? Yes, and had had a couple of drinks with him.

And so they reminiscenced and drowned their hunger in the raw, sour wine. To Martin the future did not seem so dim. Success trembled just before him. He was on the verge of clasping it. Then he studied the deep-lined face of the toil-worn woman before him, remembered her soups and loaves of new baking, and felt spring up in him the warmest gratitude and philanthropy.

"Maria," he exclaimed suddenly. "What would you like to have?"

She looked at him bepuzzled.

"What would you like to have now, right now, if you could get it?"

"Shoe alla da roun' for da childs—seven pairs da shoe."

"You shall have them," he announced, while she nodded her head gravely. "But

I mean a big wish, something big that you want."

Her eyes sparkled good-naturedly. He was choosing to make fun with her, Maria, with whom few made fun these days.

"Think hard," he cautioned, just as she was opening her mouth to speak.

"Alla right," she answered. "I thinka da hard. I lika da house, dis house—all mine, no paya da rent, seven dollar da month."

"You shall have it," he granted, "and in a short time. Now wish the great wish. Make believe I am God, and I say to you anything you want you can have. Then you wish that thing, and I listen."

Maria considered solemnly for a space.

"You no 'fraid?" she asked warningly.

"No, no," he laughed, "I 'm not afraid. Go ahead."

"Most verra big," she warned again.

"All right. Fire away."

"Well, den—" she drew a big breath like a child, as she voiced to the uttermost all she cared to demand of life. "I lika da have one milka ranch—good milka ranch. Plenty cow, plenty land, plenty grass. I lika da have near San Le-an'; my sister liva dere. I sella da milk in Oakland. I maka da plentee mon'. Joe an' Nick no runna da cow. Dey go-a to school. Bimeby maka da good engineer, worka da railroad. Yes, I like da milka ranch."

She paused and regarded Martin with twinkling eyes.

"You shall have it," he answered promptly.

She nodded her head and touched her lips courteously to the wine-glass and to the giver of the gift she knew would never be given. His heart was right, and in her own heart she appreciated his intention as much as if the gift had gone with it.

"No, Maria," he went on; "Nick and Joe wont have to peddle milk, and all the kids can go to school and wear shoes the whole year around. It will be a first-class milk ranch—everything complete. There will be a house to live in and a stable for the horses, and cow-barns of course. There will be chickens, pigs, vegetables, fruit trees and everything like that; and there will be enough cows to pay for a hired man or two. Then you wont have anything to do but take care of the children. For that matter, if you find a good man, you can marry and take it easy while he runs the ranch."

And from such largess, dispensed from his future, Martin turned and took his one good suit of clothes to the pawnshop. His plight was desperate for him to do this, for it cut him off from Ruth. He had no second-best suit that was presentable, and though he could go to the butcher and the baker, and even on occasion to his sister's, it was beyond all daring to dream of entering the Morse home so disreputably appareled.

He toiled on, miserable and well-nigh hopeless. It began to appear to him that the second battle was lost and that he would have to go to work. In doing this he would satisfy everybody—the grocer, his sister, Ruth, and even Maria, to whom he owed a month's room-rent. He was two months behind with his typewriter, and the agency was clamoring for payment or for the return of the machine. In desperation, all but ready to surrender, to make a truce with fate until he could get a fresh start, he took the civil service examinations for the Railway Mail. To his surprise, he passed first. The job was assured, though when the call should come to enter upon his duties nobody knew.

It was at this time, at the lowest ebb, that the smooth-running editorial machine broke down. A cog must have slipped or an oil-cup run dry, for the postman brought him one morning a short thin envelope. Martin glanced at the upper left-hand corner and read the name and address of the *Occidental Magazine*. His heart gave a great leap, and he suddenly felt faint, the sinking feeling accompanied by a strange trembling of the knees. He staggered into his room and sat down on the bed, the envelope still unopened, and in that moment came understanding to him how people suddenly fall dead upon receipt of extraordinary good news.

Of course this was good news. There was no manuscript in that thin envelope,

therefore it was an acceptance. He knew the story in the hands of the *Occidental.* It was "The Ring of Bells," one of his horror stories, and it was an even five thousand words. And, since first-class magazines always paid on acceptance, there was a check inside. Two cents a word—twenty dollars a thousand; the check must be a hundred dollars. One hundred dollars! As he tore the envelope open, every item of all his debts surged in his brain—$3.85 to the grocer, butcher $4.00 flat, baker $2.00, fruit store $5.00; total, $14.85. Then there was room-rent $2.50, another month in advance $2.50; two months' typewriter $8.00; a month in advance $4.00; total $31.85. And finally to be added, his pledges, plus interest, with the pawnbroker—watch $5.50, overcoat $5.50, wheel $7.75, suit of clothes $5.50 (sixty per cent interest but what did it matter?) —grand total $56.10. He saw, as if visible in the air before him, in illuminated figures, the whole sum, and the subtraction that followed and that gave a remainder of $43.90. When he had squared every debt, redeemed every pledge, he would still have jingling in his pockets a princely $43.90. And on top of that he would have a month's rent paid in advance on the typewriter and on the room.

By this time he had drawn the single sheet of typewritten letter out and spread it open. There was no check. He peered into the envelope, held it to the light, but could not trust his eyes, and in trembling haste tore the envelope apart. There was no check. He read the letter, skimming it line by line, dashing through the editor's praise of his story to the meat of the letter, the statement why the check had not been sent. He found no such statement, but he did find that which made him suddenly wilt. The letter slid from his hand. His eyes went lackluster, and he lay back on the pillow, pulling the blanket about him and up to his chin.

Five dollars, for "The Ring of Bells" —five dollars for five thousand words— instead of two cents a word, ten words for a cent. And the editor had praised it, too. And he would receive the check when the story was published. Then it was all poppycock, two cents a word for minimum rate and payment upon acceptance. It was a lie, and it had led him astray. He would never have attempted to write, had he known that. He would have gone to work—to work for Ruth. He went back to the day he first attempted to write, and was appalled at the enormous waste of time—and all for ten words for a cent. And the other high rewards of writers, that he had read about, must be lies, too. His second-hand ideas of authorship were wrong, for here was the proof of it.

Well, he had taken the bait, the newspaper lies about writers and their pay, and he had wasted two years over it. But he would disgorge the bait now. Not another line would he ever write. He would do what Ruth wanted him to do, what everybody wanted him to do—get a job. The thought of going to work reminded him of Joe—Joe, tramping through the land of Nothing-to-do. Martin heaved a great sigh of envy. The reaction of nineteen hours a day for many days was strong upon him. But then, Joe was not in love, had none of the responsibilities of love, and he could afford to loaf through the land of Nothing-to-do. He, Martin, had something to work for, and go to work he would. He would start out early next morning to hunt a job. And he would let Ruth know, too, that he had mended his ways and was willing to go into her father's office.

Five dollars for five thousand words, ten words for a cent the market price for art. The disappointment of it, the lie of it, the infamy of it, were uppermost in his thoughts; and under his closed eyelids, in fiery figures, burned the "$3.85" he owed the grocer. He shivered, and was aware of an aching in his bones. The small of his back ached especially. His head ached, the top of it ached, the back of it ached, the brains inside of it ached and seemed to be swelling, while the ache over his brows was intolerable. And beneath the brows, planted under his lids, was the merciless "$3.85." He opened his eyes to escape it, but the white light of the room seemed to sear the balls

and forced him to close his eyes, when the "$3.85" confronted him again.

Five dollars for five thousand words, ten words for a cent—that particular thought took up its residence in his brain, and he could no more escape it than he could the "$3.85" under his eyelids. A change seemed to come over the latter, and he watched curiously, till "$2.00" burned in its stead. Ah, he thought, that was the baker. The next sum that appeared was "$2.50." It puzzled him, and he pondered it as if life and death hung on the solution. He owed somebody two dollars and a half, that was certain, but who was it? To find it was the task set him by an imperious and malignant universe, and he wandered through the endless corridors of his mind, opening all manner of lumber rooms and chambers stored with odds and ends of memories and knowledge as he vainly sought the answer. After several centuries it came to him, easily, without effort, that it was Maria. With a great relief he turned his soul to the screen of torment under his lids. He had solved the problem; now he could rest. But no, the "$2.50" faded away, and in its place burned "$8.00." Who was that? He must go the dreary round of his mind again and find out.

How long he was gone on this quest he did not know, but after what seemed an enormous lapse of time, he was called back to himself by a knock at the door, and by Maria's asking if he was sick. He replied in a muffled voice he did not recognize, saying that he was merely taking a nap. He was surprised when he noted the darkness of night in the room. He had received the letter at two in the afternoon, and he realized that he was sick.

Then the "$8.00" began to smoulder under his lids again, and he returned himself to servitude. But he grew cunning. There was no need for him to wander through his mind. He had been a fool. He pulled a lever and made his mind revolve about him, a monstrous wheel of fortune, a merry-go-round of memory, a revolving sphere of wisdom. Faster and faster it revolved, until its vortex sucked him in and he was flung whirling through black chaos.

Quite naturally he found himself at a mangle, feeding starched cuffs. But as he fed he noticed figures printed on the cuffs. It was a new way of marking linen, he thought, until, looking closer, he saw "$3.85" on one of the cuffs. Then it came to him that it was the grocer's bill, and that these were his bills flying around on the drum of the mangle. A crafty idea came to him. He would throw the bills on the floor and so escape paying them. No sooner thought than done, and he crumpled the cuffs spitefully as he flung them upon an unusually dirty floor. Ever the heap grew, and though each bill was duplicated a thousand times, he found only one for two dollars and a half, which was what he owed Maria. That meant that Maria would not press for payment, and he resolved generously that it would be the only one he would pay; so he began searching through the cast-out heap for hers. He sought it desperately, for ages, and was still searching when the manager of the hotel entered, the fat Dutchman. His face blazed with wrath, and he shouted in stentorian tones that echoed down the universe: "I shall deduct the cost of those cuffs from your wages!" The pile of cuffs grew into a mountain, and Martin knew that he was doomed to toil for a thousand years to pay for them. Well, there was nothing left to do but kill the manager and burn down the laundry. But the big Dutchman frustrated him, seizing him by the nape of the neck and dancing him up and down. He danced him over the ironing tables, the stove, and the mangles, and out into the wash-room and over the wringer and washer. Martin was danced until his teeth rattled and his head ached, and he marveled that the Dutchman was so strong.

And then he found himself before the mangle, this time receiving the cuffs an editor of a magazine was feeding from the other side. Each cuff was a check, and Martin went over them anxiously, in a fever of expectation, but they were all blanks. He stood there and received the blanks for a million years or so, never letting one go by for fear it might be filled out. At last he found it. With trembling fingers he had held it to the

light. It was for five dollars. "Ha! Ha!" laughed the editor across the mangle. "Well, then I shall kill you," Martin said. He went out into the wash-room to get the axe, and found Joe starching manuscripts. He tried to make him desist, then swung the axe for him. But the weapon remained poised in mid-air, for Martin found himself back in the ironing-room in the midst of a snow storm. No, it was not snow that was falling, but checks of large denomination, the smallest not less than a thousand dollars. He began to collect them and sort them out, in packages of a hundred, tying each package securely with twine.

He looked up from his task and saw Joe standing before him, juggling flat-irons, starched shirts, and manuscripts. Now and again he reached out and added a bundle of checks to the flying miscellany that soared through the roof and out of sight in a tremendous circle. Martin struck at him, but he seized the axe and added it to the flying circle. Then he plucked Martin and added him. Martin went up through the roof, clutching at manuscripts, so that by the time he came down he had a large armful. But no sooner down than up again, and a second and a third time and countless times he flew around the circle. From far off he could hear a childish treble singing: "Waltz me around again, Willie, around, around, around."

He recovered the axe in the midst of the Milky Way of checks, starched shirts and manuscripts, and prepared, when he came down, to kill Joe. But he did not come down. Instead, at two in the morning, Maria, having heard his groans through the thin partition, came into his room, to put hot flat-irons against his body and damp cloths upon his aching eyes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARTIN EDEN did not go out to hunt for a job in the morning. It was late afternoon before he came out of his delirium and gazed with aching eyes about the room. Mary, one of the tribe of Silva, eight years old, keeping watch, raised a screech at sight of his returning consciousness. Maria hurried into the room from the kitchen. She put her work-calloused hand upon his hot forehead and felt his pulse.

"You lika da eat?" she asked.

He shook his head. Eating was farthest from his desire, and he wondered that he should ever have been hungry in his life.

"I 'm sick, Maria," he said weakly. "What is it? Do you know?"

"Grip," she answered. "Two or three days you alla da right. Better you no eat now. Bimeby plenty can eat, tomorrow can eat maybe."

Martin was not used to sickness, and when Maria and her little girl left him, he essayed to get up and dress. By a supreme exertion of will, with reeling brain and eyes that ached so that he could not keep them open, he managed to get out of bed, only to be left stranded by his senses upon the table. Half an hour later he managed to regain the bed, where he was content to lie with closed eyes and analyze his various pains and weaknesses. Maria came in several times to change the cold cloths on his forehead. Otherwise she left him in peace, too wise to vex him with chatter. This moved him to gratitude, and he murmured to himself, "Maria, you getta da malka ranch, all righta, all right."

Then he remembered his long-buried past of yesterday. It seemed a life-time since he had received that letter from the *Occidental,* a life-time since it was all over and done with and a new page turned. He had shot his bolt, and shot it hard, and now he was down on his back. If he had n't starved himself he would n't have been caught by LaGrippe. He had been run down, and he had not had the strength to throw off the germ of disease which had invaded his system. This was what resulted.

"What does it profit a man to write a whole library and lose his own life!" he demanded aloud. "This is no place for me. No more literature in mine. Me for the counting-house and ledger, the monthly salary, and the little home with Ruth."

Two days later, having eaten an egg and two slices of toast and drunk a cup

of tea, he asked for his mail, but found his eyes still hurt too much to permit him to read.

"You read for me, Maria," he said. "Never mind the big, long letters. Throw them under the table. Read me the small letters."

"No can," was the answer, "Teresa, she go to school, she can."

So Teresa Silva, aged nine, opened his letters and read them to him. He listened absently to a long dun from the typewriter people, his mind busy with ways and means of finding a job. Suddenly he was shocked back to himself.

"'We offer you forty dollars for all serial rights in your story,'" Teresa slowly spelled out, "'provided you allow us to make the alterations suggested.'"

"What magazine is that?" Martin shouted. "Here, give it to me."

He could see to read, now, and he was unaware of the pain of the action. It was the *White Mouse* that was offering him forty dollars, and the story was "The Whirlpool," another of his early horror stories. He read the letter through again and again. The editor told him plainly that he had not handled the idea properly, but that it was the idea they were buying because it was original. If they could cut the story down one-third, they would take it and send him forty dollars on receipt of his answer

He called for pen and ink, and told the editor he could cut the story down three-thirds if he wanted to, and to send the forty dollars right along.

The letter dispatched to the letter-box by Teresa, Martin lay back and thought. It was n't a lie after all. The *White Mouse* paid on acceptance. There were three thousand words in "The Whirlpool." Cut down a third, there would be two thousand. At forty dollars that would be two cents a word. Pay on acceptance and two cents a word—the newspapers had told the truth. And he had thought the *White Mouse* a third-rater! It was evident that he did not know the magazines. He had deemed the *Occidental* a first-rater, and it paid a cent for ten words. He had classed the *White Mouse* as of no account, and it paid twenty times as much as the *Occidental,* and, also, it paid on acceptance.

Well, there was one thing certain: when he got well he would not go out looking for a job. There were more stories in his head as good as "The Whirlpool," and at forty dollars apiece he could earn far more than in any job or position. Just when he thought the battle lost, it was won. He had proved for his career. The way was clear. Beginning with the *White Mouse,* he would add magazine after magazine to his growing list of patrons. Hack-work could be put aside. For that matter, it had been wasted time, for it had not brought him a dollar. He would devote himself to work, good work, and he would pour out the best that was in him. He wished Ruth was there to share in his joy, and when he went over the letters left lying on his bed he found one from her. It was sweetly reproachful, wondering what had kept him away for so dreadful a length of time. He re-read the letter adoringly, dwelling over her handwriting, loving each stroke of her pen, and in the end kissing her signature.

And when he answered, he told her recklessly that he had not been to see her because his best clothes were in pawn. He told her that he had been sick but was once more nearly well, and that inside ten days or two weeks, (as soon as a letter could travel to New York City and return), he would redeem his clothes and be with her.

But Ruth did not care to wait ten days or two weeks. Besides, her lover was sick. The next afternoon, accompanied by Arthur, she arrived in the Morse carriage, to the unqualified delight of the Silva tribe and of all the urchins on the street, and to the consternation of Maria. She boxed the ears of the Silvas who crowded about the visitors on the tiny front porch, and in more than usual atrocious English tried to apologize for her appearance. Sleeves rolled up from soap-flecked arms and a wet gunny-sack around her waist told of the task at which she had been caught. So flustered was she by two such grand young people asking for her lodger, that she forgot to invite them to sit down in the

little parlor. To enter Martin's room, they passed through the kitchen, warm and moist and steamy from the big washing in progress. Maria, in her excitement, jammed the bedroom and bedroom-closet doors together, and for five minutes, through the partly open door, clouds of steam, smelling of soapsuds and dirt, poured into the sick chamber.

Ruth succeeded in veering right and left and right again, and in running the narrow passage between table and bed to Martin's side; but Arthur veered too wide and fetched up with clatter and bang of pots and pans in the corner where Martin did his cooking. Arthur did not linger long. Ruth occupied the only chair, and having done his duty he went outside and stood by the gate, the center of seven marveling Silvas, who watched him as they would have watched a curiosity in a side-show. All about the carriage were gathered the children from a dozen blocks, waiting and eager for some tragic and terrible denouement. Carriages were seen on their street only for weddings and funerals; here was neither marriage nor death, therefore, it was something transcending experience and well worth waiting for.

Martin had been wild to see Ruth. His was essentially a love-nature, and he possessed more than the average man's need for sympathy. He was starving for sympathy, which, with him, meant intelligent understanding; and he had yet to learn that Ruth's sympathy was largely sentimental and tactful, and that it proceeded from gentleness of nature rather than from understanding of the objects of her sympathy. So it was while Martin held her hand and gladly talked, that her love for him prompted her to press his hand in return, and that her eyes were moist and luminous at sight of his helplessness and of the marks suffering had stamped upon his face.

But while he told her of his two acceptances, of his despair when he received the one from the *Occidental* and of the corresponding delight with which he received the one from the *White Mouse,* she did not follow him. She heard the words he uttered and understood their literal import, but she was not with him in his despair and his delight. She could not get out of herself. She was not interested in selling stories to magazines. What was important to her was matrimony. She was not aware of it, however, any more than she was aware that her desire that Martin take a position was the instinctive and preparative impulse of motherhood. She would have blushed had she been told as much in plain, set terms, and, next, she might have grown indignant and asserted that her sole interest lay in the man she loved and her desire for him to make the best of himself. So, while Martin poured out his heart to her, elated with the first success his chosen work in the world had received, she paid heed to his bare words only, gazing now and again about the room, shocked by what she saw.

For the first time Ruth gazed upon the sordid face of poverty. Starving lovers had always seemed romantic to her, but she had had no idea how starving lovers lived. She had never dreamed it could be like this. Ever her gaze shifted from the room to him and back again. The steamy smell of dirty clothes, which had entered with her from the kitchen, was sickening. Martin must be soaked with it, Ruth concluded, if that awful woman washed frequently. Such was the contagiousness of degradation. When she looked at Martin, she seemed to see the smirch left upon him by his surroundings. She had never seen him unshaven, and the three days' growth of beard on his face was repulsive to her. Not alone did it give him the same dark and murky aspect of the Silva house, inside and out, but it seemed to emphasize that animal-like strength of his which she detested. And here he was, being confirmed in his madness by the two acceptances he took such pride in telling her about. A little longer and he would have surrendered and gone to work. Now he would continue on in this horrible house, writing and starving for a few more months.

"What is that smell?" she asked suddenly.

"Some of Maria's washing-smells, I imagine," was the answer.

"No, no; not that. It is something else. A stale, sickish smell."

Martin sampled the air before replying.

"I can't smell anything else, except stale tobacco smoke," he announced.

"That's it. It is terrible. Why do you smoke so much, Martin?"

"I dont know, except that I smoke more than usual when I am lonely. And then, too, it's such a long-standing habit. I learned when I was only a youngster."

"It is not a nice habit, you know," she reproved. "It smells to heaven."

"That's the fault of the tobacco. I can afford only the cheapest. But wait until I get that forty-dollar check. I'll use a brand that it not offensive even to the angels. But that was n't so bad, was it, two acceptances in three days! That forty-five dollars will pay about all my debts."

"For two years' work?" she queried.

"No, for less than a week's work. Please pass me that book over on the far corner of the table, the account book with the gray cover." He opened it and began turning over the pages rapidly. "Yes, I was right. Four days for 'The Ring of Bells,' two days for 'The Whirlpool.' That's forty-five dollars for a week's work, one hundred and eighty dollars a month. That beats any salary I can command. And, besides, I'm just beginning. A thousand dollars a month is not too much to buy for you all I want you to have. A salary of five hundred a month would be too small. That forty-five dollars is just a starter. Wait till I get my stride. Then watch my smoke."

Ruth misunderstood his slang, and reverted to cigarettes.

"You smoke more than enough as it is, and the brand of tobacco will make no difference. It is the smoking itself that is not nice, no matter what the brand may be. You are a chimney, a living volcano, a perambulating smokestack, and you are a perfect disgrace, Martin dear, you know you are."

She leaned toward him, entreaty in her eyes, and as he looked at her delicate face and into her pure, limpid eyes, as of old he was struck with his own unworthiness.

"I wish you would n't smoke any more," she whispered. "Please, for—my sake!"

"All right, I wont," he cried. "I'll do anything you ask, dear love, anything, you know that."

A great temptation assailed her. In an insistent way she had caught glimpses of the large, easy-going side of his nature, and she felt sure, if she asked him to cease attempting to write, that he would grant her wish. In the swift instant that elapsed, the words trembled on her lips. But she did not utter them. She was not quite brave enough, she did not quite dare. Instead, she leaned toward him to meet him, and in his arms murmured:

"You know, it is really not for my sake, Martin, but for your own. I am sure smoking hurts you; and besides, it is not good to be a slave to anything, to a drug least of all."

"I shall always be your slave," he smiled.

"In which case, I shall begin issuing my commands."

She looked at him mischievously, though deep down she was already regretting that she had not preferred her largest request.

"I live but to obey, your majesty."

"Well, then, my first commandment is: Thou shalt not omit to shave every day. Look how you have scratched my cheek."

And so it ended in caresses and love-laughter. But she had made one point and she could not expect to make more than one at a time. She felt a woman's pride in that she had made him stop smoking. Another time she would persuade him to take a position, for had he not said he would do anything she asked?

She left his side to explore the room, examining the clothes-lines of notes overhead, learning the mystery of the tackle used for suspending his wheel under the ceiling, and being saddened by the heap of manuscripts under the table which represented to her just so much

wasted time. The oil-stove won her admiration, but on investigating the food-shelves she found them empty.

"Why, you have n't anything to eat, you poor dear," she said with tender compassion. "You must be starving."

"I store my food in Maria's safe and in her pantry," he lied. "It keeps better there. No danger of my starving. Look at that."

She had come back to his side, and she saw him double his arm at the elbow, the biceps crawling under his shirt-sleeve and swelling into a knot of muscle, heavy and hard. The sight repelled her. Sentimentally, she disliked it. But her pulse, her blood, every fiber of her, loved it and yearned for it, and, in the old inexplicable way, she leaned toward him, not away from him. And in the moment that followed, when he crushed her in his arms, the brain of her, concerned with the superficial aspects of life, was in revolt, while the heart of her, the woman of her, concerned with life itself, exulted triumphantly. It was in moments like this that she felt to the uttermost the greatness of her love for Martin, for it was almost a swoon of delight to her to feel his strong arms about her, holding her tightly, hurting her with the grip of their fervor. At such moments she found justification for her treason to her standards, for her violation of her own high ideals, and, most of all, for her tacit disobedience to her mother and father. They did not want her to marry this man. It shocked them that she should love him. It shocked her, too, sometimes, when she was apart from him, a cool and reasoning creature. With him, she loved him—in truth, at times a vexed and worried love; but love it was, a love that was stronger than she.

"This LaGrippe is nothing," he was saying. "It hurts a bit, and gives one a nasty headache, but it does n't compare with break-bone fever."

"Have you had that, too?" she queried absently, intent on the heaven-sent justification she was finding in his arms.

And so, with absent queries, she led him on, till suddenly his words startled her.

He had had the fever in a secret colony of thirty lepers on one of the Hawaiian Islands.

"But why did you go there!" she demanded.

Such royal carelessness of body seemed criminal.

"Because I did n't know," he answered. "I never dreamed of lepers. When I deserted the schooner and landed on the beach, I headed inland for some place of hiding. For three days I lived off guavas, *chia*-apples and bananas, all of which grew wild in the jungle. On the fourth day I found the trail—a mere foot-trail. It led inland, and it led up. It was the way I wanted to go, and it showed signs of recent travel. At one place it ran along the crest of a ridge that was no more than a knife-edge. The trail was n't three feet wide on the crest; and on either side the ridge fell away in precipices hundreds of feet deep. One man, with plenty of ammunition could have held it against a hundred thousand.

It was the only way in to the hiding place. Three hours after I found the trail I was there, in a little mountain valley, a pocket in the midst of lava peaks. The whole place was terraced for taro-patches, fruit trees grew there, and there were eight or ten grass huts. But as soon as I saw the inhabitants I knew what I 'd struck. One sight of them was enough."

"What did you do?" Ruth demanded breathlessly, listening, like any Desdemona, appalled and fascinated.

"Nothing for me to do. Their leader was a kind old fellow, pretty far gone, but he ruled like a king. He had discovered the little valley and founded the settlement—all of which was against the law. But he had guns, plenty of ammunition, and those Kanakas, trained to the shooting of wild cattle and wild pig, were dead shots. No, there was n't any running away for Martin Eden. He stayed—for three months."

"But how did you escape?"

"He 'd have been there yet, if it had n't been for a girl there, a half-Chinese, quarter-white, and quarter-Hawaiian. She was a beauty, poor thing, and well educated. Her mother, in Honolulu,

was worth a million or so. Well, this girl got me away at last. Her mother financed the settlement, you see, so the girl was n't afraid of being punished for letting me go. But she made me swear, first, never to reveal the hiding-place; and I never have. This is the first time I have even mentioned it. The girl just had the first signs of leprosy. The fingers of her right hand were slightly twisted, and there was a small spot on her arm. That was all. I guess she is dead, now."

"But were n't you frightened? And were n't you glad to get away without catching that dreadful disease?"

"Well," he confessed, "I was a bit shivery at first; but I got used to it. I used to feel sorry for that poor girl, though. That made me forget to be afraid. She was such a beauty, in spirit as well as in appearance, and she was only slightly touched; yet she was doomed to lie there, living the life of a primitive savage and rotting slowly away. Leprosy is far more terrible than you can imagine it."

"Poor thing," Ruth murmured softly. "It 's a wonder she let you get away."

"How do you mean?" Martin asked unwittingly.

"Because she must have loved you," Ruth said, still softly. "Candidly, now, did n't she?"

Martin's sunburn had been bleached by his work in the laundry and by the indoor life he was living, while the hunger and the sickness had made his face even pale; and across this pallor flowed the slow wave of a blush. He was opening his mouth to speak, but Ruth shut him off.

"Never mind, dont answer, it 's not necessary," she laughed.

But it seemed to him there was something metallic in her laughter, and that the light in her eyes was cold. On the spur of the moment it reminded him of a gale he had once experienced in the North Pacific. And for the moment the apparition of the gale rose before his eyes—a gale at night, with a clear sky and under a full moon, the huge seas glinting coldly in the moonlight. Next, he saw the girl in the leper refuge and remembered it was for love of him that she had let him go.

"She was noble," he said simply. "She gave me life."

That was all of the incident, but he heard Ruth muffle a dry sob in her throat, and noticed that she turned her face away to gaze out of the window. When she turned it back to him it was composed and there was no hint of the gale in her eyes.

"I 'm such a silly," she said plaintively. "But I can 't help it. I do so love you, Martin, I do, I do. I shall grow more catholic in time, but at present I can 't help being jealous of those ghosts of the past, and you know your past is full of ghosts.

"It must be," she silenced his protest. "It could not be otherwise. And there 's poor Arthur motioning me to come. He 's tired waiting. And now good bye, dear.

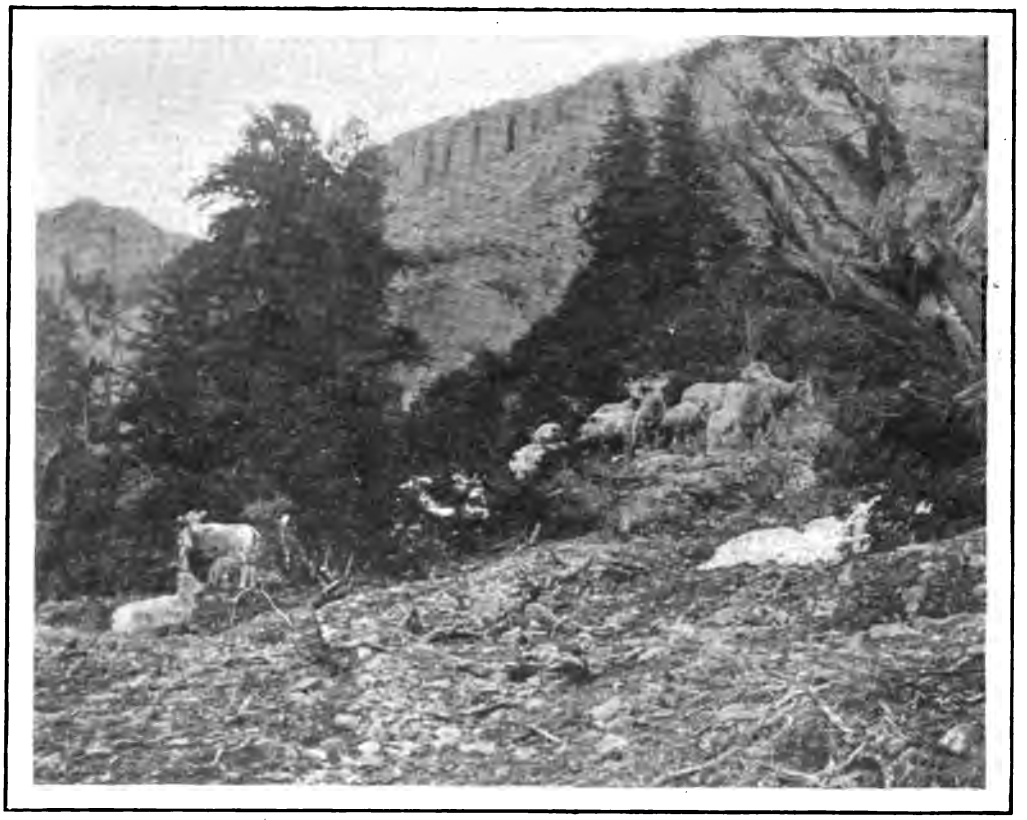
"There 's some kind of a mixture, put up by the druggists, that helps men to stop the use of tobacco," she called back from the door, "and I am going to send you some."

The door closed, but opened again.

"I do, I do," she whispered to him; and this time she was really gone.

Maria, with worshipful eyes that none the less were keen to note the texture of Ruth's garments and the cut of them (a cut unknown that produced an effect mysteriously beautiful), saw her to the carriage. The crowd of disappointed urchins stared till the carriage disappeared from view, then transferred their stare to Maria, who had abruptly become the most important person on the street. But it was one of her progeny who blasted Maria's reputation by announcing that the grand visitors had been for her lodger. After that Maria dropped back into her old obscurity and Martin began to notice the respectful manner in which he was regarded by the small fry of the neighborhood. As for Maria, Martin rose in her estimation a full hundred percent, and had the Portuguese grocer witnessed that afternoon carriage-call he would have allowed Martin an additional three-dollars-and-eighty-five-cents' worth of credit.

(To be continued.)



"CAUGHT BY SURPRISE"; A PORTION OF THE YELLOWSTONE PARK HERD OF MOUNTAIN SHEEP

The Mountain Sheep in North America

By Lewis R. Freeman

PATIENCE and perseverance are prime essentials in the make-up of every man who goes out for big game, and he who would successfully hunt the mountain sheep should possess more than the ordinary endowment of these characteristics. Unlike some other animals, sheep cannot be hunted by rule o' thumb. Rules for sheep hunting are usually true only in the exceptions, and the only one really worth bearing in mind is to "always expect the unexpected."

"Prepare to climb if you go for sheep in the Cocopahs, and dont expect to find any under three thousand feet."

Thus cautioned my friends in Yuma when I first went off down the Colorado for a fortnight's hunt in Lower California, and the only sheep I secured this trip was shot at the edge of a plain and at an elevation, or rather a depression, of a hundred feet below sea level.

"No use looking for sheep at the lower water-hole after last night's cloudburst in the upper mountains," said the Mexican guide who had taken me down to Mount San Pedro on another occasion, and an hour later—gunless—I was crowded into that very water-hole by a

big ram whose only line of flight chanced to lie by a foot-wide ledge along which I was gingerly picking my way.

"Send the Indian boys down the wind and let them drive the animals to us," we ordered our half-breed guide when he reported a fine bunch of *Ovis Dalli* a half-mile above on a spur of the Takina range in Southern Alaska, and after we had shivered for two hours in the noon-day on that sun-baked stretch of white alkali which constitutes the portion of the Colorado desert lying across the international boundary line, and south of the new California irrigation colony of Imperial. The sky was a dome of hammered brass, inverted over a floor of gleaming zinc—the plain. The wheels of the camp-wagon moved noiselessly over the yielding alkali and no sound



MOUNTAIN-SHEEP HUNTER'S PACK OUTFIT IN THE SELKIRK MOUNTAINS, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

shadowed river-bottom, the sheep went charging off up the wind, so that the half-grown Chilkat boys, meeting them in a narrow defile, shot two point-blank, and brought down a third with butts of their old Springfields.

The spot where I shot my "submarine" sheep, as was dubbed the fine specimen I have alluded to as having been secured below sea-level, first appeared to me in a mirage. It was a scorching broke the stillness save the monotonous creak of the springs and the occasional clank of a trace-chain.

Gradually out of the steel-gray glow of the air that marked the place where sky and plain merged into a misty blur, a shimmering lake of crystal water began to form, the wavelets of whose further side lapped against a beach of black sand lying in the right-angled embrasure of a towering golden cliff, the latter



STIFF CLIMBING IN THE COCOPAHS.

standing out so clear and distinct as to seem almost to float just before the eye. The water and cliff had been tantalizingly receding before us for perhaps an hour; when down to one side of the lake came walking three full-grown mountain sheep—one ram and two ewes. Right off into the water they marched without pausing, the glittering surface of the lake gradually closing over them without splash or ripple.

After an interval of a minute or two the big back-curving horns of the ram appeared, bobbed along the surface of the lake for a hundred yards as if detached, to be finally followed by the shoulders and body of their owner. A moment later the ewes came into view, and all three trotted out onto the beach and disappeared in a depression at the apex of the great right-angled cliff.

Later, returning from two weeks of fruitless climbing in the parched Cocopahs, we chanced upon the same distinctive cliff observed in the mirage, camped at the water-hole deep back in the angle of its overhang, and the following morning shot a fine young ram that was coming down at sun-up for an early drink. This instance, and that of another animal brought down by a prospector on the floor of Death Valley, California, is the only one I have knowledge of in which a mountain sheep has been shot below sea level. The phenomenon of the animals' appearing to walk through the water was undoubtedly caused by the not uncommon combination of a true mirage and a lake effect, due only to the agitation of the waves of heated air.

Mountain sheep have, and probably still do, exist in all of the Rocky Mountain and Pacific States, but only in Colorado, Wyoming and Montana are



A FREAK FROM MONTANA



"MONONZA," GUIDE FOR SHEEP HUNTERS.



A CANADIAN HEAD.

they plentiful enough to justify one in hunting them. At present there is a closed season the year round in Colorado, but in Montana and Wyoming they may be shot during two months in the fall, only one sheep, however, being allowed to a man. Cody is the best point to outfit and secure guides in Wyoming, and Missoula or Kalispel, in Montana.

Comparative freedom from attack by wolves as well as human hunters has made the sheep of the remote desert region of the extreme southwest rather tame. In regions where wolves abound, however, mountain sheep seldom venture from the near vicinity of steep cliffs.

Eight years ago sheep were plentiful in the Tetons of Wyoming and the adjacent mountains, and it was on one of the lesser Tetons that I had the unusual experience of being presented with a shot, firing, and shooting a sheep which I did not get, yet ultimately getting a sheep which I did not shoot. Accompanied only by a guide, I had just picked my way up the side of a steep-walled valley to a table-land upon which, according to word brought us the night before, fresh sheep tracks had been recently noted. We reached the *mesa* at a point where, in shadow ourselves, we could watch a great slash of sunlight cutting through a gap in the eastern ridge, descending like a wedge of gold into the semi-darkness of the lower valley. As the tip of the wedge of light touched a jutting point on the *mesa's* outermost rim is revealed, with startling suddenness, a well-grown young ram standing sharply in relief against the blur of blue mist that filled the valley. I shot as I sat, resting my rifle across my knee, and as the distance was under a hundred yards, could hardly have missed by many inches the shoulder at which I aimed. The young ram toppled forward over the brink of the cliff and, simultaneously, another animal leapt after him from the shadow, while a number of others scampered back out of sight into a rocky gully which cut the *mesa* at that point.

We descended to the bridle trail, two hundred feet below the cliff, to find, lying on its outer edge, not the animal I had shot, but a much larger ram with a shattered but still magnificent pair of horns. The wounded sheep had evidently struck a projection of the cliff in its descent, which deflected it sufficiently to clear the trail and bound on into the rushing mountain torrent which

foamed along the valley-wall immediately below. The unwounded ram, leaping out from the brow of the cliff, had fallen straight to the bridle trail and been instantly killed.

I do not believe for a moment that the leap of either of these animals was in any wise deliberate, yet I have so often seen sheep proceed unscathed from plunges of ten, fifteen and even twenty feet, that I do not doubt that, *in extremis*, one might take his chances from much greater altitudes. Several Rocky Mountain guides I have known have been most vehement in asserting their belief that the Big Horn, unwounded, never essays a leap greater than would be risked by a deer in similar condition. Others, also, one meets whose tales of the jumps they claim to have witnessed are so extravagant as to eliminate all possibility of belief. In my own experience I have witnessed few unusual leaps by sheep in either the United States or Mexico, but in Northwest Territory, Canada, and in Northern British Columbia, near the Alaska line, on practically every one of perhaps three-score occasions I was present when a bunch of sheep was fired into, the undisabled members took cliffs and abrupt snow and ice banks of considerable height, apparently regardless of what lay beneath, and almost invariably without injury.

I recall but one instance of a flock of sheep balking at a leap, and yet of but one instance of serious miscalculation. In the former case the flying animals, a dozen or more in number, wheeled with the precision of a company of cavalry on the brink of a thirty-foot bank of a rock-floored gully, skirted the break for a hundred yards, to finally go plunging over where there was the remnant of a winter's snow-slide to land upon. This action may have been a coincidence, but it had all the ear-marks of a lightning piece of judgment.

The other instance was that of a large bunch of sheep which charged over a ten-foot bank of the swift-flowing Kleehena River, in Southern Alaska, broke through the honey-combed ice and snow that bridged the tumultuous torrent, suffering a considerable loss of its members as a result. The game struggle of the



BIG HORN SHOT IN THE HORNADAY DISTRICT, WESTERN CANADA.



"THROWING THE DIAMOND HITCH"; HUNTERS IN SOUTHERN ALASKA.

old patriarch of the flock on this occasion was one of the finest things I have ever witnessed. The first to leap, his unfortunate old body, half buried in the yielding snow, had received the impact of more than a few of the flying hoofs and horns that followed, and for four or five long minutes after the last of his mates had either floundered safely through to the further bank, or had gone down into the surging stream. he lay, stunned and bleeding, on a slender peninsula of firm snow which jutted out over the angry current. As the sound of the hoof-beats of our horses sharply reined up on the frozen gravel of the bank, reached him, he pulled himself together and at almost the first flounder broke through his precarious footing and then went whirling down the raging stream.

At the lower end of the cave-in his high-flung horns caught against the rim of soft ice and gave him a brief, but what we felt sure was only a temporary respite from the fate of his fellows. But we under-rated the mettle of the brave old veteran, for even while his sturdy hind quarters drew down in the grip of the powerful undercurrent, one sharp fore-hoof, and then the other, gained hold on the trembling crust, and his splendid body was almost lifted into safety before the sagging mass again gave way and left him struggling in the water. Twice, and then yet once again, was this same plucky maneuver repeated, but only to end each time in the same heart-breaking failure. Every shred of muscle,



SHEEP IN CODY DISTRICT OF WYOMING.

every ounce of bone, every fiber of nerve seemed strained to its last limit of endeavor in his final effort, and when once more the soggy ice gave way it seemed that the river, after all, was to be the victor.

And such, no doubt, would have been the end had not the last cave-in carried the resolute animal to a barely submerged bar of shingle, from which, rallying his seemingly unexhaustible supply of strength, he gathered himself and leapt cleanly to a solid stretch of crust, to disappear a few moments later down the wake of his surviving family.

The poor judgment which was responsible for this accident was due entirely to the fright of the animals, and it is not likely sheep often get into similar difficulties under normal conditions. Several instances are on record of the horns of rams becoming entangled in fighting, resulting in the death of both combatants, and the theory is advanced that the horns of those shown in the accompanying illustration were wedged into the crotch of the scrub pine tree while the animals were engaged in a butting match. It is more probable, however, that some wandering Crows or Blackfeet, half a century or so back, stuck up in the young tree the horns of the sheep they had killed, forming the groundwork of one of the most unusual freak specimens I have ever seen. This curio is in the possession of a taxidermist in Livingston, Montana, and



YOUNG RAM SHOT NEAR THE SUMMER SNOW LINE, ALASKA.



CANADIAN MOUNTAIN SHEEP RESTING.



CHILKAT INDIAN HUNTER DRAGGING SLAIN SHEEP.



"ON GUARD"; COLLIES WATCHING BODY OF DEAD RAM WHILE THE REST OF THE FLOCK IS PURSUED.

was found originally in the Bitter Root Mountains.

The result of what is, perhaps, the greatest tragedy that ever befell a flock of mountain sheep I was privileged to see in Yukon territory one day, in the summer of 1899. In the little Indian village of Neskataheen, commonly known as Dalton's Post, I had remarked upon the great number of sheep-horn spoons and ladles in use among the people, to be told by the Northwest Mounted Police sergeant, in command at that point, that they came mostly from a branch of the tribe living a hundred miles further into the interior, and that the latter claimed to obtain the material for them by digging it out of the earth, as the white men dug gold.

Such truth as there was in this story I verified a month later during a visit to the Hoo-chi tribe in question, its village chancing to lie directly upon the Dalton Trail over which I was traveling.

Many years ago, the Indians said, sheep were as plentiful in their country as are the cariboo today in the tundra plains to the north, and one day a flock of them, numbering many hundreds, was caught by a huge slide of snow and gravel which the jar of its passing must have precipitated from the mountainside. This slide occurred above the timber-line at an altitude of about 4,000 feet, where, on account of its northerly exposure and the comparatively short duration of the warm weather, it had suffered practically no diminution by melting. The snow has long since turned to the hardness of ice, and the gravel, even in summer, is rarely thawed to a depth of more than two or three



A CHAIR OF HORNS FROM THE MEXICAN DISTRICT; OWNED BY A YUMA GUIDE.

feet. As a consequence, the slide has acted as a great refrigerator, and even to this day the meat of a newly excavated animal is considered a great delicacy in the village. The flesh of sheep which have been imbedded in pure snow may be really good, but that thrown out by the several blasts we set off in the gravel was almost black in color and had a most disagreeable odor.

The date of this slide we were unable to even approximate, though the fact that none of the oldest men of the village professed to remember when it was not there, would lead one to believe that it occurred at least seventy-five years ago; that it does not date back twice or thrice that period I can see no valid reason to prove.

This Southern Alaska-British Columbia-Northwest Territory country adjacent to the Dalton Trail, is still the finest sheep-hunting country of North America; for while the animal is no less wary and difficult of approach than in more southerly latitudes, the species is far more numerous and the possibilities of success proportionately greater. Outfitting should be looked to in Seattle, from where steamer may be taken to Haines, near the head of Lynn Canal, three to four days to the northward. Horses may be hired at Haines, while competent guides, speaking enough English for practical purposes, may be secured all along the trail for four dollars a day. For hunting in the coast range, preference should be given to Chilkat guides, hired in Haines or Klukwan; in the interior Stick Indians, native to the section to be hunted over, should have the call. Sheep may be encountered in crossing Chilkat Pass, fifty miles from the coast, and from that point on for two hundred miles the mountains on either side of the trail are good hunting grounds.

For hunting the *Ovis Stonei,* the grey-white mountain sheep, Seattle should be the outfitting point and Fort Wrangel, near the mouth of the Stikeen River, the point of departure for the interior. Boats for the up-river trip may be hired at Wrangel, while guides had best be picked up locally.

As a sheep-hunting country the peninsula of Lower California has the advantages of accessibility, lenience of laws, and a comparative plentitude of game. Sheep are found both in the Cocopahs, near the point of confluence of the Colorado River and the Gulf of California, and in the lofty range which forms the back-bone of the peninsula. Yuma, Arizona, makes a convenient outfitting point, and the two days' float down the lower Colorado River is in itself well worth while. For the Cocopahs, headquarters should be established in one of the cattle ranches on the delta, but for the interior a pack train and camping outfit will be necessary. Indian guides may be had for a dollar a day, and these will be found quite reliable as to trails and water-holes—the main considerations in a desert country. Good sheep country in the main range may be reached from the coast side by taking boat from San Diego to Ensenada, and making the latter city the outfitting and departure point.

One of the most unusual and amusing of my sheep-hunting experiences occurred in connection with an expedition to the great peak of San Pedro, situated about a third of the way down the Lower California peninsula, and as the incident involved a moment of actual physical contact with what I believe was one of the largest specimens of mountain sheep that ever lived, a brief account of it may be worth recording.

Starting from Bruce's Camp, near the mouth of the Colorado, for a week we traversed every kind of land from the rich river delta, sparkling in velvet verdancy, to arid plains of alkali, where the hollow trail of our pack train, stretching away to the northern horizon, would gradually grow into a bas relief as the wind blew away the unpacked earth around the tracks. We crossed flint-paved cloudburst moraines, where the horses' hoofs wore to the quick, to zig-zag down cut-banks into sinks where the place for every step had to be prodded with a pole. And always the withering heat of the sun at mid-day and the biting coldness of the air at the end of the night; and in all the way never a tree

for shade, never a spring for drink, and never a sign of life to relieve the monotony. Not even did we have a trail for guidance, our course being steered like that of a ship at sea, by compass bearing of star and headland.

The second day we sighted the pinnacle of lofty San Pedro, and from then on shaped our course over plain and pass by the bit its steadily growing bulk made against the deep blue of the southern sky. The seventh day, with all the horses' water gone and only a few swallows apiece left for ourselves, we traveled long into the night in the hope of reaching our destination and avoiding the pitiless grilling that a waterless day would render inevitable under the scorching sun. But soon after the wisp of a new moon wriggled down behind a shoulder of the now towering mass of San Pedro we were compelled to camp through loss of bearings. The next morning we were afoot at daybreak and topping the first rise found we were practically at our journey's end.

The sun, a disk of glowing copper, was just emerging from the shimmering mirror of the Gulf, the placid surface of which stretched away beyond eye-scope to the eastern horizon. The level rays, cutting through the clear air, struck upon each cliff and seam of the mighty San Pedro like the beams of a thousand searchlights. Every gully, every ravine, every cañon was sun-scarched to the last pebble on the aching line of its waterless bottom. All save one: this, a sinister line of heavy black, murky and bottomless to the eye, clave the mountain from its base upwards, to be finally lost in a tumble of boulders on a lofty *mesa*. From the lower end of this forbidding seam, leapt a stream of clear water, a brocade of white silk studded with opals and diamonds, to be dissolved in spray before it reached a rockbound pool that glimmered in lucent green through the brighter verdure of a grove of spreading cottonwoods and nodding fan-palms. A hundred-yard straggle of dewy grass, a fugitive gleam of water between brown rocks, and the desert, as parched as that we had been travesing all the week, resumed its sway.

The prime object of this trip was to look over some borax deposits in the vicinity, which done, there was still a few days left for hunting. The evening before we were planning to set out, there was a heavy cloudburst high up on the mountain, which fact led our head packer to advise against visiting the lower water-holes. It was for this reason that I was unarmed when I set out alone to explore the great black crack—the source of our water supply.

At the outset my interest was stirred by the discovery of three sets of tracks in the moist sand near the foot of the falls, the largest of which, while like those of a sheep in form, in size seemed more like those of a cow. Up a well-defined path to the top of the falls wound the tracks, and then on up the smooth bottom into the murky blackness of the sinister hole, only an occasional grass-stain or hoof-scratch on the rock giving evidence that living creature had passed. Overhead the opposite walls of the chasm overlapped in places and occasional glimpses of the broken ribbon of the sky showed only patches of purple-black, studded here and there with sparkling little dots—the stars. The glare of the desert day had sunk to the subdued light of an old cathedral, and the roar of the stream, swelling constantly as I proceeded, seemed to have become a palpable substance rather than a mere sound. Soon I was conscious of the tingle of drifting spray on my face, and, rounding a turn, came upon a steep cascade which came tumbling down from a subterranean source somewhere deep in the bowels of the mountain. The great crack bent sharply to the left and ran on with its bottom as smooth and dry as the surface of the sun-baked rocks on the desert.

But where before both walls of the uncanny gorge were of black basalt, one —the left—was now formed of a lofty ledge of pure white, crystalline quartz, which, acting as a reflector for the few plummets of light that sounded to such a depth, made the sepulchral effect far less pronounced than in the lower chasm. Impelled almost against my will, I fared on up the weird gorge, constantly mar-

veling at the grotesque effects in light and shade wrought by its sharply contrasted walls. For perhaps a quarter of a mile it ran thus and then, in one of the strangest corners imaginable, bent again at a right angle and zigzagged along in its original direction up the mountain. I will describe this place as I saw it at my leisure some days later, the rapid sequence of events of the ten minutes immediately following my discovery of it having made it impossible for me to give much intelligent attention to detail at that particular time.

When the disturbances occurred which opened up the great crack in the lofty old mountain, the rift evidently ran down until it encountered the quartz vein, and then ran along and around the latter as a crack in a board runs around a knot-hole. The subterranean water-flow was probably tapped at at the same time. Just as the crack reached the gleaming quartz wall its bottom fell away abruptly for a hundred feet or more, forming, when there was a cloudburst immediately above, a waterfall whose stream was precipitated out against the ledge and into the pool below.



SHOT IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

The impetuous stream from a cloudburst is usually composed of about equal parts of sand and water, and centuries of grinding at the elbow in question had gouged out a well of great depth at the foot of the fall, partly worn out of the diamond-hard quartz and partly scoured out of the volcanic rock of the mountain. Around the right side of this well, worn by aeons of use into the sloping rock, ran a narrow path along which one might, with care, pick his way to a broad shelf of flinty obsidian on the opposite side.

The wall behind the shelf was plainly the head of navigation for everything but birds, but urged on by curiosity I began to edge cautiously along the faint depression that led around the pit. It was ticklish work, and my eyes were too busy looking out for my feet, to wander far afield after details. Suddenly a snort like a bursting bomb ripped out in the half darkness ahead, and before I could retreat I was dealt a pile-driving blow across the thighs that sent me spinning down into the pool. My legs were almost paralyzed from the blow, various sections suffered as I ricochetted into the depths, while the broadside slap I got from the water would have been ample cause for complaint under ordinary circumstances; but all this was nothing to the fact that the whole surface of the pool was shortly alive with hoofs and horns and woolly backs, and the air aquiver with bleatings, snortings and splashings, which, increased an hundredfold by the ringing echoes of the grewsome cavern, made a bedlam which completely beggars description.

It appears that I had stumbled upon my sheep at a moment when the strangeness of my surroundings had driven every thought of them from my mind. The shelf was a day rendezvous for the considerable flock under the suzerainty of the big ram, and in true mountain-sheep fashion they had stood motionless during my approach in the hope that I might overlook them and turn back. When they did start, it was with the rush of a theatre-fire crowd and the narrow

passage was not sufficient to accommodate the crush. The giant leader himself had been responsible for my downfall, but the impact had also thrown his own dead-center out of true and we had gone down together. For some little time afterwards he experienced the inconvenience of fifty pounds of horns on the top of a head that instinct undoubtedly told him it was vitally necessary to keep above water.

I have no idea how many of the flock got away without falling in, but the pool itself was like a free plunge for the poor on an August afternoon. There must have been a dozen in all—mostly ewes—and each was trying to keep up by climbing up over another. It was probably my imagination that led me to think at the time that the company showed favoritism in selecting my own much-abused body for a life-preserver, but it is certain that I had a very lively struggle of it for five minutes. At the end of that time—or it may have been only half or a quarter as long a period—an active young ewe found the way out at the lower end of the pool, to be followed almost immediately by the rest of the flock. I crawled out last and, limping painfully along in the rear, reached the lower chasm just in time to catch the echoes of the fusilades with which the appearance of the second detachment of sheep were greeted from the camp. Several sizable animals fell as a result of some very excellent shooting that was done on this occasion, but never again did any of the party get so much as another glimpse of what we all agreed was the largest mountain sheep we had ever seen or heard of.



WHITE MOUNTAIN SHEEP;CHILKAT RANGE, ALASKA.

"Let Us Alone!"

By Allan Brackinreed

Softly, Horatio, wherefore rail
On this their usage who do shrewdly swell
Powers and profits of their vested right?
Unseemly is the clamor thou dost raise,
And greatly hast thou stirred these worthy men.

Horatio, pause!
List to their reasoning who but wish thee well,
Pay heed to counsel, and let wisdom rule;
Look to thyself, examine all thy ways,
And cast out aught that savors of dispraise
To market lords;
On their established customs rail no more;
Let be their business and attend thine own;
Bend all thy wit to pattern after them,
So learned they and wise in market ways
Of how to make one penny breed up twain,
And how the twain are mated to grow more;
Busy thyself, and plot out all the ways
In sooth to make this knowledge as thine own;
Take thrift for guidance, and no more disturb
The ear of Business with accusing plaint;
And while thou thrivest let the world wag on
As it is used; play thou the game,
Hazard thy stake, and pouch the winning cast,
Nor grudge thy losses to a bolder hand,
But learn from losing how to win back more.
So mind affairs, and walk no more in dreams
Where things that are not seem the Things that Are!
Wake thee to life, and, waking, thou shalt know
That all their usage thou hast dreamed accurst
Swells but the sum of Reputation made,
And they are deemed most worthy who do thus.
So runs this world.

Ah, Horatio, ware!
Ware of thyself,
Beware of thine own zeal!
Give pause to rashness
And go warely forth;
Walk with thy times,
Be not one step before;
Stay with the mass,
Be fatling o' the herd;
Lead to the shambles,
Be not led to them.
Give all thy Day to heaping of thy store,
Ply all for profit, and protest no more;
Question not Increase—'Tis the God o' Men;
Attend on Fortune and avoid Her not!
Hers thy soul's incense, She will smile on thee!
So wilt thou prosper.

Let some other man
Rail on the usage that shall feed thy purse.
Let him have visions,
Dream great dreams—not thou!
Thorns for his portion,
Roses all for thine!
Choose thou the roses,
Let the thorns go by;
Forego the pricks,
And lift the roses high!
Smell their sweet savor,
Freshly borne for thee!
Smell their sweet savor—
Turn thine eyes away!
Smell their sweet savor—
Hear no word, no sigh!
Smell their sweet savor—
Ah, it lingers yet!
Smell their sweet savor,
And—the Cross—forget!

The Grinding of the Mill

By Fred R. Bechdolt

Author of "9009," "The Prospector," etc.

THE members of his profession called Shimmo a "puff man." The rest of the world, as they learned of his exploits, called him a multitude of names whose import was plainer. Of these the newspapers picked one which stuck—"The Solitary Safecracker." He worked alone for a number of reasons.

One of these reasons lay in the fact that he was able. He had a method which depended on finely tempered drills, a little black powder and an intimate knowledge of the different makes of combination locks. Following it he was able to break safes in downtown business blocks while his rougher brethren, the yeggs, with their cruder ways, had to content themselves with suburban post-offices where stamps usually constituted a large part of the plunder and ugly pistol battles frequently attended its gathering.

Of the technique of Shimmo's method there is no need to speak, although it would doubtless interest many for various reasons. It is sufficient to say that, when he had sweated silently in semi-darkness for a half-hour, the faint explosion which crowned his efforts opened doors of tempered steel to riches, in about one case out of six. Skill and stealth were the main requisites of this work; and, as is the work so the man: Shimmo held in contempt the hard-faced robbers whom he met at Cohen's. Hardly one of these whose hands were not stained with blood; whose head had not its price. As for him, he did not carry a revolver on his nightly forays.

Cohen was "fence" for all of them, and he often planned their work. He was so wise that he was able to deal with the law's guardians and the law's breakers—and hold his own with both. To him Shimmo said:

"Anyone c'n kick in a bum little post-office, an' any kid c'n shoot his way out of it. I use my brains an' I aint no murderer."

Upon which the fence gave up for the time a project in which Shimmo's skill and a country-bank vault were to be pitted against each other, with a pair of thugs to do the necessary shooting on the outside.

"Such rough work," said Shimmo scornfully, "aint in my line an' you may as well count me out from the start. Get tramps to do your killin'."

"Some day," said Cohen softly after the door of his dirty room had closed behind the man of skill and gentle methods, and he sat alone in the reek of ancient opium smoke, "some day, my friend you 'll forget this here noise you 're makin' now."

When the news came to him that Shimmo had fallen, he smiled wisely.

"I wonder how he 'll like the mill," he mused; and then he smiled again. In that smile was a suggestion of malicious satisfaction, for Cohen had seen much of the grinding of that mill—and Shimmo had come to ethical views which he did not fancy.

Two years Shimmo drew, a remarkably short term considering the fact that he had robbed long and industriously choosing the rich as his victims. Still many things may happen in two years.

It was nearly a twelvemonth before he ran counter to a guard in the shoe-shop. Some triviality started it; a slip perhaps on the convict's part; perhaps a word

stolen where silence is law. Called to account he stood, a smouldering spark of defiance in his eye.

"He 's bad," the guard told the yard-captain. "We got to break that fellow."

And so it came that men watched Shimmo with a closeness and a constancy so marked, even in this place of unending surveillance, that he felt it. He chafed. And to chafe in prison is to invite trouble. A month went on and every day found him more sullen. They put him in the jute mill.

Now the law of the jute mill said that when a convict would leave his place he must first obtain permission from the nearest gallery guard—of these monitors were one at each end of the room, each in a barred cage, holding a rifle; —and to get this permission he must raise his hand. In acquiescence the guard would make a similar gesture. To leave without permission would of course incur punishment. Shimmo's machine was near the middle of the room, half-way between the gallery guards, one of whom he always faced. To this one he always signalled when necessity arose. He did this one afternoon and the guard raised his hand. Returning Shimmo faced a floor guard.

"What do you mean by leavin' with out permission?" asked the guard.

"Ferguson raised his hand," said Shimmo quietly.

"Dont lie to me," said the guard dispassionately, "You 've been makin' trouble too long already."

Shimmo, untamed as yet, looked squarely into the other's eye. "You 're tryin' to job me," he snarled. "By—— I ——"

"You 'll go to the warden tonight," interrupted the guard quietly, and when he had faced the warden, Shimmo went to the dungeon. In utter darkness he sat upon a cement floor all night and in utter darkness he thought until morning.

Two days later the yard captain, on whose shoulders fell the multifarious details of government within the stone walls, asked the jute-mill guard of Shimmo.

"No," replied the guard, "all hell could n't break him. He 's bad from his feet up." In his voice was a trace of admiration, and some anger. The captain frowned and made a mental note of this new addition to his problems.

At his loom Shimmo was whiling his time with arithmetic. His problem was addition—addition of the days of his good time to the days remaining in his sentence. It was simple, but he pondered over it hour after hour. For it included a contingency:—Would it be worth while to pay that price for a half dozen smashing blows on the face of the guard?

Time in prison is a curious thing. It can include so much, and so little. With Shimmo the next month, bringing a succession of small chafings, each of them big to him from introspection, was a year of history. Sunday afternoons, when the rest of them walked about in the yard, he used to sit by himself near the dead line, staring at a small sign which read:

WARNING!
ANYONE PASSING THIS POINT
WILL BE SHOT!

The end of the month found him in his cell one morning. He had refused to go to work.

That night there came from the passageway leading to the dungeons a peculiar sound, a prolonged, grating hiss. Now its volume swelled, now decreased; and always thus alternating the sound kept on. An incandescent lamp glowed at either end of this hall. Midway between the lamps, their faces and bodies catching high lights and black, mingled shadows from both, two men stood facing each other.

One of these was Shimmo. His back was against the wall. At first glance it might seem that he kept strangely to the one spot, for it would need a close look to discover his hands manacled behind him to the stones. Save for the fetters he was stark. The irons hung from short chains, waist high. He leaned slightly forward so that these chains were taut; and his wrists tugged at the

handcuffs. His head was bowed; his chin depressed sharply against his chest. He was slowly turning his face, from left to extreme right, then back again slowly to extreme left. Following the movement exactly, keeping perfect pace, a stream of water shot with bullet swiftness against the space between his nostrils and his mouth. From this came the peculiar grating hiss.

The other man was the warden. His lips were compressed and his jaw was prominent, with the shutting of his teeth. His eyes were fixed on Shimmo's face and a deep furrow cut the space between their brows. The light, gleaming against his grey hair, showed the veins of his hands, gripping the brass nozzle of the squirming hose, keeping its stream directed always on the one target. He was taming Shimmo.

Thus they stood, the grey-haired man, frowning, intent; the naked convict swaying his head, slowly, steadily. And the water column moved relentlessly.

Suddenly Shimmo swerved his head sharply back. For a bare instant the stream kept to its original course. In that space of time he breathed deep. His chest bulged with the air he took. His face showed, his eyes glinting, his mouth ugly, like a blue scar. From its ends to the edges of his nostrils deep lines stretched. Between his brows a scowl cleft like a wound. From his face sprang—in that instant— an indefinable something, more a light than expression. Then the water with bruising force, found its mark and spread like a mask.

The warden saw that flash—or felt it. His lips pressed more closely. Dull red crept beneath the skin of his cheeks. His eyes grew merciless; and always he kept them upon the target—the space between the nostrils and lip-ends, following its pendulum movement with the nozzle.

The water struck in a slender column. As this thudded, hissing, it sprayed into a million particles which found one another again and, uniting in a thin, shimmering film, rose to the forehead, then fell. It cascaded over the shoulders and wrapped the naked torso. Where the water mantled it, the skin took on a bluish tinge. Odd flesh movements, twitchings and jerkings of limb and body muscles, showed beneath. The head kept up its steady swaying. Then it changed its course again. The water shot by, the chest heaved, the glinting eyes showed. Again came the indefinable flash. The stream found its mark once more.

This was repeated at intervals. Neither man spoke. Yet between them something was passing, more potent than speech. It reached the warden subtlely and his jaw muscles became harder; he gripped the nozzle until it seemed as though his fingers would sink into the brass. The cords on his wrist stood out like wire strands.

Shimmo's muscles jerked in many places. Once a leg drew up and twitched like the limb of a toe-dancer. Still he swayed his head, at times stealing his breath of air.

When this had gone on—the warden's watch said fifteen minutes, though the two men believed it lied—the warden threw down the nozzle. He stepped forward and unlocked the handcuffs. Shimmo lurched, caught himself and stood swaying. Then he limped down the corridor, dragging his cramped leg, the warden behind him. They stopped before the open door of one of the dungeons. The warden gestured mutely. Shimmo stepped within. While the inner door of steel was grating shut he found his striped suit in a heap on the concrete floor. It took him nearly an hour to dress—his limbs jerked so. And the twitching of his lower jaw—relaxed now—made his teeth rattle loudly.

When he had at last laced his heavy shoes he walked to and fro silently swinging his arms. Finally he crouched on the concrete floor and thought. His brain—of which he had bragged to Cohen, the brain which had kept him from crude methods and crude murder —began to work to a purpose. The next morning he told them he was ready to go to work.

"He's a good dog now," the guards told the yard captain. And the yard captain told the warden. During the rest of

his term Shimmo was what they call a model prisoner.

Two years made little change in Cohen's place. Thieves came and thieves went. Coming they brought plunder, and they departed with what he chose to pay them; some for far corners of the country and some for the "mill," whose hopper the police were ever eager to feed. The room was unchanged—the low ceiling, the dirt-stained walls, the tumbled bed in the corner where crippled beggars and women thieves and hard-faced robbers found time to lounge or to drowse over the opium; the door, braced with oaken beams to withstand attack from outside; and the rough wooden table about which many plots had been hatched. Round it now sat three men, their heads close together, planning a thing which they did not care to call by its right name. Cohen was one of them, his evil, pockmarked face and his hair, gray in patches, making him look sinister in the lamplight. Beside him sat a bullet-headed, square-jawed yeggman, whose eyes were as cold as a snake's. These two listened to the third of the company; he was talking in that tense half-whisper which men use discussing such deeds as this, though they know none save those whom they address be near. He was arguing with them. It was evident he was convincing them by sheer force of his own conviction. They drew their tense faces closer to him as he spoke, their eyes gleaming —he raised his clenched fist—

"Hell's fire," he whispered raucously. "It 's the only way, I tell you—*get* him the minute he shows—no fool tyin' up an' gagging wit' him fer a witness afterward. *Get* him, I tell you, get him right, so 's he cant never testify—an' *then* tend to the safe."

Even as he assented, Cohen smiled—for the speaker was Shimmo.

The Land o' Dreams

(A Wander Song)

By Henry Walker Noyes

Tonight, to see a summer moon hung low adown the west,
And watch the goblin starlight gleam along the river's breast!
To scent the twilight frangrance of that garden of my youth—
To feel once more the heart of things, their simpleness and truth!

In dreams there is a rustic seat—a swing 'neath old oak trees,
And lowing cattle by the bars, and cow-bells on the breeze.
Oh, many exiles wander in dim lands across the seas!

The mystic wonders of the East—its jewels and delights,
The tropic dawn of orchid bloom and poppy laden nights
I 'd give, to breathe the heliotrope in mists of sunlit rain—
To linger with the violets, and you, adown the lane.

In waking hours, and restlessly, in every haunt of man's,
I seek that fabled "land o' dreams," that I may clasp your hands.
Oh, many exiles wander in the near yet distant lands!

The Emperor of the Soudan

By R. C. Pitzer



HE was a man who never forgot. He clung to his love as he clung to life. Love had sent him from home, had stirred in him a desperate, despairing energy, had put a sword in his hand. fire in his heart and blood on his brow. "The Napoleon of the Soudan," they called him in European lands, yet in his native country it was sometimes rumored that the blood of the Emperor had flowed for ages down the Anglo-Saxon sea. Islam veiled him, his black armies hung cloudlike between him and all of Christianity, and before the treaty of Alboran his name had been a terror. Like an invincible simoon had he and his fanatics sprung to being in swirling anger among mirage-haunted sands, and that simoon, dread and resistless, had swirled to the Tiris coast, had grown into a roaring father of hurricanes, until, from Senegal to Khartoum, and from Morocco to the mouth of the Niger, the Christians were exterminated, and he, the inscrutable prophet, Emperor of the Soudan, was shouted by thousands of muezzins, while black myrmidons answered his nod. And now civilization had extended her hand to him, all courts had recognized his reign, and his vast territories were terrorized into a hushed and worshipful peace. Yet he was a man who never forgot.

Sitting alone in his state apartment in the hotel of his native town, the Emperor mused. Was it thirty years before? Thirty, or forty, or perhaps but twenty, in his hurricane life the years could not be measured. Yes, it was thirty years before that he had left this small American city, defeated, cast out, a prey to bitterness and sorrow unimaginable. Well, he was back again, a guest of the nation, a sovereign power, with newspapers heralding his approach, soldiers and statesmen to do him honor, and the gaping multitude swarming to glimpse this imperial adventurer. And inevitably, straight as a jungle spear flung by some naked, oiled negro of his army, he had thrown himself forward upon his native town, where no one yet knew he was aught but the Emperor. Not even She knew. She, as all women do, worshiped strength and power and gold. Now his strength could crush her, his power ruin her, his gold buy her. Strange were the ways of Islam!

The Emperor was dressed in American clothing, selected with wise care by his confidential minister of police: clothing that would suggest its wearer to be some clerical person who had seen more prosperous years; and when the Emperor examined himself in the mirror he could not but confess that in his white, heavy face, with its stubble of beard, in his dim eyes, hollow and black, his haggard cheeks and yellow sickly countenance, he saw an extreme example of the art of disguise. In a moment the door would open and the minister of police, a faithful Mesrür, would enter, cosmopolitan and alert, to accompany his master in this romantic journey back to youth—a journey in search of Her. Meantime the great man dreamed.

Fanciful, indeed, were the images that flitted in chaotic state through his mind. Memories came hurriedly, though their march was infinitely slow and solemn; it was more like some fear-haunted opium-dream than vague recollections of the past, yet none could know better than the Emperor the dreadful reality of it all. Thoughts of his early adventurous years in African tents mingled with boyhood themes, glimpses of high-school days and nights of youthful courtship, struggles of more than mortal intensity with his loneliness and love, dreams of wars and battles and the horrors of the jungle. Mingled with American landscapes were thoughts of

arid and sandy wastes, of trembling horizons, level steppes and exuberant highland forests, of twilight jungles and rivers innumerable, lands filled with monstrous things, beasts of prey and hippopotami, crocodiles and hyenas, pelicans, birds of nightmare beauties and nightmare forms, and everywhere humanity, naked and black. There were villages lost in luxuriant wildernesses or in blinding sands, armies of dead men and of dying victors. Yorubas and Berbers and Fulahs in myriads it seemed, Haussas, musical of speech, and Dahoman amazons, Ashantees, Soudanese and Nilotic negroes—how many lives he had taken to build up this empire of a day! In Dahomey, the king's sleeping chamber had been paved with the skulls of his enemies; such skulls seemed to pave this American hotel. There the palace was stuccoed with bones; here, too, were the bones of the dead, if he could but see them. The walls of his granitic palace and porphyry villa at home in the Soudan flowed red, as phosphorescent lights flow over a putrescent thing. And never—never, even in the anarchy of battle slaughter—had he for a moment forgotten that he wished to forget. It was all this one wordless thought. She, She, She! She haunted him, her face was an incubus, her name was at his tongue's end, he yearned for her, mind and body and soul craved her presence; and always he knew that she had pitied or despised and rejected him. Yet now he had come back with power and gold, not to woo, but to search, and to show her that he was great.

A fanciful romance it seemed. Penniless and dazed from long weeks of drunkenness wherein he had sought to wash out all recollection of this ideal woman, he had been taken aboard a ship and made to work himself back to humanity. At Tangier he had deserted, and after a desperate life among nomadic tribes, he found himself, a bearded Mohammedan, in the heart of the Sahara. There the example of Napoleon fired him. Ignorant fanatics surrounded him. Circumstances favored, and he was proclaimed a holy man, and again a prophet, and yet again the Mahdi, until his army, from a tribe of wandering Berbers, grew into millions of ebony savages, and his territory from an oasis into a mysterious unending realm.

America was startled by the gorgeousness of his barbaric suite. The *howdah* of his golden-tusked elephant was a maze of silver fretwork, mother-of-pearl and diaphanous silken draperies, tattooed and muscular amazons in medieval steel surrounded his progress; the turbans of his attendants flashed with the life of diamonds; there was the waving of sable banners and the throb of jungle *tom-toms* wherever he passed; slaves bore his scepter and mitred crown before him. And somewhere near him, always, at rest or journeying, here in this American hotel even as heretofore in African villages or during the roar of battle, holy men read the verses of the sacred Koran. Listening as he mused, the Emperor could distinguish the rhythmic Arabic cadences rising and falling, flowing—ever flowing—through the censer-perfumed airs of an outer chamber; and mingled with the murmur were tinkling bells and the low chords of an Eastern guitar from where his slim dancing-girls amused themselves under guard of eunuchs and amazons.

But the minister of police was a long time absent. Annoyance dispersed the Emperor's quietude, and he reached his jeweled hand toward a bell; greater heads had rolled from executioners' blocks for lesser crimes. He could shut his eyes of nights and see them grinning at him, mummy-like and bodiless, if he chose. A milder mood succeeded, and he did not ring. Rather, a sudden impulse seized him to leave all this pageantry and imperial barbaric state and enter, thus impenetrably disguised as he was, unaccompanied and unprotected, into the alien streets of his home. He arose slowly. Yes, he would go out among the Americans, seemingly one of themselves, and penetrate to the old brick house on—on—it was on First Avenue and a quiet side street. The gate would be loose on its hinges, the door-bell would not ring. He remembered it all distinctly. A flower-trough adorned the box-like porch, and a few climbing roses

clustered on the railing. He and She used to sit on the steps in the old days, back in the shadow of a peach-tree where the flare of the corner arc-light could not strike them; and there, two shadowy figures blending into one, they whispered sacred babble. He remembered the thin, wide-mouthed laughing girl so well, with her sudden fretfulness and swirling humors, her odd, deep-searching phrases of thought and queer little ignorant speculations and fancies! But, of course, that would all be changed. Not she, at least, would be there as of old, and the house itself would probably be gone. He crept from the room warily. No guard was in the hall, for had he not cleared the way that he might leave unseen? A side door admitted him to the deserted twilight street, and in a moment he was shuffling the pavements, apparently a lounging unfortunate, wandering homeward after an unsuccessful search for work.

In a moment the Emperor detected that he was not alone. One followed him, walking as slowly as he walked, pausing when he paused, not advancing near enough to be examined or challenged. An over-officious soldier of his suite, no doubt. He turned to send this fool to the guard-house; and then he noted that the dim figure was blue-uniformed and helmeted. It was an officer of a friendly power, a representative of the American police, detailed to guard the great man's sacred person from anarchic or religious fanaticism. Though he might wish to be alone, courtesy to a friendly power forbade a refusal of the proffered guardianship; so again the Emperor resumed his way, nor thought more of this silent watch that followed.

The house was as he remembered it; nothing was changed, except that the roses had grown on during his absence and now made of the little porch a dark bower where only specks and twinkling lines of illumination penetrated from the corner light. Even the gate was still unhinged, nor would the bell ring when he pulled it. It might have been yesterday that he called here and She came to the door. He rapped, but no one answered. Turning the knob softly, he found the door unlocked, and entered the pantry-like hall. He knew it well. Hardly fumbling, his hand reached through the darkness to one of the doors, whence a line of light streamed from under, and opening, he entered Her old living-room. No one was there. There were many changes; it was all new furniture, new rugs, new paper and paint, but many of the old knick-knacks remained. His own picture—he, a beardless youth—rested on the mantel, with others beside it. The Emperor tip-toed across the room and stood at gaze, absorbed in the features of his long-vanished self.

With the clicking of a door-latch he turned to see that a woman had entered, a woman, sorrowful and gray-haired, with care-lined mouth and wrinkled cheeks. It was She, past a doubt, but changed—changed! Instinctively his eyes went to a corner where her photograph was used to hang. There it yet was, and there she smiled at him with her old, frank, half-childish, half-angelic look of love. He turned back and forth, staring from the reality to the former reality, and repeatedly he passed his hand over his eyes. She did not speak, but fixedly gazed at him, while the lines grew deeper about her mouth, and the pain in her soft eyes darkened their depths.

Another door opened—the hall door this time—and the forgotten official stood on the threshold. He touched his hat to the mistress of the house.

"This man—?" he suggested, and, advancing, laid a hand on the Emperor's shoulder. "He seemed suspicious. I followed, and saw him enter. Is he—"

"Be careful," said the great man, trembling. "My person is sacred. I am the Emperor of—I am the—I mean I am—. What have I done? Please, not this time. Let me stay here. She will—speak to him this once. I will try not to smoke again."

"An habitual opium-fiend, lady," said the officer. "He doesn't belong here, does he? He was in a sort of a trance, talking to himself——"

The woman broke into tears. "Yes," she said, "I know. I am his wife."



INDIAN COUNCIL AT THE DRIVING OF THE LAST SPIKE.

The Story of the Northern Pacific

By W. F. Bailey

OF the seven transcontinental lines now in operation, the Northern Pacific was the first projected and the fourth to be constructed. Long before the annexation of California and even before there was a single American settler west of the Rocky Mountains, the Rev. Samuel Parker, a Presbyterian missionary, uttered the prophecy: "There would be no difficulty in constructing a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. Probably the time may not be far distant when tours will be made across the continent to see Nature's wonders." This he wrote while on an overland trip to the North Pacific Coast in 1835.

The northern route was followed by the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1804 and by the trappers and fur traders from that time on. In 1850, in an editorial in the *Pioneer*, published at St. Paul, entitled, "A Short Line to the Pacific Coast," it was cited as a fact that a regular trail existed from the Red River of the North to navigation on the Columbia, over which the mails of the American Fur Company were regularly carried.

The earlier projectors of railroads did not anticipate that they could ever compete with water carriage. What were ad-

vanced as the strongest arguments for the selection of this route for the proposed "Great Atlantic & Pacific Railroad" were: That it would connect with Lake Superior on the east, and thus reach by water all points on the Great Lakes; that it would touch the Missouri River where it was navigable and consequently give a water route to the Missouri and Lower Mississippi Valleys, and that its connecting with the Columbia River would afford similar service on the Pacific Coast.

Just who was the first to originate the idea of a railroad between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast is not definitely known. As early as 1833 a series of articles appeared in a Michigan publication, entitled the *Emigrant,* drawing attention to the desirability of uniting the City of New York with the mouth of the Oregon (Columbia) River by a rail-and-water route.

From that time on the idea had numerous advocates, among them being Dr. Samuel Barlow of Massachusetts, Senator Benton, Secretary Seward. None of them were able to formulate a practical plan, or in fact did the proposition ever get beyond generalities until the advent of Asa Whitney, known as "the Father of the Pacific Railroad."

For five years, 1844 to 1849, he kept up "an appeal to the American people" for a railroad from Lake Michigan to the Pacific by way of the Upper Missouri and Columbia Rivers.

His project came before the United States Senate in 1848, in a bill entitled "Authorizing Asa Whitney, his heirs, or assigns, to construct a railroad from a point on the Mississippi River (Prairie du Chien) to a point on the Pacific Ocean (Puget Sound)." To aid him in this he was to be given "a tract sixty miles wide, estimated at eighty million acres, at ten cents an acre; the road to be six-foot gauge, and to be completed within ten years, and when finished to belong to him."

Upon the failure of Whitney's project, the idea was kept alive by Edwin F. Johnson, a civil engineer, in 1836, in the employ of the "Erie," and in 1852, chief engineer of the Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac Railroad, afterwards a part of the Chicago & Northwestern. In a number of articles in *Poor's Railway Journal* on the subject of a railroad to the Pacific, he advocated what he called the Valley Route, by way of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers.

These coming to the attention of the authorities in Washington are supposed to have occasioned the provision contained in the Army Bill passed by Congress in 1853, for such explorations and surveys as might be deemed advisable by the War Department, in order to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad to the Pacific Ocean.

First Explorations for Routes.

To Secretary Jefferson Davis, of the War Department, fell the carrying out of this. Five separate expeditions were put in the field with instructions to investigate the various routes, as they had become known. These were "The Thirty-second Parallel Route," via El Paso, now followed by the Southern Pacific's "Sunset Route"; "the Thirty-fifth Parallel Route," via Santa Fe, New Mexico, practically the present line of the Santa Fe; "the Thirty-ninth Parallel Route," via Pueblo, now traversed by the Denver & Rio Grande; "the Forty-first Parallel Route," via South Pass, now the line of the Union Pacific; and lastly, "the Forty-seventh-Forty-ninth Parallel Route," the one adopted by the Northern Pacific.

Printed reports by these different parties were issued by the Government printing office, filling thirteen large volumes. They were submitted to Congress with a summing up, by Secretary Davis, that practically eliminated all but the two southern routes, the three northern ones being deemed impracticable on account of the liability to snow troubles.

The only one of them in which we are now interested was the most northerly of all. It was placed in charge of Isaac I. Stevens, an army officer who had served during the Mexican War and subsequently had held a position in the Coast Survey with Captain (afterwards General) George B. McClellan of the Engineering Corps, as his assistant.

Stevens had just been appointed Governor of Washington Territory, and his instructions were to make the survey on his way to his new post.

The undertaking was arranged in three sections. One on the Pacific Coast, under McClelland, was to examine the passes in the Cascade Mountains from the Columbia River north to the British boundary. A second, under Lieutenant Sexton, was to establish a depot for supplies in the Rocky Mountains, and then connect with the McClelland party. Stevens himself left St. Paul with the third section in May, 1853, reached Fort Union at the mouth of the Yellowstone River in August, and Fort Benton on September 1, where they were joined by Sexton's division. Proceeding west, a junction was made with McClelland's party at Colville in October, and the entire expedition reached Olympia in November.



THE VILLARD ARCH, FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA. ERECTED IN CELEBRATION OF THE COMPLETION OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

The result of Stevens' observations were to clearly demonstrate the entire feasibility of building and operating a railroad from St. Paul, Minnesota, to the Pacific Ocean; that it could be so located as to follow the valleys or cross the plains for nearly its whole length, and that the intervening mountains were surmountable by practicable passes at comparatively low altitudes. So thoroughly did it cover the ground that there was found to be no necessity for further preliminary surveys to ascertain the availability of the route, and his report was made the basis on which the Northern Pacific Railroad was projected years afterward.

Congress Ready to Offer Charters, Land Grants and Subsidies.

As a result of the five surveys, a bill was introduced in Congress in 1855, proposing that three lines should be char-

tered and their construction assisted by grants of land. Of these, one was to go via El Paso, another by way of South Pass, and the third "from the western border of the State of Wisconsin to the Bay of San Francisco, or to the Pacific Ocean in the States of Oregon or Washington."

It does not appear that any organizations stood ready to avail themselves; in fact, after the House had passed the bill, it was reconsidered and referred to a committee, from which it never reappeared.

In his inaugural address in 1857, President Buchanan took the position that the building of a Pacific railroad was a military necessity, and found authority for the Government to construct it, in the Constitution, which gives the National authorities power to provide for the defence of the Nation. From 1856 to 1864 bills covering the construction of one or more lines to the Coast came up at every session; that of 1856 containing the novel and then unpopular provision for Government bonds in its aid. That of 1857 was for a single line from the Missouri River to California, the successful bidder to receive $12,500 in bonds and 12,400 acres of land per mile; the road to be completed in twelve years and then to become the property of the Government.



THE NORTHERN PACIFIC BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSOURI RIVER, AT BISMARCK, NORTH DAKOTA.

In the bill of 1858 the Secretary of the Interior was authorized to ask for proposals to build three roads: Minnesota to Puget Sound, Missouri or Iowa to California, and Texas to California.

In 1860 a bill calling for two lines was introduced. These were to start from Missouri and Iowa on the East, to be united at some point near the Rocky Mountains and extended from there to the Coast as one line. A number of prominent men were named as corpora-

tors, the plan of Government control or contract being dropped.

The proposition in 1861 was a land-grant and subsidy for three routes—a northern, a central and a southern. This failed only for lack of the necessary two-thirds majority.

By 1862 the situation had become acute. Civil War was raging, engrossing all the powers of the Government. California was loyal with a strong minority in favor of secession. The loyal element on the Coast, alarmed over the situation, urged the necessity of bringing their section into closer relations with the people of the North and the Federal Government by the construction of a railroad; this not only as a commercial, but also a political necessity.



JOSIAH PERHAM, FIRST PRESIDENT NORTHERN PACIFIC.



FREDERICK BILLINGS, FIFTH PRESIDENT NORTHERN PACIFIC.

As a result came the Pacific Railroad Bill of 1862. This authorized the construction via South Pass, of one through line by two separate corporations; the western end to be built from San Francisco eastward by the one company, and the eastern end from Omaha and Kansas City westward; the two lines from the eastern termini to be united at or about the 100th meridian.



JAY COOKE.



GENERAL ISAAC I. STEVENS.

Friends of the northern route attempted to have it substituted for the South Pass; also when this failed, to have a line by way of the northern route included in the bill; but this also was rejected, and the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroad companies were duly chartered and aid granted them in the shape of bonds and land grants to assist them in constructing their respective lines. This was owing to the South Pass Route being well and favorably known as the route of the emigrant trains, overland stage and pony express. It had the settlements of Colorado and Utah, already of importance as way stations; and what was of even greater influence in its selection, it reached the



HENRY VILLARD, SEVENTH PRESIDENT NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.



CHARLES S. MELLEN, SECOND PRESIDENT OF REORGANIZED NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

seat of the greatest population on the Pacific Coast in the most direct manner

Congress and President Lincoln Approve Land Grant for Northern Route.

The friends and advocates of the northern route had not been idle. In 1859, headed by Josiah Perham, they had secured a charter from the State of Maine for the "People's Pacific Railroad Company." The salient features of the charter were: to raise funds to build the road, by popular subscriptions in small sums, with Government aid in the shape of a land grant. Objections were made to a Maine corporation building a railroad from Minnesota to the Coast, and on this ground the bill to extend Government aid was lost by a small majority—fifty-five ayes to sixty-six nays. Dropping the Maine charter, Perham had a bill introduced, "granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound by the Northern Route." This was presented May, 1864, by Thaddeus Stevens; was amended in several particulars, passed both houses and received the approval of President Lincoln, July 2, 1864.

This bill created the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The organization was to be effected by a board of 135 commissioners, which included Perham and his friends identified with the People's Pacific Railroad. It specified how and when they should organize. When this was done, the charter formally accepted, $2,000,000 of its $100,000,000 capital stock subscribed for, and ten per cent of the subscriptions received in cash, the company was to be



TROUTING IN ROSEBUD CREEK, BEARTOOTH MOUNTAINS, MONT.



THE MISSION RANGE, MONTANA.



HELLGATE CANYON. ENTRANCE FROM THE WEST N. P. TRACK ALONG THE RIVER.

legally constituted and established.

The Government was to aid it by a grant of land, twenty sections to the mile in the states of Minnesota and Oregon, and forty to the mile through the intervening territories after the Indian title had been extinguished. No money should be paid by the National Government to aid in the construction, and no mortgage lien or bonds should be issued except with the concurrence of Congress.

It also specified that the people of the United States should have the right to subscribe to the stock. The company was obligated to commence construction within two years and to complete the road within twelve years, or by July 4, 1876.

On the first of September, 1864, a meeting of the board of commissioners was held at Boston. Of the 135 named by Congress, ninety-three responded, an organization was effected, Perham being elected president. A lengthy address was made by him, in which he gave $120,000,000 as the estimated cost of the road, and $473,600,000 as the returns from the sale of lands at $10.00 an acre,—about four times what they actually brought.

The other officers of the board were elected, offices in Boston and Portland for the subscription of stock authorized, after which the meeting adjourned. Stock to the amount of 20,075 shares, a beggarly seventy-five more than the statutory requirement, were subscribed for during the next three months, when a second meeting of the board and subscribers to the stock was held. A board of thirteen directors were elected who, organizing the next day, elected Perham president of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.



SURVEYING CORPS IN WINTER.

N. P. RY. SURVEYING CORPS IN THE CASCADES.

The Northern Pacific Railroad Company Is Launched.

The company was now duly launched with a nominal cash asset of $200,750 from the ten per cent payment of the stock. One of the first acts of the directors was to authorize the repayment of any cost in time or money incurred in obtaining the company's charter. There is reason to believe that the subscriptions were gauged to correspond with respect to the subscribers' claims on this account; certain it is that none of the amount can be located as having accrued to the benefit of the company.

A period of inactivity ensued, lasting nearly two years. Some little effort was made, but without any great success, to



A NORTHERN PACIFIC CONSTRUCTION GROUP.
The "Iron" Car and Gang of Track-Layers. The Placard on the Horse Reads: "My Name Is Nig: I Have Drawn the Iron Car 750 Miles."

materialize the "popular subscription" that Perham had counted on. Attempt was also made to link up the project with that of the Canada Pacific Railroad (the progenitor of the Canadian Pacific), then in a formative stage, but nothing came of it.

Perham and his associates, while men of good standing, were not of the class that could get in touch with men of means. Their plan of popular subscription was a dismal failure; Perham himself had exhausted his means, and the organization was in danger of losing its charter through failure to commence construction within the two years specified in the enabling act. At the same time there was an element in Boston that appreciated that there was merit in the project, and while not willing to furnish the large amount of money required to put it in shape, were unwilling to see it go by default. In December, 1865, a meeting was called at the Merchants' Exchange, Boston, to consider ways and means of placing the company on a more solid and permanent footing. At this meeting Perham admitted he was exhausted both financially and physically, and so disheartened that he would be glad to retire if arrangements could be made to reimburse expenses incurred and take care of outstanding obligations that were pressing for settlement.



FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Exit Perham, Enter J. Gregory Smith

Out of this meeting grew a complete change of personnel. Perham and his friends retiring from the board of directors, and being succeeded by new men, among them: J. Gregory Smith, president of the Central Vermont Railroad Company; George

Stark, president of the Boston & Lowell; R. D. Rice, of the Maine Central; Benjamin F. Cheney, of Cheney's Express Company; Onslow Stearns, of the Northern Railroad, etc. The new organization elected Mr. Smith president. It required about $100,000 to pay off the outstanding obligations of the company, and this was put up by the new board, they also agreeing to recognize the $600,000 of stock that had been issued by the Perham administration. It was not the intent of the new management to do more than keep the organization in shape, anticipating that other interests would come to the front that would undertake the building of the road. Their first move was to secure, through act of Congress, an extension of two years in the time of commencing and completing the road. In endeavoring to interest others in the proposition, they found they could do nothing unless they had further aid from the Government, the land grant not being considered sufficient inducement. They accordingly applied to Congress for a guarantee of dividends for twenty years at six per cent on their capital stock, the issue to be restricted to $31,000 per mile, or approximately $60,000,000. The company was to surrender one-half of their land grant, all acreage lying south of the track, and to reimburse the Government for any and all outlay as soon as it could be done from net earnings of the road. This proposition met with such an overwhelming defeat in 1867 as to settle the question of any monetary aid through Congressional action.



NORTHERN PACIFIC STONE-BALLASTED TRACK.

The new directors by this time were involved too deep to let go, and the construction of the road was the only way in which they could hope to reimburse themselves. They accordingly determined to organize a great railroad syndicate to embrace as many of the leading lines as could be interested in the project. Out of this grew what was generally known as the "Original Interests Agreement." This provided that the ownership of the company and all its interests should be divided into twelve

shares, each of which should be paid for at $8,500, the proceeds, $102,000, to reimburse Smith and his associates for their advances to the Perham crowd and to keep the charter alive.

Among the parties to this agreement were J. Gregory Smith, president, not only of the Northern Pacific, but also of the Central Vermont; W. B. Ogden, president of the Chicago & Northwestern; R. H. Berdell, president of the Erie; J. Edgar Thompson, president of the Pennsylvania; G. W. Cass, president of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago, and Thomas H. Canfield, a railroad contractor and builder. By arrangement the new owners were given representation on the board, the old directors resigning to make place for them.



HOWARD ELLIOTT, PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC SINCE 1903.

In May, 1866, the new board appointed E. F. Johnson, who has already been mentioned, chief engineer, instructing him to commence the survey and to locate a line from Lake Superior to the Red River of the North; also to locate the line from Portland east, and to make a reconnoissance of the country between Puget Sound and the Columbia River, that section not having been covered by the Government survey under Stevens. The parties to the "Original Interests Agreement" furnished in the aggregate about $250,000 to carry on the work and to meet other expenses of the company. The subscribers of the $600,000 worth of stock during Perham's administration being called on to pay the ninety per cent balance due on their subscription, refused to do so, claiming their services entitled them to the stock without further payments. This claim was not admitted and their stock was canceled. During the next two years nothing was done outside of carrying on the surveys and securing a further extension of two years. This latter was covered by an Act of Congress, passed in 1868, extending to 1870 the time of commencing and to 1877 for completing the line.

In 1869 Chief Engineer Johnson submitted to the board of directors his report giving the result of the various surveys. In doing so he added his recommendation that three sections, Lake Superior to the Missouri River, from the head of navigation on that river to the Columbia, and from the Columbia River to Puget Sound—should be given precedence in construction: not only as a benefit and convenience to the company on the remaining construction, but also on account of the needs of a large and rapidly growing population already located in those sections. With the report was his estimate of the cost of constructing the line, $157,000,000 in all.

The board approved Johnson's recommendations and decided to proceed to actual construction work. First, however, the problem of financing the undertaking had to be solved.

Entrance of Jay Cooke & Co.

At this time Jay Cooke was the most prominent financier in America, and his banking houses, Jay Cooke & Co. of Philadelphia, First National Bank of Washington, D. C., Cooke & McCullough of London, and a branch house in New York City, were among the best known and strongest financial institutions we had. This was the outgrowth of his successes in placing the War Loans of the United States Government, together with his extensive advertising. The Pennsylvania Railroad interests in the Northern Pacific directorate urged the desirability of securing Cooke as financial agent of the company. A proposition to this end was made to him, and taken under advisement pending investigation by his own experts of the prospective cost of the line, the value of its land-grant and the traffic and revenue it could count upon.



NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION AT FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA.

During the summer of 1869 two parties were in the field for this purpose; one on the Pacific Coast under W. Milner Roberts, afterwards chief engineer of the Northern Pacific; the other working west from Minnesota, under the leadership of Governor Marshall of Minnesota. The findings of these two were embodied in a report made by Roberts.



NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION, NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION, LITTLE FALLS, MINN.

It was entirely favorably and gave as his estimate of the cost of constructing and equipping the line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound $85,000,000.

With the proposition thus endorsed by their own experts, the firm of Jay Cooke & Co. agreed to accept the financial agency on certain conditions, and a contract to that effect was entered into between them and the company, May, 1869, with a supplementary one the January following, stipulating further conditions, which will now be described in detail.

At the instigation of the company a bill was passed by Congress amending its charter so as to permit an issue of bonds secured by a mortgage on its railroad and telegraph lines. And subsequently, within the same year, 1869, another bill was enacted authorizing the construction of its "Portland Branch" from Portland, Oregon, to a connection with the main line at some suitable

point on Puget Sound. Twenty-five miles of this branch was to be constructed by July 2, 1871, and forty or more miles per annum thereafter until it was completed. These covered part of the conditions exacted by Jay Cooke & Co. The contract between them and the railroad company called for an issue of bonds by the latter to the amount of $100,000,000, interest on these at seven and three-tenths per cent to be payable in gold. This issue was to be in fifty dollar bonds, the interest being fixed so that they would pay the holder one cent per day. These bonds were to be sold by Jay Cooke & Co., at par. Out of every $100 proceeds the railroad company was to receive eighty-eight dollars, the bank twelve dollars. To further reimburse the latter they were to be given $200 in stock for every $1,000 worth of bonds sold. The outstanding stock, $600,000, was to be exchanged for bonds at fifty cents on the dollar, the bank to raise $5,



ON DETROIT LAKE, MINN

000,000 within thirty days from the date of the supplementary contract for the immediate needs of the company, with which the construction was to be commenced at once. A land company was to be organized to handle town sites, etc. Jay Cooke & Co. to be recognized as the sole financial agents and depositary of the railroad.

These were onerous terms; in fact it was admitted by Cooke that he had purposely made them so exacting in anticipation that they would be refused by the directors of the railroad.

Jay Cooke's Remarkable Bond-Selling Campaign.

Commencing with the spring of 1870, an extensive campaign was opened by the firm to advertise the proposed road, and to sell the bonds, the idea being to reach the middle classes and to have them invest their savings. For months it was almost impossible to pick up a paper published in the North without finding a reference to the Northern Pacific Railroad. Liberal payments for space brought favorable editorial comments. Letters from army officers, engineers, members of Congress, Governors of States, and even one from the Vice-President of the United States was procured. City dailies and country weeklies, religious and secular, all were utilized in impressing upon the public the fact that the Northern Pacific Bonds offered an opportunity for investment without an equal.

The time was propitious. The Government had commenced to reduce its debt



CHIPPEWA INDIANS AT LEECH LAKE, MINNESOTA

—at the rate of about one million dollars a day, and also to reduce the rate of interest on its obligations to five per cent; money was plentiful and times good. As a result over 8,000 subscriptions for greater or less amounts were received, every section and all classes being represented in the list. In two years $30,000,000 was received by the railroad company from Jay Cooke & Co. as their returns from bonds sold.

With the initial payment of $5,000,000 and the prospect of further receipts ample for all requirements, the directors commenced active construction. Their first steps were to secure a controlling interest in the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and a lease of the line of the Lake Superior & Mississippi River Railroad, extending from St. Paul to Duluth. The portion, Duluth to Thompson Junction, or Northern Pacific Junction as it was called later, twenty-four miles due west from Duluth, followed the proposed route of the Northern Pacific, and an arrangement was made by which its track should be used by both lines jointly, to insure which a half interest in that portion of the Lake Superior & Mississippi River Railroad was purchased by the Northern Pacific.

The St. Paul & Pacific, which they acquired, was a line chartered and partially constructed from St. Paul to the Canadian border, where it was to connect with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, then under construction by the Dominion Government. It subsequently became part of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad, now the Great Northern Railway.

The Oregon Navigation Company, the other line acquired, was a system of steamboats and portage railroads that held a monopoly of the traffic of the Columbia, Willamette and Snake rivers.

Contracts were also let for, first, the construction of the line Thompson Junction to the crossing of the Mississippi River at Brainerd, Minnesota, to be known as the Minnesota division; second, the creation of an artificial harbor at Duluth, and third, the building of twenty-five miles of the line from Kalama, Washington, to Puget Sound.

Ground Broken Under Difficulties.

On February 15, 1870, ground was broken near Thompson Junction. Some seventy-five persons were present, most of them residents of Duluth and Superior City, who had driven over in sleds the preceding day to be on hand at the inauguration of work. It was necessary to build fires to thaw out the ground before this could be done, but it having been accomplished, a few wheelbarrows of dirt were moved, thus permitting the advertisements of Jay Cooke & Co. to state that actual construction was under way. General Ira Spaulding, the engineer of the company, in charge of the work, made a prophetic speech: that the inclemency of the weather might be an indication of what could be anticipated, but that men who built fires to thaw ground and hauled snow off the right-of-way, were only spurred to greater efforts by obstacles in their path.

In October, 1872, J. Gregory Smith resigned the presidency of the company,



IN PYRAMID PARK, NORTH DAKOTA.

he having been appointed receiver of the Central Vermont Railroad, which he stated would occupy all of his time. This action was precipitated by a financial stringency that occurred in the affairs of the company about that time. Funds had been coming in with such ease and rapidity that the board of directors had made expenditures and plans as if there was no end to their financial resources. In addition to the main line they had under construction the Canadian connection; were planning for a line to the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, and other expenditures of like character.

The sale of bonds was letting up, the public having absorbed about as much as it could be induced to take, and Smith was practically made the scapegoat on which the troubles of the board were laid.

A reorganization of the board followed, General George W. Cass, the president of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, being elected president in Smith's place, and an advance made by the members of the board from their own funds to meet the most pressing obligations.

At the time of Cass's election he, with five others of the directors, were on the Pacific Coast as a committee to select a terminal; decide between several different routes under consideration, and otherwise look after the Coast interests. By its charter the road was to terminate at tidewater in Puget Sound, and the exact location was a matter of much moment. After an exhaustive investigation the committee narrowed the available locations to three, Mulkiltea, Seattle and Tacoma, leaving to the full board the decision as to which of these points it should be. On their return in the fall of 1872, the board appointed R. D. Rice vice-president, and J. C. Ainsworth managing director for the Pacific Coast, as a commission to adjust the questions arising in connection with the Pacific Coast terminal. The committee settled on Tacoma, the Northern Pacific Railroad Company acquiring by purchase and donation a large body of land. The Tacoma Land Company was organized as a subsidiary company, capital $1,000,000, the Northern Pacific holding a majority. The work of attracting settlers, selling lots, laying out the city, building wharves and otherwise making ready for the road was done by this company.

While on the Coast the details of the control of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company was settled by the Cass committee, the Northern Pacific purchasing a majority of the $5,000,000 capital stock of the Navigation Company at forty cents on the dollar, putting it up with Jay Cooke & Co. as collateral for advances made by them.

The annual report of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, December 31, 1872, did not indicate the true status. It showed 519 miles of road as completed and in operation, 453 Lake Superior to the Missouri River and sixty-six Columbia River to Puget Sound. The financial showing, expended to date, was:

Surveys	$ 1,091,542
Construction	12 200,600
Rolling stock	1 908,897
Tools, machinery, etc	358,330
Harbor improvements, Duluth	245,005
Total	$15,804,374

The facts were, as announced by President Cass early in 1873, that the company had a floating debt of $5,000,000, the sale of bonds through Jay Cooke & Co. had practically ceased, and that the directors individually had advanced to the company all they were able to raise rather than see construction work stop. The earning power of the completed portion of the line was not anywhere near sufficient to meet the interest charges. On the Eastern end the only business was that required to take care of the new towns that had sprung up along the line, there being little or nothing produced to create traffic. On the Pacific a single mixed train daily answered all purposes. Notwithstanding this unfavorable showing the interest charges were piling up at the rate of $2,000,000 per annum. This, however, was taken care of by an issue of bonds convertible into lands.

Panic of 1873 *Suspends Construction.*

At this stage came, if it was not oc-

casioned by the wild financiering of Jay Cooke & Co. in Northern Pacific, the Panic of 1873. It was inaugurated by the failure of Jay Cooke & Co.,—first their New York house, closely followed by the Philadelphia establishment. While lasting but a short time, its effect was far reaching. All railroad construction was suspended, the entire financial system of the country was paralyzed, occasioning the stoppage of thousands of mills and factories, throwing many thousands of men out of employment.

The firm of Jay Cooke & Co. was thrown into bankruptcy. Among its assets found by the trustees were obligations of the Northern Pacific for a large amount, being for advances made for construction purposes. This was partially secured by Oregon Navigation Company stock, and in the subsequent settlement this stock was sold and thus lost by the Northern Pacific.

It seemed as if there was nothing to hope for; money was not obtainable for further construction, interest charges were piling up, while earnings were hardly paying operating expenses. The stock in the St. Paul & Pacific Railroad and the Tacoma Land Company were sold, expenses reduced, and every effort made to tide over until the arrival of better times.

Billings' Plan Rescues Company.

From this condition the company was rescued by a plan of reorganization originated by Frederick Billings, one of the directors. What this was and how carried into effect can best be told in Mr. Billings' own words as given in a Congressional investigation: "When the crash came there were three interests, the bondholders, the stockholders and owners of the proprietary interests. The bondholders, 11,000 in number, were scattered from Maine to Texas. In addition to $29,000,000 of bonds outstanding there was a considerable floating debt, while the road was more than paying operating expenses. It had reached no objective point, it was necessary to carry it further to make what had been invested in it valuable. But in its then condition no additional funds could be raised, and so early in the spring of 1875 it was thought best to foreclose the mortgage, to get rid of the load of debt, and to place it in a condition for further development. All parties interested were brought together and harmonized, and in a few months the property was sold and speedily taken out of court.

"The agreement which harmonized all parties was this: the capital stock, which by the charter was $100,000,000, was divided into $51,000,000 preferred and $49,000,000 common, the bondholders were to have $30,000,000 of preferred stock for their $30,000,000 of bonds. As their bonds drew seven and three-tenths per cent interest in gold, the interest was called eight per cent. Two years' interest had already accrued and it was decided to give the preferred stockholders this two years' accrued interest and three years in advance—five years interest at eight per cent or forty per cent, so that each holder of a bond of $1,000 received $1,400 of preferred stock. This absorbed, say, $42,000,000 of the preferred stock, leaving $9,000,000 in the treasury for general purposes. Stockholders in the original company were to receive common stock in the new, share for share, were not allowed to vote for several years, and only to receive dividends after the preferred stock had received its eight per cent. The remainder of the capital stock, after deducting $51,000,000 preferred and what common was issued to the stockholders, was to be distributed to the owners of the proprietary interests."

President Cass Appointed Receiver.

In compliance with this arrangement the company was placed in the hands of President Cass as receiver, April, 1875, the road sold and in possession of the new company by the end of August the same year. When General Cass resigned the presidency upon his appointment as receiver, Vice-President C. B. Wright was elected in his place. For the next two years to operate the completed portion of the road and carry the floating debt was about all that was accomplished. The discovery of coal deposits east of Tacoma occasioned the

construction of the "Puyallup Branch," thirty-one miles, in 1876, the funds for its construction coming from the net earnings of the Eastern section. In 1877 the affairs of the company took a better turn, increased population along the line brought up the earnings. With an increase of traffic came the question of a more direct line to St. Paul and Minneapolis, it becoming evident that these cities were to be the distributing points for Minnesota and Dakota. Up to this time business to or from points on the line had to be hauled from St. Paul to Thompson Junction over the Lake Superior & Mississippi River Railroad, thence west on the Northern Pacific, a distance of 240 miles to Brainerd, as against 100 miles by a direct line. Of this 100 miles, seventy-five, St. Paul to Sauk Rapids, was already constructed and in operation by the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad, successor to the St. Paul & Pacific. Arrangements were made for a perpetual contract for the joint use of this line by the two companies, the Northern Pacific and Manitoba. A new company, the Western Railroad of Minnesota, was formed by the directors of the Northern Pacific, and under its charter a line, Sauk Rapids to Brainerd, was completed in November, 1877, and leased to the Northern Pacific for ninety-nine years. This gave them the haul via their own and a much more direct line to and from St. Paul.

In 1878 twenty miles, Fargo to Casselton, was all the construction accomplished, one reason for this being the uncertainty over the company's rights. Congress had extended the time for completion of the road to July 4, 1877. Notwithstanding repeated efforts had been made it was not possible to secure a further extension, one thing holding it up being the attitude of the senior Senator from Oregon, who insisted on the immediate completion of the line along the Columbia River as a condition of further legislation, his purpose being to break up the monopoly of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. This uncertainty existed until the decision of the Attorney-General in 1879: "that the time for the completion of the road would not expire until July 4, 1879 . . . . and that it must be held until Congress took steps to declare a forfeiture of the grant, it remains in full force and effect."

Satisfied that no adverse action would be taken by Congress so long as construction was going on, the company decided its best policy would be to proceed to complete the line.

Frederick Billings Elected President.

In May, 1879, President Wright resigned and his place was filled by the election of Frederick Billings, already referred to as the author of the plan of reorganization. Under his administration construction was resumed from Fargo west and on the line from the junction of the Snake and Columbia Rivers east to Lake Pend d'Oreille. It was deemed inadvisable to antagonize the Oregon Steam Navigation Company by building along the Columbia, and there was no prospect of remunerative earnings from such a line, even were it constructed, unless it had an extension into the Palouse country to feed it. Funds for these extensions were procured by the sale of bonds secured by the line and land-grant appertaining to it, stock equal in amount being given as a bonus. The Missouri division required $2,500,000 in bonds which was readily placed. Then the Pend d'Oreille division was financed by the issue of bonds, $20,000 to the mile, subscribers receiving but seventy cents in preferred stock on each dollar's worth of bonds. Construction on the Missouri division from Mandan west, commenced early in the spring of 1879, all material for it being carried across the Missouri River on tracks laid on the ice. The season having been unusually severe it was found impossible to keep the river open for the transfer boat. General Rosser, the engineer in charge of construction, adopted a unique expedient that was without precedent, and one that excited considerable comment. Ties twelve feet in length were laid on the frozen surface of the river and the rails laid on them, the track being ballasted by allowing water to freeze between the rails. On the roadbed thus constructed the trains of the company were success-

fully operated until the spring thaws broke up the ice in the river, when the transfer boat *Union* was again put in service.

Material for the construction of the Pend d'Oreille division was shipped from Philadelphia to Portland around the Horn. Rails at this time cost the company forty-five dollars per ton at tidewater, Philadelphia, and forty-four dollars at Cleveland. Those intended for the eastern end were handled from Cleveland to Duluth by lake. A heavy item of expense in this year's (1879) budget was the cost of renewal of ties, trestles and bridges on the Minnesota and Dakota divisions. These were originally pine and tamarack and required replacing. It was also deemed advisable to do considerable work in the Valley of the Deer Lodge or Hell Gate River, near Garrison, Montana. The Gould interests were pushing the construction of the Utah Northern Narrow Gauge into Montana and it was feared they might appropriate the pass.

Two important moves were made during 1880. The transfer-boat service across the Missouri River was very unsatisfactory, besides being liable to interruption from ice in winter. In consequence a bridge was decided upon and its construction started. The other was an agreement with the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company, made with Henry Villard, its president. This gave the Northern Pacific exceptionally favorable terms for the movement of its construction material from Portland to Wallula, the option to use the line of that company between those two points, and did away with the necessity of the construction of what would have been an extremely expensive piece of road from Wallula to Portland. Villard's object was to postpone, if not entirely do away with, the Northern Pacific's building down the river over the right-of-way they had acquired. Their doing so would have broken up his monopoly of Oregon and Washington business; besides the transcontinental traffic of the Northern Pacific would be of great value to his Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company.

This same year, 1880, an immense section of land hitherto included in the Indian Reservations was thrown open to settlement. This meant that for 150 miles along the road there would be settlers and consequent business for the company, besides eliminating the Indian, who had proved a disagreeable factor. For instance, in the case of the Crow Indian Reservation, though the company's charter gave them the right to build through it, the attitude of the Indians was such that it was deemed advisable to pay them $25,000 for their consent, which even then was reluctantly given. It was this same section that Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, had declared, in 1873, should not be built, and which when surveyed required the presence of 1,500 soldiers as escort for the engineers.

In the fall of 1880 President Billings arranged with the banking houses of Winslow, Lanier & Co., Drexel, Morgan & Co. and A. Belmont & Co. for the floating of a bond issue of $40,000,000. Since the Jay Cooke & Co. fiasco the directors had been afraid to attempt any extensive issue of stock or bonds, the "banana belt" advertising of 1873 having left Northern Pacific securities in rather bad odor among the general public. Thus far the plan had been to segregate their issues so as to cover the immediate division for which they were required. With the increased mileage, larger earning power and the backing of these three powerful firms, it was felt they could safely return to the more satisfactory arrangement of general mortgages.

The arrangement in this case was to issue the bonds in four installments during 1881, 1882 and 1883, the first at ninety cents, the other three at ninty-two and a half cents. One feature of the arrangement that afterwards proved disastrous, was that the bonds could only be issued as the road was completed and accepted by the United States Commissioners, at the rate of $25,000 to each mile. This plan made no provision for funds for work in advance of track-laying.

With the money thus provided plans were made, not only to extend the main line west to connect with the Pend

d'Oreille division, but also for the Cascade division from Tacoma east, and for several branch lines in Oregon and Washington.

Henry Villard's Famous "Blind Pool," and the First "Merger."

These latter interfered with Villard's plans for the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, not only threatening his monopoly, but also involving the loss of the Northern Pacific transcontinental traffic, the haul of which he wanted for his line from Wallula to Portland.

To protect his interests he went into the market and quietly proceeded to acquire a controlling interest in the Northern Pacific stock—$31,000,000 of the $49,000,000 of the common stock provided for in the plan of reorganization had been issued, $18,000,000 of it still being in the treasury.

To enable him to accomplish this, with other plans in connection, Villard required a large amount of ready cash, over $20,000,000. To secure this he organized among fifty of his friends and acquaintances what he called a "purchasing syndicate," but which the press dubbed, and which has ever since been known as "The Blind Pool." The participants knew they were joining in the formation of a new company to be called the Oregon & Transcontinental, and that it was to acquire the control of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, and for other purposes to them unknown.

Induced by the promise of participation in profits and by the uniform success of his previous enterprises, over double the amount asked for by Villard was subscribed.

Eighteen million dollars of the common stock was still in the Northern Pacific treasury and when President Billings and the board of directors discovered, much to their surprise and chagrin, that Villard held a majority of the outstanding stock, their first move was to issue this treasury stock, which under the plan of reorganization was to go to the owners of "the Original Interests." This was prevented by an injunction obtained by Villard. Being thus left with a minority interest, Billings resigned, being succeeded by Villard in September, 1881.

The Oregon & Transcontinental Company, to which reference has been made, was the forerunner of the holding or security companies since become general—the original "Northern Security Company" as it were.

The purpose, as announced, was to acquire a controlling interest in the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, and the Northern Pacific, thus assuring harmony of operation; to provide them with funds needed for extensions of their own lines, and for the construction of such additional lines as might be found advisable in the development or protection of their traffic. It was organized in Oregon with a capital stock of $50,000,000, of which $30,000,000 was issued to the subscribers of the $20,000,000 cash paid in.

Upon taking hold of the Northern Pacific, Villard found $34,000,000 available out of the $40,000,000 blanket mortgage, but this, as explained, was only to be had upon the completion and acceptance by the United States Government of new track, none of it being available for the very necessary preliminary work.

Owing to the assassination of President Garfield, and the refusal of the Washington authorities, and of President Arthur after President Garfield's death, to appoint commissioners to inspect and accept the completed line, for over a year the Northern Pacific was obliged to meet an outlay of over $2,000,000 a month for construction and equipment without any receipts from bonds. This was done through advances made by the Oregon & Transcontinental.

During 1882 and 1883, 500 miles of branch lines in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana and Washington were completed in addition to the construction of the main line. The bridge across the Missouri at Bismarck, 1,426 feet long with an approach of two miles on the west and 6,000 feet on the east, was also finished in 1882.

(To be concluded next month.)



MINERS RUSHING ASHORE FROM FERRY AT PROTECTION ISLAND.

Digging Coal Under the Sea

By Arthur Frankland

THE discovery of coal on the Pacific Coast, and of gold in California were two events of far-reaching importance in the upbuilding of the West. Oddly enough, gold in California and coal in British Columbia were discovered at about the same time.

Though coal plays a less spectacular role than gold; though men do not stampede to the uttermost parts of the earth when a new coal discovery is made, as they do at the report of new diggings in the gold fields; though coal does not furnish the settings for innumerable romances, nor the motive for crime as does the yellow metal, yet it plays a no less important part in modern commerce.

It was at Fort Rupert that the first discovery of coal on the Pacific Coast was made, but the coal was of poor quality. Shortly afterward coal was discovered at Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island.

An interesting story is told about the discovery. An Indian, so the legend goes, was traveling along the beach when he came to one of the camping-grounds of his tribesmen, the Nanaimo Indians. He stopped to cook his dinner, and soon had a fire of dry driftwood blazing on the beach, over which he extended a piece of venison. While the meat was cooking he went back a few rods to gather more driftwood. Turning around to see whether the blaze was high enough to burn the meat, he saw an impudent crow that had hopped up to the fire and was reaching for the meat. Hastily picking up the first stone which came to hand he threw it at the crow. With an

insulting caw, the bird hopped to the other side of the fire. The Indian hastily picked up several black chunks which had been dislodged from a seam that cropped out of the bank above, and hurried to the fire to save his dinner. The crow, thinking discretion the better part of valor, flew away as the Indian approached. So the Indian dropped his black rocks beside the fire, and resumed gathering his driftwood. Taking these rocks a few minutes later, he arranged them around the burning sticks to concentrate the blaze upon the meat. In a few moments the Indian was astonished to see the rocks taking fire and blazing as though they were wood. This being a mystery he could not solve, he abandoned the effort and fell to upon his dinner. While he was eating two other Indians came up and sat down for a moment's chat. He told them of the wonderful blazing rocks, but they were incredulous. To prove his statements true, he went to the bank and with a stick pried out several chunks of the hard, black, rock-like substance, and bringing them back to his camp-fire he put them on the blaze. In a moment the three Indians were interestedly watching the burning rocks. One of the Indians picked up several of the "rocks that burn" and took them to the Hudson Bay Factor to seek an explanation of this remarkable phenomenon. The Hudson Bay Factor was immediately greatly interested and went with the Indian to see where the burning rocks came from. He promptly took possession of the outcropping coal vein, in the name of the Hudson Bay Company.

The Hudson Bay Company developed the prospect till they had proved its commercial value, when they sold out for a good sum to a coal-mining company. It was soon discovered that the Nanaimo coal was very much superior to the coal at Fort Rupert, and in consequence the Fort Rupert mine was abandoned.

As practical coal miners were not to be secured in the early days of coal mining on Vancouver Island, the company induced Indians to go to work in the mines by the promise of blankets, beads and tobacco. But stooping all day in a shaft or tunnel, working with a pick or shovel, did not suit the Indians, so they quit. When remonstrated with they said: "The Great Spirit meant his children, the Redmen, to be in the open air, to hunt and to fish, and to live in the forest, or on the streams and lakes. We do not live long enough to waste our lives under the ground doing work we do not like. The white man likes to work at hard and disagreeable tasks, and in ugly and unhealthy places. He will work in your mines; we do not care to." So they departed to the herring fisheries or went up the Fraser River to catch salmon.

The departure of the Indians brought the coal mining to an abrupt stop, for lack of workmen. Word was sent to England and a number of experienced coal miners were engaged. These miners, with their wives and children, came over to the new-world coal-fields in the year 1853, in the ship *Princess Royal*. Today the sons and daughters of these pioneer coal miners of '53 celebrate the anniversary of the coming of the *Princess Royal* to Vancouver Island as enthusiastically as do the hardy sons of New England the coming of the *Mayflower* to the bleak New England coast.

During the early years of mining at Nanaimo, the coal was mined on the beach only; but as the vein ran out under the bed of the ocean, it was decided to follow it. A shaft, now known as "No. 1 Shaft," was sunk near the shore-line to a depth of 700 feet.

Work was started on the "under-sea" mining in 1881, but the preliminary work occupied nearly two years, so it was not until 1883 that the mine became a shipper. From 1883 to the present date the mine has been in continuous operation with the exception of two short periods; the first was caused by an explosion in which many lives were lost, and in which the mine was badly wrecked, and the second was caused by a strike.

For the past twenty-two years the average annual output of this mine has been 300,000 tons of coal.

One can get a better idea of the magnitude of this work when he is told that

the mine has shipped 6,600,000 tons of coal, and that in addition to this amount of coal, acres upon acres of the sea have been reclaimed by dumping the waste rock from the mine into the ocean. It will give you an idea of what has been done, when you are told that from the base of No. 1 Shaft to the extreme end of its northern tunnels, the distance is over three miles, while from the base of the main shaft you can walk two and one-half miles in a southerly direction. The tunnels also bear east and west for several miles, so that if you wish to explore the various levels and stopes, and to follow the devious windings of the "under-sea" tunnels, you would have a week's steady travel. Rails are laid to every part of the mine being worked. The rails are light ones, yet their total weight is 6,000 tons, and it is estimated that there is at least 120 miles of track.

Upon entering the mine you will see both naked lights and safety lights in use. You step into the cage and suddenly you begin dropping into an apparently endless pit. Past the mouth of tunnels, past heavy whitewashed timbers which reflect the electric lights, you drop till you reach the bottom of the shaft. At the base of the shaft you can look down long vistas of tunnels which seem to stretch out indefinitely in all directions. It will take you a few moments to get your bearings in this strange and dream-like under-world. Cars come and go, workmen appear and disappear like gnomes. Far in the distance you can see a gray creature which looks like a jack rabbit hopping down the track; when it approaches, however, you discover it is a patient gray mule pulling a car of coal.

The horses and mules seem oddly out of place in these tunnels. You wonder if they would know what grass was if they were turned out in some green pasture, after their long imprisonment in the bowels of the earth, where their only light is artificial, and where the restless tides ever rise and fall far above their heads.

Cars, engines, rollers, electric motors, endless cables, all work automatically. Even the men and the mules come and go with methodical regularity as though they, too, were mere cogs in some stupendous machine.

Attached to timbers within easy reach of the workmen are the wires of the signaling apparatus. These communicate with the engine room so that the workman, whether he be a hundred rods or several miles distant, may signal the engineer in case of need.

Here at the top of the slope you will see a double line of cars, those on one track being loaded, and after being dumped they return empty on the other. The cars are attached to an endless cable by the grip system, similar to that used in the street-car cable system. Should the grip slip, automatic blocks between the rails prevent the car from running away, while the next car will push the one that has lost its grip up to the top of the slope.

Where the grade is heavy enough to take the empty cars down without other aid than gravity, the single cable system is utilized. The cable is attached to the cars, the bell rung and away go the cars with the "rope rider" in front. The slopes are long, frequently a mile or more, and the cars descend at a furious pace; the faster they go, the louder groans the roller over which the cable runs.

As I wished to go down to the end of the slope, the rope rider told me to climb in one of the empty cars. No sooner was I safely in than the signal was given, and away we went at what seemed a dangerous speed. I spoke of it to the rope rider. "Huh," he said, "this is n't fast—you can see the timbers. When we really are going at a good clip, the timbers look as close together as the pickets of a fence, and when she goes down at top speed, they become just a blur."

I left the "trip," as they call the cars, as soon as it landed at the bottom of the slope, and waited for the mule-driver to come in with his "trip." Soon he came rattling in. Just when I thought the mule would be crushed between the cars, like a pistol shot he gave the command: "Haw!" The mule hawed and was unhooked, and was then fastened to

the empty cars, while the loaded ones were attached to the cable to be drawn to the top of the slope. The boss and myself climbed into an empty car and away trotted the mule.

The "face" of the coal is more than a mile from the bottom of the slope. We started off at a brisk rate, past the open mouths of old and abandoned roads, coming to closed doors which, as if by magic, opened at our approach and closed behind us. I discovered that boys were stationed at these doors to open and close them, and thus regulate the ventilation in the mine. We came to a relay station, and made a flying switch; the driver unhooked the mule, which jumped to one side, while another mule trotted along and stepped in front of the car, to which the driver hitched him without stopping the car. One feature of the harness, which strikes the novice as remarkable, is the absence of reins, the mules being guided by the commands, "haw," "gee" and "whoa."

Mules are much more satisfactory and serviceable in a mine than horses, as the mule will keep fat at work that will kill a horse. If a horse is overloaded he frets himself thin trying to do the work, but the mule knows too much for that, and elevates his hind legs instantly, scientifically, and continuously till the driver has reduced his load. A good "mule skinner" can get twice as much work out of the animal as a driver who is not in sympathy with it. The driver and his long-eared partner must maintain cordial relations and have a mutual understanding of each other's rights and prerogatives before satisfactory work can be done. When such is the case things run like clockwork, and many a time the mule's sure-footedness and instant obedience saves both himself and his driver from death when a runaway car comes flying down the grade.

We disembark at the "face" where a couple of miners are at work. One of the men is holding the drill, while the other swings the hammer as surely and as regularly as though his back and arms were moved by machinery. Soon the hole is drilled, the explosive put in and tamped, and the miners wait for the "shot lighter" to come and light the shot. Before he does so, he tests the air to see if there is any firedamp—that dreaded enemy of the coal miner; he also sees if the shot is properly prepared. The shot lighter directs us to the fire boss, whom we find busy supervising repairs of the ventilating system.

The brattice, which is of lumber or canvas is used to conduct air to all working places. It is usually placed in the center of the passageway, thus dividing the place into an airway and a return airway.

In one of the stalls we are cautioned as to the danger of gas, so we extinguish our naked lights and take safety lamps. As the safety lamp is raised towards the roof of the tunnel a faint blue light or "cap," as the miners term it, appears over the flame. It lengthens out and suddenly explodes in the lamp with a sharp report like the pop of a champagne cork. The fireman lowers the lamp cautiously, explaining as he does so that if the lamp is pulled down quickly the flame would be drawn through the gauze and the gas in the mine exploded. "The most usual form of gases met in a coal mine," explains the fire boss, "are marsh gas and black damp, called carbonic acid gas, and occasionally sulphuretted hydrogen." By careful supervision of the ventilating system these injurious gases are driven out of the mine by way of the return airway. As gas is influenced greatly by weather conditions, expanding and contracting as the barometer rises and falls, it is extremely unsafe to allow it to gather anywhere in the mine, hence the necessity for constant vigilance in regard to ventilation.

Where the mine is dusty or gives off gas, the use of explosives is a matter of serious consideration and extreme care. The danger lies in the fact that the blast frequently opens up a "feeder" of gas, and at times ignites it. While the lighting of the feeder is not in itself very dangerous, the real danger lies in the fact that it is apt to set the coal on fire.

Black powder, though once in common use, is dangerous, as it gives off considerable flame when exploding, and is apt to ignite the gas which may be liberated.

Dynamite is largely used at present, since it gives off little or no flame, besides being a more powerful explosive. It is also used in extinguishing a fire when a feeder of gas has become ignited, or when the coal has caught fire. The explosion of the dynamite produces a vacuum and the fire is put out for lack of air since the gas will neither explode nor burn, unless mixed with a certain amount of atmosphere.

Some of the mine operators refuse to use dynamite as it breaks the coal up more than black powder. They are willing to risk the danger to human life, since human life is cheap, and since miners who are killed may be readily replaced. In some mines cartridges of caustic lime are used. Water is forced into contact with the lime by means of a pump, which causes the cartridges to expand to five times their original size. Seven cartridges, the usual charge, generate a steam pressure of 2,850 pounds.

The West has the unenviable distinction of possessing the most gassy mines in America, if not in the whole world. They are the Crows-Nest Mines of British Columbia. The gas in these mines occasionally makes sudden outbursts, forcing large quantities of coal from the solid wall, and choking, with its poisonous fumes, the miners in the immediate vicinity of the explosion.

Fourteen of the miners were killed in one of the terrific outbursts of gas in these mines during the year 1904, and the level was filled with coal for 400 feet. Twenty minutes prior to the explosion the fireman had made an examination and found the mine clear of gas. Such powerful force did the exploding gas exert that coal was thrown for more than a thousand feet beyond the mouth of the tunnel.

Vancouver Island coal is a bituminous coal, and is excellent for making steam and for household uses. A remarkable feature of the Nanaimo mines is the large dyke which runs due east and west through the formation; the coal on the north side of the dyke is hard and is suitable for domestic use, while the coal on the south side is soft and is used for steam purposes. In these mines there are two distinct seams separated by a stratum of conglomerate rock ranging in thickness from forty to seventy feet. The upper seam of coal is from four to twenty feet thick, while the lower one is only from two to four feet thick. This smaller seam was long considered without value, as by the old methods it cost too much to mine it, but with the introduction of modern machinery in place of the hand-tool mining, this seam is now a profitable asset of the mine.

The lower seam is very unpopular with the miners, as it is so narrow that during his entire eight-hour shift, a miner has no chance to straighten to his full heighth, but must work in a cramped and uncomfortable position.

Mining is now largely conducted by mechanical means. Where the miner formerly drilled by hand, the drills are driven by compressed air conveyed in long pipes from the surface. The sound is continuous and old miners do not like the innovation, as they say that by the old system they could instantly hear any creaking or grinding of the coal in the roof, the preliminary sign of a cave-in, and get to safety. Now a continuous racket of the air-drill deadens all warning sounds, and sometimes the roof crashes down upon the workers.

The Eastern coal fields are usually of uniform pitch and thickness, while the coal fields of the West are very irregular in pitch and are much broken by faults, necessitating a great deal of rock cutting to keep an even grade for the hauling of the coal. Western mines require considerable prospecting on this account, so these two factors make Western mining more expensive than in Eastern fields, but the compensating feature of it is that the price of coal in the West is much higher than in the East.

Here we use a system which is not practiced in the East—the "long-wall" system. This method of mining involves taking out every pound of coal and replacing it with waste and timber termed "cogging." The face of the coal is in one long working face across which the air travels freely.

The Eastern method, which is also frequently used in the West, is known as

the "pillar-and-stall" system. By this system, rooms twenty-five feet or so apart are driven, leaving a column of coal twenty feet in width between the rooms to serve as a support to the roof. Occasionally these pillars are taken out after stalls have been driven, but it is very hazardous work. Providing there is a good roof, this method does not require so much timbering as is required in the long-wall system, and consequently more used in the Eastern mines where timber is fully as valuable as coal. The long wall is less dangerous than the pillar-and-stall workings on account of the fact that when the coal is taken out the section is finished, and no vacant place is left for the accumulation of gas.

Electric motors are used here, though they cannot be made use of except in mines that are comparatively free of gas, on account of the danger of the sparking from the rails and wires igniting the gas.

The position of fireman is one of great responsibility since it involves not only good judgment, but a marvelously good memory also, as the fireman must be able to tell from examination the condition of every working place in the mine.

Stations in the mine are equipped as hospitals in miniature. Here are stretchers, splints, liniments and bandages, all grimly suggestive of the danger which constantly menaces the underground—and under-sea—workers.

The long distance from the shaft to the working places has been for years a source of needless suffering and danger. Frequently a badly injured miner would have to be taken several miles through the tunnels and galleries before coming to the main shaft where he could secure the services of the surgeon. Much of this needless suffering has been eliminated by establishing a number of "first-aid-to-the-injured" stations throughout the mine, where all necessary equipment is always on hand.

This system was organized by the local physician, who also organized an ambulance class to whom he gave frequent lectures. As a consequence many of the miners themselves prove able assistants at times of accident, and are ready with their services on the spot. So useful was this plan found that a bill was introduced in Parliament requiring all applicants for certificates as mine manager, to pass an examination in "first aid" before being given a certificate. This is now a law.

Strange as it may appear, this under-sea mine has less water present than many much smaller mines located far inland. It is thought that the Nanaimo River, which flows into the harbor near by, constantly deposits silt and mud, which covers the floor of the sea, forming a cement which renders the roof of the mine impervious to water. Notwithstanding this fact the water pumped from the mine undoubtedly comes from filtration from the sea above, as it is salty.

The pit head of a mine is a busy place, especially here, since the two grades of coal found in the mine require two distinct sets of tipples, screens and conveyers.

Near at hand is one of the upcast air shafts in which is stationed a huge fan. This mine has four ventilating shafts; two upcast and two downcast, which ventilate the mine at the rate of 200,000 cubic feet of air a minute.

The coal-hoisting shaft is used only for coal, though until a year ago all of the miners were lowered to their work down this shaft. When the new eight-hour law went into effect making it unlawful for any person to be employed underground for a longer period of time than eight hours at a stretch, the management, to prevent decreasing the output of coal, ordered the miners to go to their work by way of the Protection Island shaft. This arrangement worked a serious inconvenience upon the miners, since it caused them a trip across the ferry at an expense not only to their pocket but to their health. Coming from the mine after eight hours hard work underground they were very susceptible to the cold wind blowing across the water, and many of them constantly had colds as a result of the exposure.

In the old days, Nanaimo Harbor presented a picturesque scene, filled as it

was with sailing ships waiting their turn at the wharf to secure their cargo of coal. At that time the loading apparatus was a very primitive affair; now, however, it is strictly modern. A steamer, whose capacity exceeds that of several of the old sailing vessels, receives her cargo in forty-eight hours or less, the apparatus being able to handle 6,000 tons of coal in that time. The coal is very hard and stands a long journey without being broken up, having in respect to its shipping qualities no equal in the West. In some of the mines the coal goes directly from the mine to the ship, the pit head, bunkers, and wharf being together. The link-belt conveyers keep up a ceaseless clanking and rattling as their steady black stream of coal is discharged into the ship's hold. The Vancouver Island mines have, for foreign shipment, a great advantage over the mines in the Middle West, inasmuch as the coal requires no long trip by rail to come to the seaboard, but is mined at deep water and may be loaded directly upon the ships.

I wonder if those who come into the harbor ever think that far below the steamer that is bringing them to port, scores of men are picking and shoveling, drilling and blasting, to provide the fuel that carries them on their journeys of business and pleasure. I wonder, as their boat glides over the restless water, if they ever speculate as to what would happen to the men beneath them, if they should inadvertently approach too closely to the bottom of the sea, or if a tremor of the earth should open up a crack in the roof of the mine and let the ocean pour into the mine. But in spite of this ever-present danger, the miners are good natured and happy. When their work is over they take their recreation in athletic sports, at which they are very expert, and also in hunting large game in the hills about Nanaimo.

The work of the coal miner may be more prosaic than that of the gold miner, but let there come a shortage of coal, and we are brought to an immediate realization of the importance of the humble toilers far down in the depths of the earth, and we find how necessary to our comfort and existence is the product of the coal mine.



OCEAN VESSELS LOADING COAL AT NANAIMO.

The Children's Tombstones

By Dorothea Nourse

OLD Jeremiah pulled his horse down to a walk as he came to the two scrubby *mesquite* trees, whose foliage made the one spot of greenness far as the eye could see. They were poverty-stricken enough looking, these trees, but beautiful in contrast to the dry, dusty, closely-nibbled buffalo grass that covered the prairie. They were the only trees, too, on the whole J— sheep-ranch. In the doubtful shade of their lace-leaved, scrawny branches lay three oblong mounds, dry and covered with dust, like all the surrounding prairie.

As Jeremiah looked at these mounds. his lean, shaggy face broke into something approaching a smile.

"The little shavers have been waiting a long time for their stuns, but I 've got the price of 'em in my pockets now all right," he thought.

He spurred his horse and trotted off, an awkward, solitary figure against the failing sunset light. In the ranch-house door stood his wife, Angelica, watching for him. Her wisp of hair was drawn off a face brown and seamed by the dry western winds. Her mouth was drawn down at the corners and hard set. She looked like a woman whom one would never think of contradicting. In fact no one ever had contradicted her—except Jeremiah,—Jeremiah himself being a man of no small determination.

"Have any luck with the muttons?" she asked as the pony stopped before her.

Jeremiah got down deliberately from his saddle and came into the kitchen before he replied.

"Best I 've had for years. You fix yourself up and git ready to go into town in the morning. We are goin' to have them grave-stuns for the children."

Angelica turned away without a word. The fierce glitter of her little brown eyes softened with tears and her mouth took on for the moment a tender curve.

Fifteen years ago, scarlet fever had snatched from Angelica and Jeremiah, within one week, their two little boys and one tiny baby girl. The good Methodist minister who rode that circuit, buried them out under the *mesquites*. Jeremiah said then that if in the fall the sale of muttons were good, each little grave should be marked with a stone. But one misfortune after another followed the death of the babies. Often the old couple lacked even enough to eat; new stock must be bought; new windmills were a necessity. The babies' stones were postponed from season to season. As one hard year followed another, Angelica grew sharper and more bitter. All the trials and deprivations of her lonely life summed themselves up into a passionate longing to give to each of her dead children this one earthly tribute of a grave-stone inscribed with the name and date of birth and death, and made orthodox with a text from scripture. Now and then, when for a time it seemed as if things on the ranch were promising, her dream soared to a design on each stone—angels, perhaps, or a cross and crown with flowers intertwined. She longed with all the intensity of her checked mother-love to have the headstones pretty, such as other little ones had who lay in the cemeteries "back East." And now at last her weary time of waiting had come to an end. She was to see her dream for the children come true. Her wrinkled face wore a look of suppressed joy and her lips their strange tender smile, as she went about the usual preparations for supper. She even noticed as she stood in the door calling Jeremiah to the evening meal,

how the crimson of the evening glow transformed the monotonous dullness of the bleak prairie into a land of exquisite softness and peace.

As Jeremiah and his wife drove out onto the prairie in the early flush of dawn, next day, each was awkwardly kind to the other. They said little during the twenty-mile drive. Jeremiah was thinking with pride of the stone slabs that at last were going to mark those dusty mounds under the *mesquite* trees, and Angelica had slipped back fifteen years. Her throat ached with the feeling of a little yellow head against her breast and her eyes were full of maternal love as she saw her two small sons again before her.

In a county town of a thousand inhabitants, the supply of stones suitable for tiny graves is limited. The dealer in tombstones, barb-wire fencing and sundries had but one design in stock. This was a small slab of sandstone with a text on one side, and on the other the figure of a little lamb. There was a fair supply of these stones.

Angelica and Jeremiah looked doubtfully at the lamb. They thought there might be something a little more suggestive of where innocent little children go when they die. Lambs did not seem at all heavenly to them, but there was no choice and they were obliged to be satisfied. After all to have the stones, no matter what the design—was happiness enough; and with the added names and dates they were loaded into the back of the light spring-wagon when the couple were ready to drive home in the late afternoon.

The old man and his wife had spent the part of the day not occupied by the one important errand, in haggling over necessary purchases and in talking with ranch people and townsmen whom they chanced to meet. Angelica very rarely saw people and when she did she was always irritated by them. A day like this spent with other human beings tired her more than hours of hard, solitary labor on the ranch. The freshness and purity of the early morning had faded from the atmosphere as they drove back over the bleak prairie. Angelica's visions of the early morning had disappeared, leaving in their place a feeling of vague unrest and loneliness that even the thought of the three little tombstones in the back of the wagon did not relieve. Her occasional glances at Jeremiah made her set her jaw more firmly and brought back the glitter to her eyes. His lips were pressed together in a straight line, his gray, unshaven chin stuck out aggressively. He was counting over in his mind the little money that was left and wondering if he could not have made some sharper bargains. The thought of a settlement, probably tomorrow, with a neighboring ranchman for J-Bar sheep that had been feeding on the wrong side of their border, was also drifting across his mind. But in the chaos of Angelica's tired brain the one subject must inevitably be uppermost, and as the familiar landmarks of the ranch began to appear, she roused herself and Jeremiah by the abrupt query:

"How be we going to fix them stones?"

Jeremiah had seen the stones in position too long with his mind's eye to hesitate for an answer.

"To the foot of the graves. Whar else would they go?" he growled.

Angelica's dreams, too, had shown them to her for years, and always they stood at the head of the graves with the *mesquite* trees behind them.

"To the head of the graves is the only place they 'd ought to go," she said with a snap.

Jeremiah drew up his trotting ponies with a jerk. He knew that tone of voice from long experience. He let the reins fall slack between his knees. His ponies stood stock still.

"We 'll set right here until we settle that question," he said ominously.

Even the prairie dogs who looked out of their holes as the couple came in sight, might have been expected to see that Jeremiah never would give in. As for Angelica, she had never in her life been known to yield a point unless it were extorted from her by superior physical strength. They sat there in the wagon, the helpless baby stones behind them, arguing and wrangling until the sunset

and the long after-glow had faded from the sky. Angelica's heart ached and dry sobs clutched her throat. The babies should have their graves pretty, like other little children who lay under the earth. To put the stones at the foot was to spoil utterly the whole effect. They were her children, her pretty girl and tiny pair of manly sons, and hers was the right to decide. To give in to the wrong placing of the stones was to fail in her loyalty to her children. She would die first. To Jeremiah, it was simply a piece of womanly foolishness to which his sovereign right as man and master would not let him yield.

At last the old man got down from the wagon and unhitched his horses. "Them tombstuns 'll lay right there in that wagon until you agree to have 'em set whar they had ought to be, at the foot of the graves," he said furiously, and mounting one of the horses and leading the other, he rode off toward the house.

Angelica climbed stiffly down after him and followed, trudging through the dust and darkness. She stumbled along over the two miles of prairie road in agony of soul. Unshed tears blinded her eyes and dry sobs broke from her lips. The little ones were forsaken and betrayed and the anguish of it was more than she could bear, but it never even occurred to her that to yield the point in dispute would sooth her anguish.

So week in and week out, year after year, the old wagon rested where it had been left. The road on which it stood was deserted and another one made to take its place. The summer sun burned down on the pitiful deserted tombstones. The dust fell on them and covered the white lambs with dirt, and in the spring, the rains washed them clean again. All this time Angelica and Jeremiah went about their duties on the ranch. There were good years and bad years. The *mesquite* trees by the little graves grew more angular and twisted. Jeremiah still slowed his horse as he passed that way and longed to put the stones in place. The hunger in Angelica's heart to see the pretty headstones marking the children's graves came to be a dull insistent ache. But neither Angelica nor Jeremiah thought for one moment of giving in.

A "Norther," blowing sixty miles an hour, came down upon the prairie one winter day, and broke the tottering old wagon, standing deserted by the wayside. The grave-stones, gray and worn with exposure, slipped down to the ground and lay side by side on the hard brown prairie. On one of them, through the accumulation of dust, could plainly be seen the inscription.

JEREMIAH SAMUEL
Born September 16, 18...
Died December 6, 18...
"Suffer the little Children to come unto Me."

The second stone was similar save in the name and dates. The third had fallen on the reverse side. The little lamb, pitifully dirty and weather-stained, lay prostrate in his stone bed. Tiny, live, white lambkins, passing with their mothers, snuffed it over with soft little bleats, or licked it gently with their inquisitive red tongues. Generation after generation of lambs bleated and snuffed over the poor little white brother and passed on their way.

In the course of years Angelica and Jeremiah, old and gray and with the strength of their tempers and obstinacy undiminished, decided to move up closer to the Devil's River country. As they started on their way out from the old home, they passed for the last time the *mesquite* clump. Old Angelica's lips quivered, as they drove by, but her soul was unyielding.

Jeremiah looked at the mounds covering the dust of the three rosy-faced babies, two of whom would have been men by this time, with children of their own, and a lump rose to his throat. But he only let his shoulders fall farther forward as he muttered to himself:

"Them stuns had ought to go to the foot."

As he spoke a sudden impulsive desire to look at the deserted grave-stones for the last time, made him turn his horses' heads down the old-time road. He drove slowly on by the broken-down wagon, an old man, bowed over in a de-

jected heap, his hands holding the reins slack down between his knees. Angelica had not looked up nor noticed into which road they were turning until suddenly her eye was caught by the familiar stones lying by the roadside. A cry as of a wounded thing came to her lips:

"Stop, Jeremiah, stop."

She climbed quickly out of the wagon and stumbled over to the prostrate memorials and fell on her knees beside them. Her rough, worn hand passed lovingly over Jeremiah Samuel. Her eye turned to the diminutive slab that held the gray lambkin. Reverently she turned it over. Across the face of it ran the name:

Mary Angelica.

And below:

"Forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

The mother pressed the stone to her bosom as passionately as if it had been in reality her little, yellow-haired, baby girl. Hot tears rained down her seamed face. Sobs rent her quivering, thin old body. Almost as quickly as it had come the storm of her tears died away. She spoke in a quiet, colorless voice:

"Put 'em up, Jeremiah, where you want 'em, only put 'em up. I think I 'll die if we leave them all alone—out here —on the prairie."

They turned back with the babies' stones piled on the seat between them. Angelica, spent with her emotion, sat crumpled and wilted in her corner. Jeremiah, from first to last, had not said a word, but his lips were pressed tight together under his gray beard. They reached at last, almost without consciousness of the passing moments, the small dusty mounds under their scanty shelter of *mesquite* boughs. Jeremiah climbed out first and took the stones. Angelica followed him, and together they stood by their children's graves. Then the old man spoke with twitching lips:

"I dont want to be mean to ye, Angy. I did n't know ye cared that much. If ye 'll let Baby's stun go to the foot, I 'll put the other two your way and call it square. I think they 'll look good thatar-way."

Angelica could not speak and the old man put them in place with trembling hands, while his wife knelt in the dust and watched him. Her eyes were soft with mother-love, and sweet with a peace that passed her own understanding. A handful of leaves, loosened by the insistent prairie wind, quivered gently down and lay on the little graves.

The Waif

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

In the deep blue depths of the summer sky,
A tiny cloud went floating by;
And I saw it a child of the sun and the sea,
In the cradle of Infinity!

Confessions of An Elm

By Ellen Burns Sherman

(Originally whispered by its leaves to a song sparrow, who translated it into the Esperanto of music, which was retranslated by an unknown musician into the following plain English prose.)

May 22: Ever since I was a mere sappling, I have had a deep and wondering interest in those strange creatures called men. When I was very young I used to wonder why they were continually running to and fro upon the earth instead of maintaining a dignified repose.

Still more I used to marvel how men could so stupidly coop themselves up in the odd little boxes which they call houses, shutting out for so many hours of the day the glories of heaven and earth. I tremble to think what I might have been, had the shades of their prison-houses closed about me in the early days of my elmhood, shutting me off from the sweet influences of the Pleiades, the warm caresses of the sun and the invigorating buffets of wind and rain.

At night, while men lie sleeping, I look up at the starry heights above me, and in the day-time I look down upon daisy-constellations in a firmament of green. Indeed, I cannot fancy what my life would be with anything between me and the brooding heavens, or the tender earth which holds me on her bosom.

Another subject of many puzzling meditations on my part is the human habit of carrying umbrellas when it rains. Why men should try to avoid anything so obviously delightful and refreshing as a shower-bath was for a long time beyond my comprehension, and the more so when I learned that these strange creatures were at no little pains and expense to manufacture and stand under ugly contrivances which they call shower baths, infinitely inferior in size and every respect to Nature's original device.

Mother Earth told me that the first races of men let the rain fall on them and enjoyed it as much as we trees do. She says that the umbrella is one of the many badges of that degeneracy which goes by the name of civilization.

June 1: I am very happy today. A great man, a really great man, sat for a couple of hours under the shade of my branches. He leaned back against my trunk and allowed my steady nerves to steady his. During my long life of one hundred and fifty years, thousands of men, women and children have enjoyed the hospitality

of my shade, but none of them all seemed so kin to me, so like one of my very own branches as this man. I felt a current of calm blitheness vibrate all up and down my trunk, and even to the tips of my smallest twigs, while this man leaned against me. I hope he felt me return the pleasant thrill with stronger currents of my own, —little jets of affection and suggestion that may be valuable to him in some way.

He felt them, too, I fancy, for there was an intently receptive look on his face as if he were hearing a message. I am sure he felt the *entente cordiale* between us. A bobolink has just told me that the man's name is Emerson. The bobolink says that all the birds in the neighborhood know and love him and his dear, homely friend, Thoreau, and sing their prettiest songs when either of them appears.

I hope the gentle seraph will come often and sit under my branches. There is much that I should like to tell him that I can not tell everybody; I know he would understand.

I remember now that there was once another man, whom I found very congenial, a poet, whom a robin introduced to me as Mr. Lowell. I am sure that he reciprocated my feeling for I afterwards heard a bird trying to sing one of his stanzas which ran like this:

"I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them please their whim
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my fair progenitors."

I thought that a very pretty way for him to acknowledge my hospitality. He made an equally graceful recognition of his entertainment by my friends, the Willows, in a poem bearing their name. And several robins tell me that he has been no less courteous and appreciative of their music and manners.

June 5: This afternoon, when I was feeling decidedly dry, Mr. Thoreau made me a call. He had been taking one of his little ten-mile strolls and lay down at the foot of my trunk to rest. We were very chummy after a few minutes and I liked him almost as well as Mr. Emerson. Presently he took a ball of twine from his pocket and measured my largest girth, which he afterwards chronicled in his diary. It struck me as he was measuring my circumference that my other friend, Mr. Emerson, would be less likely to measure me that way. He would simply give a few of those sweetly penetrating glances of his and in a twinkling he would have taken my aesthetic and spiritual dimensions. Then he would make a metaphorical record of them in one of his wood-scented poems.

June 15: My disclosure for today is really absurd for an old tree like me; yet is it, after all, so absurd? I heard my friend Mr. Emerson tell his friend Henry, that love always finds us young and always keeps us so. Without shame or hesitation, then, let me confess that I am madly enamoured of a beautiful Maple standing

three or four rods distant from me on the lower slope of the hill. She cannot be more than a third of my age, and undoubtedly she considers me a thick-barked old veteran, quite past the period of amorous susceptibility.

Miss Maple holds herself haughtily erect, and thus far has returned somewhat rigidly the gallant salutes of my branches. However, that is all as it should be. I am not of the fibre that would woo a willow, ready to lean my way too quickly.

If I could sing like the birds that light in my branches, I think I should begin my suit to Miss Maple this very evening with a serenade. Perhaps, Ah! yes, I have it; I will engage the services of Signor Bobolink who shall set my pent-up passion to music and sing it in Miss Maple's very branches. She will surely not Priscilla me by losing her heart to my mad-cap messenger. For I will teach him melodies which she must recognize as too deep for the shallow experience of such a gay trifler as he. He shall sing to her of all that my deepest roots and highest branches have felt as they reached downward and upward, yearly giving me new increments of dignity and grandeur, till wise men looking on me have whispered the word "Sublime."

If beings not of our own race perceive somewhat in me to admire, how much more should Miss Maple be conscious of my noble parts. And yet my old heart misgives me, for I, at her age, did but scant justice to a grand old ash that afterward suffered martyrdom at the hands of ignorant men, who profaned its beautiful timber by converting it into hoops for gin-barrels. To such base uses do we return! After breathing the uncontaminated odors of the fragrant forest, and communing with gentle ferns and flowers, to be forced into obnoxious proximity to gin!

And who knows what destiny may await me! After outdoing Burke in my discourses on the Sublime and the Beautiful, I shall perchance meet the fate of a noble kinsman of mine in Maine who was cut down because, forsooth! he cast too deep a shadow on a crude Yankee's potato-patch! Were there no other places where potatoes might be raised?

Ah! if my timbers might be used—if used they must be—for the cradle of a Shakespeare or a Lincoln, how gladly would I surrender all my arborous rights. Or, if I might—like a giant Norway Pine—proudly sail the seas after my death, living a new life in the fresh and inspiring experiences of Masthood!

But such a destiny can never be mine; for among trees as among men, there is one glory of the pine, another of the oak and another of the elm.

Sept. 9: I have had nothing but chilling rebuffs from Miss Maple for many a sad moon. So I have kept no diary for many sundowns. But today twice blessed am I for my serene old seraph camped down again under my southern branches and ate an apple —for all the world like a big boy, save perhaps for the Parnassan

deliberation of his bites. But the core of the apple he shied up into my branches just as a boy might have done. The core fell down again, but two of its seeds lodged in a crotch of one of my boughs. I shall treasure these seeds most highly for some day, methinks, an apple-tree from a seed with such a history will be valued by the discerning. And who can say what may be the rare transcendental flavor of the fruit from such a tree?

Aha! I have an idea! I will make a gift of one of these seeds to Miss Maple and send it by Signor Vireo, who shall give her an account of its history and ask her to allow it to be planted midway between us so that we may have a common bond of interest. Then we will call it the Transcendental apple-tree.

September 27: Signor Vireo reported that Miss Maple received my gift most graciously. He even declared that she was blushing a bit at the tips of her leaves; but I think that must be only his fancy. However, she accepted my suggestion as well as the seed, and allowed Signor Vireo to plant it midway between us.

Several of my leaves fell today, and it occurred to me that I would employ the next West Wind that comes my way to carry a few *billet-doux* to Miss Maple, for my bobolinkian Hermes has migrated, and Signor Vireo will soon follow him. Beside there was much in my heart that I did not care to entrust to either of these messengers, especially to Sir Bobolink, who is sometimes a bit garrulous.

But we trees have a cryptic language of our own, written on our leaves in lines, spots and colors, and with these trusty symbols I may spell out the secrets of my heart for her reading. One of my pale yellow leaves is just ready to fall and on it I have written a little poem for Miss Maple; it runs like this:

A passing breeze, fair queen of trees,
My message carries,
Upon a leaf all pale with grief
My bosom harries.
Despite my bark so rough and dark.
My heart is tender—
And oh so fain your own to gain—
Come, sweet, surrender!

October 2: Today was my golden opportunity. A stiff West wind blew down from the mountains and I decoyed it to my service, sending my missive to Miss Maple. I confess that my leaves were all in a flutter of excitement when I saw my love-letter lodge upon one of Miss Maple's lower boughs. How anxiously I shall watch for the coming of the next East wind that may bring me her answer.

October 5: This has indeed been a day of grace for me. The serene philosopher and his friend Henry made me another visit and chatted for nearly an hour under my shade. Much of their

conversation eluded me, for an unmannerly breeze made my leaves rustle so that I heard only the following snatches of their discourse:

Mr. Emerson: "Elms always seem to me the least gregarious of all trees."

Mr. Thoreau: "Yes, if they could remember their Horace they would doubtless quote: 'I hate the vulgar mob, and hold myself aloof.'"

At this point in their conversation a brusque East Wind came my way bringing me a blushing leaf—a poetical chromograph—from my gracious lady Maple. I caught it on the tip of one of my boughs and read it eagerly, quite oblivious of the presence of philosophical guests. And this is what my lady wrote:

"This roséd leaf to ease your grief
My Hermes beareth;
The story old, in rubric told,
My heart declareth."

Ha, Ha! thought I, little do my distinguished guests suspect what a pretty romance is going on over their heads. I was so elated after reading Miss Maple's confession that I unconsciously waved my branches with the wild abandon of a fifteen-year-old sapling, and in my excess of joy, dropped my precious letter squarely on Mr. Emerson's nose. I supposed he would give it only a passing glance, as three-fourths of his race would have done. But imagine my consternation, when he held it up by its stem and deliberately read everything on it. Then without a word of comment, he handed it over to his friend Henry.

And what do you suppose that uncannily canny wight did? Casting a glance at me and then at Miss Maple, he remarked, "I see that yonder Maple makes gifts in accordance with one of your principles. 'The only gift is a portion of thyself. Thou must bleed for me.' If she wishes to live still closer to your maxims, she should send Mr. Elm a bucket of her sap in the Spring to water his roots. Do you think he would know the difference between such a gracious baptism and the moisture he gets from ordinary rain?"

Whereat Mr. Emerson smiled one of his radiant smiles, and I forgave him on the spot for reading a letter that was not addressed to him. I am sure neither of these fine-fibred souls will misuse anv information which he has accidentally obtained. If I were n't such an old creature, I should even like to consult them on the propriety of my love-affair. But I fear I should be awkward in presenting the case.

October 7: Another red letter day! for me. Miss Maple was plased to be facetious this time and on one of her most gorgeous vermillion sheets of stationery wrote only these words:

Dear Mr. Elm:—

I have just received your dear little leaflet and I write this hur-

riedly as I hear the East wind coming. I should like to send you a rhymed epistle, but I am really such a prosaic creature that it is easier for me to make twenty pounds of sugar than ten feet of poetry.

Your happy-hearted Maple.

A propitious breeze enabled me to send an answer to this letter within half an hour after I had received it. And this it what I said to Miss Maple:

Sweetheart, though why should I say "heart," when you are sweet all through? Even dull-eyed men have discovered your sweetness, surpassing that of all other trees. Indeed, I first suspected the condition of my heart in the pang I felt when I saw a callow swain piercing your fair body with an auger and driving in a spout which should drain your sweet veins for the benefit of some churl who has never given your magnificent beauty more than a passing glance.

Tell me, glorious divinity of the grove, and fair guardian of my heart, did the brutal auger give you pain and did you feel your vitality sapped by the larcenous phlebotomy of your veins?"

Yours, while roots and leaves are to him.

Elmus.

To this letter I received within ten minutes this answer:

Dear Twin-heart:

Give to the winds thy fears. The auger gave me no pain whatever and when the sap began to flow, I felt a slight relief such as I imagine yonder Jersey feels when she gives her little calf its supper. Try to think of men as my little calves, in a way—and you will have no further pangs on my account.

Your Faithful Maple.

P. S. I shall try to send you a bucket of sap in the spring. The man who gathers it passes directly under your southern branches on his way to the sugar-house. If you can contrive to startle him and make him trip and spill his sap, you can have a good drink.

October 10: Miss Maple and I have been exchanging letters every hour of the day lately. The wind has carelessly dropped many of them before they reached their destination; but at least two or three hundred of mine lie around her trunk and as many of hers around mine. It is even pleasant to see my own that the wind has dropped, lying near Miss Maple's. It seems a pity to let so many of these beautiful epistles pass into grey dust, for no one ever had quite such letters as my Dulcissima has written me. Neither can one get any idea of their complex beauty; for the refraction of the ideas and their expression, in passing from the artistic chromograph of the original to plain English has robbed them of the greater part of their charm. Yet shall I venture to give one more of them whose confidences are not so personal as others which I have given back to the secretive earth.

My Noble Liege-Elmus:

I forgot to tell you that I knew your pair of philosophers well. To the trees about me they are known as Star-Beam and Ferret-Eye. They have both sat under my branches many a time, and both paid me compliments, which, had they been less impersonal, would have been nearly as eloquent as yours.

There! dont be jealous, sweet my Lord. Neither of them will ever have your commanding stature and grace. But lest you shed untimely leaves from curiosity I will tell you some of their compliments. Star-Beam was wondering one day how I managed to get out of the same earth so much more distinguished cuts for my leaves and so much more sumptuous coloring for my Fall costumes than my sister trees.

Whereat Ferret-Eye said he had a fancy (he is always having them) that the Maple being more sensitive than other trees feels embarrassed when the wind snatches away a part of her clothes, and the red tides of her confusion send a glowing blush to her leaf-tips.

Of course you will laugh at this; are n't men and their little fancies droll? Neither spoke for some time after this ridiculous explanation of my autumnal tints. They often sit thus in silence together, seeming to draw in virtue from the whole universe, as we trees draw it in by our roots and leaf-lungs. Or again, they remind me of a pair of squirrels, nibbling away on the nuts of their own conundrums.

Finally Ferret-Eye wondered why the birch that knew how to draw so much more sap out of the earth than I, just failed of knowing how to draw my flavor and sweetness.

And Star-Beam answered that the law which controlled such matters was as inscrutable as the law which prevented a minor prophet from getting the same flavor into his prophesies that Isaiah did into his, though both stood on the same earth and under the same heavens.

Now, sweet lord of the upland meadow and me, who might this same Isaiah be?

Yours, constant as the seasons which change my leaves but not my love. S. Maple.

Shortly after I received this letter I heard Star-Beam reading to Ferret-Eye a letter which he had just received from a Mr. Carlyle. It was on very ugly paper and nothing in it as it seemed to me. In fact, it could n't compare with dozens of mine from my Dulcissima, upon which Star-Beam was at that very moment sitting. I told my Lady Maple so and she reminded me that as the prosperity of a jest lies in the ear of the hearer, so the prosperity of a letter lies in the senses of him that receives it.

But that does not cover the ground by any means. I am sure there would be no prosperity for the epistles which my Dulcissima's neighbors, the Beeches and Birches, might write me

Of late there has been a vein of melancholy—a darker color-tone, in the missives of my sweetheart, coming undoubtedly from the certainty that we can exchange only a few hundred more letters before the envious Winter will suppress our correspondence.

October 11: Today I received the last letter my lady will write me this year. How coquettish of her to wait till the very last leaf before consenting to be my bride.

It would have pleased me had she set for the date of our wedding the first day when December should bring her a flake-woven bridal veil, but instead, my lady has decreed that we shall wait till Spring, when Madame May promises to have ready for her a ravishing trousseau of pale green, trimmed with pendant umbels of flowers.

This decision is also approved by Mother Earth, who whispered me in confidence that by that time my roots and Miss Maple's would

have reached each other. We shall thus be able most fittingly to entwine our roots at the date appointed and ever after hold subterranean communion through them as well as through our leaves.

Bishop Robin, assisted by Cardinal Tanager, will perform the ceremony, and a full orchestra of blue-birds will sing the bridal song. Only a few select friends will be invited; the hermit thrush, the redstart, rose-breasted grosbeak, Blackburnian warbler, meadow-lark and summer-yellow-bird; also, Messrs. Star-Beam and Ferret Eye.

Miss Beech and Miss Birch will stand up with the bride. I shall stand alone as all my old chums have long since passed into the great Ewigkeit.

The Parting

'Tis a long, long time since last I saw Lenora;
The sun had set, the world was glazed with twilight dew.
The honeysuckle in the shadow murmured to the rose;
And through the garden strolled I with Lenora.

When last I saw Lenora she was standing in the garden;
The twilight gray had met the world in a last fond caress.
The wide-eyed owl was mourning in the shadows;
And I had left Lenora, lily of the garden.



Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

GENERAL ITEMS.

Important Decision Regarding the Use of Water.

A decision has been handed down by the Oregon Supreme Court which is of vast importance to every user of water for power or irrigation in the state, and in-so-far as this advance opinion is adopted by other courts, it will have immense influence in the whole arid West. The decision, if generally adopted, will have the far-reaching effect of abolishing the old riparian doctrine for the legal control of water rights acquired since 1877, and substituting in its place the modern doctrine of appropriation and beneficial use. The riparian-rights doctrine declares that every owner of land has a right to have all streams that touch it, flow to the sea undiminished in quantity and unimpaired in quality. The value of such a rule in foggy old England is evident, for there the problem in reference to water was one of drainage, and the legal principle was developed that nothing must be allowed to interfere with a stream as a drainage channel. When our fathers came to their new country they naturally borrowed from the English common law this doctrine in reference to the control of water flow, and when the pioneers came West and drew up constitutions for the control of the new territories and states, they also transplanted this doctrine, and when the courts became established they drew their argument and logic still from this old doctrine of riparian rights, though all authorities on the question of the proper control of water in an arid section agree that this doctrine has no place in a land where the problem in reference to water is that of conservation and irrigation and not drainage and riddance. The courts have gradually developed in opposition to the doctrine of riparian rights that of prior appropriation, which bases the control of water upon beneficial use, but the two doctrines have been in direct conflict, so much so that water laws in the entire West are in a state of chaos. This condition has done more to hamper development in irrigated districts than any one other fact, and has given great advantage, in the appeal to settlers and capital, to the few states, notably Idaho and Wyoming, that have tried to modernize their water laws. The great obstacles to new water laws are the speculative interests, who wish to retain control of unused power and irrigation rights until such a time that development will catch up with their speculative right and return them a fortune. These interests are opposed to the doctrine of beneficial use, which would allow the water to be appropriated for irrigation where it is the most valuable, to the hazard of speculative rights.

The decision of the Oregon Supreme Court in question holds that by the terms of the desert land act of 1877, all riparian rights on land acquired since that date are

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limited to domestic use. This act specially reserves the right of the appropriation of water to irrigation and mining on all land acquired under its provisions, and this clause is interpreted by the Oregon court to mean that beneficial use is the chief essential to a water right. Under this decision a settler can appropriate unused water wherever found, and enterprise and capital have been given great encouragement.

Timber Land Taxation Encourages Destruction.

One of the greatest hindrances to the preservation of the timber resources of the West by means of the approved scientific forestry principles of our own nation and other nations, is the simple fact of taxation. We have become so accustomed as a nation to looking on a body of timber as merely something to be slashed and turned into money that it is not strange that the view should be shown through our local laws. A forest is taxed according to the market value of the lumber represented and not according to its productive capacity, as it must be when we finally come to adopt the principles that will conserve rather than destroy. With the community fixing high taxes on all timber land, it becomes imperative that the lumber represented be placed on the market as soon as possible, in order to stop the immense tax drain, which is supplemented by the great danger of fire loss. The one fact that the nation has allowed the greater part of the timber to pass into the hands of a few large corporations, and that their profits may be immense, should not blind them to the necessity of retaining this supply as long as possible and encouraging the adoption of modern forestry principles. Among nations where forestry has become a science, the forests are tilled, and the matured tree is the harvest even though it require thirty years or a hundred to reach maturity. The adjustment of the various economic forces relating to taxes and forest preservation will become more of a problem in the West as we gradually approach the limit of our timber supply.

Garfield Recommends Non-Resident Clause in Dry-Farming Bill.

The same feature that defeated the dry-farming bill of Congressman Mondell of Wyoming in the last session of Congress, is having its influence again this session. The originator of the bill wanted, as his chief purpose, to increase the possible amount of land that could be taken under a homestead, from 160 to 320 acres, on the ground that as only the more arid land remains undeeded, a larger amount is needed to insure a living to the home-

seeker. Senator Smoot of Utah introduced an amendment providing that strict residence on the land should not be demanded because of the possible lack of portable water, holding that the settlers should be allowed to live in communities some distance from the land if they desired, and that final proof should be based upon the cultivation of the land and actual residence in the neighborhood. This one feature is supposed to have been largely responsible for the defeat of the bill last session, but the same feature has come up stronger than ever this year in the form of a paragraph in the annual report of Secretary of the Interior Garfield, which supports the non-resident clause of Senator Smoot. A strong plea is being made for the Dry-Farming Bill in general, on the ground that dry-farming means even more than irrigation to the future development of the West; for when irrigation has gone to the limit of utilization of all of the waterfall of the West there still will be vast tracts of land worth but little except under scientific dry-farming.

At the recent annual session of the National Wool Growers' Association in Pocatello, Idaho, considerable opposition was shown to the Government Reclamation and Forestry policies by some of the individual members. One of the speakers argued for state control of irrigation and the forests, in opposition to Government control, but the resolutions adopted by the convention "unqualifiedly" favored public forest preservation, but deplored the fact that the burden of the support of the policy should have been placed on the stock interests in the form of the grazing fee within the reserves. The resolutions in general, however, criticised the national administration of the forests, though it was commended in the features of trail-building and roads, which features are for the almost exclusive benefit of the stock interests. It is interesting to note that a convention of the Idaho Stock Ranchers Protective Association following a few days later in the same city, adopted resolutions heartily approving the forestry policies of Chief Forester Pinchot.

OREGON.

Will Reclaim 74,000 Acres in Central Oregon.

The Deschutes Irrigation & Power Company of Portland has recently contracted with the State Land Board for the reclamation, under the Carey Act, of 74,000 acres of arid land in Crook County, near Bend. This company already has contracts



for the irrigation of two other segregations of 84,000 acres and 56,000 acres, respectively, and these three tracts taken together comprise one of the largest projects in the West. This land is a hundred miles or more from the railroad at the present time, but there is good promise of modern means of transportation within a short time. Water has been delivered to the former two of these segregations, and several towns now have a good start where a few years ago there was only dusty desert plain. The estimated cost of reclamation has been fixed at $60 per acre for the last selection of land, and an annual maintenance fee of eighty cents per acre until 1917, when the system is to be turned over to the settlers unincumbered and in good condition. Water will be taken from the Deschutes River, which has been pronounced one of the greatest irrigation streams in the world.

Government Suit For Land Valued At $40,000,000.

By the time this article appears arguments will have been made in the Government suit instituted to compel the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to relinquish lands alleged to be illegally held by it under the government grant to the old Oregon & California Railroad. Most of the land in question is valuable for timber, mineral and agriculture and is valued at fully $40,000,000. However, when the grant of land was made to the railroad company by the Government in an early day it was specifically stipulated in the enabling act of Congress that the company should sell the land at $2.50 per acre to actual settlers, in lots not to exceed 160 acres each. Instead, the railroad steadily refused this amount per acre, and in fact has apparently refused any amount per acre, entirely withdrawing the whole grant from the market. In the past, however, it has sold large tracts at various prices to corporations and individuals, paying no attention to the 160-acre condition. The present suit by the United States may compel the company to sell this land in accordance with the terms of the grant. For years, different persons have tendered payment to the railroad company for different tracts at the flat price, assuming that these tenders will give a prior right if the decision should be in favor of the Government.

Portland's Building and Trade Records.

In 1900 the business men of Portland asked for 392 building permits, aggregating in value less than a million dollars. In 1908 there were granted nearly 5,000 building permits with a total valuation of $10,411,951. That Portland has passed beyond her village days is proved by the fact that there were but seven cities in the United States that showed greater building returns than Portland during the last month of the year. For the entire twelve months of 1908, Portland held eighth place in volume of permits among the seventy-two leading cities of the United States. In percentage of building-gain of 1908 over 1907, Portland, with 9.3 per cent, is exceeded only by Kansas City with 9.7, and by Chicago.

Recent events seem to indicate that Portland will become the packing center of the Pacific Coast and of the whole section west of the Rocky Mountains, for the Union Meat Company owned by L. F. Swift of Chicago, has purchased a 3,400-acre tract near the city and has already begun the erection of a modern packing plant to serve the great grazing region which is tributary to Portland up the Columbia and Willamette. Two of the natural advantages of Portland are that it has a water grade up the Columbia through the Cascades to the Inland Empire, and that it is the only fresh-water port on the Pacific Coast. As a wheat-shipping point Portland is exceeded only by the Port of New York, with Philadelphia and Galveston as her only dangerous rivals.

The Water Resources of Oregon.

The Oregon Conservation Commission has estimated that 3,317,000 horse power are unutilized in the rivers of Oregon. The developed horse-power of the state is approximately only about 80,000 horsepower, of which one company has some 65,000. There is a single river in the state, the Deschutes, that is capable of developing a million horse-power by the building of a series of dams at natural sites; at present practically none of this amount is in any way used. This enormous resource is awaiting the day when all Western railroads will be electrified as a matter of economy; and the age of manufacturing when the Sunset Coast will be the great supply house of the Orient; the day when vast power will be used in the pumping of water for irrigation to every available spot where a few orchard-acres can be found or intensive crops be made to grow.

Reclamation Projects, Prospective and Being Developed.

What may mean the beginning of irrigation on a large scale in the Willamette Valley is the filing of incorporation papers for the organization of a canal company for the purpose of irrigating about 5,000 acres of land in Clackamas County. This land is the original home of strawberries and watermelons in the Valley. The rainfall during the growing season in the Willamette Valley is less than that of some "arid" sections, even though a great deal of moisture falls during other times of the year.



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A complete list of new Victor Records for March will be found in the March number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's and April Cosmopolitan

There are about 5,000 acres of land to each voter in Lake County. Lakeview, the county seat, is about eighty miles from the the nearest railroad station, and much of the land is held in large stock ranches. A new era is looked for with the construction of two irrigation systems which promise to have water on 100,000 of Lake County's 5,000,000 acres in time for the crops of 1910.

A private irrigation company near Echo, in Eastern Oregon, says it will have water for 10,000 acres of its 20,000-acre project near Echo, in Eastern Oregon, in time for irrigation this season. It is the policy of this company to have the land under actual cultivation or ready for immediate cultivation before placing it on the market, for they say that this plan is not only more saitsfactory to the settler, but also more profitable to the company.

The State Land Board of Oregon has contracts for twenty segregations under the Carey Act which are being reclaimed by private companies, and which promise to irrigate about 295,000 acres. Nine of these segregations cover a very large per cent of the total and are in the Deschutes Valley, and eight are in Harney Valley. The remaining three are in Lake, Baker and Umatilla Counties.

Among the Farms and Orchards of Oregon.

With present prices and yields as an index, the Rogue River Valley ought within a few years to be one of the richest districts of the state, for between five and seven thousand acres have been recently planted to fruit trees.

Poultry raising has come to be an important industry in Oregon and it deserves a much greater place, for during the fall and winter the state is obliged to import from the East about two carloads of eggs a week to meet the local needs.

The value of dairy produce in Oregon has grown from five millions in 1903 to seventeen millions in 1908. That this state is a promising location for the dairyman is proved by the fact that the farmer receives seven cents a pound more on the average for his butter fat than do the farmers of the Middle West and the dairy states near the Great Lakes. Added to this is the statement of a well-known authority that there is a difference of two cents a pound, in the cost of producing butter, in favor of the Willamette Valley over Eastern states, and this two cents will easily market the butter in any part of the United States. In confirming Western Oregon as a dairy section a casual news note credits a farmer of Daniels Creek, Coos County, with a net earning of fifty dollars per cow from a herd of thirteen cows for five months' time. And that the state has some unusually fine dairy blood is proved by the record-breaking achievement of the Jersey, Adelaide of Beechlands, of the Hazel Fern Herd, near Portland, who produced, during the year ending November 24, 1908, 15,572 pounds of milk, which tested 849 pounds of butter fat, or an estimated 999.55 pounds of butter.

A man near Vale, Eastern Oregon, reports 529 bushels of alfalfa seed from his seventy-five-acre farm. The seed marketed for $7.50 per bushel, or a total of $3,967, and the straw paid all the expenses of raising the crop.

The fruit-producing soil of Oregon is estimated at 4,000,000 acres, not including arid land to be reclaimed in the future. The fruit-bearing area of 1908 was 40,000 acres, and it is estimated that in five years 200,000 acres will have reached the bearing stage. At present prices and rate of planting, the gross receipts from Oregon fruit in 1919 is estimated at not less than $50,000,000. The healthy Oregon orchard usually returns from $400 to $1,000 per acre.

The Italian prune crop of Oregon is surpassed in value only by the state's apple crop.

Progress Notes From All Parts of the State.

Incorporation papers have been filed for the Oregon Midland Railway of Portland, the excuse for whose existence is the avowed plan to build a railroad from Weiser, Idaho, to Tillamook, Oregon. It is rumored that the promoters have some connection with a transcontinental road in this ambitious plan to build east and west across Oregon and directly through the region that is said to be the largest in the United States without modern transportation.

According to the terms of the franchise granted to the Oregon Coast Railway Company for the building of an electric road from Astoria to Seaside, construction work must begin within a year and the road must be in operation within two years.

Two counties of the Inland Empire, Umatilla of Oregon and Whitman of Washington, produce three per cent of the total wheat crop of the United States. The Pacific Northwest produced during 1908 near 55,000,000 bushels of wheat, and if the year had been normal the crop would have been a record-breaking yield of probably 65,000,000 bushels. The outlet of this enormous product by the easiest route to the Coast and the world's markets, down the Columbia River, is the one fact that has made Portland the greatest wheat port of the United States, beside New York.

One-sixth of the standing timber in the United States is the estimate placed upon the timber resource of Oregon. In the production of hops, Oregon leads all of the states of the Union.

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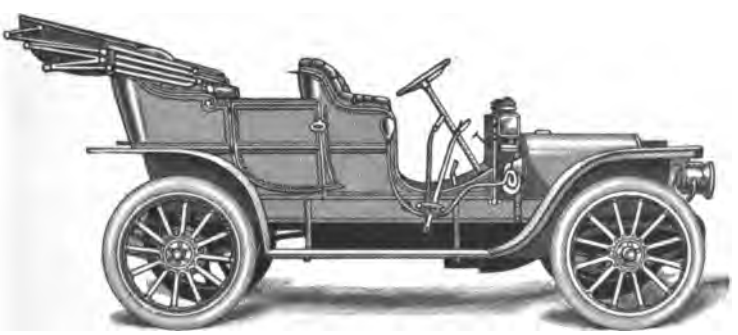
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An appropriate ceremony marked beginning work on the largest drydock in the United States, at Bremerton Navy Yards, on Puget Sound, recently. The drydock when completed will cost about two million dollars, and it will be a model in its class and plenty large enough to hold the largest vessels afloat. The contractor promises that it will be completed in two years. The first appropriation of $100,000 by Congress for the establishment of a drydock on Puget Sound was made in 1906, and a second one of $300,000 was added in 1907, while the last Congress allowed another $100,000. In addition to the cost of the present contracted work, over $4,000,000 have previously been spent on the Navy Yards since the first drydock was begun.

Northern Pacific Railroad to Sell 400,000 Acres of Their Grant.

As preliminary to the selling of nearly half a million acres of their original land grant in the state of Washington, the Northern Pacific Railroad has just placed on the market a list of lands totaling about 40,000 acres. Nearly all of these selections of lands are in the Eastern part of the state and near the tracks of the company's operating lines. It is thought that this action on the part of the Northern Pacific is an indication that they mean to develop the country and that they have faith in 1909 as an especially active year for the Northwest in the matters of real estate and settlers. The Northern Pacific still has about two and a half million acres of their original grant unsold, though only a million acres of this amount has as yet been surveyed.

Indications of Progress and Growth in Seattle.

The building permits issued in Seattle during 1908 represent a sum which is just a little more than twice as great as the total building valuation for the year 1905; and 1908 with its $13,777,329 spent in new buildings is from thirty to forty per cent better than 1907. There is not this much difference between the figures of 1907 and 1908, but the cost of building during the past year is from fifteen to thirty per cent cheaper than during the year previous, and thus paradoxically the business depression has greatly encouraged the building industry in Seattle.

Shipping figures for 1908 justify Seattle's claim as one of the great ports of the world. During the twelve months her commerce by water reached a total approximating $122,000,000, which was carried by 1,850 vessels arriving and departing from the port. The total number of passengers arriving and departing by water during the same period was in round numbers 2,832,000, and the tonnage of deep-sea vessels, which tied up in the harbor during the year, was three and a half millions. The chief foreign shipping was with the Orient and British Columbia, while there is a growing trade with Australia, South Africa and different parts of Europe. Alaska continues to be the best customer of the port, and coastwise trade is in a healthy condition.

Notes From Irrigation Projects.

The modern method of building a Western town is to be illustrated in the new town of Wahluke, on the Columbia, if the plans of the promoters materialize. A Spokane company has secured control of 15,000 acres of land on the banks of the Columbia, just opposite the Hanford irrigation project and fifty miles north of Kennewick. The town has already been platted, and it is stated that work is to begin at once on the $65,000 plant which is to take water from the Columbia and run it through the twelve miles of ditches.

That portion of the Columbia between Pasco and Priest Rapids is the scene of extreme activity in reclamation. In addition to two large irrigation projects there are at least a hundred small pumping plants either under construction or projected by individuals or small private corporations, which purpose to lift the water from the broad Columbia to small tracts which with water will become the best orchard sites. There is considerable interest in the invention of a Montana man who claims to be able to develop enough power from the slow current of the river to pump water to the higher land, thus saving the cost of artificial power. The inventor, J. R. Morrison, has sufficient faith in his discovery to be planning the irrigation of a preliminary 2,000-acre tract near White Rapids.

Construction work to begin February 1, is the promise of Engineer Cummings, of Seattle, who has presented a plan to landowners of Snipes Mountain for the irrigation of 5,000 acres of their land, by the taking of water from the Sunnyside canal by syphon and lifting it still higher by a pumping plant.

Investigation of the 15,000 acres of irrigated land under gravity water system in Richland Valley, was recently undertaken by Joseph Underwood, representing Eastern capital. It is the plan of the company, should they decide to locate here, to set two sections immediately to fruit trees, after which it would be divided into ten acre tracts on which colonists would be located.

In the vicinity of Sprague the citizens have held a meeting which has resulted in a determination to try a new scheme of irrigation. The plan is to dig a well on

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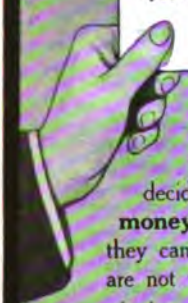
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every forty-acre tract of fruit land and establish a small pumping plant capable of giving a flow of 100 gallons of water per minute, which is estimated to be a sufficient amount for the irrigation of forty acres. The water may be had at a depth of twenty feet or less, and such a system would enable four owners of ten-acre orchards to join in securing a water supply wholly independent of any corporation.

Robert E. Cavatte and Fred W. Heller have just bought 100 and 160 acres respectively, of the land of the Sunnyside project near the city of Sunnyside, at an average price of $100 per acre; the tracts will be divided into small orchards.

At a recent election, the citizens of White Salmon decided to form an irrigation district and bond it sufficiently to construct pumping plants, reservoirs and canals sufficient to reclaim a large tract of land which is too high to be reached by any sort of gravity system of irrigation. The estimated cost of the scheme is $50,000.

A number of years ago an Ellensburg man bought an 8,000-acre tract of land in Kittitas County from the Northern Pacific Railroad for a dollar an acre. He has just sold the same tract to a Spokane man for nine dollars an acre and the latter will probably also double his money by several times, after he gets water to it as is planned.

D. C. Corbin, of Spokane, has just bought a 1,000-acre tract at Spokane Bridge which he will plant to sugar beets and divide into ten-acre tracts for the real estate market.

One of the numerous deals in the vicinity of Pasco is the recent purchase of 1,000 acres by J. A. Moore, which will be added to his previous 1,200 acres, and it is expected that at least 100 Eastern families will find homes here during the next year or so.

Development News From All Parts of the State.

The past year has marked a ten per cent increase in manufacturing output for the city of Spokane in spite of the lessened demand for products in many lines, due to the national depressed financial condition. The total output for the year shows a valuation of $17,000,000.

The January itinerary of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul car, which is touring the Middle West with the products of Washington, under the direction of the Immigration Department, included twenty-five towns in the states of Illinois and Wisconsin.

During the progress of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition next year, four important congresses will be conducted. The presidents of all the large Universities will be invited to speak before a congress on educational matters. A religious congress will represent nearly every known creed and established church, while the modern religious movement will be represented in the third congress which will be designated as the Emmanuel or New Thought Congress. Besides these there will be a fourth congress to hear the discussion of all questions relating to civic improvement, by the most prominent men that can be secured.

After a six-months' investigation by agents of Eastern capitalists, the Seattle Dock & Terminal Company has been incorporated with a capital fixed at $2,500,000, with the object of building a branch railroad and the construction of two miles of docks along a dredged channel in the Duwamish Basin. The two miles of dockage will accommodate a large number of warehouses, and the canal will be large enough to load, at one time, twenty-five of the largest steamships that enter the port, and handle two million tons of freight a year. The same syndicate has large projects under consideration in New Orleans and San Francisco.

Wenatchee section is getting some good advertising as the result of the recent winning of many of the large prizes at the National Apple Show in Spokane. One of the exhibitors accepted an offer for a prize box which gave him forty cents each for its 112 apples, and a ten-acre orchard which two years ago was sold for $10,500, again has been sold to a recent arrival from Iowa for $23,000. A million-dollar crop was harvested from the Valley last fall and the promise is of a fifty per cent larger crop for 1909.

A part of the franchise has already been secured for the building of a ten-mile electric railroad to connect Roslyn and Cle Elum, opening up some valuable coal lands.

The LaConner Flats, in the vicinity of LaConner, prove the agricultural value of tide lands which have been reclaimed from the sea in a similar manner to the diked lands of Holland. These lands have yielded as high as 176 bushels of oats to the acre, it is said, and the general average is 100 bushels per acre. Another important industry of this section is the raising of cabbage seed, which is sold to Eastern seed dealers. Just west of this district is the rich Snohomish Indian Reservation of 10,000 acres, a part of which will be open to public sale as soon as restrictions are removed which will permit the Indians to sell part of their allotments.

Some of the islands of the Puget Sound are well adapted to the production of grapes. There has been a tinge of frost but once during the past thirty-four years. Well-kept vines have netted the owner as much as $1,000 per acre in some instances.

Fire Insurance Rates Too High?

Doubtless. But the rate simply measures the fire loss as a thermometer does the temperature. Rates in America are ten times higher than in some parts of Europe, but—in 1908 the fire loss in America was **238 Millions of Dollars.** This enormous waste was largely preventable. Slipshod methods of construction and criminal carelessness in the use of property bring about this terrible fire loss. Is it any wonder fire rates are high in America?

Do you want to help reduce the fire cost and fire insurance rates? THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY has published a book on this subject which contains chapters for the Householder, the Merchant and the Manufacturer. It tells each how to reduce the chance of fire in his particular class of property. If all property owners would follow the suggestions of this book the fire waste would be lessened and fire insurance rates would be greatly reduced. The book also gives valuable advice as to how insurance should be written and tells in simple language common errors to avoid. This book may save you thousands of dollars and much trouble, no matter in what company you are insured. It is free. Send for it at once.



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IDAHO.

Will Reclaim 80,000 Acres in Lincoln and Blaine Counties.

One of the last official acts of the State Land Board before being replaced by the new Board was the closing of contracts with the Twin Falls North Side Land & Water Company, for the reclamation of 80,000 acres of land in Lincoln and Blaine Counties, under the Carey Act. This company is already engaged in reclaiming another tract in this section and the new contract covers the extension of the Wood River irrigation project. About 20,000 acres of their holdings will be placed on the market in February at Gooding, the price of water rights being fixed at $45 per acre.

Two Millions For Reclamation in the Jordon Valley.

A delegation of citizens from Jordon Valley has signed contracts with W. M. Lucas, representing Eastern capital, for the reclamation of 50,000 acres of their lands. The cost of the scheme is estimated at $2,000,000, and it is announced that work will be begun at once. The central feature of the scheme is the building of a large reservoir to collect the flood waters of the Jordon Creek. With water the land will be valuable.

Twenty Thousand-Acre Project in Portneuf Valley.

That they will have enough water under control to irrigate next season's crops in the 20,000-acre Carey-Act project in the Portneuf Valley, in Southeastern Idaho, is promised by the promoters of the project. The twenty-five mile ditch is under construction and the money is said to be at hand for immediate work on the dam.

Uncle Sam After Homestead Contestors.

It is said that Government inspectors have been sent to this state to investigate the action of those who are apparently in the business of dealing unlawfully in homestead relinquishments. The custom of these parties is to carefully check up all those in the state who have made a homestead entry, and if every requirement of the homestead law is not complied with to the letter, these grabbers file contests and attempt to gain control of the partly improved land for speculation. Another phase of the business is to locate on promising quarter sections of land, persons who have no idea of complying with the law in full and residing the necessary term of years to secure a deed, but who are willing to go out into the wilds for a period as an investment. Of course the locator is supposed to show up before very long with an ambitious Easterner who has the money to buy off the original entryman and then all is ready for filing on another quarter section of promising land and looking for another Eastern homeseeker. In the contesting of partly improved homesteads these land sharks are especially unfeeling, for oftentimes the homesteader has merely violated in ignorance some minor point of the law, and to lose his farm means the loss of not only all he has, but from one to five years of hard work of the past, and the hopes of the future.

General Reclamation Notes.

An agreement is said to have been reached between Kuhn Brothers and the State Land Board as to the terms of the contract for the reclamation of what is to be known as the Twin Falls-Oakley segregation. The project is expected to cost a million and a half dollars and is being financed by the company, which has also financed several other large Idaho reclamation schemes. The company has asked for a segregation of 40,000 acres, and in addition to this their system will irrigate 10,000 acres of patented land. Two large storage dams will be erected in the Goose Creek Canyon, above Oakley, and an electric line is proposed from Milner to Oakley.

The Spokane-Idaho Irrigation and Power Company of Spokane, Washington, has acquired the rights of the Custer County Irrigation Company and the deal will insure practically a new irrigation project for Custer County, since the new company will begin work at once on the reclamation of over 14,000 acres of land, by the construction of ditches and dams that will cost $150,000. The cost of water rights has been fixed at $25 per acre, payable in ten equal payments similar to the plan of the Reclamation Service, and the water is to be delivered within a year.

Governor Gooding has signed a contract with the Idaho Irrigation Company for the irrigation of three different tracts of land; the first for 1,080 acres south of Gooding, with a water right valuation of thirty-five dollars; the second, for a body of land east of Shoshone, consisting of 50,000 acres of the so-called Dietrich tract, the cost of water rights to be fifty dollars per acre; and the third, for the irrigation of the school lands lying in the larger tract at a cost of forty dollars per acre. Water is promised for this land in 1910, and some of it may be put on sale late in the spring.

Here And There in Idaho.

Like several other Western states, there is nothing that Idaho needs so much as more railroads. Many sections of the state must lie dormant until somebody gets the vision and the support necessary to bring the civilizing influence of the railroad to them. There are many rich mining districts which at present are too


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far from the steam engine to allow machinery to be carried to them. It is not necessary that railroads actually touch these districts, but unless within fair proximity there can be no market for the mineral wealth. In the northern part of the state there has been considerable railroad construction during the past year, but in the southern part, where are located so many of the most promising of the reclamation projects, railroad development is far behind progress in other ways. The ultimate success of a reclamation project depends almost absolutely on the railroad, for the produce grown under irrigation is either too bulky or perishable to be moved without steam or electrical transportation.

The mining industry of Idaho has been large enough in the past to give a market to all agricultural products that the rest of the state was able to produce, and this condition is likely to continue for some time, provided transportation facilities are extended as fast as the new irrigated sections come into productivity, and soon enough to allow the development of rich mineral sections.

It is prophesied that Idaho will have more land under cultivation fifteen years from now than the state of New York, and that each acre will produce twice as much as the average of the Eastern states that know not the arts or needs of irrigation. At any rate the Gem State is destined to increase its present wealth by many times.

The town of Burley is one of the ambitious business centers of the state; it is the logical center of the 160,000-acre Minidoka Government Irrigation project. Just a little later, too, another 10,000 acres will be added to the original project, and 200,000 more acres, prospective of reclamation, have been withdrawn from settlement by the Government. The Oakley-Goose Creek project of 42,000 acres is also in close proximity. The town of Burley is less than four years old, but is already a vigorous youngster.

Payette Valley promises to have a pickle industry, for the first experiment has proved a decided success. Last spring a man came from the East looking for a pickle location and he purchased the eighty-acre Santa Rosa farm. Next year a large acreage will be planted, and the owners of the farm promise to have an up-to-date pickle factory in operation by that time.

Dry-farming has been successfully followed for about seven years, it is said, in the foot hills near American Falls. One community of fifty families averaged twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre on dry-farming land, and the yields have gone up as high as sixty-five bushels per acre. Several hundred filings have been made during the past few months on this class of land, but there is said to be nearly a third of a million acres adjacent to this place still vacant.

Due to the lack of necessary appropriations only half of the mineral lands of Idaho have as yet been surveyed, and in the single county of Custer there are 10,000 acres of agricultural lands that are occupied but still unsurveyed. Over a million and a half dollars have been expended in mineral surveys alone, since 1865, but this amount has been far too small. This condition greatly hampers development because of unstability of titles and rights, and such a condition also means a loss of a considerable annual sum by the state in the shape of uncollected taxes on unsurveyed lands.

MONTANA.

Water in 1909 For 45,000 Acres of the Lower Yellowstone Project.

It has just been announced that water will be ready in 1909 for about 45,000 acres of the Lower Yellowstone Government project, which is located jointly in the states of Montana and North Dakota, about one-third of the total area being in the latter state. The project, when completed, will irrigate nearly 70,000 acres along the west bank of the Yellowstone River just above its junction with the Missouri. The land to be reclaimed is in the form of a strip sixty-five miles long and only five miles wide at the widest point. This project is in the center of one of the best and largest grazing areas to be found in the entire West, and the land when irrigated is admirably adapted to become the headquarters for the stockman. The altitude is nearly 2,000 feet and the extremes in temperature between winter and summer are very great, but the climate is dry and neither the heat nor cold is penetrating as in the more humid sections. The sandy loam soil, the long days of sunshine during the growing season, and the abundant water which the government project insures, all will combine to bring to quick maturity vegetables, grains and all forage crops. Alfalfa will be the chief crop, for it returns five tons to the acre and there is always a ready market for all that can be raised, at about five dollars per ton in the stack. The farm unit in this project has been made eighty acres, and while practically all of the public land has been filed upon there is opportunity to secure private and railroad land at from two dollars and fifty cents to twenty dollars per acre and the cost of the water right. The water right is fixed at $42.50 per acre payable in not more than ten installments, without interest. There is also an annual charge of one dollar per acre for



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operation and maintenance of the canals. There are six towns within the project and others near. Two transcontinental railway lines are within reach and another has been projected to extend through its entire length.

Flathead Indian Reservation To Be Opened.

While no definite date has been set, it is expected that a large tract in the Flathead Indian Reservation will be opened to public entry in June. Registrations for the drawings will likely be made at Kalispel and Missoula, two of the nearest towns of consequence, and enthusiastic ones say there will be fully 25,000 people in line for the hundreds of choices of free land when the great opening day comes. Allotments will first be made to the Indians, and then the remainder of the tract will be divided into numbered farms, and the lottery system will probably prevail in the selection of the lucky ones who are to share in the free land. After the reservation has been opened it is very likely that either steam or electric transportation will be extended to it at once.

Eighteen months ago there were no settlers living in the locality of the Huntley Government project, but today a census would show a population of nearly 500 home-makers. It is a significant fact that there has not been a single failure on the project, according to reports, and no relinquishments of claims.

It is conservatively estimated that 25,000 settlers have found homes in Montana during the past two years. One of the great needs of the state, according to the report of the director of the Montana Experiment Station, is the establishment of numerous experiment stations in various parts of the state, for the instruction of the new settler in the problems of the local crop. This is especially needed by the settlers of the reclamation projects, who must make their land return a good profit from the start in order to meet the regular payments collected by the government for the water right. "A successful, prosperous, satisfied settler," the report continues, "is the best kind of an advertiser, whereas the failure due to improper methods of farm practice will do more to keep settlers out and move them out than many thousands of dollars could do to bring them in."

CALIFORNIA.

California Products "Against the World."

California's wonderful diversity of climate gives a remarkable range of production. She is not only the longest state, but also the highest and the lowest, for her peaks reach to the greatest altitude in the United States and her depressions go to the lowest level. First attracting attention as a gold-producing territory, she retains second rank among the states in this industry with a daily output of $51,000. But gold is minor among her present productions. She makes a creditable showing in almost everything produced in America, but there are many classes of products in which she is easily first, and in some among these she supplies almost the entire quantity that is home-grown. Thus being without a competitor at home, she has entered into competition with the world, putting her soil and climate and products against countries and continents. The prune of France has been crowded out of our markets; the oranges and lemons of Spain, Sicily and the West Indies cannot compete with the California varieties; the wines of California total more than those of all other states combined and they have largely replaced those made famous by the vineyards of France, Italy, Germany and Spain. The currants of Greece, and the raisins of France must take second place to those of California; the nuts and olive oil of France and Spain have gone the same way, and the figs of Smyrna are threatened with the same fate. California's latest ambition is to grow tobacco that will control the market against the product of Cuba. Coming back to such common trade items as home competitors, California leads the states in the production of almonds, English walnuts, citrons, peaches, peas, asparagus, barley and olive oil. Certainly, then, there is some justice in the claim of California as the garden spot of the world, though less than fifty years ago her thousand miles of coast line bordered a dry, dusty, dreary desert. And the present difference is the reward of the recovery of the plains and valleys from aridity, and the study of soil and climate adaptability. It is now the land where water is of almost untold value and is carried through concrete or covered pipes that not the smallest drop may be wasted; the land whose agents are searching the world for new varieties of vegetable life; and then if they are not found, they raise up a Burbank to make them to order.

The people of California are wealthy, partly because they can produce in such variety and quantity and often almost without competition, partly because they are specializing in the luxuries of life and tantalizing the deepest purses of the nation and world. The average deposit in the savings banks of California is larger than that of any other state, and in total amount they are third in the United States; in total assessed valuation California is fifth among the states. California faces the right direction for the future, for the greatest commerce of the world has been

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prophesied for the Pacific, and California will doubtless maintain her share as against her northern sisters of Oregon and Washington. Already does California rank second in the value of her private ships of over five tons, having pushed up from sixth place in five years. Thus is California not only the world's garden, but she is also one of the gateways through which civilization must pass in its marvelous Western march.

Recent Growth of Los Angeles.

In 1870 Los Angeles talked of her 6,000 population; in 1880 she had jumped to 15,000; just thirteen years after this last date she was five times as large; in ten years more she was almost twice as large again and had grown to a healthy 135,000; and in five years more, or at the close of 1908, she more than doubled herself again and has entered into the new year with a round 300,000 Of course there must be a reason behind all these figures, for Los Angeles has far outstripped the pace of the average West. Los Angeles people talk of themselves as living in "the throbbing heart of the big Southwest," and begin to orate about their Gospel of Sunshine. Sum it up then in the words: climate and trade. Los Angeles is making the most of her climate. She has a Southern Italy in the winter and something better in the summer. The out-of-doors is made to plead, for Los Angeles people claim their 3,000-acre park to be the largest in the world. She speaks of her 500-acre park as a small one, and the remainder of the parks of her elaborate system are merely "beauty spots." In the trade world Los Angeles is the logical distribution point for an immense area. Four transcontinental railroad lines reach this city and a large feature in the traffic by this far southern route is the fact that these roads are able to avoid nearly all the heavy grades of the further north roads and thus make better time on a longer haul. The new Panama Canal will be another big boost to the port, as will also be the growing Pacific trade.

Notes on Irrigation and Water Power.

It is the plan of the Sacramento River Farms Company, of Woodland, to reclaim and irrigate the old Fair ranch, and initial work is promised soon on the $22,500 plant required for the joint use of drainage and irrigation. A 400 horse-power pumping plant will be established and the district to be covered by the company totals about 9,700 acres.

A project which has for its ultimate purpose the irrigation of 200,000 acres of land in Butte and Glenn Counties is being promoted by the Feather River Canal Company. The water to fill the large canals will be taken from the Feather River near Oroville. This company has just acquired the rights of a former company and the plan is to immediately rehabilitate the old system by the expenditure of $35,000 and to have a good supply of water on the land during 1909. The main canal, as surveyed, will be twenty-two miles in length, and the water will be supplied by the principal tributary of the Sacramento River. The first orange tree to be planted in Northern California is on the banks of the Feather River and is bearing large crops on its fifty-year-old branches. The land under the canals will grow a large variety of crops, and a certain part of it is specially adapted to oranges, olives, figs and grapes. Recent experiment has also proved rice to be a successful and profitable crop in certain districts. Arrangements are said to have been made with colonizing companies to bring settlers, largely of German and Swedish stock, from the Northwestern States as soon as the water is ready for use for the first 5,000 acres of the project.

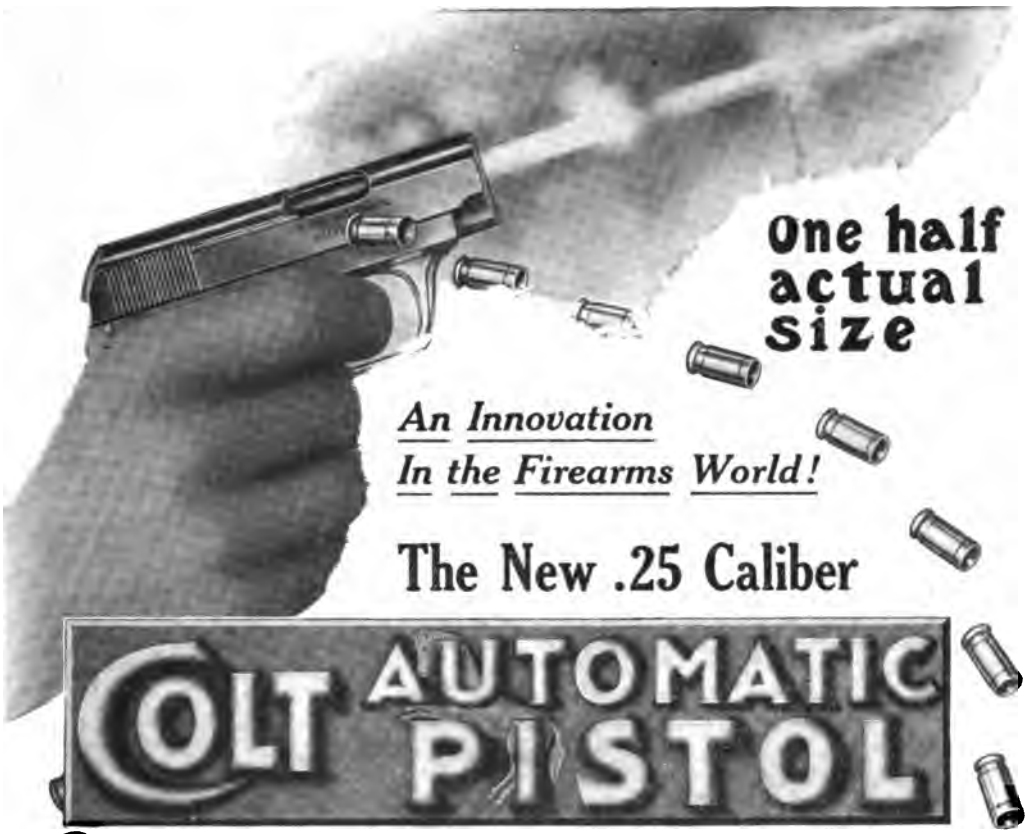
California Progress Notes.

The Department of Agriculture has recently demonstrated that cotton of the Egyptian variety will grow in the Yuma Valley of Arizona, and if there, why not in California? is the question now asked. In another year the new industry is to be tried out in the Coachella Valley, California. In the recent report on the Yuma experiment it is said that every acre of valley land of like climate that will grow barley is also suitable for this variety of cotton. Ambitious farmers are now going to see if they cant keep at home some of the $16,000,000 that are annually sent away in payment for Egyptian cotton.

It is just being discovered that the Missouri variety of hickory nut will grow in California, according to an experiment near Suisun, and it is prophesied that the growing of this nut, together with the pecan, which has also been proved adapted, will soon become an industry in the state.

New interest has been stimulated in California among the rice planters of the Gulf States by the report of the enormous yields in the rice-growing experiments of Butte and Glenn Counties during the past two years. A profit of $100 per acre on the experiment, and crops double the size of those of the native fields of Louisiana and Mississippi is the interesting report being sent out by the Sacramento Valley Development Association. The experiment was first tried on the low lands, but these were found too foggy, then some crank thought of trying out the irrigated highlands, with the above surprising result.

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Its metal-patched bullets, driven at high velocity by smokeless powder, will penetrate four and one half ⅞ inch pine boards.

Shoots as fast as the trigger is pulled; ejects the empty shells and reloads automatically for each shot. Shoots straight and hits hard.

Equipped with three separate devices, either of which positively prevents accidental discharge.

A handy, reliable and practical pocket pistol, backed by the COLT guarantee for Quality, Strength and Durability. Unequalled for simplicity and rapidity of action. Perfect in balance and with a grip that fits the hand.



Just fits the Vest Pocket

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or, why not send for our New Catalog No. 60, just out?

It describes guaranteed Colt Revolvers and Automatic Pistols in all desirable calibers and sizes, adapted for all purposes.

COLT Arms are fully guaranteed for use with *Smokeless* and other powders in standard, factory loaded ammunition.

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Grove of Rubber Trees Four Years Old on Plantation of Mexican Rubber Culture Company

Plant Your Money

A YEARLY INCOME FOR LIFE ASSURED

Cultivated Rubber Trees produce the largest returns of any industry in the world today. Rubber Planting Companies paid dividends last year of from 15% to 55%, when the oldest trees on their properties were eight and the majority six years' old and the capitalization based on a valuation of **$500 to $1000 per acre of planted trees.**

Stock in These Companies Cannot be Bought for Less Than Three to Eight Times Par Value

We will sell you an acre in our plantation, which we guarantee to clear, plant, develop and harvest for you, for $248.00, payable **$4.00 per month,** or for $250.00 cash, on which we pay you 4% **interest per annum** during the development period of five years.

Interest Deposited With and Guaranteed by Hibernia Savings Bank of Portland, Oregon

Five acres will give you absolute financial independence.
We have over 1,500 acres planted, 400 acres being nearly five years old. This tract we expect to tap very soon, so **now is the time to purchase acreage, before this tapping is done — for just as soon as we pay our first dividend on this *producing* acreage, the value of the newly planted tract will double or treble.**
To purchase acreage in a company that is on the threshold of tapping operations is by far the best investment that can be found. In this way **you will not have to wait the six years that it requires for the trees to mature** before the *value* of your acreage will be many times what you have to pay for it **now.**
Our officers and directors are Portland business men of highest standing.
Write for our free booklet—it will pay you

MEXICAN RUBBER CULTURE COMPANY

1123-25 BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING PORTLAND, OREGON

References: Bradstreet Mercantile Agency; Hibernia Savings Bank, Portland, Oregon

restricted area claims more laying hens than any other like section in the world. The hen population of the place is something like 2,500,000, and from the county 8,000,000 dozen eggs were shipped to San Francisco last year. One of the hatcheries of the place can turn out 100,000 chicks a month and it is crowded full most of the time. With all this, the state imports several million dozen eggs each year to make up its deficiency.

The sugar beet industry in California has grown to a million and a half dollars a year and the returns to the farmer are between twenty-five dollars and $100 per acre annually. The industry is extremely safe for the grower, for his crop is contracted ahead, and the factory will even take the half-grown crop and bring it to maturity if the grower should get down on his luck. On irrigated beet-land there is extremely small chance of crop failure.

ARIZONA.

Yuma Project Nearing Completion.

Decidedly the most complicated among all the Government reclamation systems of the West is the 130,000-acre Yuma project of Arizona and California, which is fast nearing completion. The difficult task before the engineer in charge is the complete control of the great Colorado River with its shifting channel, spring floods, and muddy waters carrying vast amounts of silt. At the site chosen for the dam the river bluffs are nearly a mile apart, and between these bluffs three concrete walls have been closed across the stream, raising the surface of the water about ten feet and backing it upstream almost ten miles. The basin thus formed will have an area of about eight square miles and much of the silt of the river will collect here preventing the filling up of the canals and ditches. This great dam, 226 feet in thickness and constructed simultaneously from either bank, was recently closed in the center and the entire flow of the river is now passing through two large sluiceways at the ends of the dam. To protect the lower lands of the project from the spring overflows of the Colorado, a total length of seventy-five miles of levees have been constructed. The main canal will begin on the California side and extend through the Yuma Indian Reservation. At a lower point a part of the water will be carried back across the Colorado by means of an inverted siphon passing under the river. Canals will follow both

sides of the Yuma Valley from this point to the Mexican border, recovering some of the richest land to be found in any of the Government projects. The soil and climate of the Yuma Valley has been compared to the Valley of the Nile, date palms, Egyptian cotton, oranges and all sorts of vegetables and fruits common to temperate and semi-tropical zones grow abundantly. Alfalfa produces from seven to twelve tons to the acre, and the vegetables and small fruits of the Yuma are the earliest on the market.

About 17,000 acres of the Yuma Indian Reservation on the California side will be opened to settlement probably in October, or as soon as the water is ready for distribution. The farm units will vary in size from twenty to thirty acres, according to the soil, and already a townsite has been platted near the center of the tract, the lots of which will probably be auctioned off at the time of the opening. The remainder of the lands that will be supplied with water in 1909 are all under private ownership, but there are many excess holdings that must be disposed of soon by the owners.

NEW MEXICO.

Half Million Acres Restored to Public Settlement.

A proclamation has recently been issued by President Roosevelt, through the office of Indian Affairs, for the restoration to public entry of a little more than a half-million acres of the Navajo Indian Reservation. The restored area is a part of that added to the original Reservation by executive orders late in 1907 and early in 1908. The counties of New Mexico to profit by the recent restoration are those of Rio Arriba, Sandoval and McKinley, and the land is fitted for agriculture and grazing.

New Mexico's Plea For Statehood.

The chief topic of the recent report of the Territorial Governor is a plea for statehood, and he is able to group a very strong array of facts to sustain the plea. The estimate of the present population of the territory is 450,000, and even allowing but 400,000 as a conservative estimate, there are twice as many people calling New Mexico their home as there were ten years ago, which is a growth not easily duplicated among Western states, and a number almost as large as the present population of several "states" that have had that dignity for years. The develop-



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requires the greatest amount of nourishment with the least expenditure of digestive energy.

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"The Pure Malt Tonic"

supplies this need. It is retained by the most delicate stomach and is easily assimilated.

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The Wonderful Beautifier
Has restored and preserved the complexions of thousands of women. Use Lablache as a protection against cold and wind, the cause of red, rough, chapped skin.
Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail. *Send 10c. for sample Box.*
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FREE—We will commence the embroidery showing every detail of the work, without extra cost.
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ment during the past year is the greatest that the territory has ever known and there is every reason to believe that future years will see proportionate increases in wealth and population. The report estimated that the increase in wealth during the fiscal year has been $25,000,000, and during the past two fiscal years there have been 30,000 original land entries covering 5,000,000 acres. Records at the land office show that 25,000 of these entries have been made by people from other states and territories, and allowing an average of four persons to a claim the increase in population during the two years from this one source would be a round 100,000. These immigrants have been almost wholly American born, and the states of Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas are to be credited with the largest number. The states east of the Mississippi and the Southern States have also sent a part of the homeseekers.

The number of land entries during the twelve months of 1908 (the fiscal year covered by the report ends June 30, 1908), totals 22,000 and covers 2,850,000 acres, a record not equalled, it is said, by any other Western state. New Mexico still has 40,000,000 acres of land open, 13,000,000 acres of which is capable of dry-farming, it is estimated, and 2,000,000 acres capable of irrigation. Permits have been issued during 1908 by the Territorial Engineer for the irrigation of 654,500 acres of land, and reclamation works which have already been constructed or are under course of construction by the Government, will irrigate 250,000 acres.

The chief industries of the state are agriculture, stock raising and mining, while timber will be a source of future wealth. The growing of cantaloupes has been a leading industry in the Mesilla Valley, and already over 4,000 acres have been devoted to it. The territory has also had about 5,000 acres in cotton during the past year and the experiment proves that at least four counties can profitably grow this plant. The United States Geological Survey estimates that there are 165,000,000,000 tons of coal in sight in the territory, though this deposit has been but little disturbed as yet.

UTAH.

One of the unique industries of the state of Utah is the raising of trout for the market. All over the state are private hatcheries where fish are turned out by the thousands and hundreds of thousands and kept until grown large enough for the market, where they can be disposed of at a good profit on the investment of time and capital. The chief requisite of the trout farm is plenty of pure cold water. The best condition, of course, is a number of large cold springs, but these are not always to be had, nor necessary. Artesian

wells have been found a good substitute in many cases, while a good mountain stream that maintains its flow through the dry season and can be protected from contamination, can be made to furnish an ideal home for the trout, indeed it is his natural environment. Having the water supply, a number of ponds are constructed, a stock of fish is secured and the industry begun. It is estimated that only two per cent of the spawn deposited naturally in the streams, mature. The private hatchery can mature a very large proportion of the frys from the eggs that have been secured by stripping the female fish just before she is ready to spawn naturally. The fish are divided into "herds" of different sizes and kept in separate ponds and fed just as are the chickens. When the ground-meat, shorts and meal is thrown into the ponds the fish crowd about, each ready for his share and willing to nose his fellows a little if necessary in order to get it. Besides the supplying of the market and being ready to fill mail or phone orders, the fish-grower sometimes adds to his revenue by renting his ponds to the tourist or sportsman and allowing him to catch as many as he desires. The visitor, of course, pays the market price for his string of fish and gets the fun, while the trout grower is saved all the trouble of marketing.

Irrigation Possibilities in Utah.

The bureau of statistics estimates three dollars an acre as the present valuation of arid land in Utah, but with irrigation these values would at once advance to from fifty to seventy dollars an acre. The report estimates that there are 20,000,000 acres of land in the state still susceptible of cultivation either as irrigated land or through the modern methods of dry-farming. Utah, with an area of 55,000,000 acres, has a population of but 350,000, the rural portion of which is living on 22,000 farms. Besides having some of the oldest irrigated, and most productive arid land of the West. Utah also claims the attention of the home-seeker and investor through her new coal-fields, extensive oil-wells, vast beds of copper, an enormous supply of asphaltum for road construction, newly discovered silver and lead deposits, and valuable quarries of marble.

ALASKA.

Congress Asked for a Million Dollars for Interior Development.

All of the modern means for stirring public sentiment have been put to work by the Alaskan "Road Apostle," who has recently been touring the Northwest, with the hope that he may create a wave that will warm the heart of Congress and even reach to its pocket for a million or so as an initial investment in Alaskan road-building. The specially appointed agent

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IN YOUR OWN HOME

A wonderful offer to every lover of music whether a beginner or an advanced player. Ninety-six lessons (or a less number, if you desire) for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, or Mandolin will be given free to make our home study courses for these instruments known in your locality. You will get one lesson weekly, and your only expense during the time you take the lessons will be the cost of postage and the music you use, which is small. Write at once. It will mean much to you to get our free booklet. It will place you under no obligation whatever to us if you never write again. You and your friends should know of this work. Hundreds of our pupils write:

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One minister writes:

"As each succeeding lesson comes I am more and more fully persuaded I made no mistake in becoming your pupil."

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If you build this summer We'll pay the plumber

Provided you buy your plans of us. Your plumbing bill ordinarily runs about 10% of the total cost of a completed building.

You cannot make 10% easier than by saving it. If you don't believe, after consulting with us, that we can save you the cost of your plumbing, we don't want your business.

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Our beautifully illustrated portfolio of new ideas for builders — 1909 edition — contains more than 70 pictures and plans of modern dwellings, bungalows, apartment houses, business blocks and public buildings.

Full of valuable suggestions for intending builders, combining practical and artistic ideas. Something out of the ordinary.

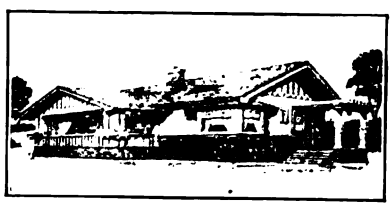
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has but one story—Alaska rich beyond our dreams but scarcely able to move because of excessive transportation charges and the danger and hardship of travel. Seattle, remembering the day when Alaskan gold awoke it from a satisfied town and started it with a bound toward a great city, has agreed to set apart a special "Alaskan Road Day," when the needs of the great Northern territory will be shouted to the world. On this day, the Chamber of Commerce will send resolutions to all other chambers of commerce, and to all manufacturing and trade organizations, and individuals will join with special pleas to acquaintances, for Alaska's "million" from Congress. It is expected that 2,000,000 letters will be mailed on this one day, telling how that Alaska, with her great contribution to the wealth of the nation, gets no river-and-harbor and public-building appropriations common to the States. A trunk wagon-road from Valdez to Fairbanks, thence to Nome, is needed first and it will cost between five and six millions, but a single million is considered enough to get the appropriation habit started in Congress. In his characteristic manner, the President has already written to the "Road Apostle": "If there is any way that I can help you to help Alaska, I will do it with all my heart."

HAWAII.

American Farmers Wanted in Hawaii.

One of the greatest needs in the Hawaiian Islands is the American farmer, according to the reports of Government authorities and others who are well acquainted with the Islands. The per capita wealth of Hawaii, based upon the returns from the merchandise that has been shipped away during 1908, is about $225, or over seven times that of the United States. Yet practically only one industry, that of sugar production, has been known to the Islands until during the past year or two. It was after the annexation of the Islands as a territory on a par with Alaska, Arizona and New Mexico, that a small colony of settlers demonstrated in the face of general scepticism that the pine-apple could be profitably grown in Hawaii. During the very few years since that time this industry has pushed itself to second place in the trade of the territory. Other forms of fruit culture could be made as profitable as that of the pine-apple, but the landowner or settler does not need to break into new fields in order to utilize the wealth of climate and soil. Such common articles as potatoes, onions, and cabbage were imported in large quantities last year; also poultry, dairy products, even tropical fruit. Many kinds of fruit grow practically without attention, and grapes, corn, sweet potatoes can be produced during practically any month of the year, and at certain seasons there would be im-

Refinish a Piece of YOUR Furniture at OUR Expense

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WE WANT a sample of wood finishing done with our preparations in your home. We will send the materials to do the work. Here they are:

A bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo to quickly remove the old finish—

A bottle of Johnson's Wood Dye (you to choose the color from our 14 different shades) to color the wood—

A sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax to give that beautiful "hand-rubbed" effect—

And our illustrated guide book for home beautifying which includes complete color card and tells how to finish and refinish wood.

No doubt you have some piece of furniture that you prize highly, yet do not use on account of the worn condition of its finish, or because it does not harmonize with other furniture or decorations.

Use this outfit, which we want to send you free, for refinishing it, and you will be surprised to learn how easily the work is done and the beauty of the result.

May we send you these three packages, and the valuable six-color book, free at once? Learn from the test the beautiful effect obtained from the use of

Johnson's Wood Dye

It is not a mere stain. It is a deep seated dye—sinking into the pores of the wood and bringing out the beauty of the grain. When finished with Johnson's Prepared Wax you have a permanent finish of real beauty and most artistic effect. We want to give you these three packages at once. Send ten cents to partially pay cost of packing and postage—using coupon below for your convenience.

Johnson's Wood Dye comes in 14 Standard shades:

No. 126 *Light Oak*	No. 128 *Light Mahogany*	No. 121 *Moss Green*
No. 123 *Dark Oak*	No. 129 *Dark Mahogany*	No. 122 *Forest Green*
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No. 110 *Bog Oak*	No. 132 *Green Weathered Oak*	

Half-pints 30c; pints 50c. Johnson's Prepared Wax 10c and 25c packages. Also sold in large sizes. For sale by all leading paint dealers. Send coupon today to

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I accept your offer and enclose ten cents to partially pay postage and packing on Free Booklet Edition PC-3, one sample bottle of Johnson's Wood Dye, shade No.....
one bottle of Johnson's Electric Solvo, and a sample of Johnson's Prepared Wax.

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Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

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mense profit in shipping these products to the mainland.

An Experiment Station has already been established on the Islands and an Agricultural College is in its first year of working operation. The climate is extremely delightful, for the temperature rarely goes above eighty-six or eighty-eight or below sixty; and there are no tornadoes, nor fogs. There are no poisonous vines or trees common to the forests, nor any venomous reptiles or dangerous wild beasts.

Trades-people and artisans are not in demand on the Islands; but there are openings in various lines of manufacture. The special demand is for the man of initiative who is interested in soil products in any of its phases, for Hawaii offers a very wide agricultural range.

SWISS INGENUITY

Switzerland produces no coal and no iron. In the manufacture of machinery the raw material is nearly all brought from Germany, which also supplies the greater part of the coal. The tools used in the machine shops, however, are, for the most part, made in America. The country has an enormous amount of water power, however, and in its development the Swiss have gained a prominence in the water turbine work throughout the world, one firm being called upon to design the original water turbine which was installed at Niagara Falls. Hand in hand with this turbine development, practically the superlative in electrical engineering has been attained, and today Swiss machinery is being sent to all parts of the world. The Swiss are able to maintain their position only through their superior technical knowledge, for which they are indebted to their engineering institutions. In their vast experience they lay claim to being the first to develop the transmission of electrical power over long distances, and it is believed that before long all the Swiss state railways will be working under electrical power.—Argonaut.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A comparison of the lumber-producing States shows that since 1899 there have been many changes in their relative rank. Washington, which in 1899 stood sixth, now leads, while Wisconsin, which eight years ago led all others, is now third. In the same period Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Idaho and California made great strides as lumber-producing States, though, on the other hand, the amount produced in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana, and Ohio fell off anywhere from 29 to 54 per cent.

The highest-priced native woods are walnut, hickory, and ash, and the cheapest are larch and white fir. From the fact, however, that since 1899 the average increase in the price of lumber has been 49

IT WILL BE OF INTEREST

To hundreds of friends and as many other readers of the **PACIFIC MONTHLY**, with whom I have been in correspondence during the past year, to know that I have moved my office to larger and better quarters, at the corner of Fifth and Alder streets, and have consolidated all of my interests with two other successful men. Your inquiries will receive the same conscientious and personal attention as heretofore, whether addressed to me or the new company. Our advertisement appears below.

ELNATHAN SWEET

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ELNATHAN SWEET He "came West" and is helping others to come. He has brought the progressive conservatism of his native New York State into the rich field of Oregon opportunities, and is making a successful specialty of giving conscientious and profitable expert direction to the "West-bound" young man and capitalist. Western advice from an Eastern man is sound.

LEWIS M. HEAD An advertising man of 12 years' experience, most intimately acquainted with the vast resources of the Northwest, having made them a study for several years. He is better acquainted with the Northwest than most native sons. Formerly of Chicago, widely traveled and well equipped with such information as will be of financial value to prospective newcomers to this state.

H. W. LEMCKE A lifelong resident of the Pacific Coast, more familiar with realty and other local values than most men of the Northwest. Mr. Lemcke has kept in close touch with the development of the country west of the Rockies for years, is familiar with all the biggest developments and has been intimately associated with many of the greatest transactions of the Coast country.

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We have under option, control or can secure **Tidelands, Warehouse, Factory or Office Building Sites, Deep Water Frontage, Subdivision Properties, Town Sites, Timber, Walnut, Fruit or other Agricultural Lands, Home Sites and Valuable Leases.** We can suggest profitable **Manufacturing Opportunities** and exceptional **Business Openings** of all kinds. We own or control several companies, the stock of which is paying **healthy dividends,** some of which may be obtained upon favorable terms. We have outlets for the **promotion** of any reliable and legitimate **Commercial Proposition.** We can satisfactorily locate any man or family contemplating removal to this Coast. We are in a position to act **in any capacity** for non-residents and cordially urge you to make such use of our extensive facilities as you wish. If you intend visiting the **Alaska-Yukon Exposition** or the **Portland Rose Festival** this year, you are welcome to make our office, with all of its conveniences, **your Portland Headquarters.**

In this land, 6 per cent investments are not attractive, owing to the multiplicity of better paying ones. If you would care to be put in touch with some of them, write to us for information.

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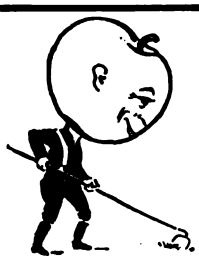
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The Pacific Monthly

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The Pacific Monthly Company

PACIFIC MONTHLY BUILDING

LUTE PEASE, Editor.
FRED LOCKLEY, Manager.

PORTLAND, OREGON

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Human Life

THE MAGAZINE ABOUT PEOPLE
EDITED BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

BEGINNING in the January issue of HUMAN LIFE, the Magazine About People, and running through the twelve months of 1909 will be published a story of his boyhood by Homer Davenport, cartoonist, traveler, humorist, lecturer and a man of many stories. The scene of Mr. Davenport's boyhood and young manhood is laid in Oregon and covers many of the people that are well known there today.



Portland had tired me out and the kind bartender of the St. Charles Hotel let me sleep on the billiard table, for which I was later discharged from the Good Templar's Lodge in Silverton.

Mr. Davenport, for pure and native humor is the superior of any we have ever met since the days of Artemus Ward. Those who follow Mr. Davenport through this years issue of HUMAN LIFE will remember 1909 as the year of laughs.

Mr. Davenport's articles will be illustrated by himself, and the pictures he has drawn, representative of his many delightful—that is, delightful to read about—adventures, will constitute not the least part of the fun.

If you want to read this story from the beginning, if you want to see Mr. Davenport' pictures of himself from early boyhood to manhood, his father, his family, and all of his Oregon friends, as only Mr. Davenport can draw them, be sure your name is entered as a subscriber to HUMAN LIFE—the best magazine for the money ever published.

Mr. Davenport starts his story at a very early age when his father tells him that they are to move from their farm in Salem, Oregon, to Silverton, Oregon. This is a burg of some three hundred people. Mr. Davenport, in his story, states that he feels that the city is calling them, and that his opportunities for studying art in the Latin Quarter of Silverton will be exceptionally good.

The story will carry Mr. Davenport up to his San Francisco days, when he made his first big hit as a cartoonist.

Send us **50** cents for a year's subscription to ***Human Life***. We can start you with the January, 1909, issue, this is the number in which Mr. Davenport's story commences.

Every man and woman in Oregon should read HUMAN LIFE, the Magazine About People, during 1909—do not fail to read the following most liberal subscription offer and act at once. This offer is not good after May 1st, 1909, as after this date the price of HUMAN LIFE will be One Dollar a year.



Al Coolidge and Jake McClaine, promnent bankers and business men of Silverton in Davenport's younger days

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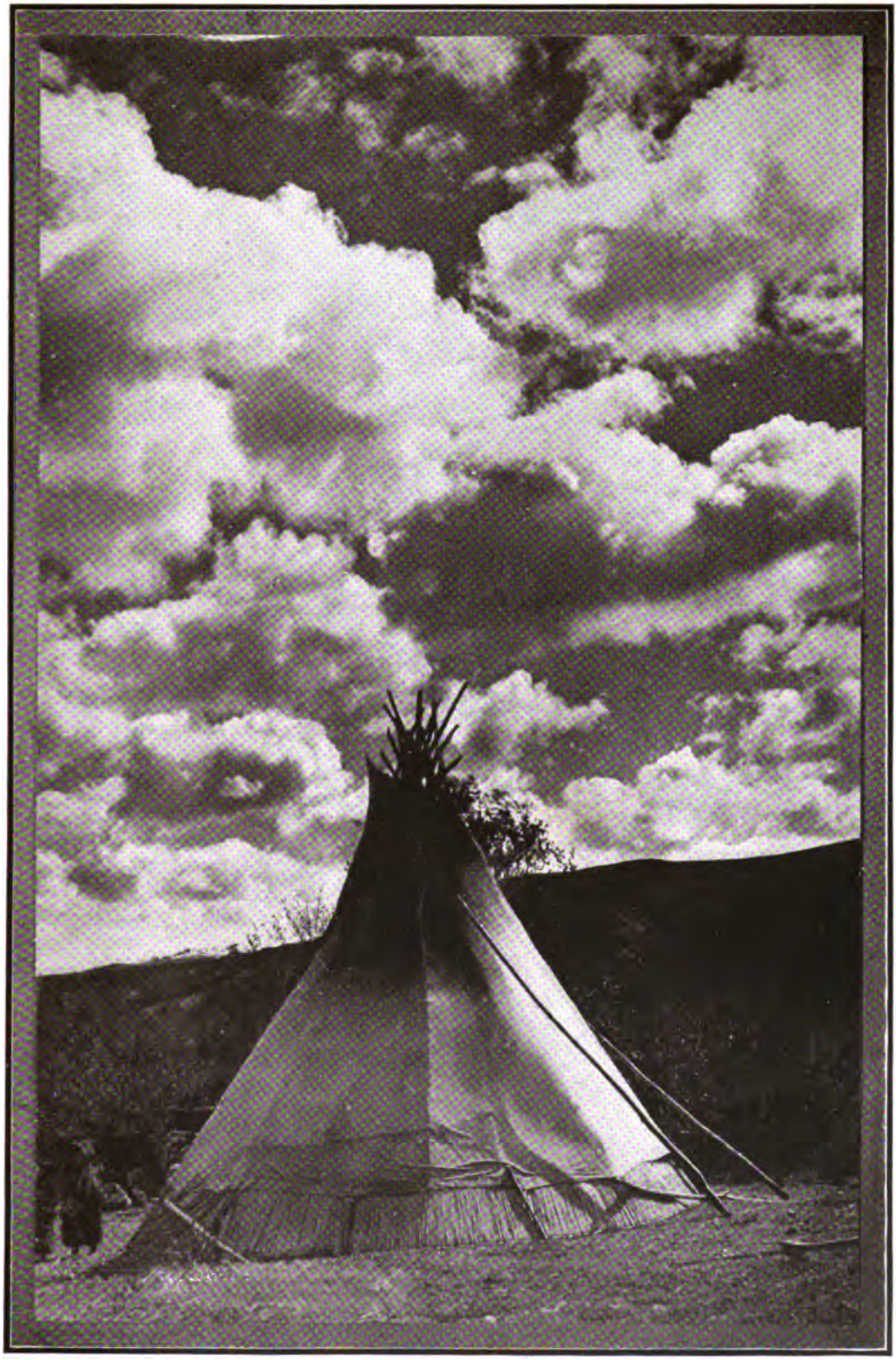
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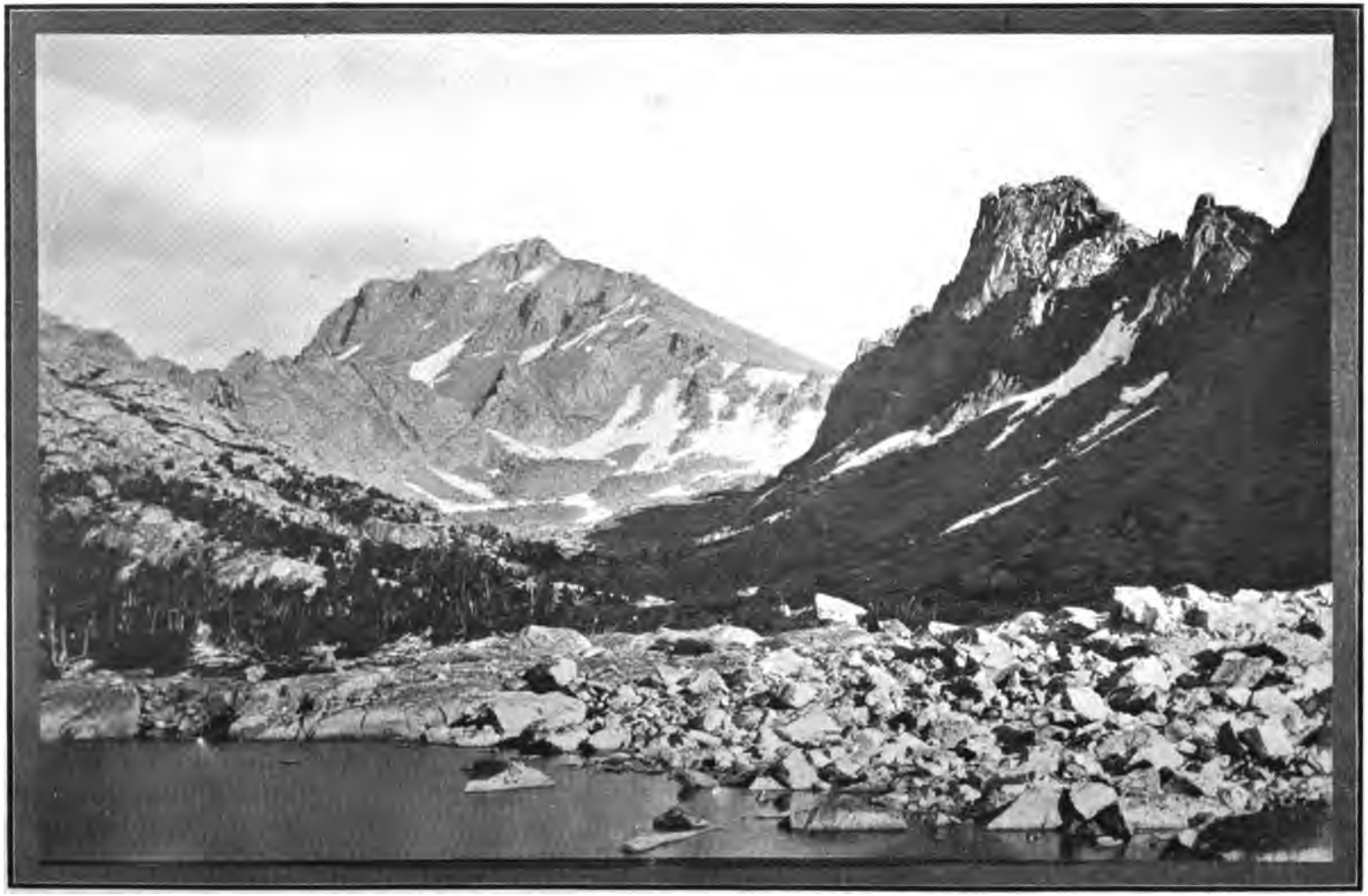
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THE LONELY OUTPOST OF A DYING RACE.



IN THE HEART OF THE SIERRAS.

Photograph by A. C. Thornton.



A REMARKABLE LOG IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST, ARIZONA.



"THE STEALING OF SIOUX PONIES, WHICH HE RAN INTO THE SETTLEMENTS AND SOLD."

See Page 365.

The PACIFIC MONTHLY

VOL. XXI APRIL, 1909 No. 4

A Cruise After Sea Elephants

By Charles Miller Harris

IN the early spring of 1907, while on a hunting trip for the Big Horn sheep, in the San Pedro Martir Mountains of Lower California, Mexico, rumors reached me which indicated the possible existence of a small herd of the generally considered extinct California Elephant Seal (*Macrorhinus*). They are largest of all seals, the old bulls attaining a size greater than that of the walrus.

My guide, from whom I got the first intimation that some of these rare mammals might still be found, informed me that a Mexican had told him that he had seen some of these animals on the shores of the *"Isla de Guadaloupe,"* an island lying some 180 miles off the west coast of Lower California, in about latitude twenty-nine north, longitude one eighteen west.



SIDE VIEW OF BULL.

This interested me very much, as I knew it would be considered by naturalists a great catch if I could secure some specimens. So I made it a point to find this Mexican, and, from what he told me, I came to the conclusion that my information was good. Upon my return to the land of Uncle Sam, I communicated with the Honorable Walter Rothschild, of England, who had been my patron before, and whose magnificent collections of natural history specimens at the museum on the Rothschild's Estate at Tring, Herts, England, are among the finest in the world. I was immediately cabled to make the try, and you can be sure I at once "set the mills to grinding," for I had been at Guadaloupe, in company with the late W. E. Bryant of the California Acad-

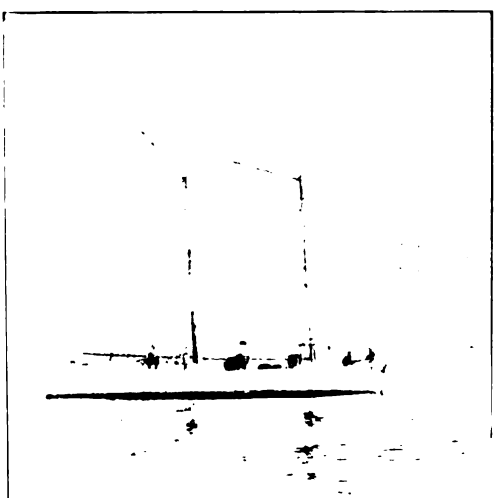


TODOS SANTOS BAY, AND TOWN OF ENSENADA, THE CAPITAL OF LOWER (BAJA) CALIFORNIA.

emy of Sciences, in 1885, making a collections of birds, and our hopes had then run in the direction of elephant seals, as it was thought that the island might possibly be the home of a remnant of the practically exterminated beast; but we saw no evidence of their existence.

I was very anxious to accomplish what we had failed in twenty-two years before, the lapse of time lending added value to success.

I will not dwell on several tiresome weeks spent at San Diego in an attempt to secure a vessel flying Old Glory. The maritime laws of Mexico are very peculiar. Foreign vessels of under thirty tons are rated as pirates and not allowed ordinary American privileges, without a special permit from Mexico City. This I did not want to wait for, and as I could find no sailing master willing to take a chance at being overhauled as a pirate by a Mexican war vessel, I was obliged to accept the opportunity offered to charter a small vessel at San Quentin, a small port some 200 miles south of San Diego.



THE "FREIA," OUR RIGHT AND TIGHT LITTLE SHIP.

Just about this time the Mexican, Ignacio, who had informed me of the seals, came into San Diego as one of the crew of a Mexican vessel hailing from Guaymas. I at once enlisted him in my service, and on the evening of May 8, accompanied by Ignacio and V. L. Carroll, of Buffalo, who was to go with me to the island, I boarded the *St. Denis*, a steamer plying down the coast; and the next morning we arrived at Ensenada, Bay of Todos Santos, port of entry for the northern division of Lower California. It is several miles up the north shore of this beautiful bay where Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson has a pretty bungalow to which at times with chosen friends she retires to escape the rush and swirl of our more northern civilization. Leaving Ensenada toward evening we were landed

at San Quentin late the next morning.

We began preparations for our voyage at once. An inspection of the *Freia*, the little craft which was to carry us to Guadaloupe, showed her to be schooner-rigged, sharp at both ends, steering with a tiller, and incidentally having a bit of romance attached to her; she having been a guano "poacher," her cabin showed bullet holes made by shots from the guns of the revenue boats when she was a "renegade." We employed for crew, beside Ignacio (or as I called him, my man Friday, he having been marooned alone for six months on a small island not long before), three Mexicans, one a sailor, one as cook and sailor, and the captain, Lopez by name; a man whose violent attachment for that nationally-beloved, villainous poison called *mescal*, gave us much trouble, but as he was the only man at San Quentin having "papers" to sail a vessel, we were obliged to put up with him.

Mr. Cannon, from whom we chartered the vessel, said: "Never mind, Ignacio can sail the boat; throw Lopez overboard after you clear and get outside." We did not do this, but many times wished we had, for on his getting advance money he became drunk and ugly, and we had to get him on board by strategy and keep him there by force and argument.



LEE PORT, BARRACKS BAY.



CYPRESS GROVE, SUMMIT OF THE ISLAND; MESSRS. CARROLL AND IGNACIO IN THE FOREGROUND.

It was early morning, May 24, when, with the *Freia* well provisioned and supplied with water, plenty of salt for curing our specimens, extra ropes, anchors, etc., we hoisted sails and with the red, white and green pennant of our Southern neighbor flying at the mast-head, a fair northwest wind carried us out the ten miles of tortuous channel across the bar, and at 10:30 we were in blue water and scudding away for Guadaloupe. With night came a nasty wind and rain and the sea got very rough. It was here that I realized that we had come to sea with a chart and an old compass the efficacy of which I had doubts, to represent that nautical paraphernalia, such as sextant, chronometer, almanacs, etc., which all "old-sea dog" navigators think they must have. I told Mr. Carroll that I guessed Lopez must be endowed with the same instinct that brings the homing pigeon



THE HERD AS WE FOUND IT ON OUR FIRST LANDING: ALL THE SEALS BEING ASLEEP AT THE TIME OF PHOTOGRAPHING.

to its cote, over hundreds of miles of strange country; but I did n't mind, as I was used to the "trust-to-luck" way of doing things in Mexico.

Daylight of the morning of the twenty-sixth found us some six miles off the northeast quarter of the island, and at 8:30 we came to anchor in the fairly sheltered bay, at the old barracks on the lee side of the island. After doubly securing our little craft by stretching a rope cable from her stern to the shore, and fastening it to a great rock, we proceeded to make a shore camp, and our cook, Prisciliana, at once got to work cooking up a feast of bread, beans, etc. Since it had been so rough coming over as to make a fire impracticable, we had not had much to eat for forty-eight hours.

Guadaloupe was formerly used by Mexico as a penal island, and on the occasion of my first visit in 1885, there was a colony of some fifty convicts stationed at this little port; the ruins of their old barracks are in evidence today. The island is of volcanic origin, twenty miles long, by an extreme width of about eight; its highest altitude is 4,700 feet. It presents an extremely bold appearance from the sea, and owing to its high, craggy shores and the exceedingly nasty squalls of wind called "woolies," which blow down from its towering cliffs, it is very dangerous navigating a sailing vessel about its coast. On the twenty-seventh, Mr. Carroll, my man Friday and I climbed up seven miles of very rough trail to the summit, having several objects in view. We wanted some fresh meat, and we did kill several fat goats, some thousands of which range on the island. We also wished to examine into the water supply, in case of emergency, and the only water is on the summit. We found several water holes, but my!—phew! Like the air of the heavens about us, the water smelt of goat, tasted of goat and pretty nearly was goat. And then we wanted if possible, to secure specimens of the *Caracara*, a handsome eagle peculiar to the island, as, in fact, are nearly all the land birds. We saw no eagles and they are probably extinct, perhaps exterminated by poison put out by parties interested in the goats; for when these birds were abundant they killed many of the kids.

On the island's northern and western slopes are considerable groves of cabbage-palm and cypress and, for an island so nearly all rock, there is a considerable growth of grass. We collected some specimens of the small land birds, and picking up our goats on the way down,



THREE BULLS LAZILY FLIPPING SAND OVER THEIR BACKS.

reached the vessel about dusk, footsore and weary.

For several days we pulled about the shores, in our small boat, in an endeavor to locate the elephant seal, but were not successful; and so finally sailed the *Freia* around on the weather side of the island. On the morning of the thirty-first, we pulled away from the vessel, in the small boat, to examine a stretch of shore that seemed to be the most promising place not yet explored. Sure enough, on pulling up to a small beach, lying snug against a giant cliff nearly 4,000 feet high, the excited cries of *"Elefante! mucha elefante! mucha grande!"* from my Mexican rowers, caused me to realize that the long-coveted quarry was at hand. We saw several of the big seals asleep on the sand, and two big bulls were swimming in the surf, bellowing and fighting. Not wishing to frighten them until our vessel was safely anchored in a position for business, we pulled quietly away and returned to the *Freia*. The wind had died out during the morning and the *Freia* had drifted with a strong current, some fifteen miles in a southerly direction, and it took nearly forty hours to tack back to the seal-beach, where we came to anchor on the morning of June second.

Dropping anchor about a quarter-mile from the beach, in six fathoms of water, and making all snug aboard, Mr. Carroll and I, with two rowers, went ashore.



PROFILE VIEW OF A BIG BULL SHOWING THE PROBOSCIS, WHICH INDICATES WHY IT IS CALLED ELEPHANT SEAL.

The photograph showing the herd was taken immediately after going ashore, while the animals were still undisturbed. It was certainly a wonderful sight, this herd of gigantic animals all soundly sleeping, and seeming automatically the while to throw sand over their bodies with their front flippers. I suppose this was to protect themselves somewhat from the sun and to keep off the sand flies. When I made a noise, they raised their heads, gazing in wild astonishment, some in slight fear at what was probably



THE KING OF THE HERD, AT TEN FEET FROM THE CAMERA.

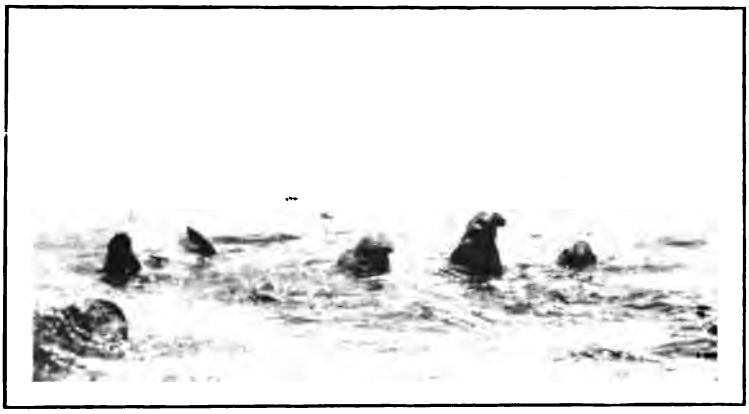
their first glimpse of man—gazing with the largest, roundest, darkest, most beautifully liquid eyes into which it had ever been my fortune to look; and right here my heart smote me when I thought of killing these wonderful animals, with such eyes of liquid velvet.

Upon a flourish of the arms and our closer approach, several of the cows, in fright, started for the water. The big bulls elevated their heads to full height, raising on their front flippers and throwing themselves into a position of attack or defense, opening their mouths wide and emitting a gurgling roar; also showing a set of teeth which would do the largest grizzly credit. Considering that the largest of these bulls was nearly seventeen feet in length, over eleven feet in girth, and weighed probably 3,500 pounds, they made an impressive picture. I have heard the roar or bark of many seals, such as stellars, California sea lion, fur seal, etc., but the roar of the sea elephant is more like the roar of the African lion than anything I have ever heard.



THE COW, OR FEMALE, WHICH MUCH RESEMBLES SEVERAL OF OUR OTHER SEALS AND LACKS THE PRONOUNCED PROBOSCIS.

After viewing the herd to our satisfaction, we took a number of photographs which are probably the only photographs from life of the elephant seal, and which will give the reader a good idea of these rare mammals. Two large bulls were then shot, a .32 calibre special being used, and the bullet placed close under the eye; one shot was sufficient to kill. We skinned the two specimens, later killing another big bull just before dark; this was the largest obtained.



THREE BULLS SWIMMING IN THE SURF AND CURIOUSLY WATCHING US WHILE WE TAKE THEIR PICTURES.

We got one skin aboard that night.

There is a larger species of elephant seal in the Antarctic, frequenting Kerguelen Island and vicinity. The California species was formerly very abundant along this coast of *Baja* California, but persistent hunting for the purpose of obtaining their oil, of which a large animal will yield fifty dollars worth, has exterminated them so completely that Dr. Hornaday evidently did not think it worth while to include them among the seals, in his natural history published several years ago. Since about 1885 they have generally been considered as being extinct.

The surf on the weather side of the island is very bad, hence before going ashore the next morning, we sunk an anchor attached to about 500 feet of rope cable, fastening the other end to a big rock on shore, creating thereby a surf line; and by running it through loops on our boat, bow and stern, we were enabled to pull the boat in or out, hand over hand, oars being useless in the surf. Even with our surf line, as we found later, we could not always effect a landing, and nearly always got a good wetting. Our three big bull skins were loaded on board during these first two days; and I do not believe there was a time during the remainder of our stay when we could have got one of these big skins off to the vessel whole, as the sea came on rough, and the way the surf rolled in was frightful. We worked steadily until June 8, getting five skins and one skeleton on board; and losing four skins which we had ready to get aboard the vessel; the rough sea had delayed our landing at times and the heat of the sun spoiled them.

On the eighth, the sea became so rough and the wind so strong, that we were obliged to seek the shelter of our friendly lee-port, in the making of which we were



THE AUTHOR, HARD AT WORK IN CAMP.

caught in a "woolie" and had our sails badly damaged. Our poor captain was much worried during these strenuous days of wind and wave, and his shakings of the head and exclamations such as: *"Caramba! mucha viento, Senor, muy malo!"* were numerous and gloomy

On the tenth,, the weather and sea looking favorable, we sailed back to the seal beach and were fortunate in just getting to an anchorage as night fell. About a half-mile north of the beach were some large caves in the rock walls rising from the sea. These caves were somewhat protected from the wrath of wind and wave, and to them, in the roughest weather and at night, the seals would retreat. Here, too, it was possible sometimes to land when the surf was too bad at the beach. The waters in these caves seemed to abound with tiny sardines, not more than two inches long On examining the stomachs of some of the seals, I judged these fish to be their entire food.

It was very interesting to watch the big bulls come out of the water onto the beach. They would head straight up to the shore, wait for a particularly large wave, then elevating their hind flippers and holding them together so as to make a fan-shaped obstruction to the water, they allowed the wave to carry them onto the beach a short distance, and this was repeated several times to permit them to get hold with their front flippers. Aided by the hitching motion of the cartilaginous ribs, they would crawl to the dry sands, shaking like a great mold of gelatine, the hitching motion being not unlike that of huge inch worms. The proboscis of a large bull is about eighteen inches from eye to tip. The animal has the power of inflating this elongated nose; when so inflated, it much resembles the nose of a moose. The cows are much slimmer



THE KING, AFTER ONE SHOT FROM MY .32 SPECIAL, USING A SOFT-NOSE BULLET.

than the males and they lack the pendant nose; their pelage is of a beautiful, silvery, grayish-black color and very soft. The largest cow killed was about twelve feet in length.

We remained here until the thirteenth; then, having a total of ten specimens, and pleased with the result of our trip to date and anxious to be safely in the United States with our cargo, we set sail for San Quentin, scudding down the westerly shore and rounding the south end of the island in half a gale. That evening we ran into a very choppy sea, one big wave hitting our port bow, spinning our little craft around like a top and half filling the cabin with water. The morning of the twentieth found us becalmed off the mainland, twenty miles south of the San Quentin bar. During this morning we were entertained by several big whales which disported themselves in the waters about us, one big old "sulphur-bottom" coming dangerously close.

It took us until the afternoon of the twenty-first to make the bar, and here we had to drop anchor to allow the *St. Denis* to pass out on her way north. I had been hoping to get to San Quentin in time to catch the *St. Denis* this trip and was much chagrined to see her steaming off without us, as I knew it meant a wait of twenty days before I could get north. In trying to tack up the channel that night by moonlight, we ran the *Freia* aground in six feet of water, and with the ebbing tide she gradually keeled over on her side. I spent a wakeful night with an eye to preventing accidents. By morning she had righted and high tide allowed us to proceed on our way and at nine A. M. we landed at San Quentin.

Some days were spent in getting my specimens properly packed for shipment, and during this time I found that it would be a month before I could get away from San Quentin unless I sailed in my own vessel or drove overland, so I chartered the *Freia* again to sail south to the port of San Carlos, to catch the steamer there. But by this time, my erstwhile crew had become so saturated with *Mescal,* that endeavors to get them on board were fruitless and I was obliged to cast about for other means of getting away.

Mr. Cannon offered a suggestion: "You have just time, by driving hard, to make Ensenada, 150 miles or more north. I have plenty of mules, but the only wagon in town, which is mine, has a burr of the rear axle broken and is useless." I was getting anxious to be on my way, so I asked to see the burr. It was broken in three pieces; these I tied together with a string and smearing the parts with a well-known brand of liquid glue, put it in the sun to dry; it hardened, seemed firm enough, so I made up my mind to try and get through with it. Our specimens were loaded on the heavy freight wagon, making, with our luggage and four men, a load of 3,000 pounds. Four good mules were attached and we pulled out of San Quentin with just seventy-two hours to catch the steamer. I will not describe the difficulties of this trip over rough mountain roads and heated deserts scorching in the hot rays of a July sun. Suffice it that we caught our steamer and landed in San Diego just in time to help celebrate the "Glorious Fourth."

The seals were shipped direct to Europe and today, thanks to the skillful art of the taxidermist, are reposing, or being prepared to repose, in life-like manner, in the Great British Museum and the museums of Tring, Edinburgh and Berlin, that future generations may gaze on one of the by-gone wonders of the animal kingdom.

Easter Bells

By Gabriele d' Annunzio

Translated for The Pacific Monthly by Mary J. Safford

MARCH had stricken Biasce with the malady of love! For two or three nights he had been unable to close an eye. His garret was pervaded, he knew not whence, by a new odor, a fresh, acrid fragrance of rising sap, of flowering almond trees. By Saint Barbara! the last time he had seen Zolfina she was leaning against an almond tree gazing at the sails of a ship in the offing; around her were the blue buds of a sea of flax. and in her eyes two beautiful periwinkles. No doubt there were flowers in her heart too!

Lying on his pallet, Biasce thought of all this radiance of light, this flood of spring life. And the far horizon line of the Adriatic, down below, was already reflecting the first timid glances of the dawn, when he rose and climbed the wooden staircase up to the swallow's nests on the top of the bell-tower.

The three bells, with their hollow bronze bodies adorned with arabesques, waited motionless for Biasce's arm to hurl their triumphant vibrations into the morning air.

Biasce seized the ropes. At the first impulse the largest bell, the She-Wolf, shuddered deeply, her vast mouth expanded, contracted, expanded again; a wave of metallic sounds, followed by a sort of prolonged bellow, broke over all the roofs, swept with the wind over the whole plain and shore. Suddenly there was another sonorous note; the chime of the Vampire, sharp, broken, like an angry barking amid the screaming of a deer. Then came the rapid hammering of the Singer, a bright, gay, swift, clear stroke like the tinkling of hail on a glass dome. And there were also the distant echoes of other bells—ten, fifteen metallic mouths which scattered over the fields the joyous and wholesome variations of the dominical hymn, in a triumph of exultation.

The hubbub fairly intoxicated Biasce. He was worth looking at, this big-boned, muscular fellow, with the long red scar across his forehead, panting for breath, clinging to the ropes like a monkey, letting himself be lifted off his feet by the irresistible strength of his beloved She-Wolf, climbing up to the highest cell to give the last pulls to the Singer amid the slow tremors of the other two conquered monsters.

Up there he was king. People called poor Biasce a madman; but up there he was poet and king. When the clear sky arched above the blossoming country, when orange-hued sails sped over the Adriatic, when the streets were swarming with the sons of toil, he remained at the top of the bell-tower, like a wild falcon, without doing anything, his ear resting against the She-Wolf, the terrible, magnificent brute which, one evening, had cut his forehead and, from time to time, he struck her with his knuckle to listen to the long, delicious vibrations. Near him the Singer was glittering like a jewel in her robe of arabesques and figures—with the image of Saint Anthony in relief.

What reveries over these three bells, what strange dreams, what lyric flights of passion and desire! How beautiful and sweet was the vision of Zolfina, emerging from this sea of sound amid the fiery noontides, or fading away in the twilight, when the She-Wolf's notes grew weary and sorrowful and seemed almost dying of languor.

One afternoon they met in the plain,

behind the chestnut trees of Monna, beneath a sky opal at the zenith, with hues of violet toward the west. Zolfina was singing as she cut the grass for the cow. The fragrance of the spring went to her head and made her giddy, like the odor of sweet wine in October.

Biasce came forward with his cap on the back of his head and a bunch of violets over his ear. He was by no means an ugly fellow. He had large black eyes filled with a sort of wild sadness, a homesickness, eyes which made one think of captive wild beasts. Then there was a certain charm in his voice, a depth which did not seem quite human; it had no modulations, no flexibility; up above with his bells, in the utter solitude, the language which he had learned was full of sonorous sounds, metallic notes, unexpected harshnesses of accent, gutteral depths.

"What are you doing, Zolfina?"

"I am making hay for Father Michel's cow; that is what I am doing!" replied the fair-haired girl, still stooping to pick up the grass.

"O, Zolfina, do you notice the sweet fragrance? I was at the top of the bell-tower watching the ships going out to sea before the northeast wind; and you passed down below, singing—you were singing *"Flower of the Grass."*

He stopped, because he felt suddenly as if he were choking. Both were silent, listening to the rustling of the chestnut trees and the murmur of the distant sea.

Biasce, who was very pale, at last bent over the grass, too; and, amid the delicious freshness, his eager hands sought Zolfina's, who had turned as red as fire.

"Do you want me to help you?" he asked abruptly, grasping her by the wrist.

"Let me go!" murmured the girl faintly. "Let me go, Biasce!"

Then she leaned against him, letting him embrace her, though repeating in a choked voice:

"No, no!"

Meanwhile their love grew like the pile of grass; and the grass rose higher and higher like a wave; and in the midst of this green tide, Zolfina, erect, with a scarlet kerchief knotted round her head, looked like a magnificent poppy. What an outburst of ritornellos beneath the rows of apple and white mulberry trees, along the bushes loaded with medlars and honeysuckle, in the yellow fields of cabbages, while yonder at Sant'Antonio, the Singer was making such merry variations, that one would have believed them to be the endless garrulity of a talkative magpie.

But one morning when Biasce was waiting at the spring with a bunch of fresh gilliflowers, Zolfina did not come. Zolfina was ill in bed. And with a very dangerous malady: black small-pox.

Poor Biasce! When he heard of it, he felt his blood freeze in his veins, and staggered more violently than when the She-Wolf had struck him on the forehead. Yet he had to go up to the tower, and break his arms pulling the ropes, he with despair in his heart, amid the turmoil of Palm Sunday, in an insulting joyousness of sunshine, olive branches, beautiful stuffs, clouds of incense, songs and prayers, while his poor Zolfina was suffering Heaven knows what tortures. O blessed Virgin, Heaven knows what tortures!

These were terrible days. At nightfall, Biasce wandered around the sick girl's house, like a jackal round a cemetery; he stooped sometimes under the closed window, lighted from within, and with eyes swollen by weeping, watched the shadows passing across the panes, listening with hands pressed upon his stifling chest. Then he continued to wander round and round like a madman, or else ran to take refuge in the bell-tower. Here, near the motionless bells, he spent the long hours of the night, overwhelmed with anguish, paler than a corpse.

Below him, in the streets bathed with moonlight and silence, not a living soul was stirring; before him lay the mournful sea, breaking with a monotonous murmur upon the deserted shores; above arched the cruel sky.

And yonder, beneath that roof which he could barely see, Zolfina was lying in her death-agony, stretched upon her couch, silent, her blackened face covered

with pustules, still silent when the candle-light paled in the whitening dawn, and the murmured prayers ended in a burst of sobs. Two or three times she lifted her fair head, with an effort, as if she wanted to speak; but the words died in her throat, but she wanted air and the light was fading from her eyes. She moved her lips with stifled gasps like a lamb that is slaughtered, then her life went out.

Biasce went to see his poor dead love. Bewildered, with glassy eyes, he gazed at the coffin heaped with fresh flowers, beneath which lay that young flesh, wrapped in snowy linen. All that he had loved in life was there. It was himself stretched there inanimate. It was his youth which, sunk in endless slumber, rested on that cold couch.

Biasce gazed for an instant among the crowd; then he went out, returned home, mounted half-way up the wooden ladder, took the Singer's rope, made a slip knot, passed it around his neck, and swung out into space.

Through the silence of Good Friday the weight of the hanging body made the Singer send forth five or six unexpected, silvery, joyous notes.

And a flight of swallows rose from the roof into the sunlight!

Amor et Vita

By Fred A. Hunt

Love is like life—for at its tender birth
It buds and grows, with gentle care caressed,
And so increases, till it knows its worth
And then, full-fledged, it robust stands confessed.

Love is like life—in stalwart middle-age
It dares and does and militant defies
All change of mood, and will most hotly rage
'Gainst all that hinders toward its longed-for prize.

Love is like life—in tardy coursing veins
Its blood gets chilled and thus anaemic grows;
Its torpor on its zeal makes morbid gains,
And so is buried 'neath the wintry snows.



"I SENTENCE YOU ACCORDING TO THE WORDS IN THE BOOK OF THE KORAN."

The True Story of the Wise Kadee and the Faithless Woman

Which is the Story of Khassoum, the Pilgrim, and Khizr, the Mighty Spirit

As Told by the Oriental Story-Teller

Sheykh Achmed Abdullah El Sufi *

AND thus it came about that twelve days after Beiram, the great King Suleiman—master of the seven climes, emperor of the winds, illustrious sultan of jinns and giants—took his youngest son, Aziz-Ullah, by the hand and led him into the golden hall of state where he made to seat him on the throne of the Caliphs. Then the King sent out black slaves, dressed in purple and silver, and commanded them to summon to his presence his thirty vezirs and his ninety sons; and when they had all assembled in the golden hall of state, he spoke to them, saying:

"My youngest son, Aziz-Ullah, shall be ruler in my stead, for he has shown himself to be as wise as Haroun-el-Rashid. Nay, he is as wise as Omar, the great Caliph, on whom be peace; and thus I shall cede to him the mastery of the seven climes, the empire of the winds, the sultanate of jinns and giants. To him I give the hand of the beautiful Princess Zoleidé."

And Aziz-Ullah bowed humbly before his father, the great King Suleiman, and all rejoiced; slaves brought sherbet and coffee and pipes with long mouthpieces of amber and diamond, and then a story-teller from Egypt entered the golden hall of state and he told the story of the faithless wife and the just kadee, which is the story of Khizr, the mighty spirit, and Khassoum ibn Taib, the seeker for wisdom.

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Yes, you children of Arab fathers, gladly I shall tell you the wonderful story, the true story which relates how wickedness was punished, how righteousness found its shining reward, and which also proves once more that woman is the mother of deceit and falsehood—Do not bite your moustache, young brother of my heart, even if your wife is young and the apple of your eye; well we know it, for did we not see you bringing presents to her father's house only two moons ago? Before you drain the wine of life, you will yet learn to remember the wise saying of the great King Solomon of the tribe of Israel: "Obedience to women is the entrance gate to Jehenna."

I shall tell you the story of stories, full of wisdom and as clever as the fable of the wolf and the fox; but, by the beard of the Prophet, on whom be peace, I am but a poor man and my children are many and starving. Alms are the wealth of the poor, my brothers; give me a handful of *piastres,* a little child's handful of small silver *piastres,* and may Allah never open to me the gates of Paradise if I do not delight your hearts with the true story of the just kadee and the faithless woman.

Alhamdulillah!—Blessings on him who is open-handed and kind to the poor—Thanks, my master, may Allah grant thee eternal happiness; may the hand of Ali protect thy children and thy children's children from the evil eye—

I am poor and my children are starving—thanks, son of noble sires, thou art indeed as generous as Mahroud, the great Sultan, and thou dost not look with indifference on thy starving neighbor—pass the bowl to the left, for I see another true believer ready to loosen the strings of his bulging purse to give alms to this poorest of story-tellers.

Praises be to the Most High!—Here is another and even another who know the words in the book of the Koran: "O true believers, bestow alms of the good things which ye have gained to those threatened with poverty."

Ye are indeed Moslim; I take refuge in the cooling shadow of your generosity, and now I shall tell you the story which delighted the heart of Aziz-Ullah, of his noble father, his ninety brothers and the thirty vezirs; the story of the wisest of kadees and the most deceitful of women, which is the story of Khassoum and Khizr, the mighty spirit.

Know then, ye sons of Arab fathers, that once there existed a land which the unbelievers had not yet overrun with their merchants and their soldiers, their railways and their black-coated priests. In this land there was a town which the Prophet himself had honored with his presence; it was a town holier than Kairwan before the French—Allah's curse on them and their children—had desecrated its sacred buildings, and greater and richer than Stamboul itself, the home of the Caliph, the commander of the faithful.

This town was the asylum of knowledge and instruction, the abode of greatness, the home of justice and piety; the wondering gaze of the stranger beheld there three thousand public baths, built of marble and granite; and the minarets of innumerable mosques pointing to the sky like so many thousands of masts in the port of Algiers—great mosques, white and dazzling in the yellow sunshine, prayers of stone, built to commemorate the holy names of the Most High King of men, the Almighty, the Everlasting who has created and disposed of thousands of worlds. There is no God but He.

In this town there lived two brothers, Nassim and Khassoum, the sons of Hadji Taib, a rich seller of perfumes who had come from Yemen, the home of his ancestors.

One day a marabout on pilgrimage bent, found hospitality in Taib's house, and he looked at the palms of Nassim and Khassoum who were playing in the courtyard and said: "Taib, thy son Nassim shall be rich and powerful; but he shall perish through his brother's love. Khassoum, thy second-born, shall be poor; but Khizr, the mighty spirit, shall be always at his right and shall teach him to seek for the innermost secret of Islam. He shall know the knowledge of books, the love of the flesh, the bitterness of deceit, the triumph of justice —and then he shall know Islam."

Taib listened to the inspired words of the holy marabout, and then he went to the harem and told the mother of his two sons what had been prophesied.

The two brothers grew up side by side, and when they had reached the age of manhood they went together on pilgrimage to behold the blessed towns of Mecca and Medina.

of justice, and when he opened his mouth to speak, men would point at him and say: "Listen to the pilgrim whose words are like sweet liquid honey; he is indeed as wise as 'Asef."

Such was Khassoum, the son of Taib

But his elder brother, Nassim, was shaped in the likeness of Eblis, the cursed father of lies; the fruit of his



"ONE DAY A CARAVAN PASSED THROUGH THE OASIS AND KHASSOUM SAW AMONGST IT A GIRL."

Now, Hadji Khassoum was a noble youth and a true Moslim; he was resigned unto Allah, pious and generous; he was an old man in prudence, but a youth in the might of his two strong arms; his face was as fair as the moon on the fourteenth day, and his body as slender and supple as a Damascan blade; his sword was triumphant in the cause

mouth was bitter and his sharp tongue darted forth venom like the unclean reptile found in the grass; the poor starved at his door, and he bared his dagger only to further the rule of iniquity and of oppression; he was indeed like the snake which stings his mother and kills her even as she bears him. He, too, was a Hadji; but the circumambulation of the

shrines had done him little good and he returned from Mecca as bad and cruel and greedy and faithless as on the day when he had donned the pilgrim's garb. Allah had sealed his heart, and whenever he was seen holding converse with another man, the little children would gather around him and say: "Who is the man whom you are duping today, O Nassim, son of Taib?"

But you know the heart of woman; and you know that in a mother's eye every scorpion is a fleet gazelle.

Thus you will not wonder when I tell you that the mother of the two brothers loved Nassim with a far greater love than the noble Khassoum. Her firstborn was indeed the apple of her eye, and on him she lavished all her caresses; and when Taib, the father of her children, the rich seller of perfumes, lay on his death-bed, her woman's wit spoke to the great love which she bore her eldest son. She thought of the marabout's prophesy and trembled for the fate of her eldest son; and she persuaded Taib to leave to Nassim all his belongings: his town house with its pillared courtyards of inlaid marble, its cooling fountain and its ceilings covered with green and gold arabesques; his country estate with its hanging gardens and its orchards of almond, date, apricot and orange; his rich shop in the Sukh Attarin, where his agents sold to the wealthy the perfumes of Arabia, essences of rose, of violet and of geranium.

Thus, when fate rolled up the scroll of Taib's life, Nassim inherited all his father's fortune, and he prospered exceedingly. Every enterprise he touched turned into gold; he made treaties with the pirates of the Barbary coast, and to him they brought the fairest and strongest of the Giaour slaves whom they captured; his caravans, guarded by armed Bedawin tribes, crossed the desert from the white Nile to the black ranges of the Atlas, from the sweet shores of Tripoli to the desert cities of the far bitter South; his ships brought merchandise from Stamboul, Oman, Damascus, and even from far off China, and the people looked up when he passed and said to each other: "There goes Nassim, the son of Taib, the great merchant"; for let but a dog roll in gold, and the men in the bazaar will call him "Sir Dog."

His fame was great throughout the lands of the Moslim; and from the dazzling palace of the Sheriff at Mecca to the sombre tents of the murderous Tuaregs, all knew the name of Nassim, the rich.

And ever greater became his greed for the hard yellow gold; forgetting the commandments of the Messenger Mohammed—on whom be peace—he formed partnerships with the Jew and the Giaour merchants who lived in the coast towns and lent out money at usuring rates of interest. His wealth increased, and the more it increased, the more he tightened the strings of his purse; he endowed no mosques, no libraries rich in written knowledge, no shrines to commemorate the glories of Islam's fighting marabouts. He built no fountains and dug no wells to assure to himself the gratitude and the blessings of future generations; and the people in the bazaars who called him *Effendi* to his face, called him a pig, the son of a pig with a pig's heart, as soon as his back was turned; and the little children would run into the houses of their parents when they heard his shuffling gait, and secure behind the latticed windows they would cry:

"O Nassim, son of Taib and grandson of a dog, thy feet are as thy knees, thy knees are as thy belly, thy belly is as thy face, and thy face is ugly and fat. Look at the Moslim whose beard is gray and dirty. Do not weep, or thou wilt make us laugh; do not laugh, or thou wilt make us weep. Behold the Moslim to whom was given a cursed stone instead of a heart. May Allah grant that thou mayest go to bed and never rise again."

Such was Nassim, the son of Taib, who inherited all his father's fortune and who turned from his door Hadji Khassoum, his only brother, the noble child of the morning.

But Khassoum laughed the laugh of the free in mind and strong in body; he left the house of his father, and with his last purse he bought himself a fine white

racing dromedary, a pedigreed animal, sure-footed and fleet. With a song and a prayer on his lips, he left the town of his birth and went into the desert.

He rode eastward across the yellow lands until he reached the green oasis of Bir Tefguia, and there he knocked at the gates of a great white monastery. The holy derwishes of the brotherhood, the Tefguia; there were thousands of volumes in the library of the monastery, and the young Hadji would read and read, and think and think until his knowledge became as vast as time, as deep as the sea and as broad as the river Nile.

But ever and anon the voice of Khizr spoke to him, saying: "Khassoum, a pil-



"KHASSOUM. • • • 'HE IS A FOOL WHO MARRIES A STRANGER.'"

beloved ones of Allah, opened the gates and gave him food and shelter. They were old men, with the dignity of white beards, but they loved the youth who had come to them from the West, and they gave to him a little cell which opened towards a garden, rich with fruits and flowers of many colors.

For seven years Khassoum ibn Taib lived with the inspired ones of the Bir

grim thou art and rich in knowledge, but thou hast not yet learned the lesson of true wisdom. Seek on!"

Khassoum listened to the voice of Khizr and he sought; he read and thought and read again, until his was the knowledge of a thousand generations; at his command the spirits of the soldiers, the saints, the scholars and the great men of the past would fly through

the window of his little cell and keep him company. They talked to him and taught him until it seemed that he had reached the limits of earthly knowledge

Nature herself was his teacher, and nature taught him the language of the flowers and of the birds, the songs of the desert winds at dawn and the sayings of the gurgling water in the wells—but still the voice of Khizr said: "Khassoum, seek on."

He sought—and one day a caravan passed through the oasis of Bir Tefguia, and Khassoum saw amongst it a girl: she was of those Bedawin who do not veil their faces, and he thought her fairer than the young day. He said to himself: "Now have I found what the voice of my mind has commanded me to seek. I have found love."

He went to the girl of the Bedawin and said:

"I love thee and thee I must have. I have wandered far and wide; my roaming feet have brought me to Mecca and Medina, across the four deserts and even to the towns of Greece and of Hindustan, the home of the unbelievers. I have seen the women of many lands.

"I have seen the women of Baloutchistan, and their eyes were brown and moist like those of the timid gazelle. I have looked at the dark women of the Nubian plains, and I thought them as beautiful as purple shadows of the dawning sun. My eyes have beheld the raven locks of Persia's maidens, and I compared them to Leila; I dreamt of Jamshid's love. I have heard the love cry of Circassian slaves, and it was like Damascan silk torn by Damascan daggers. But thou art fairer than the earth; thee I must have, be thou houri or peri.

"The moon rises only for thee. Thy voice is like the nightingale's, thy breath like the wild jasmine of Lybia's distant shore. My heart is in thy hands, as is the clay in the hands of a potter.

"Thou art sweeter than the roses of Ispahan, the roses of a thousand leaves; thou art as graceful as the waving pines on Syrian hills. I love thee, thou daughter of Bedawin; I love thee. Thee I must have, or I die."

These were the words of Khassoum's great love—and the voice at his right said: "Khassoum, seek on."

But love had sealed his ears and he did not hear.

Aziza, the daughter of the Bedawin, listened to the words of his heart; she looked at him and he seemed comely in her eyes.

Then there were loud rejoicings among the Bedawin, and they prepared everything for the marriage ceremony.

But the hearts of the derwishes in the great monastery of the Bir Tefguia were heavy with sadness, and El Mansouri, their wise sheykh, took the youth aside and said to him: "Khassoum, thou art young and I am old; but the old heart loves the young heart. Thus I ask thee to remember the saying of the sage: 'He is a fool who marries a stranger.'" And Khassoum answered, laughing carelessly: "Great sheykh, thou art old and I am young; yet does the young heart love the old heart. Remember thou the saying of the Persian poet: 'Only he is wise who loves.'"

Then the kind derwishes bowed their heads to the decrees of inevitable fate; and they talked amongst themselves, and out of their scanty belongings they gave to Khassoum, that he might send a suitable dower to the maiden's father.

And on the seventh day after the new moon, the marriage ceremonies began. There was feasting during four days; lambs were roasted whole and there were rivers of sherbet, coffee and unfermented palm-wine. On the evening of the fourth day the bride went to her master's tent which had been prepared by the sheykh, El Mansouri. Her nails were stained with henna, her eyebrows were blackened, and she looked as fair as the rising sun. She was accompanied by her brothers and male cousins who wore branches of almond and jasmine over their right ears, and she became the wife of Khassoum, the son of Taib.

So they left the hospitable oasis of Bir Tefguia and rode for many a day. His love grew, and he thought of the poets of Teheran and he called her Mer-el-Nissar, the sun amongst women; but still he could hear the voice of Khizr

saying to him at dawn: "Khassoum ibn Taib, seek, seek on, and thou shalt find." But Khassoum was deaf to the voice of Khizr, the mighty spirit.

One night Mer-el-Nissar said to him: "Khassoum, thy heart is marked with chastity and piety; thine is the strength of body and the clearness of mind. Thine eyes glow with the intense light of those blessed ones who are rich in wisdom. I love thee well. Sweet are the words which flow like honey from thy tongue, and thou callest me the sun amongst women, the loveliest rose amongst the blooming flowers. Thou hast allowed me to partake of the rich fruit of knowledge stored in thy brain, for thou art as good as thou art wise. But tell me, Khassoum, where are thy people? My limbs are weary with the hard yellow desert, and fain would I rest in thy harem, thy one, thy favorite wife. Tell me, Khassoum, where is thy clan? Lead me to them that I may love them even as I love thee."

And Khassoum answered saying: "Rose of my heart, my father is dead, my mother is dead. I have no relative but one brother, Nassim; he is richer than the Egyptian merchants who live in Jeddah, but his heart is as hard as the rock of Tarik."

When Mer-el-Nissar heard the name of Nassim the rich, the black snake of avarice and greed reared his venomous head in her heart, and she cried: "O Khassoum, let us go to him an' thou lovest me. He is thy only brother and surely he will be glad to see thee, and give us shelter and food and riches."

Thus she begged and begged until she had wearied his soul and he assented.

The son of Taib listened not to the voice of Khizr which whispered in his ear: "Khassoum, remember the words of Omar, the great Caliph: 'Let one take council of a woman and do the opposite of what she says.'"

So they turned their dromedaries' heads to the West and rode for many a long night until they came to the village of El Jebwina, which is a day's ride from the holy town where lived Hadji Nassim, the rich merchant. When they reached El Jebwina, they had spent their last purse; so they sold their dromedaries and that night slept among the animals' hoofs in the courtyard of the Khan. The next morning they set out on foot, just as the sun appeared on Allah's tent, for they hoped to enter the gates of the great town before dawn spread its gray *bournous* over the land.



"SO THEY TURNED THEIR DROMEDARIES' HEADS TO THE WEST."

They walked and walked and walked until their feet were tired and sore, when a merchant overtook them. Rubies and diamonds flashed in his green turban, his cloak was of the finest Bokhara silk, and he rode a great white horse which was like Borak, the lion-headed horse of the Prophet, on whom be peace. And behold it was Nassim himself, the rich brother, the man with the heart of stone.

Khassoum recognized him and said: "Nassim, it is I, thy brother, who is speaking to thee, and this is the woman who shall be the mother of my sons. We are on our way to thy great house. Wilt thou not give us food and shelter?"

Nassim looked at his brother, and then he looked at the unveiled features of the Bedawin girl; and the devil of lust arose within him, the devil of lust and cunning.

He jumped from his horse and embraced Khassoum, even as Judas, the accursed, embraced Esa, the holy messenger of the house of Imram, and said: "All praise to the Most High God, Creator of the ten thousand worlds! All praise to the most Benign Lord, who weighs life and death in the hollow of His hand! Praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty who has granted me this day of days, who in his munificence has permitted that I may yet behold the beloved, the beloved features of Khassoum, the brother of my heart, before I die! Surely I shall give shelter and food to thee, my brother, and to the noble daughter of the Bedawin who walks at thy side. Gladly I would give to thee my horse, but I am a weak man, my feet are unused to the hard sand-grains of the desert. But my horse is strong enough for two. So let the daughter of the Bedawin mount behind me; and thou, strong brother, canst follow on foot, until we reach the house of our father, where I shall prepare a great feast."

Joy and gratitude filled the heart of Khassoum; he helped Mer-el-Nissar upon the saddle behind Nassim, and he heeded not the voice of Khizr which whispered in his ear: "Khassoum, seek on, and do not listen to the words of those rich in iniquity."

Thus they proceeded on their journey and gradually Nassim increased the distance between himself and his brother until he was safely out of hearing. Then he turned slightly in his high saddle and said: "Girl of the Bedawin, remember the saying of the wise: 'Do not go with him who is poor and who cannot help thee; for in this world he cannot serve thee, and in the next world thou must be weighed by thyself in the balance-scales of right and wrong, and he cannot intercede in thy behalf.' Even such is my brother who is behind us dragging his tired feet in the sand. He can give thee nothing but the dry fruits of starvation and misery. But me, men call the rich Nassim, and well they may. The gates which bar the entrance to my palace are studded with golden nails and with the light blue stones my caravans bring from Afghanistan. My divans are covered with silken rugs from Khiva and Bokhara, and even the meanest of my black slaves is dressed in purple and silver. Mine are the choicest pearls, and emeralds without flaws; mine are riches greater than those which Ali Baba found in the caves of the forty thieves. Say but the one word, and whatever I possess is thine. As to Khassoum—be not afraid; I have six Giaour merchants in my pay who will swear to anything I command them to. And who is the kadee who would dare to accept the testimony of the miserable Khassoum against that of Nassim, the powerful, the rich, and that of the six wealthiest unbelievers in the holy town which thou canst see looming in the blue distance?"

Sons of Arabs, did not Omar, the great Caliph, the successor of the Prophet—on whom be benedictions—say that the heart of woman is always mercenary? Even so; thus you will not be surprised to hear that Mer-el-Nissar, the loveliest sun amongst the Bedawin, the beloved one of Khassoum's heart, listened with joy to the words of Nassim and readily agreed to his evil proposal. Accordingly, when they came to a cross-road, the accursed elder son of Taib spurred his horse, and soon he and the Bedawin woman were nothing but a little gray cloud of dust on the dim horizon. In vain did Khassoum protest; they neither heard nor heeded his entreaties; black despair and sorrow and a great understanding came over him, and he heard the voice of Khizr, the mighty spirit, which whispered into his ear: "Seek on, thou son of Arab sires, and thou wilt yet learn wisdom. Thou hast learned one lesson today: Do not put all thy eggs into one basket, and if thou dost, give not the basket in keeping of a

woman—her whom Allah has created without soul. Now go to the holy town and prostrate thyself at the feet of the wise kadee, Mohammed Ed-Din, and there thou shalt learn the lesson of justice and true wisdom. Seek on, Khassoum."

Wearily Khassoum continued his journey towards the holy town, and when he arrived here he went to the house of the kadee and told him what had happened to him.

Mohammed Ed-Din listened and said: "By the praised name of Hassan, the son of Ali—on whom be peace forever—justice shall be thine, and dire punishment the lot of those who dare to break the laws of the written word of the Koran. Did not the Prophet—blessings on him—say that Allah will not wrong any one, even the weight of an ant?"

That night the kadee, the protector of the poor and the friend of the oppressed, gave hospitality to the son of Taib, the noble Khassoum, and the next morning, after prayer, he sent summons to Nassim and to the Bedawin woman and ordered them to appear before his divan. Nassim came and with him came the Bedawin woman and also the six Greek merchants who were in his pay and whom he had brought as witnesses.



"BLACK DESPAIR AND SORROW AND A GREAT UNDERSTANDING CAME TO HIM."

The kadee told him of what his brother had accused him, and he answered: "O kadee full of wisdom, judge not before thou knowest and remember the saying of the wise: 'Look first to the end of whatever thou undertakest, and then act accordingly.' Khassoum is indeed my brother, but he is envious of my riches and he loves me not. Give not access in thy heart to his deceptions, and remember the words of the Messenger—on whom be peace—that lies and cunning

deceptions are the forerunners of the accursed work of Satan, the evil one. Thou art just, O kadee, and the dirt of lying deceptions cannot sully the hem of thy white garments of knowledge and wisdom. Mohammed Ed-Din, these are my witnesses, six merchants of this holy town, honored by every one and wealthy in the world's goods; they will swear to thee that they have known this woman for many years as the favorite inmate of my harem."

The kadee told the six merchants to approach, and the first merchant said: "Verily, O kadee, I have known this woman for long years as the Fatima of the Hadji's harem. Many a shawl and many a cunningly worked rug have I sold to her."

The second merchant said: "O kadee, truth is ever its own defense. This is the woman which long ago Nassim brought from amongst the tribes. Many a yard of silk have I spread at her feet, that she might choose and buy."

The third merchant said: "It is she, the apple of Nassim's eye. I remember well how, seven years ago, she came to my little shop in the bazaar, accompanied by two black attendants, and bought from me at a cheap price, be it said, an amber necklace which had once belonged to his eminent Highness, the great Effendi Bey of Tripoli."

The fourth merchant said: "Trade is needful for a poor man. Of me Nassim bought slippers and jewels and Turkish sweets when, many years ago, he paid the dower to the father of this woman."

The fifth merchant said: "I am an ignorant man, and speech does not come readily to my lips. But may I never enter the Christian paradise if this is not the shining one of Nassim's harem, and if she has not bought many pounds of spices and sugar in my poor shop."

The sixth merchant said: "May my right hand wither as does the thirsty date-tree when the well dries up, if I do not speak the truth; verily I declare that this is the well-beloved favorite woman of Nassim's household! She is a Bedawin, and according to the custom of the tribesmen she came here unveiled; but she obeyed her master's wishes, and I am the merchant who sold to her the first black and gold Egyptian veil, to hide her chaste features from the impudent glance of the multitude."

Such was the testimony of the six Giaour merchants, and the kadee was puzzled; and though he knew in the inmost chamber of his heart that Khassoum was speaking the truth, he did not know how to prove it. He thought and thought and thought, O you children of Arabs, until Ilyas, the great Kutb, heard his praying thoughts and left his abode on the roof of the Kaabah in Mecca to fly across the Western desert and to bring to Mohammed Ed-Din the inspiration which he needed. Ilyas spoke to the soul of the kadee, and the kadee exclaimed: "Hafiz, my faithful slave, go thou to the house of Hadji Nassim and bring to me the dogs which belong to his household."

The slave bowed and left, and soon he returned leading on a chain the two dogs of Nassim's house, two strong Kabyle dogs with black bristly hair and huge teeth.

The kadee ordered the woman to confront the dogs: "If thou hast been in Nassim's harem for long years, they will surely recognize thee." She obeyed trembling, and though she tried her best to talk to them with sweet words and gestures of blandishment, the dogs growled at her and showed their teeth and proved clearly that the woman was a stranger to them.

Then the wise kadee raised his hands and said: "Nassim, and thou, woman of the Bedawin, I sentence you according to the words in the book of the Koran: 'If any of the true believers commit the crime of adultery, punish them both; produce witnesses against them, imprison them in separate apartments until death release them, or Allah affordeth them a way to escape. And you, Greek infidels, remember the words; 'Woe be unto those who give false testimony.' Ye shall have your hands and feet cut off, and be thrown out into the yellow desert, until Allah takes pity on you and relieves you from your pains.'"

Then the kadee clapped his hands and slaves came, and they took Nassim and

Mer-el-Nissar and the six merchants and did to them according to the judgment of the kadee.

And Mohammed Ed-Din, the judge who was as wise as Haroun-el-Rashid, turned to the men who had gathered to hear him administer justice and punishment, and said:

"Today I have proved that the testimony of two dogs is more to be believed than the testimony of Nassim, the rich, and that of six Greek merchants."

You ask me what became of Khassoum, ye sons of Arabs?

Khassoum bowed before the wise judge and praised him, and then he turned his face towards Mecca; he wandered towards the rising sun, for the voice of Khizr was still whispering into his ear: "Go out into the yellow lands, Khassoum ibn Taib, and seek on, that thou mayest find Islam, that thou mayest find true resignation."

For many a year, he wandered in the wilderness, without sandals to protect his blistering feet, fasting and praying and avoiding the habitations of mankind, until he had become a holy Welee, a master in the true faith. Khizr was always before him, spreading his great silver wings, pointing the way like a shining guiding star and speaking to him at dawn.

Many a time Eblis and his host of evil demons tried to tempt him, but he was steadfast and practiced self-denial until he was a saint, holier than Esh-Shiblee himself.

One day, during *Dhu-l-Hijjeh,* the holy month of pilgrimages, he wandered from the mountains into the desert until he came to the caravan road which leads from Timbuctoo to the oasis of the Northern Sahara. He spread his ragged *bournous* and lay down, his forehead touching the ground, and for three days and three nights he did not sleep, nor did he touch food or drink, but he repeated over and over again the words *"La ilah illallah,"* until his mind had absorbed the deepest meaning of Islam: There is no God but the God.

On the evening of the third day, Khizr gently closed his eyes, but the eyes of his soul were wide open, and it seemed to him that he was in the court-yard of a huge palace, whose roof melted dimly into the silvery blueness of the skies; the walls of the palace were of pearl and red jacinth and yellow gold; and wherever he turned his eyes, he saw written on these walls the shining words: *La ilah illallah* * * * From afar he could hear the rippling waters of Selsebil, the river that flows through Paradise, and he felt an indescribable happiness.

And Khizr summoned Azrael, the black-winged angel of death, and Azrael came and kissed lightly the lips of Khassoum, the pilgrim, the son of Taib, the Welee, the great saint.

Hagoromo, The Winged Robe

(A Japanese Folk-Tale)

By Yamato Ichihashi

Illustrated by Sekko Shimada

In Japan, folk-tales are abundant, and some have been worked into an elaborate and dignified form of literature. Tales relative to fishermen are numerous, and rightly so, for the Japanese in their primitive stage were mainly fishermen. Of these "Hagoromo" or Winged-robe, is perhaps most beautiful. The tale given below is in its simple form.

IN the happy old days when the world was yet young and pure, there lived an old fisherman in his snug little hut on the pine-clad shore of Mio. Beautiful is the white, sandy shore of Mio, washed by the surging waves of the Suruga Bay. Overlooking the pine grove and the Suruga Bay rises Mount Fuji.

Seeing this beautiful place, Amano Otome, a celestial maiden, was once tempted to visit. She alighted at the pine grove of Mio; taking off her *hagoromo,* the winged-robe with which she flew down from heaven, and leaving it upon a branch of a pine tree, she strolled off into the grove.

Presently the wearied fisherman, happy with the day's catch, came plodding along the beach and saw the dazzling gown. With a mixture of fear and joy he took it down. So wonderous a robe mortal eyes never before had beheld. He thought it a celestial gift, and hurried homeward to delight his wife.

Now the angel, after a pleasant stroll, returned to the pine to put on her *hagoromo.* But the gown was gone and great was her grief. At last she espied the rude fisherman with her gown. She called and begged him to return the robe. But he shook his head.

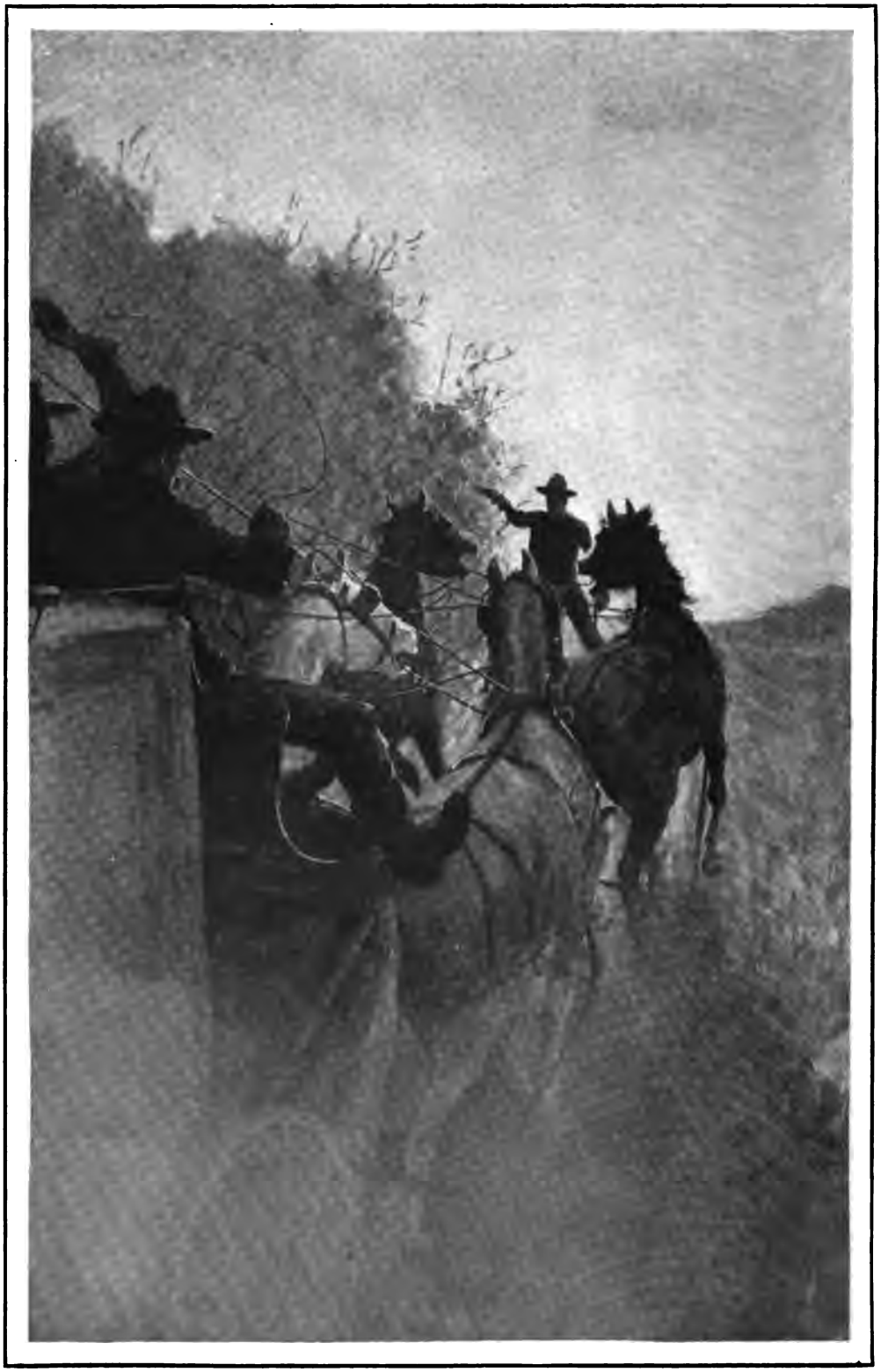
The maiden, imploring, said in her tears, "I am none other than an angel dwelling in heaven, the raiment under your arm is my *hagoromo.* Without it I may never return to my celestial abode."

The old fisherman pitied her and restored the garb, but asked her to dance a heavenly dance. Overcome with joy the angel donned her robe of wings and danced upon the silvery strand by the blue sea. The rays of the setting sun tinted her flowing robe golden, and the gentle evening breeze played sweet music upon the leaves of the pine. Dancing round and round and soaring higher and higher, she passed into the Milky Way and disappeared.



From Drawing by Sekko Shimada.

"DANCING ROUND AND ROUND, AND SOARING HIGHER AND HIGHER, SHE PASSED INTO THE MILKY WAY."



"INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD SPRANG A LITHE FIGURE."

Triggerfingeritis*

Record of a Few of the Cases I Have Observed

By Edgar Beecher Bronson †

Drawings by Charles S. Price

IN the Plains thirty years ago there were two types of man-killers; and these two types were subdivided into classes.

The first type numbered all who took life in contravention of law. This type was divided into three classes.

A. Outlaws to whom blood-letting had become a mania.

B. Outlaws who killed in defense of their spoils or liberty.

C. Otherwise good men who had slain in the heat of private quarrel, and either "gone on the scout" or "jumped the country" rather than submit to arrest.

The second type included all who slew in support of law and order. This type, in turn, included six classes:

A. United States Marshals.

B. Sheriffs and their deputies.

C. Stage or railway express guards, called "messengers."

D. Private citizens organized as vigilance committees—these often none too discriminating and not infrequently the blind or willing instruments of individual grudge or greed.

E. Unorganized bands of ranchmen who took the trail of marauders on life or property and never quit it.

F. "Inspectors" (detectives) for Stock Growers' Associations.

Throughout the '70s and well into the '80s, in Wyoming, Dakota, Western Kansas, and Nebraska, New Mexico, and West Texas, courts were idle most of the time and lawyers lived from hand to mouth. The then state of local society was so rudimentary that it had not acquired the habit of appeal to the law for settlement of its differences. And while it may sound an anachronism, it is nevertheless the simple truth that while life was far less secure through that period, average personal honesty then ranked higher and depredations against property were fewer than any time since. So soon as society had "advanced" to a point where the victim could be relied on to carry his wrongs to court, judges began working overtime and lawyers fattening.

But of the actual pioneers who took their lives into their hands and recklessly staked them in their every-day goings and comings, as, for instance, did all who ventured into the Sioux country north of the Platte between '75 and '80, few long stayed (no matter what their occupation) who were slow on the trigger; it was back to Mother Earth or to home for them.

Of the supporters of the law in that period, Boone May was one of the finest examples any frontier community ever boasted. Early in '76 he came to Cheyenne with an elder brother and engaged in freighting thence overland to the Black Hills. Quite half the length of the stage road was then infested by hos-

*Author's Note—Triggerfingeritis is an acute irritation of the sensory nerves of the index finger of habitual gun-packers; usually fatal—to some one.

†Editor's Note—When barely twenty-one Mr. Bronson located the first cattle ranch ever established in the heart of the Sioux country, midway between Fort Loraine and the Black Hills, 100 miles north of the North Platte, and there lived through the first five years he writes of, later ranching and trail driving in Texas and New Mexico.

tile Sioux. This meant heavy risks and high pay. The brothers prospered so handsomely that, toward the end of the year, Boone withdrew from freighting, bought a few cattle and horses and built and occupied a ranch at the stage-road crossing of Lance Creek, midway between the Platte and Deadwood, in the very heart of the Sioux country.

Boone was then well under thirty, graceful of figure, dark haired, wore a slender downy mustache that only served to emphasize his youth, but possessed that reserve and repose of manner most typical of the utterly fearless.

The Sioux made his acquaintance early—to their grief. One night they descended on his ranch and carried off all the stage horses and most of Boone's.

Notwithstanding the "sign" showed there were fifteen or twenty in the party, at daylight Boone took their trail—alone!

The third day thereafter he returned to the ranch with all the stolen stock—and a dozen split-eared Indian ponies,—taken as compensation for his trouble,—taken at what cost of strategy or blood Boone never told.

Learning of this exploit from his drivers, Al. Patrick, the superintendent of the stage line, took the next coach to Lance Creek and brought Boone back to Deadwood, enlisted in his corps of "messengers"; he was too good timber to miss.

At that time every coach southbound from Deadwood to Cheyenne carried thousands in its mail pouches and express boxes; and once a week a "treasure coach" armored with boiler plate, carrying no passengers and guarded by six or eight "messengers" or "sawed-off shot-gun men," conveyed often as high as $200,000 of hard-won Black-Hills gold bars. Thus it naturally followed that throughout '77 and '78, it was the exception for a coach to get through from the Cheywater to Jenny's stockade without being held up by bandits at least once. Any that happened to escape Jack Wadkin's in the south were likely to fall prey to Dunc Blackburn in the north—these two the most desperate bandit leaders in the country.

In February '78, I had occasion to follow some cattle thieves from Fort Loraine to Deadwood. Returning south by coach one bitter evening, we pulled into Lance Creek, eight passengers inside, Boone May and myself on the box with 'Gene Barnett, the driver, "Stocking," another famous messenger roosted atop of the coach behind us, fondling his sawed-off shot-gun.

From Lance Creek, south lay the greatest danger zone. At that point, therefore, Boone and "Stocking" shifted from the coach to the saddle, and, as 'Gene popped his whip and the coach crunched away through the snow, both dropped back perhaps thirty yards behind us.

An hour later, just as the coach got well within a broad belt of plumb bushes that lined the north bank of Old Woman's Fork, out into the middle of the road sprang a lithe figure that threw a snap shot over 'Gene's head and halted us. Instantly six others surrounded the coach and ordered us down. I already had a foot on the nigh front wheel to descend, when a shot out of the brush to the west (Boone's I later learned) dropped the man ahead of the team.

There followed a quick interchange of shots for perhaps a minute, certainly no more, and then I heard Boone's cool voice:

"Drive on, 'Gene!"

"Move an' I 'll kill you!" came in a hoarse bandit voice from the thicket east of us.

"Drive on, 'Gene, or *I 'll* kill you," came then from Boone, in a tone of such chilling menace that 'Gene threw the bud into the leaders and away we flew—at a pace materially improved by three or four shots the bandits sent singing past our ears, over the team!

The next down-coach brought to Cheyenne the comforting news that Boone and "Stocking" had killed four of the bandits and stampeded the other three!

Within six months after Boone was employed, both Dunc Blackburn and Jack Wadkins disappeared from the stage road, dropped out of sight like the earth had opened and swallowed them, as it probably had.



"RIGHT HERE IS WHERE YOU CASH IN."

Boone, who had a way of absenting himself for days from his routine duties along the stage road, slipped off entirely alone after this new quarry precisely as he had followed the Sioux horse raiders, and, while he never admitted it, the belief was general that he had run down and "planted" both. Indeed it is almost a certainty this is true, for beasts of their type never change their stripes and sure it is that neither were ever seen or heard of after their disappearance from the Deadwood trail.

Late in the autumn of the same year, '78, and also at or near the stage crossing of Old Woman's Fork, Boone and one companion fought eight bandits led by a man named Tolle, on whose head was a large reward earned by him in a hold-up of a Union Pacific express train near Green River. This brand was, in a way, more lucky, for five escaped, but of the three otherwise engaged one furnished a head Boone toled in a gunny sack to Cheyenne and cashed in for $5,000, if my memory rightly serves.

This incident was practically the last of the serious hold-ups on the Cheyenne road. A few pikers followed and "stood-up" a coach occasionally, but the strong organized bands were extinct.

Throughout '79 Boone's activities were transferred to the Sidney-Deadwood road, where "Curley" and "Lame Johnny" for several months before Boone's coming, had held sway. "Lame Johnny" was shortly thereafter captured —and hanged on Big Cottonwood, to the lone tree that gave the creek its name.

A few months later "Curley" was captured by Boone and another, but was never jailed or tried. When nearing Deadwood, he tried to escape from Boone—and failed!

With the Sioux pushed back within the lines of their new reservation in Southern Dakota and semi-pacified, and with the Sidney road swept clean of road agents, life in Boone's old haunts became, for him, too tame.

Thus it happened that, while trapping was then no better within than without the Sioux reservation, the winter of '79-'80 found Boone and four mates camped on the Cheyenne River below the mouth of Elk Creek, well within the reserve, trapping the main stream and its tributaries. For a month they were undisturbed, and a goodly store of fur was fast accumulating. Then one fine morning, while breakfast was cooking, out from the cover of an adjacent hill and down upon them charged a Sioux war party, 150 strong.

Boone's four mates barely had time to take cover below the hard-by river bank—under Boone's orders, before fire opened.

Down straight upon them the Sioux charged in a solid mass, heels kicking and quirts pounding their split-eared ponies, until, come within a hundred yards, the mass broke into single file and raced past the camp, each warrior lying along the off-side of his pony and firing beneath his neck—the usual but utterly stupid and suicidal Sioux tactics, for accurate fire under such conditions is of course impossible.

Meantime Boone stood quietly by the camp fire, entirely in the open, coolly potting the enemy as regularly and surely as a master wing shot thinning a flight of ducks.

Three times they so charged and Boone so received them, pouring into them a steady, deadly fire out of his Winchester and two pistols.

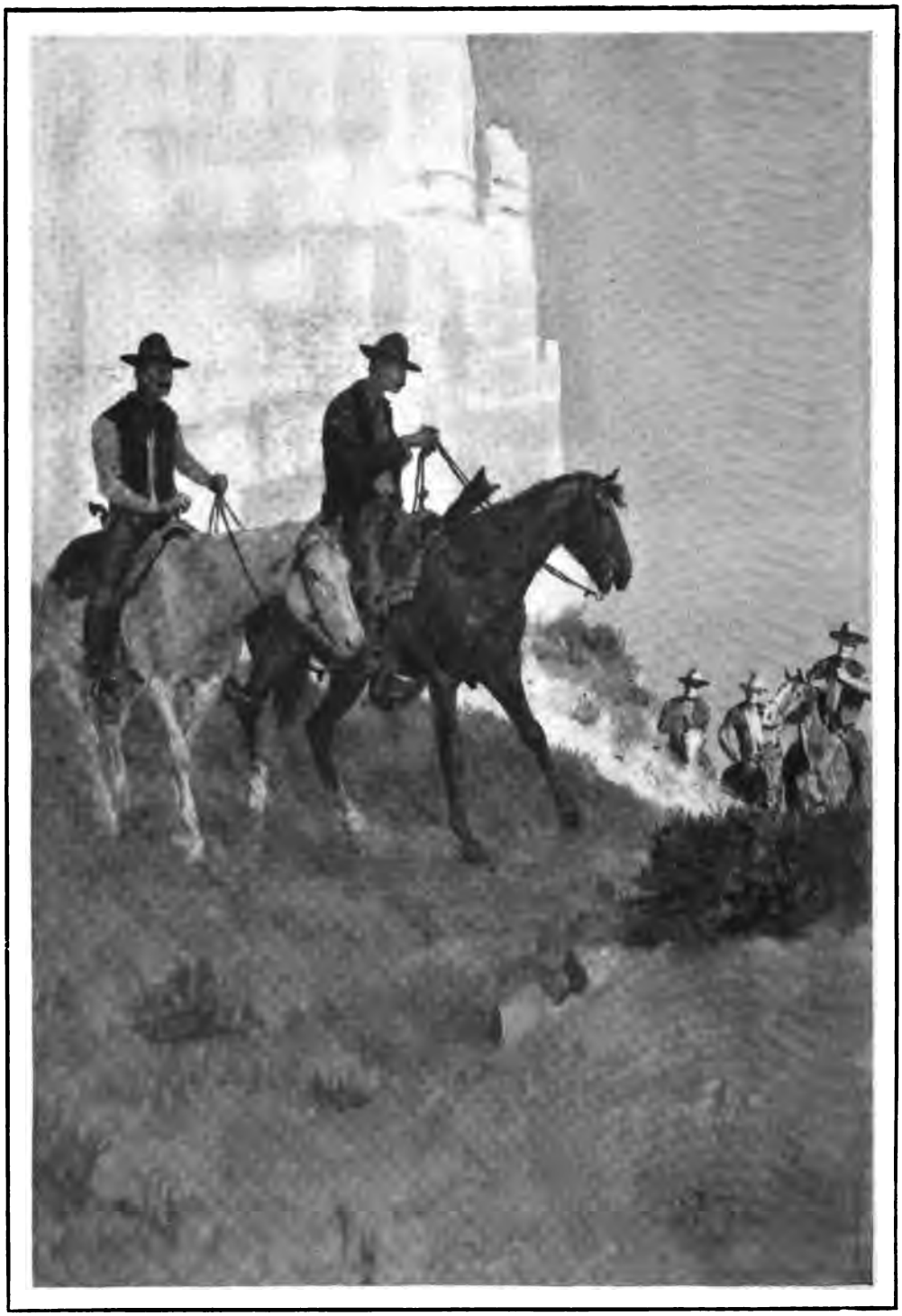
And when after the third charge the war party drew off for good, forty-odd ponies and twenty-odd warriors lay upon the plain, stark evidence of Boone's wonderful nerve and marksmanship. Shortly after the fight one of his mates told me that while he and the three others were doing their best, there was no doubt that nearly all the dead fell before Boone's fire.

* * * * *

A type diametrically opposite to that of the debonair Boone May was Captain Jim Smith, one of the best peace officers the frontier ever knew. Of Captain Smith's early history nothing was known, except that he had served with great credit as a captain of artillery in the Union Army. He first appeared on the Union Pacific during construction



"BEFORE DOC COULD THROW IN ANOTHER SHELL, BILLY WAS UPON HIM."



"AT A SHARP BEND OF THE TRAIL THEY RAN INTO DOC AND FIVE OF HIS MEN."

days in the late '60s. Serving in various capacities as railroad detective, marshal, stock inspector, etc., for eighteen years, Captain Smith wrote more red history with his pistol (bar May's work on the Sioux) than any two men of his time.

The last I knew of him he had enough dead outlaws to his credit—thirty odd—to start, if not a respectable, at least a fair-sized graveyard. Confronted by Captain Jim, his mere look was enough to nigh still the heart-beat and paralyze the pistol hand of any but the wildest and woolliest of them all. With great burning black eyes, glowering unblinking, deadly menace from cavernous sockets of extraordinary depth, set in a colossal, grim face traversed by a straight, thin-lipped mouth that never showed teeth, ambushed beneath a heavy, tight-curling, black mustache and supported by a stiff, black imperial that always had the appearance of holding the under lip closely glued to the upper, a mouth about which, in years of intimacy, I never once saw the faintest hint of a smile; with tremendous breadth of shoulders and depth of chest, big-boned, lean-loined, quick and furtive of movement as a panther. Captain Jim was altogether the most fearsome-looking man I ever saw, the very incarnation of a relentless, inexorable, indomitable, avenging Nemesis.

Like most men lacking humor, Capt. Jim was devoid of vices; like all men lacking sentiment he cultivated no intimacies. Throughout those years Capt. Jim loved nothing, animate or inanimate, but his guns—the full length .45 that nestled in its breast scabbard next his heart, the short .45, sawed off two inches in front of the cylinder, that he always carried in a deep side pocket of his long sack coat, often a much patched pocket, for Jim was a notable economist of time and usually fired from within the pocket.

That he loved those guns I know, for often have I seen him fondle them as tenderly as a mother her first born.

In '79 Sidney was a hell-hole, filled with the most desperate toughs, come to prey upon overland travelers to and from the Black Hills. Of these toughs McCarthy, proprietor of the biggest saloon and gambling house in town, was the leading spirit and boss. Nightly, men who would not gamble were drugged or slugged or leaded. Town marshals came and went—either feet first or on a keen run. So long as its property remained unmolested the Union Pacific management did not mind.

But one night the depot was robbed of $60,000 in gold bullion, of course the work of the local gang. Then the Union Pacific got busy—Pete Shelby summoned Capt. Jim to Omaha and committed the Sidney situation to his charge.

Frequenting haunts where he knew the news would be wired to Sidney, Jim casually mentioned he was going out there to clean out the town, and purposed killing McCarthy on sight. This he rightly judged would stampede or throw a chill into a lot of pikers and simplify his task.

Arrived in Sidney, Capt. Jim found McCarthy absent at North Platte, due to return the next day. Come to the station the next morning, Jim found the express reported three hours late and returned to his room in the Railway House, fifty yards north of the depot, doffed coat, shoulder scabbard and boots, and laid down, shortly falling into a doze that near cost him his life.

Most inconsiderately the train made up nearly an hour of its lost time. His awakening was sudden, but not sudden enough. Before he had time to rise at the sound of the softly opening door, McCarthy was over him with a pistol at his head. Jim's left hand nearly touched the gun-pocket of his coat and his right lay in reach of the other gun, but his slightest movement meant instant death.

"Heerd you come to hang my hide up an' skin the town, but you're under a 'copper' and my open-play wins, Black Jim; see?" growled McCarthy.

"Well, Mac," coolly answered Jim, "you're a bigger d—n fool than I allowed. Never heard of you before makin' a killin' there was nothin' in. To hell with you and your gang. I'm after that bullion, and I 've got a straight tip

'Lame Johnny's' the bird that hooked on to it. If you're standing in with him, you better lead me a plenty, for if you don't, I'll sure get him."

"Honest? Is that right, Jim? Aint lyin' none?" queried McCarthy, relieved of the belief his gang were suspected.

"Sure she 's right, Mac."

"But I heerd you done said you was comin' to do me," persisted McCarthy.

"Think I 'm d—n fool enough to light in diggin' my own grave, by sendin' love messages like that to a gun expert like you, Mac?" asked Capt. Jim.

Whether it was the subtle flattery or Jim's argument, Mac lowered his gun, and while backing out of the room remarked: "Nothin' in mixin' it with you, Jim, if you dont want me."

But McCarthy was no more than out of the room till Jim slid off the bed quick as a cat; softly as a cat on his noiseless stockinged feet he followed McCarthy down the hall; crafty as a cat he crept down the creaking stair-case, tread for tread, a scant arm's length behind his prey—why, God only knows, unless for a savage joy in longer holding another thug's life in his hands—so hung, like a leech to the blood it loves, across the corridor and to the middle of the trunk room that lay between the hall and the hotel office.

There Jim spoke:

"Oh! Mr. McCarthy!"

McCarthy whirled, drawing his gun, just in time to receive a bullet squarely through the heart!

During the day Jim got two more scalps and the rest of the McCarthy gang got the impression it was up to them to pull their freight out of Sidney —and acted on it.

In 1882 the smoke of the Lincoln County war still hung in the timber of the Ruidoso and the Bonito, a feud in which nearly 300 New Mexicans lost their lives. Depredations on the Mescolero Reservation were so frequent that the Indians were near open revolt.

Needing a red-blooded agent, the Indian Bureau sought and got one in Major W. H. H. Llewellyn, since Captain of Rough Riders, Troop H, then a United States Marshal of a distinguished record. The then chief of the bureau offered the major two troops of cavalry to preserve order among the Mescoleros and keep marauders off the reservation, and was astounded when Llewellyn declined and said he would prefer to handle the situation with no other aid than that of one man he had in mind.

Capt. Jim Smith was the man!

And pleased enough was Jim when told by the major of the turbulence of the country and the certainty of plenty doing in his line. But by the time they had reached the Mescolero Agency the feud war was ended, the peace of exhaustion after years of open war and ambush had descended upon Lincoln County, and the Mescoleros were glad enough to quietly draw their rations of flour and coffee, and range the Sacramentos and Guadalupes for game.

For Jim and the band of Indian police he quickly organized, there was nothing doing.

Of inaction Capt. Jim soon cloyed. It got on his nerves. Presently he conceived a resentment toward the agent for bringing him down there under false pretenses of daring deeds to do that never materialized. One day Major Llewellyn imprudently countermanded an order he had given his chief of police, under conditions Capt. Jim took as a personal affront.

The next thing the major knew he was covered by Jim's gun and listening to his death sentence.

"Major," began Capt. Jim, "right here is where you cash in. Played me for a d—n fool long enough. Toted me off down here on the guarantee of the best show of fightin' I 've heard of since the war, here where there aint a man in the territory with nerve enough left to tackle a prairie dog, 's far 's I can see. Lied to me a plenty, did n't you? Anything to say before you quit?"

Since that time Major Llewellyn has become (and is now) a famous pleader at the New Mexican bar, but I know he will agree that the most eloquent plea he ever to this day has made was that in answer to Capt. Jim's arraignment. Luckily his plea won.

A month later Capt. Jim called on me

at El Paso at the time I was president of the West Texas Cattle Growers' Association, organized chiefly to deal with marauding rustlers.

"Howdy, Ed," Jim began; "I 've jumped the Mescolero reservation, headed north. Nothin' doin' down here now.

"But, say, Ed, I hear they 're crowdin' the rustlers to beat hell up in the Indian Territory and the Pan Handle, and she 's a cinch, they 'll be down on you thick in a few months.

"And, say, Ed, dont forget old Jim; when the rustlers come, send for him. You know he 's the cheapest proposition ever—never any lawyer's fees or court costs—nothin' to pay but just Jim's wages."

That was the last time we ever met, and lucky it will probably be for me if we never meet again; for if Jim still lives and there is aught in this story he sees occasion to take exception to I am sure to be due for a mix-up I can very well get on without.

* * * * *

From '78 to '80 Billy Lykins was one of the most efficient "inspectors" of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association, a short man of heavy muscular physique and a round cherubic pink and white face, in which a pair of steel-blue glittering eyes looked strangely out of place. A second glance, however, showed behind the smiling mouth a set of the jaw that did not belie the fighting eyes. So far as I can now recall Billy never failed to get what he went after while he remained in our employ.

Probably the toughest customer Billy ever tackled was Doc Middleton. As an outlaw Doc was the victim of an error of judgment. When he first came among us, hailing from Llano County, Texas, Doc was as fine a puncher and jolly good-tempered range mate as any in the territory. Sober and industrious, he never drank or gambled. But he had his bit of temper, had Doc, and his chunk of good old Llano nerve.

Thus when a group of carousing soldiers in a Sidney saloon one night lit in to beat Doc up with their six-shooters for refusing to drink with them, the inevitable happened in a very few seconds—Doc killed three of them, jumped his horse and split the wind for the Platte.

And therein lay his error.

The killing was perfectly justifiable: surrendered and tried, he would surely have been acquitted. But his breed never surrendered—at least never before their last shell was emptied. Flight having made him an outlaw, the Government offered a heavy reward for him, dead or alive.

For a time he was harbored among his friends on the different ranches—indeed was a welcome guest at my Deadwood ranch for several days—but in a few weeks the hue and cry got so hot that he had to jump for the Sand Hills south of the Niobrara. Ever pursued, honest wage earning was impossible. Thus presently he was confronted with want, not of much, indeed of very little, but that want was vital—he wanted cartridges.

At the time the Sand Hills were full of deer and antelope. Thus to him cartridges meant more even than defense of his freedom, they meant food. And it was this want that drove him into his first actual crime—the stealing of Sioux ponies, which he ran into the settlements and sold.

The downward path of the criminal is like the limpid, clean-faced brook, bred of a bubbling spring nestled in some shady nook of the hills, where the air is sweet and pure and pollution cometh not. But there it may not stay; on and yet on it rushes, as helpless as heedless, till one day it finds itself plunged into some foul current carrying the scourings of half a continent.

So on and down plunged Doc—from stealing Indian ponies to lifting ranch horses was no long leap in his new code. Then our Stock Association got busy and Billy Lykins took his trail. Oddly in a few months the same type of accident in turn saved the life of each.

Their first encounter was single-handed. With the better horse, Lykins was pressing Doc so close that Doc raced to the crest of a low conical hill, jumped off his mount, dropped flat on the

ground and covered Lykins with a Springfield rifle, meantime yelling to him:

"Duck, you d—d little Dutch fool; I dont want to kill you," for they knew each other well, and in a way were friends.

But Billy *never* knew when to stop. Deeper into his pony's flank sank the rowels and up the hill on Doc he charged, pistol in hand. At thirty yards Doc pulled the trigger, when wonder of wonders—the faithful old Springfield missed fire!

Before Doc could throw in another shell or draw his pistol, Billy was over him and had him covered.

If my memory rightly serves, the Sidney jail held Doc almost two weeks.

A few weeks later Doc had assembled a strong gang about him, rendezvoused on the Piney, a tributary of the lower Niobrara.

There he was far east of Lykin's bailiwick but a good many degrees west of Lykin's dispositon to quit his trail. Accompanied by Major W. H. H. Llewellyn and an Omaha detective (an appropriately named Hassard), the three located Doc's camp, and lay near several days studying their quarry. One morning Llewellyn and Hassard started up the creek, mounted, on a scout, leaving Lykins and his horse hidden in the brush near the trail. At a sharp bend of the trail the two ran plunk into Doc and five of his men. Both unknown to Doc's gang, the position and odds forbidding hostilities, they represented themselves as campers hunting lost stock and turned and rode back down the trail with the outlaws, alert for any play their leader might make.

Recognizing his man, Billy lay with his .45-70 Sharps comfortably rested across a log, and when they came within twenty yards of him, drew a careful bead on Doc's head and pulled the trigger. By strange coincidence *his* Sharps missed fire, precisely as had Doc's Springfield a few weeks before!

Hearing the snap of the rifle hammer, with a curse Doc jerked his gun and whirled his horse toward the brush, just as Billy sprang out into the open and threw a pistol shot into Doc that broke his thigh. Swaying in the saddle, Doc cursed Hassard for leading him into a trap and shot him twice before himself pitching to the ground, Hassard standing idly, stunned apparently by a sort of white-hot work he was not used to, and receiving his death wound without any effort to even draw. Meantime the firm of Lykins and Llewellyn accounted for two more before Doc's mates got out of range.

Thus, like the brook, Doc had drifted down the turgid current of crime till he found himself impounded at Lincoln with the offscourings of the state. And while back into such impounding most soon return who once have been there, Doc turned out one of the rare exceptions proving the rule, for the last I heard of him he was the lame but lighthearted and wholly honest proprietor of a respectable Rushville saloon.

* * * * *

When, in the early '80s, the "front" camps of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe and Texas Pacific met at El Paso, then a village called Franklin, within a few weeks the population jumped from a few hundred to nearly three thousand.

Speculators, prospectors for business opportunities, mechanics, miners and tourists poured in—a chance-taking, high-living, free-spending lot that offered such rich pickings for the predatory that it was not long before nearly every fat pigeon had a hungry, merciless vulture hovering near, watching for a chance to fasten its claws and gorge itself.

The long row of low one-story abodes, fronted by broad, arched *portals*, that then lined the west side of El Paso Street for several blocks, was a solid row of variety theatres, dance halls, saloons and gambling houses, never closed by day or by night, packed with a roistering mob that drifted from one joint to another, dancing, gambling, carousing, fighting.

Naturally at first the predatory confined their attentions to the roisterers. Of course every lay-out was a brace game, from which no player rose with

any notable winning except when, occasionally, the "house" felt it a good bit of advertising to graduate a handsome winner—and then it was usually a "capper," whose gains were in a few minutes passed back into the till!

The faro boxes were as full of springs as a watch; faro decks were carefully cut "strippers" an average good dealer would shuffle and arrange as he liked; the favorite cards of known high rollers neatly split on either edge and a minute bit of bristle pasted in that no ordinary touch would feel, but which the sand-papered finger tips of an expert dealer would catch and slip through on the shuffle and place where they would do (the house) the most good; the "tin horns" gave out few but false notes; the roulette balls were kicked silly out of the "boxes" representing heavily-played numbers; not content with the "kitty's" rake off, every stud-poker table had one or more "cappers" sitting in, to whom the dealers could occasionally throw a stiff pot; the backs of poker decks were so cunningly marked that while the wise ones could read their size and suit across the table, no untaught eye could detect their guile. And wherever a "roll" was once flashed, greedy eyes never left it until it was safe in the till of some game, or its owner "rolled" and relieved of it by force.

For months orgy ran riot and the predatory grew bolder and cruder in their methods. Killings were frequent. Few nights passed without more or less street hold-ups—usually more. Respectable citizens took the middle of the street when forced to be out at nights, literally gun in hand. The mayor and city council were powerless. City marshals and deputies they hired in bunches, but all to no purpose. Each fresh lot of appointees were short lived in one way or another—mostly literally.

Finally a vigilance committee was formed, made up of good citizens not a few of whom were gun experts with their own bit of red record. But nothing came of it. The predatory openly flouted and defied them.

On one notable night when the committee was assembled in front of the old Grand Central Hotel, a mob of 200 toughs lined up before the thirty-odd of the committee and dared them to open the ball, and it was a miracle the little plaza was not then and there turned into a slaughter-pen, bloody as the Alamo.

It really looked like nothing short of martial law and a strong body of troops could pacify the town.

Then one night into the chamber of the city council stalked a MAN—the man of the hour—unheralded and even unknown. He gave the name of Bill Stoudenmayer. About all that was ever learned of him was that he hailed from Fort Davis.

His type was that of a coarse, brutal Germanic gladiator, devoid of strategy, a bluff, stubborn give-and-take fighter who drove bull-headed at whatever opposed him, but El Paso soon learned he could handle his guns with as deadly dexterity as did his forebears their nets and tridents.

Asked his business with the council, he said he had heard they had failed to find a marshal who could hold the town down, and allowed he 'd like to try the job if the council would make it worth his while. Questioned as to his views, he explained that he was there to make some good money for himself and save the city more—if they would pay him $500 a month for two months, they could discharge all their deputies and he would go it alone and agree to clear the town of toughs or draw no pay!

The mayor and council were paralyzed in a double sense—by the wild audacity of his proposal and by their memory of recent threats of the thug leaders that they would massacre the council to a man if any further attempts were made to circumscribe their activities. Some were openly for declining the offer, but in the end a majority gained heart of Stoudenmayer's own hardihood sufficiently to hire him.

The rest of the night Stoudenmayer employed in quietly familiarizing himself with the personnel of the enemy.

Bill lost no time.

At daylight the next morning several notices, manually written in a rude hand and each bearing the signature of the same rude hand that wrote it, were found

conspicuously posted between Oregon Street and the plaza.

The signature was, "Bill Stoudenmayer, City Marshal."

The notice was brief but pointed:

Any of the hold-ups named below I find in town after three o'clock today, I'm goin' to kill on sight!

Then followed *seventy* names.

Below the list of names Bill's own was signed. The list was carefully chosen; all pikers and four-flushers were omitted —none but the elite of the gun-twirling, black-jack swinging toughs included. Hardly a single man was named in the list lacking a more or less gory record.

By the toughs Stoudenmayer was taken as a jest, by respectable citizens as a lunatic. Heavy odds were offered he would not last till noon, with few takers. And yet throughout the morning Stoudenmayer quietly walked the streets—unaccompanied save by his two guns and his conspicuously displayed marshal's star!

Nothing happened until about 2 P .M , when two men sprang out from ambush behind the big cottonwood tree that then stood on the northeast corner of El Paso and San Antonio streets, one armed with a shotgun and the other a pistol, and started to throw down on Stoudenmayer, who was approaching from the other side of the street.

But before either got his artillery into action, the marshal jerked his two pistols and killed both—and then quietly continued his stroll, over their twitching bodies and past them, up the street!

It was such an obviously workmanlike job that it threw a chill into the hardiest of the sixty-eight survivors, so much of a chill that, though Stoudenmayer paraded streets and threaded saloon and dance-hall throngs all the rest of the afternoon, seeking his prey, not a single man of them could he find—all stayed close in their dens.

But that the thug leaders were not idle, Stoudenmayer was not long learning. In the last moments of twilight, just before the pall of night fell upon the town, the marshal was standing on the east side of El Paso street, midway between Oregon and San Antonio streets, no cover in near reach of him.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, a heavy fusillade opened on him from the opposite side of the street, and it was a miracle he did not go down at the first volley. Instead, however, he was not even scathed.

Probably many of his enemies were nervous and undoubtedly, as is usual in instances of "gang-firing" at a single object, everybody fired carelessly, feeling confident that some among so many shots could not fail to hit.

Drawing his pistols, Stoudenmayer marched upon the enemy, slowly but steadily, advancing straight it seemed, into the jaws of death, but firing with such wonderful rapidity and accuracy that seven of his foes were killed and two wounded in almost as many seconds, notwithstanding all kept close as possible behind the shelter of *portal* columns!

For a moment or two longer, scores of hitherto nerve-unshaken "bad"-men hugged the *portals,* from behind which they fired rapidly but inaccurately, pouring out upon Bill a hell of lead that must have sounded to him like a flight of bees!

But stand his iron nerve and fatal snap shooting they could not. Thus before he way half-way across the street, the hostile fire had ceased and his would-be assassins were flying for the nearest and best cover they could find!

And out of town they slipped that night, singly and in squads, commandering freight trains north and east, stages west and south, stealing teams and saddle stock, some even hitting the trails afoot, in stark terror of the ONE MAN!

The next morning El Paso found herself evacuated of more than 200 men who, while they had been for a time her most conspicuous citizens, were such as she was glad enough to spare. In twenty-four hours Bill Stoudenmayer had made his word good and fairly earned his scot—indeed had accomplished single-handed what the most hopeful El Pasoites had despaired of seeing done with less authority and force than two or three troops of regular cavalry! Then El Paso settled down to the humdrum but profitable task of laying

the foundations for the great metropolis of the farther Southwest.

Since then, an occasional sporadic case of *triggerfingeritis* has developed in El Paso, usually in an acute form, but never once since the night Stoudenmayer turned the El Paso street *portals* into a shambles has it threatened as an epidemic.

Unluckily Bill Stoudenmayer did not last long to enjoy the glory of his deed. He was a marked man, not merely from motives of revenge harbored by friends of the departed (dead or alive), but as a man with a "rep." so big as to hang up a rare prize in laurels for any with the strategy and hardihood to "down" him. It was therefore matter of general surprise when, a few weeks after his resignation as city marshal, he fell the victim of a private quarrel—with Doc Manning.

There were three of the Mannings—Doc, Frank and Johnny—and it took two of them to get Bill. After the exodus, they owned the biggest saloon and gambling house in town. They were men well-bred and educated. The elder a physician, and a good one, was not in El Paso long before it occurred to him that to relieve the body civic of its surplus cash must prove an efficient prophylactic against various serious bodily ailments he found it difficult and not specially profitable to alleviate. So he and his brothers decorated a bar, green-baized tables and spread their lay-outs.

All three were gun experts worthy of place in the local Hall of Fame. Thus it was specially imprudent of Bill to quarrel with Doc.

Bill drew first, but Doc was resourceful.

Slow with his gun, he was yet quick enough with his hat to save his life—jerked off his heavy Mexican sombrero and with it whipped Bill's gun aside and prevented its effective use long enough to give his brother Frank a chance to shoot Bill through the head, from the rear!

So died the tamer of El Paso!

* * * * *

A few years after the incident just described, Hal Gosling was the United States Marshal for the western district of Texas. Early in Gosling's regime, Johnny Manning, younger brother of Doc, became one of his most efficient and trusted deputies.

The pair were wide opposites—Gosling, a big, bluff, kindly, rollicking, dare-devil, afraid of nothing, but a sort that would rather chaff than fight; Manning a quiet, reserved, slender, handsome little man, not so very much bigger than a full-grown .45, who actually sought no quarrels, but would rather fight than eat. Each in his own way, the pair made themselves a holy terror to any of the wild and woolly that ventured any liberties with Uncle Sam's belongings.

One of their notable captures was a brace of road agents who had appropriated the Concho stage road and about everything of value that traveled it. The two were tried in the Federal Court at Austin and sentenced to hard labor at Huntsville.

Gosling and Manning started to escort them to their new field of activity.

Handcuffed but not otherwise shackled, the two prisoners were given a seat together near the middle of a day coach. By permission of the marshal, the wife of one and the sister of the other sat immediately behind them—dear old Hal Gosling never could resist any appeal to his sympathies.

The seat directly across the aisle from the two prisoners was occupied by Gosling and Manning. With the car well filled with passengers and their men ironed, the marshal and his deputy were off their guard.

When out of Austin barely an hour, the train at full speed, the two women slipped pistols into the hands of the two convicted bandits, unseen by the officers. But others saw the act, and a stir of alarm among those nearby caused Gosling to whirl in his seat next the aisle, reaching for the pistol in his breast scabbard. But he was too late. Before he was half risen to his feet or his gun out, the prisoners fired and killed him.

Then ensued a terrible duel, begun at little more than arm's length, between Manning and the two prisoners, who

presently began backing toward the rear door. Quickly the car filled with smoke, and in it pandemonium reigned, women screaming, men cursing, all not dropped in a faint ducked beneath the car seats and trying their best to burrow in the floor. And when at length the two prisoners reached the platform and sprang from the moving train, Johnny Manning, shot full of holes as a sieve, lay unconscious across Hal Gosling's body, and the sister of one of the bandits hung limp across the back of the seat the prisoners had occupied, dead of a wild shot!

But Johnny had well avenged Hal's death and his own injuries. One of the prisoners was found dead within a few yards of the track and the other was captured, mortally wounded, a half mile away!

And when, after many uncertain weeks, Manning's system had successfully assimilated the overdose of lead administered by the departed, he quietly resumed his star and belt, and no one ever discovered the incident had made him in the least gun-shy.

* * * * *

Whenever the history of the Territory of New Mexico comes to be written, the name of Colonel Albert J. Fountain deserves and should have first place in it. Throughout the formative epoch of her evolution from semi-savagery to civilization, an epoch spanning the years from '66 to '96, Colonel Fountain was far and away her most distinguished and useful citizen. As soldier, scholar, dramatist, lawyer, prosecutor, Indian fighter and desperado hunter, his was far and away the most many-sided and picturesque personality I have ever known.

Gentle and kindly-hearted as a woman, a lover of his books and his ease, he nevertheless was always as quick to take up arms and undergo any hazard and hardship in pursuit of murderous rustlers as he had been in '61 to join the "California Column" (First California Volunteers) on its march across the burning deserts of Arizona to meet and defeat Sibley at Val Verde.

A face fuller of the humanities and charities of life than his would be hard to find, but, roused, the laughing eyes shone pale and cold as a wintry sky. He despised wrong and hated the criminal—and spent his whole life trying to right the one and suppress or exterminate the other. And in this work, and of it, ultimately he lost his life.

In the early '80s, while the New Mexican courts were well-nigh idle, crime was rampant, especially in Lincoln, Dona Ana and Grant Counties. To the east of the Rio Grande the Lincoln County War was at its height, while to the west the Jack Kinney gang took whatever they wanted at the muzzle of their guns—and they wanted about everything in sight. County peace officers were powerless.

At this stage Fountain was appointed by the Governor "Colonel of State Militia" and given a free hand to pacify the country. As an organized military body, the "militia" existed only in name. And so Fountain left it.

Serious and effective as was his work, no man loved a grand-stand play more than he. He liked to go it alone, to be the only thing in the spot-light. Thus most of his work as a desperado hunter was done single-handed.

On only one occasion I can recall did he ever have with him on his raids more than one or two men—always Mexicans, temporarily deputized. This was when he met and cleaned out the Kinney gang over on the Miembres—and did it with half the number of the men he was after. Among those who escaped was Kinney's lieutenant.

A few weeks later Colonel Fountain learned this man was in hiding at Concordia, a *placita* two miles below El Paso. He was one of the most desperate Mexican outlaws the border has ever known, a man who had boasted he would never be taken alive and that he would kill Fountain before he was himself taken dead, a human tiger the bravest peace officer might be pardoned for wanting a lot of help to take. Yet Fountain merely took his armory's best and went it alone—and by mid-afternoon of the very next day after the information reached him had his man safely man-

acled at the El Paso depot of the Santa Fe Railway.

While waiting for the train, Colonel George Baylor, the famous Captain of Texas Rangers, chided Fountain for not wearing a cord to fasten his pistol to his belt, as then did all the Rangers, to prevent its loss from the scabbard in a running fight, finishing by detaching his own cord, looping one end to Fountain's belt and the other to his pistol. Then Fountain bade his old friend good bye and boarded the train with his prisoner, taking a seat near the center of the rear car.

When well north of Canutillo and near the site of old Fort Fillmore, Fountain rose and passed forward to speak to a friend who was sitting a few seats in front of him, a safe enough proceeding, apparently, with his prisoner handcuffed and the train doing thirty-five miles an hour.

But scarcely had he reached his friend's side, when a noise behind him caused him to turn—just in time to see his Mexican running for the rear door. Instantly Fountain sprang after him, but before he got to the door the man had leaped from the platform. Without the slightest hesitation, Fountain jumped after him, hitting the ground only a few seconds behind him, but thirty or forty yards away, rolling like a tumble-weed along the ground. Then by the time Fountain had regained his feet, his prisoner was legging it at top speed for the *mesquite* thickets lining the river, in whose shadows he must soon disappear, for it was already dusk.

Reaching for his pistol and finding it gone, lost evidently in the tumble, and fearing to lose his prisoner entirely if he stopped to hunt for it, Fountain hit the best pace he could in pursuit. But almost at the first jump something gave him a thump on the shin that near broke it, and, looking down, there, dangling on Colonel Baylor's pistol cord, was his gun!

Always a cunning strategist, Fountain dropped to the ground, sky-lighted his man on the crest of a little hillock he had to cross, and took a careful two-handed aim that enabled Rio Grande ranchers thereafter to sleep easier of nights.

* * * * *

And now, just as I am finishing this story, the wires bring the sad news that dear old Pat Garrett, the dean and almost the last survivor of the famous man-hunters of West Texas and New Mexico, has gone the way of his kind—"died with his boots on"—I cannot help believing of a foul shot, for in his personal relations I never knew him to court a quarrel or fail to get an adversary. Many is the night we have camped, eaten and slept together.

Bar Colonel Fountain, Pat Garrett had the strongest intellectuality, broadest sympathies, of any of his kind I ever met. He could no more do enough for a friend than he could do enough to an outlaw.

In his private affairs so easy going that he began and ended a ne'er-do-well; in his official duties as a peace officer he was so exacting and painstaking that he ne'er did ill. His many intrepid deeds are too well known to need recounting here. All his life an atheist, he was as stubbornly contentious for his unbelief as any Scotch Covenanter for his best loved tenets.

Now, perhaps, laid for his last rest in the little burying ground of Las Cruces, a tiny, white-paled square of sandy, hummocky bench-land, where the pink of fragile *Nopal* petals brightens the graves in spring and the *mesquite* showers them with its golden pods in summer, where the sweet scent of the *juajilla* ladens the air and the sun ever shines down out of a bright and cloudless sky, where he lies amid a diminutive forest of crosses of wood and stone symbolic of the faith he in life refused to accept, now perhaps, Pat Garrett has learned how widely he was wrong.

Peace to his ashes and repose to his dauntless spirit!



The Married Man

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

There's an old pard of mine that sits by his door
And looks at the evenin' skies;
He's sat there a thousand of evenin's before,
And I reckon he will till he dies.
El pobre! I reckon he will till he dies,
And hear, through the dim, quiet air,
Far cattle that call and the crickets that cheep,
And his woman a-singin' a kid to sleep,
And the creak of her rock-a-bye chair.

Once we made camp where the last light would fail
And the east wasn't white till we'd start,
But now he is deaf to the call of the trail
And the song of the restless heart.
El pobre! the song of the restless heart,
That you hear in the wind from the dawn—
He's left it, with all the good, free-footed things,
For a slow little song, that a tired woman sings,
And a smoke when his dry day is gone.

I've rode in and told him of lands that are strange
Where I've drifted from glory to dread;
He'd tell me the news of his little old range
And the cute things his kids had said.
El pobre! the cute things his kids had said!
And the way six-year Billy could ride!
And the night would crawl in from the gray chapparral
And the woman would hum and I'd watch my strange pal,
And I'd feel that the old pal had died.

He rides in old circles and looks at old sights
And his life is as flat as a pond.
He loves the old skyline he watches of nights
And he don't think of nothin' beyond.
El pobre! he don't seem to dream of beyond,
Nor the room he could find, there, for joy.
"Aint you ever oneasy?" says I one day,
But he only just smiled in a pityin' way,
While he braided a quirt for his boy.

He preaches that I orter fold up my wings
And that even wild geese find a nest—
That *wimmen* and *woman* are different things,
And a "saddle-blink" isn't a rest.
El pobre! he's more for the shade and the rest,
And he's less for the wind and the fight;
Yet out in strange hills, when the blue shadows rise
And I'm tired from the wind and the sun in my eyes,
I will wonder, sometimes, if he's right.

I've courted the wind and I've followed her free,
From the snows that the low stars have kissed
To the heave and the dip of the wavy old sea,
But I reckon there's somethin' I've missed.
El pobre! yes, mebbe there's somethin' I've missed,
And it mebbe is more than I've won—
Just a door that's my own, while the cool shadows creep
And a woman is singin' a kid to sleep,
When I'm tired from the wind and the sun.



Bards and Birds

Unnatural History of "God's Jocund Little Fowls"

By Agnes Deans Cameron



HEN it comes to the "plumy people," "the winged foresters," "the feathered dwellers of the lea," "the commoners of air," all quadrupedal faking must give place. The birds' traducers are not our American writers, but the biped Bards of Britain, and from Chaucer to Alfred Austin they are all guilty. The pelican persists in "opening to the young her tender breast," "the greedy ostryge" (in reality, the centre of Arabia's whole romance) remains "the silliest of the feathered kind," and the legless bird-of-paradise gaily continues to juggle her eggs in mid-air, while, contrary to all laws of the game, dying swans sing with hen-larks and female nightingales.

Some of the birds are foreigners, and for the particular lurid lapses which concern them, insular prejudice may account. But Britain's own sea-birds, those that flit round the shores of the little island set in a silver sea, come in for their share of slurs, the poor cormorant perhaps more than the others bearing the brunt. Now the truth is that the cormorant used to be in the good old days a sort of feathered retriever, fishing for his master and bringing back the prey intact as faithfully as any bird-dog. The testimony of the naturalists is that it is a clean feeder; and yet according to the poets the cormorant is "greedy," "ill-omened," and "obscene." Milton says it resembles the devil and Churchill paints it as the very abomination of desolation, Kirke White capping the climax with a post-mortem fear that the poor cormorant will pick his bones:

> "My bones
> Be left a prey on some deserted shore
> To the rapacious cormorant."

Again, by common consent, certain land-birds, "pirates of the sky," are singled out for vituperation, one can scarcely guess why. By merit raised to this bad eminence, high up on the black-list are the crow, the bittern and the owl —none so poor to do these reverence.

In far-off British Columbia today the crow is a protected bird, the recognized ally to every sanitary board of health. Moreover, it is a merry mimic, always exquisitely well-groomed, and a prime favorite with out-door children all up and down the Pacific Coast. In Victoria, the most westerly city on the continent, flocks of crows regularly perch anticipative on the oak trees that surround the public schools at five minutes before one o'clock each day, at the first tap of the assembling-bell swooping down to *their* luncheon, the left-over scraps from the children's tin pails. They are more punctual often than the pupils themselves. Wise bird-lovers tell us that the crow is a pattern of conjugal faithfulness, to all bipeds, feathered and unfeathered.

What have the poets to say of this bird who is almost as wonderfully wise as he looks? Dryden calls him a "dastard," Cowley says he is "ignoble," and Shakespeare, "ribald." Shelley writes of him only as the uncanny ghoul—

> "On the lean sheep sit the prophetic crows,"
> "The crows sit on the murrained cattle."

Butler sees in our black-coated street-cleaner merely a bird of ill-owen—

> "Is it not ominous in all countries
> When crows and ravens croak from trees?"

To most lay minds, the cry of the bittern is not displeasing, yet according to Scott it "shrieks" and "booms." Thomp-

son goes one better on the booming idea, and declares, "with bill ingulpht, he shakes the surrounding marsh," and Burns says he "makes the quagmire reel." The absurd theory seems to be that the bird, planting his bill in the muddy marsh, blows sub-aqueous trumpet-notes through it for his own edification and against the peace and placidity of the commonweal. "Give a bird a bad name and hang him" would seem to be the ethics of Drayton, who out-Herods Herod with,

"The buzzing bittern sits, which through his hollow bill
A sudden bellowing sends, which many times doth fill
The neighboring marsh with noise, as though a bull did roar."

Bitterns and marshes and sedgy hollows! With the very words one smells dank moss, and the whole out-doors is a-calling. Yet Churchill boldly transplanting the much-maligned one from his "melancholy fens" makes of the poor bittern a sea-bird, perching her most uncomfortably on "the sails of commerce."

Vancouver Island is my birthplace,—

"And she is no common earth,
Water, or wood, or air,

But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye
Where you and I may fare."

The children of the last generation there lived mostly in the open, a half-wild life,—deep in the awesome stillness of the pines, in the sheltered reaches of kelp-strewn beaches, out on the bosom of the Pacific itself in dug-outs and cedar canoes. And here in the deep woods and along the shore in our prowlings we came upon the owls, owls big and little, young and old. And if, like Will Carleton's Indians, "they did not teem with conversational graces," still we looked upon them as exemplary citizens who fed their young, sat round their own hearth-stone, and generally played the game.

Coming home in the gloaming belated after a long spring tramp in the woods searching for May-leaves or a day's salmon trawling in the Straits, the cry of the owl was to us the greeting of an old friend kindly interested in our day's work, and perhaps guessing and half-sympathizing with the trepidation with which we approached home after a whole day's truancy from cow-milking, wood-gathering, and garden-weeding.

But have the poets a decent word of *camaraderie* for the owl? Not they. To their ghastly sensibilities she is "obscene," "dire," "ill-faste" (whatever that may mean), "moody," "boding," "moping," "complaining," "wailing," and "gibbering," "the augur of the fever's end," "the foul precursor of the fiend." I well remember when bicycles were young, riding forty miles to a Vancouver Island sea-coast and coming home after dark through a forest of dense pines. It was riding by faith and not by sight, and the very silence could be felt. Pedalling up and coasting down, the hills seemed interminable and on the seaward side the cliff was sheer. Suddenly, from a tall cedar came the cry of a lone owl, the uncanny silence was broken, and in glad relief one shouted back an answering call.

But Keats never rode a bicycle through ghostly silences of the pines, and for him the owl's cry spells no companionship, but is "the gloom bird's hated screech." In his *Pleasures of the Imagination,* Akenside gives the cheerful reins to his own fancy in a couplet which makes a murderer:

"To the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart."

And Chatterton and Shakespeare feel no more pleasantly about it. The first wanders:

"Down in a dark and solitary vale
Where the curst screech-owl sings his fatal tale."

And the second declares that:

"The screech-owl, screeching loud
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud."

After having taken away her character and her voice, the poets conspire to throw mud on her door-steps, and give the owl's house a bad name. An Eng-

lishman's house is his castle, but this decent body, the Owl Housewife, attending quietly to her own business, is said to live in "baneful ivy-bush." Why baneful? Spencer in his "Ruins of Time" specifies those ruins, "where the shriek-owl builds her baleful bower," and again describes the place where "the gnastly owl her grievous inn doth keep"! Really, it is enough to drive a self-respecting bird to drink.

Were there a clearing-house for bird injustices, at the bar of equity, early would appear the pigeon. Thompson-Seton tells us there is "one domestic bird that maintains its honorable wild tradition in spite of all that sinful man can do—that is, the pigeon." The pigeon stands the example of marital faithfulness to us all, elder and younger brothers of the race alike. Thompson-Seton says: "The breeder knows that the young in a given nest are unquestionably the offspring of their alleged parents, never mind how many hundreds of their own kind may freely fly with them all day."

Recognizing this stern monogamy of the pigeon-kind, no less an authority than Gadow, the eminent ornithologist, proclaims them the birds of the future, telling us that when, under the relentless law of Nature, all other species shall have run themselves out, the pigeons will happily possess the earth. In the light of all this, the only epithets that the British poets find to throw at this model of all the domestic virtues are "greedy," and "jargoning," and "bickering," and (sic!) "wanton." Small wonder if a pigeon should halt mid-wing in his ascetic career and ask: "Does it pay to be good?"

But when it comes to that anomaly, the "turtle-dove," poetic license goes further. All family decencies are trodden under foot. Some libellous bards make her the female of the stock-dove; to others she is the male of the ring-dove. They evidently think to play with her reputation with impunity, trading on their tradition that she is "serenely mild," being formed without a gall. None will charge the rhymesters with a similar lack.

What is an obscene bird? It would seem that the poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling alone, discovers it. Again and again we get the reference: "Birds obscene that croak and jar" (Mackay); "Hollows carved for snakes and birds obscene" (Savage); "Loathsome haunts of birds obscene" (Phillips). The poet is supposed to see clearer than another man. Kipling's advice to these metrical mud-slingers with muck-rakes is good; they should leave their midnight marauding, come forth into the light of things, and each "paint the thing as he sees it, for the God of Things as They Are."

The poets are not conscious of befuddled vision. With dèlicious modesty Crabbe asks: "What is not visible to the poet's eye?" And ingenuously another bard exclaims:

"Where 's the poet? Show him, show him,
Muses Nine, that I may know him.
'Tis the man who with a bird
Finds the way to all its instincts."

But the greatest of the poets, Shakespeare, Milton, Surrey, Thomson, join in making virtue for the birds uncomfortable. All the non-obscene birds, those that are not "booming" or "moping" or having a night orgy "with hollow screeches at a dire repast" are (forsooth!) crammed and crowded and crushed into their childhood nests!

The Pacific Coast Indians, it is true, take their departed brothers, ere *rigor mortis* has set in, and pack them tenderly knee to chin in mortuary biscuit-boxes. But that is no reason why, casting to one side all laws of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the poets should decree that big and little among the birds, all non-carousers must be cribbed and confined within wind-swept nests where once they were hatched.

According to Surrey, a sort of bird-curfew is rung at eight p. m., and after family prayers and the nightly tub the self-squeezing process begins, and in cruel discomfort is upset the law that "no two birds can occupy the same space at the same time." Adding insult to injury, he makes this infraction of the Cubic Air By-Law a cheerful process:

"Fly up to the air,
Where they sing in order fair,
And tell in song full merrily
How they have slept full quietly
That night, about their mother's sides."

Poor mother! Poor sides!

Shakespeare sends them "to their nests." Milton has it: "Fowls in their clay nests were couched," and with a sort of dog-catcher's instinct Barry Cornwall carries the nest to the bird:

"Oh, the night brings sleep
To the green woods deep,
To the bird of the wood its nest."

We catch ourselves wondering if this last peripatetic couch was that of the dove which another poet casually tells us "a clown" carried away "in his hand." Bays await that "clown." Any "clown" who can successfully juggle a dove's nest in one hand and keep it looking like a nest is wasting his talents in the country. "Refined vaudeville" is his vocation.

No one has yet accused birds of shaking dice or dallying with frenzied finance, but their sobriety is specifically impunged. Is n't it the chaste poem of "Evangeline" which likens the mocking bird's song to "the revel of frenzied Bacchantes?" Sober Wordsworth apostrophizes the "Drunken Lark," and in an arraignment of the bird-of-paradise Moore is more explicit.

Several Indians in North Canada last year died from the effects of a prolonged debauch induced by libations of lavender-water, and one would consider this the sweetest death permissible, and worthy to find place with that of poor Clarence drowned in his butt of Malmsley. But for a spicy spree Moore improves on this, and makes his bird-of-paradise drunken on nutmegs:

"Those golden birds that, in the spice-time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent has lured them o 'er the summer flood."

And so the indictments go on. Really one is almost ashamed to look a respectable bird in the face. While the fathers are getting drunk, the young blades "marauding," and the virtuous of both sexes stifling in Black Holes of Calcutta Bird-dom, the decencies of the mothers are, by the British blackmailing Bards, openly assailed. The double charge is the neglect of their young and the unfeminine assumption of the voice and personality of their respective husbands.

It is a fact that up on the breeding-grounds of the Pribylofs, where "the little blue-fox is bred for his skin and the seal he breeds for himself," the mother-seal is essentially the New Woman. Swimming off to distant cod-banks, with a saucy toss of her round head, skittering her tail, she will often for a whole day at a time leave the Father of the Harem to tend the wants of every fluffy pup. But this is no valid reason why Burns should make an exemplary Scottish hen-lark pose as an emancipated female, a giddy shrieking suffraget, Hen-larks, do not sing, Burns, having put his hand to the plough, should n't have turned back to issue this libel:

"The lav' rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
And mount to the air wi' the dew upon her breast,
And wi' the merry ploughman she 'll whistle and sing,
And at night she 'll return to her nest back again."

Now, if Burns did n't know better than this, surely the head of that Lark Household would himself have interfered to prevent the addling of the family eggs. It 's an insult to the intelligence of an Old Country male lark to think that, with all the staid decorum of the Courts at his back, he would on the part of his wife for one day suffer such unwomanly and trifling conduct. No, indeed! British husbands, even of the bird-kind, are not so constructed, if British bards are.

With a last startling picture we close. It is Garth's spectacle of

"An ibis brandishing her beak
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck."

In the whole realm of letters this is paralleled for its convoluted contortions only by the maligned ass in Wordsworth's ballad of Peter Bell. It is an

equally piteous story, this of the "strenuous beast" whom Peter sees,

> "With motion dull
> Upon the pivot of his skull
> Turn round his long left ear."

Evidently not a chance triumph, either, achieved by some "ugly witchcraft," for before our harrowed eyes in the very next stanza is the tortuous gutta-percha gyration repeated:

> "Once more the Ass, with motion dull,
> Upon the pivot of his skull
> Turns round his long left ear."

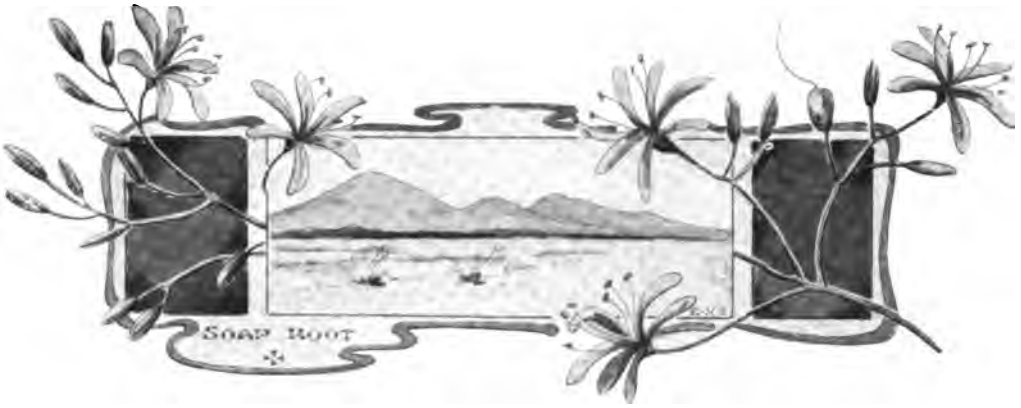
And the last sad "turn" rings down the curtain,

> "The patient beast on Peter turned
> His shining hazel eye.
> 'Twas but one mild reproachful look,
> A look more tender than severe;
> And straight in sorrow, not in dread,
> He turned the eyeball in his head."

The Old Spinner of Argolis

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

Her dim eyes catch no more the gleam
Of poppies flaming in the wheat;
The fitful, mountain-nurtured stream
Along whose banks her eager feet
Kept many a maiden tryst of yore,
Sings now but through her dream.
She sits within the low hut door
With patient fingers spinning, spinning,
Like the ancient gray-haired Sisters Three,
Save that her task marks no beginning
Of clouded human destiny—
She spins her own life o'er;
With mournful, rhythmic nodding head
She weaves into the whirling thread
Love's golden strand, dimmed ah, so long!
The hues of youth, and light, and song.



Lilies That Go By Other Names

By Charles Francis Saunders

Drawings by Elizabeth Hallowell Saunders

THE lily tribe is a plant family of such varied character that if all other vegetation were to die off the face of the earth and all the world were lilies, the physical needs of men would still be fairly well met by these beautiful plants alone. Food, clothing, medicine, soap, building material—all these essentials of civilized existence are to be had from one or the other of the lily family, which it is our wont to think of only as purveyors of beauty and fragrance in our gardens and greenhouses.

In considering the lilies, however, it is needful to bear in mind that the tribe includes not only such typical forms as the tiger and chaparral lilies of our Pacific Coast, the wild Turk's Cap and meadow lilies of the East, the Easter and Martagon lilies of the gardens, but also a whole lovely galaxy of cousins which while co-heirs with them in the family traits, yet go by other names—such as the tulip, the hyacinth, the adder's tongue, the lily-of-the-valley, the plebeian onion, the asparagus, and the Spanish bayonet or *yucca*. Different as these familiar plants are in general aspect, there is a fundamental resemblance in the structure of their flowers, and it is likeness in this respect that makes the true test of the likeness of plant nature.

Within the borders of the United States, nearly four hundred species of the lily family grow wild, and scarce a month in the whole round American year but offers us a posy of lily wildings. Those of winter are to be looked for on the genial Pacific Slope, which is the home of some of the most useful, as well as the most charming. Here, soon after the setting in of the rainy season, the blue eyes of the *brodiaeas* open in warm pockets of the greening hills. Children of this western coast love these common azure flowers as little folk of the East love violets, and make picnic feasts upon the little round bulbs which are hidden in the grassy earth, and sometimes very inappropriately are called wild onions. To the Indians of the region they are of more serious import, having long been one of their staple articles of food. It is a curious fact that while practically all Indian tribes east of the Sierras have been cultivators of maize and made it their staff of life so that the whole world knows it as Indian corn, the Pacific



DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET

Slope Indians have never raised it or used it habitually, though they are known to have traded with tribes who did both. Instead they have made a food specialty of the various bulbs which Nature has planted so abundantly on the western rim of our land. Digging these up with sharpened sticks of mountain mahogany, these aborigines earned for themselves the sobriquet of "Diggers," applied indiscriminately by the white settlers to all the bulb-and-root-eating tribes.

Besides the *brodiaeas*, of which several species are esteemed for their edible bulbs, the wild garlics, the Mariposa tulips and the well-known blue-flowered camas, have all contributed substantially to the aboriginal bill of fare. The camas, indeed, was formerly so important an item in the diet of the redmen of the Pacific Northwest that at least one Indian war has been provoked by the encroachments of the whites upon immemorial camas meadows. This bulb is really a valuable foodstuff to any people, and before the days of cultivated fruits in Oregon and Northern California, many



GRAPE HYACINTH

a pioneer's wife used it for making pies.

All these liliaceous bulbs mentioned —and which have now come to be very generally called "Indian potatoes" are nutritious, and some are quite palatable even to civilized tastes. This is particularly true after they have been steamed, Indian fashion, for a day or two in heated pits in the ground and their innate sweetness developed. Some, too, are good eating while raw, having a delicate, nutty flavor that is well nigh irresistible to the redskinned gatherers, who are prone to pop them into their mouths as fast as they dig them up.

When rambling about the California countryside, I have sometimes come upon grassy places pitted with deep little holes where scraps of brown, matted fibre lying about, tell the tale that country people have been there digging soap root. This is another lily of the Far West, and it has its name from the fact that the bulbous root, carefully encased in a snugly fitting fibrous coat, is a natural cake of soap. Crush it in a basin of water, and *presto,* such a foamy lather arises, so cleansing and pleasant to the skin, that to bathe with it is a luxury. Equally efficacious as soap, is the root of another of the lily relationship—the *yucca,* or Spanish bayonet, known throughout the Southwest as *amole.* Long before the white man set foot on this continent, the Indians used this root as we use soap, rubbing it up in water and laving in the delicious lather. To this day they employ it for washing their hair, a process which must unfailingly be gone through with before participating in religious rites. The Navajos, who seem to attach something of a sacred character to the plant, employ the leaves of the *yucca* for plaiting the masks worn by their priests in some ceremonies, as well as for the making of ceremonial wands. The *yucca,* furthermore, is to be counted among the lily cousins that yield food, the fruit of certain species resembling the banana, palatable and nutritious. The *amole's* fruit is also edible after baking in hot ashes, and Indians and Mexicans have some taste for it. A more prized part of the plant for edibleness is the young flower bud which, roasted, is thought to be quite a delicacy.

The stout fibre which makes the *yucca* leaves so tough and which every one has seen raveling out of the garden plants, has also been utilized by the redman in weaving clothing and sandals, as well as cordage, the well-preserved remains of which are turned up from time to time in the ruins of the ancient cliff dwellings





of our Southwestern wonderland. One strange species of the *yucca* common on the Mojave Desert, is a good-sized tree, with a tangle of crooked branches terminating in bunches of daggerlike leaves.

It seems incredible that such a repellant monster of a plant can be akin to the garden flower which symbolizes all that is graceful and lovely, until the waxy bells of bloom open to confirm the relationship. The trunks of this tree-lily are employed in a limited way in the Southwest in building cattle corrals, and the sawn wood, which is porous, light and devoid of grain, is utilized in the manufacture of a number of specialties, such as artificial limbs, book covers, surgeon's splints and sheaths for the protection of young trees from the teeth of hungry rabbits.

Quite as far removed in the popular mind from kinship with the lily are the onions, the most numerous of all the lily cousins; but here again the similarity of the blossoms in all respects except size, confesses the relationship. The early explorers of our land found these pungent vegetables everywhere abundant in the forests of the East, and called them "wild leeks"; and because of their unmistakable familiar flavor, they were perhaps the first of our native bulbs to be regarded safe for Christian stomachs.

Some varieties of the onion tribe are noted for the exceeding beauty of their flowers, and moreover lack the acrid character of our homely vegetable These under their botanical name of *allium* are sometimes sold in florist shops. I remember, as I write, a very charming *allium* with deep crimson blossoms, which gave in their season to the inhospitable sands of the California desert where they expanded, a decided flush of color.

Several of the lily fellowship have played a part in popular medicine. There is, for instance, that mealy-flowered denizen of sandy soil from the Atlantic west to the mid-continent, the stargrass or *aletris*. Its root is something of a bitter tonic, and because of certain reputed properties resident in it, the plant in

some sections goes by the name of ague-root, and in others, colic-root—names that are their own explanation. The lovely *erythroniums*, or dog's-tooth violets—"fawn lilies" John Burroughs would have us call them—found on both shores of the United States, possess in leaf, flower and bulb, a decided emetic property. The bulbs are crushed by certain Indians and used as a stimulating poultice. A curious superstition is current among one of the tribes of Mendocino County, California, concerning this beautiful wild lily. It is to the effect that if people will bathe themselves in a decoction of the bulbs, they can prevent rattlesnakes from dreaming—a great desideratum, it seems, for according to the notion of these Indians, dreams make the snakes irritable and so are largely responsible for the reptile's dangerousness. The Giant Solomon's-seal, too, which is found from Utah and New Mexico eastward to the Atlantic Ocean, has long held a place among herb remedies, its action upon the human system being somewhat similar to that of the better known *digitalis*.

Besides all these lily relatives for which the "practical" man has managed to find a use, there are up and down our land many others whose beauty alone, as Emerson thought of *rhodora*, seems their sufficient excuse for being. The *clintonias* of our mountain woods on both sides of the continent, the bellworts of neglected clearings, the Stars-of-Bethlehem that brighten the grasses in old pastures, the grape-hyacinths whose little blue urns in the first blessed days of spring empurple the marge of many a meadow runnel, the wake-robins that put up their buds as the snow leaves, the *xerophyllums* whose stately white plumes in June brighten the meadows of the Yosemite, the starry *bloomerias* of our Southern summer—these are a few of the less recognizable of the same lovely sisterhood of lilies, that make fragrant and beautiful the pathway of the year.

The Story of the Northern Pacific

PART II

By W. F. Bailey

PROGRESS on the main line was rapid. Miles City was reached December, 1881; Billings, August 1882; Bozeman tunnel presented unusual difficulties; its eastern approach was through a sticky blue clay saturated with water from numerous springs. As fast as excavated, slides would fill up the cut, and in one month all the largest available force could accomplish was the removal of some 2,000 cubic yards, and after four months of the hardest kind of labor the entire cut was filled up in one night. At the suggestion of an old miner, water was utilized, although the engineer in charge met the suggestion with the remark that they had "too damn much water now."

A ditch was dug some three miles so as to bring the water of a neighboring creek to the scene, and with the usual hose and nozzle used in placer mining, the "old miner" was able to demonstrate that "the stuff could be hydrauliced." Commenced August 10 and completed September 24, the cut, 600 feet long, and a maximum depth of sixty-three feet, was no longer a factor. The tunnel itself, 3,610 feet in length, took much longer. A temporary track over



MAIN ENTRANCE TO ROCKY CANYON, BOZEMAN, MONT.

FROM BOZEMAN PASS, LOOKING EAST. CAPTAIN CLARK PASSED DOWN THIS VALLEY TO THE YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

the Bridger Range, two and a half miles long, was utilized during its construction, or until the spring of 1884.

Bozeman was reached March, 1883; Helena in June, and the Rocky Mountain division, Helena to Heron, 274 miles, finished in 1883 with the exception of the Mullan Tunnel. This latter, 3,850 feet long, was commenced in 1881 and finished in the spring of 1884, a switchback over the hill serving in the interim.

As previously stated, the Pend d'Oreille division, from Wallula east, was commenced in 1879. Track up to the Snake River and forty-eight miles beyond was laid in 1880, and the grading done 124 miles further. This unusual procedure was caused by the inability to secure ties and bridge timber, none growing in that vicinity. Arrangements had been made for it by cutting trees on the Yakima River, a stream entering the Columbia above the Snake. During the winter of 1879-80 all that was required was nicely piled up so that the spring freshets would bring it out. These, however, failed to materialize and the cut was left stranded and the builders without timber during the summer of 1880. In the spring of 1881 the freshets developed into a flood that not only brought out the lumber, but also carried away the boom that was to catch it, with the result that it was scattered all along the Columbia and even carried out to sea. Other supplies being secured, the track was completed to Lake Pend d'Oreille in January, 1882.

A transfer boat ferried the trains across the Snake River until 1884, when the bridge, 1,540 feet long, was completed. Across Lake Pend d'Oreille 8,400 feet of trestle and piling was necessary, 600 feet of this requiring piles ninety to 100 feet in length.

The 130 miles east of the lake proved the most difficult and consequently the most costly part of the whole line. It was claimed by the chief engineer to present greater and more varied engineering difficulties than any equal distance over which a railroad was ever constructed.

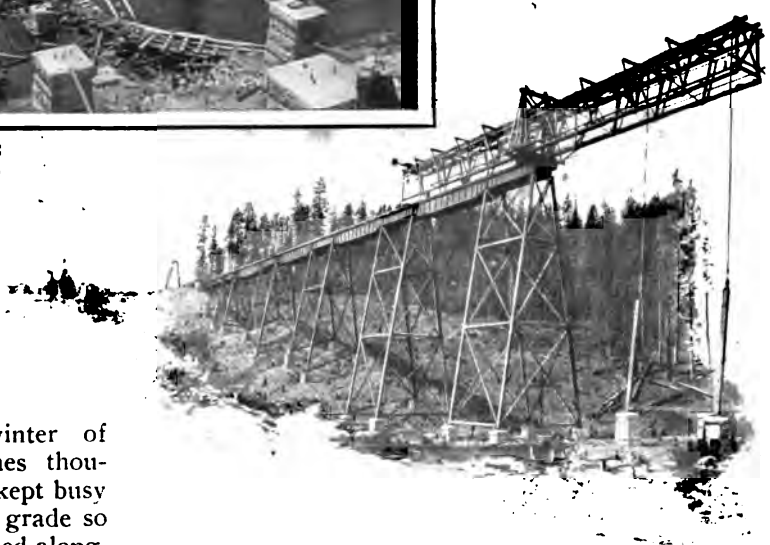
The whole section is a forest of phenomenal density, with heavy undergrowth. The Clark's Fork of the Co-

lumbia flows through it in a narrow gorge or chasm, the mountains rising abruptly from its edge in towering walls of slate or granite.

So difficult was the construction that contractors refused to undertake it except at prohibitory figures. Consequently the railroad company did it, utilizing a large force of Chinese for the manual labor. Work was continued during the winter of 1881-1882, and at times thousands of laborers were kept busy shoveling snow off the grade so that work could be pushed along. With spring came relief from snow, but with it even greater hindrance in the shape of high water. The construction of this section proved to be much more expensive than allowed for in the estimates, and its increased cost was, as will be seen later, one of the causes of Villard's downfall.



CONSTRUCTING "GRANITE TRESTLE" (STEEL), IDAHO, SHOWING PIERS.



"GRANITE TRESTLE," SHOWING TRAVELER AT WORK.

East of this section, which was known as the Clark's Fork division during the days of construction, up to the Mullan Tunnel was the Missoula division, some 150 miles long, sixty of it being through the Flathead Indian Reservation. The work on this section was largely done by Mormons, who came from Utah with their teams and families, taking sub-contracts on the road and proving ideal workmen. It was due to their sensible behavior that trouble was avoided with the Flathead, Kootenai and Pend d'Oreille Indians occupying that territory. These, notwithstanding having granted right-of-way through their country in consideration of the payment of $5,000 by the railroad company, were very restive over the invasion of their reservation and its surroundings.

Why Villard Made So Spectacular the Driving of the Last Spike.

Villard had based his calculations and arrangements on the figures furnished by his predecessor, Billings. These had contemplated the completion of the main



GREENHORN TRESTLE (STEEL), ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

1883 he was made aware that expenses were far exceeding estimates and that the cost was going to overrun them by something like $14,000,000. This he realized would have a threefold effect. It would discredit him with his associates, have a disastrous effect on the price of Northern Pacific securities, and would necessitate further financiering. To forestall this he determined on a strategic move, which at the time was regarded as indicating a weakness in his upper story, but which now that the situation and his plans are fully understood, shows up the genius of the man.

line out of the proceeds from the $40,000,000 in bonds. Early in



SLUICING DOWN THE MOUNTAINS AND FILLING TRESTLE BY MEANS OF GIANT NOZZLES.



SAME TRESTLE HALF FILLED.



SAME TRESTLE NEARLY FILLED.

The road was nearing completion, and he determined to make the attending ceremonies such as would throw a luster over the line, and at the same time give him an op-

portunity for extended and close contact with his financial backers, bring their relations into those of personal friendship, and at the same time commit them to lasting attachment to the road, so that when the deficit became known they would have a personal knowledge of the causes that occasioned it.

At his instigation arrangements were made for elaborate ceremonies in connection with the completion of the line and the driving of the last spike. Invitations were sent in this country to members of the United States Government, including leaders of the Senate and House, to the Governors and leading officials of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington; to all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, representatives of the leading newspapers all over the country and to about 100 prominent citizens. Across the water several scores of prominent Englishmen and Germans were invited.

Five special trains composed of the finest sleeping and dining ears obtainable were required to accommodate those who accepted; two from the Atlantic, one from Chicago, one from St. Paul, and one from the Coast. Their entertainment was on a royal scale never equaled in America.

Chicago welcomed the party with formal receptions by the Board of Trade and municipal authorities. St. Paul and Minneapolis endeavored to outdo each other, with decorations, salutes, parades and entertainments.

A procession over 20,000 strong was reviewed in St. Paul in the morning, and one of 30,000 in Minneapolis in the afternoon. The cornerstone of the State Capitol Building was laid at Bismarck, Dakota, by Villard, while the excursion halted at that point. The Crow Indians, over 2,000 strong, were by permission of the Secretary of the Interior, gathered alongside the track in Montana, giving a war dance for the entertainment of the party.

In the midst of an assemblage of notables, including State Governors, United States Senators, English nobles, German Vons, financial heavy-weights 3,000 strong, amidst the roar of artillery, the music of bands and wild cheering, Villard drove the last spike. This was not, as generally reported, one of gold, but according to Villard's autobiography, was of iron, and the identical one that had been driven first on the Minnesota division when the construction of the line was begun.

In a speech Villard declared the Northern Pacific Railroad completed from St. Paul and Duluth on the east, to Portland and Tacoma on the west. This was followed by the orator of the day, Senator Evarts; his address being followed by short remarks by the Governors of the seven states the line traversed, General U. S. Grant, Secretary of the Interior Teller, the British and German Ministers, Ex-President of the Company Billings, and the Head Chief of the Crows, after which the five trains proceeded to Portland, Tacoma and Seattle, where receptions both lavish and enthusiastic completed the celebration.

Soon after the completion of the lines it became necessary to make arrangements for the deficit in construction account, as well as the indebtedness to the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, the latter having advanced a large amount to tide over, besides having built some 477 miles of branch lines.

The Little Falls & Dakota Branch, Fergus Falls Branch, Yellowstone Park Branch, Seattle Extension, together with the rehabilitation of the Western Railway of Minnesota and the construction of the line Sauk Rapids to St. Paul with the terminal facilities at that point, had all been paid for by the Oregon & Transcontinental previous to the completion of the main line. The general situation throughout the country indicated that over-speculation had culminated, and that a period of tight money and lower prices was due. This made difficult the placing of further securities but, with the influence of his German guests, Villard was able to arrange for a second mortgage of $20,000,000, the bonds being marketed by a syndicate of German bankers.

The placing of a second mortgage ahead of the stock, with general conditions, greatly depressed Northern Pacific securities. These in their downward

course carried with them the other Villard stocks, and especially the Oregon & Transcontinental. With the "Bear Market" came adverse criticism from both public and press. Northern Pacific earnings had not shown the wonderful advances so confidently predicted by Villard for the completed line. This, the error in estimating the cost of construction, and the lavish disbursements in connection with the completion of the line, were made the text of bitter attacks not only on his management but on him personally.

Pathetic Exit of Henry Villard.

The result was to bring both him and the Oregon & Transcontinental Company to the verge of bankruptcy. To avoid this a syndicate was formed amongst his friends (?) to take care of his liabilities and those of the Oregon & Transcontinental, Villard putting up both his real and personal property as collateral, and withdrawing from the management. His resignation as president of the Oregon & Transcontinental was dated December, 1883; from the Northern Pacific, the January following. In consequence of his worries Villard broke down physically. An attack of nervous prostration and a European trip lasting over three years effaced him from the situation for the time being. Owing to the distinctly American custom of villifying our great men, attacking their motives and otherwise discrediting them, Villard is generally included among the "Napoleons of Finance" who have made our railways their football—who for personal gain make combinations, over-capitalize, wreck and otherwise misuse them. Villard, however, was of a different strain. The constructive principle was his impelling characteristic. For justice to him we have to go to foreign lands. James Bryce, the English historian, thus summed him up in the *Pall Mall Gazette* shortly after his retirement from the Northern Pacific: "Henry Villard is a man, not only of great ability but of a very high type of character, a man who has thought and cared much more about the development of the country than about his own personal interests. He has done vast things for the Northwest and Oregon and now that it is known that he has lost his own property there can be but a general expression of respect and sympathy for him."

When his resignation came before the Board of Directors for action, their sense of fairness impelled them to spread on their minutes a tribute to his impeccability. It also developed that during the years he had served the Northern Pacific as its president he had received no compensation and the acceptance of his resignation was accompanied with a voucher for his salary at the rate of $10,000 per annum. To secure the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company for what was due it from the Oregon & Transcontinental, Villard gave them a mortgage for $200,000 on his home on Madison Avenue, New York. The advance in value of his securities enabled him to take this up and later to sell the house to Whitelaw Reid, now minister to England.

Upon his resignation, Mr. Robert Harris, former Vice President of the Erie Railway was elected to succeed him. He in turn resigned after a short term, and was succeeded by T. F. Oakes the general manager of the company and a protege of Villard. The history of the three years they were at the helm was uneventful. The Bozeman and Mullan tunnels were finished in February, 1884. The line from Portland to Kalama was put into service September, 1884. The transfer boat *Tacoma* was built for the company to use in ferrying trains across the Columbia River; a lease of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company was negotiated but not consummated, the Northern Pacific directors objecting to the six per cent on all outstanding obligations of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, terms insisted upon by that company. The branch lines commenced under Villard's administration were pushed forward to completion and a further system of short branch lines started to connect the main line with the mining camps of Montana.

The mining excitement in the Coeur d' Alene region which broke out in 1884 was of great value to the company ow-

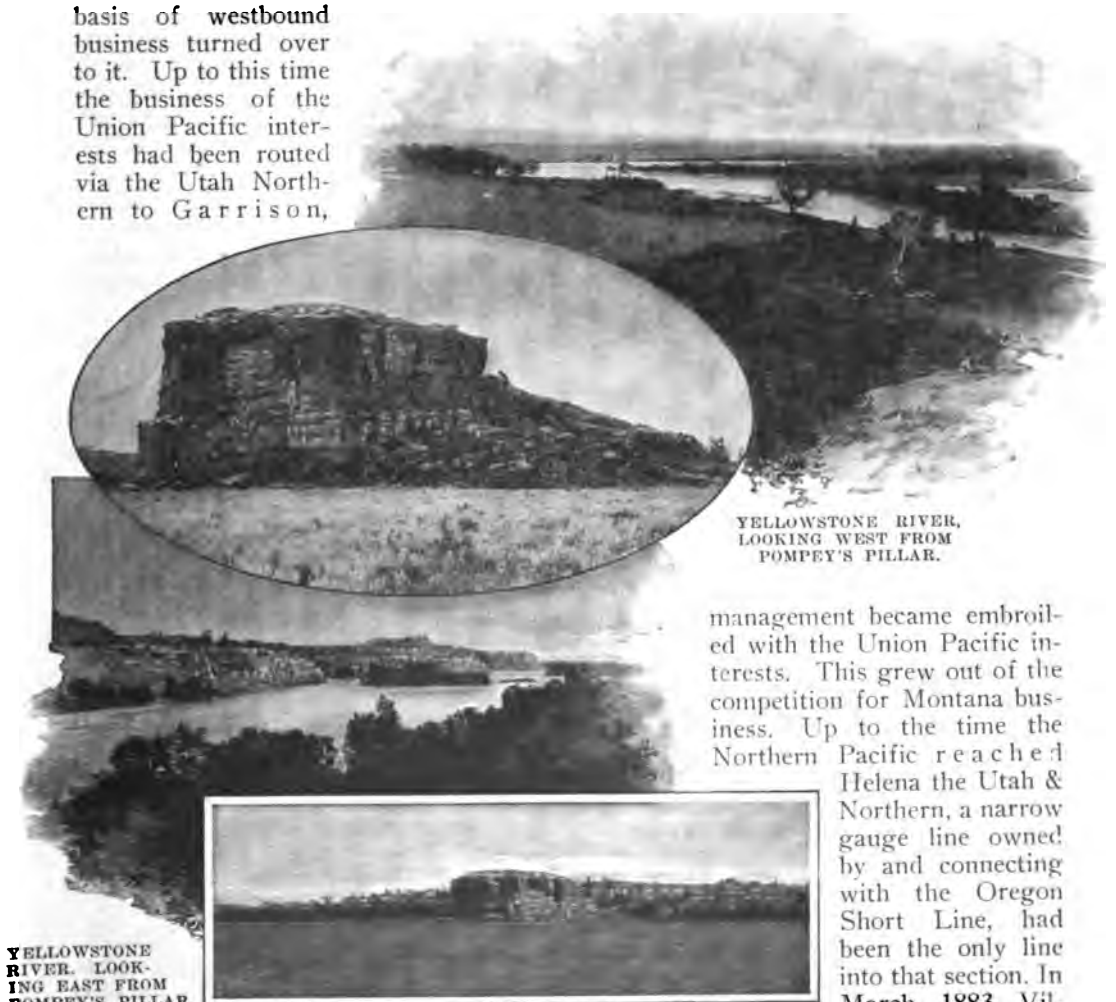
ing to the large traffic occasioned thereby, the revenue from which materially assisted in getting Northern Pacific stock back to satisfactory prices. The winter of 1884-85, however, proved disastrous, an unusual fall of snow blockading the western portion of the line the greater part of the winter.

In the fall of 1884 the lines of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and the Oregon Short Line came together at Huntington, Oregon, thus creating a competitor for the traffic of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. Under a traffic arrangement between the three lines, this was to be divided eastbound, between the Short Line and the Northern Pacific on the basis of westbound business turned over to it. Up to this time the business of the Union Pacific interests had been routed via the Utah Northern to Garrison, Northern Pacific to Wallula, thence Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and vice versa, and the loss of it was severely felt.

These several causes resulted in a tremendous falling off in earnings. Thus in explaining this, President Harris in his annual report for June 30, 1885, quotes passenger earnings for March, April and May, 1884, $1,579,967; for the same period 1885, $732,492, a decrease of $847,475.

Getting Embroiled With the Union Pacific.

In addition to loss in earnings the management became embroiled with the Union Pacific interests. This grew out of the competition for Montana business. Up to the time the Northern Pacific reached Helena the Utah & Northern, a narrow gauge line owned by and connecting with the Oregon Short Line, had been the only line into that section. In March, 1883, Villard had negotiated



YELLOWSTONE RIVER, LOOKING WEST FROM POMPEY'S PILLAR.

YELLOWSTONE RIVER, LOOKING EAST FROM POMPEY'S PILLAR

POMPEY'S PILLAR FROM RAILWAY TRACK.

an agreement between the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. This covered a division of territory, basis of interchange, etc. Under it a through line between the Oregon, Railroad & Navigation Company and the Union Pacific was formed by using the Northern Pacific from Wallula to Garrison. To facilitate the handling of business a third rail was laid over the Utah & Northern (narrow gauge) between Little Blackfoot, now Garrison, Montana, and Butte, and over the Northern Pacific between Helena and Little Blackfoot. With the completion of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and Short Line into Huntington all this changed and a scramble for the business took place, the Northern Pacific building a system of branch lines and making arrangements to build into Butte. This, however, was patched up temporarily by an arrangement made in the summer of 1885, by which the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific joined in a lease of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, being on the basis of six per cent on all that company's outstanding securities, being terminable on ninety days notice by either of the parties interested. Much opposition to this was shown on the part of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company stockholders, its execution being postponed by injunction proceedings. In July, 1886, the Montana situation was also adjusted by the joint operation of the line between Garrison and Butte, Silver Bow and Anaconda. This had been the narrow gauge Utah & Northern but widened out and reorganized as the Montana Union.

Villard Returns.

In the spring of 1887 Villard returned to New York, having been restored to health by his sojourn in Europe, and in fair financial condition. He reopened his old office and re-entered the financial field as representative of a wealthy German syndicate. In this capacity he was approached by those in control of the Oregon & Transcontinental Company with an offer to turn over to him the control of that company in consideration that his clients come to its relief with the loan of some $5,000,000. The indebtedness of the Northern Pacific to that company had never been satisfactorily adjusted, the relations between the respective managements were strained, and although the Oregon & Transcontinental held a large part of the Northern Pacific stock, they were refused representation on its board of directors.

On his recommendation his German clients made the loan, the transaction being handled by cable, and in thirty-six hours Villard was again at the head of the Oregon & Transcontinental and in control of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, a majority of its stock being owned by the former. He also held proxies for enough Northern Pacific stock, with what he and his friends bought, to give him control of that company at its next annual election, he voting 365,000 out of a total issue of 754,000 shares, although he stated that personally he did not own one share of it. Declining the presidency he became one of the Board of Directors and afterwards Chairman of the Board, a position created for him.

As usual the company was embarrassed financially. The Pasco-Tacoma line completed July, 1887, was costing far in excess of estimates; the Montana branches though very costly were not paying; earnings had fallen off and a large floating debt had accumulated. The preferred-stock-dividend scrip issued in 1882 had matured and had to be provided for. To take care of these a third mortgage for $12,000,000 was arranged, Villard taking the bonds for his German clients, and a new company organized to take over the Montana branch lines. He also found relations between the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific very much strained. The joint lease of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company had been unsatisfactory and terminated after a brief existence. It had been followed by a lease of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company to the Oregon Short Line guaranteed by the Union Pacific, leaving the Northern Pacific out in the cold. This resulted in the invasion

of each other's territory by branch lines, refusal to interchange business, etc.

Villard attempted, unsuccessfully, to arrange a compromise, his plan being for each company to be given representation on the directorate of the other. Failing in this he was also alarmed at the prospective competition of the Great Northern, then rapidly building towards the Coast, and which had entered into arrangements for the use of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company's track, Spokane to Portland. He determined to regain actual control of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company. This had passed to the Union Pacific interests through the lease to the Short Line. Notwithstanding the interests he represented, the Oregon & Transcontinental owned a majority of its stock.

The Union Pacific interest was equally determined to retain the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and in coalition with the Great Northern to acquire the Northern Pacific.

A Battle Royal.

The result was a battle royal. Oregon & Transcontinental stock was the prize contended for, its control of both Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company and Northern Pacific added to what could be picked up in the market insuring the control of the two companies in question. Wall Street was the scene of the conflict. Stock that had been going at twenty-five to thirty went up to sixty-four when it became evident that it had been cornered. A technical victory was won by the Villard interests, they coming out of the fray with a clear majority of both Oregon & Transcontinental and Northern Pacific. When the time for the annual meeting of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company came it was delayed by injunction proceedings instigated by the Union Pacific. The warring interests got together in the interim and a compromise was effected, that in reality was a severe defeat to Villard. The stock in the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, owned by the Oregon & Transcontinental Company, was sold outright to the Union Pacific interests, the reason for this being that the lease to the Short Line was not breakable, regardless of the wishes of its owners or management. The Union Pacific had a lawful title to its control during the life of the lease and without its control its ownership was of no value to the Villard interests.

With the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company firmly in control of one competitor on the south; with active construction by a new and vigorous rival, the Great Northern on the north, it behooved the Northern Pacific to look carefully after its position on the Coast. This involved the construction of considerable additional mileage; which, owing to the character of the country must necessarily be very costly. Repairs and renewals on the old line, especially some very expensive reconstruction of the line, was being urged by the operating forces, as a move towards economic operation and to enable the line to meet competition, which also meant money. At this time the main line was covered by a first, second and third mortgage, and most of the branch lines carried one of their own, hardly any two of them being alike as to terms or rate of interest. The earnings had grown from $11,730,527 in 1886 to $25,000,000 in 1891; the net earnings in the latter year being $10,000,000. What was equally valuable in establishing the credit of the company was a decision by Judge Caldwell of the United States Circuit Court confirming its title to the land grant, which, owing to failure to complete the road within time specified by Congress, had been in controversy.

Villard's Daring Plan.

A financial scheme that would readjust these varying charges, and at the same time provide for the very necessary extensions and betterments was very desirable. Several propositions were debated by the board of directors when Villard sprung a plan that took the breath away from his confreres. It was a blanket mortgage covering the line as built and the extensions as planned, to be large enough to retire all outstanding bonds and to furnish funds for the desired improvements, in all amounting to

$160,000,000. Notwithstanding he was alone on the proposition Villard was able to bring the board to his way of thinking, and a bond issue for that amount was decided upon. It is a striking illustration of the growth of American financial views when we realize that a capitalization of one hundred and sixty millions in 1890 was heralded as unprecedented, inordinate and excessive; that it occasioned greater comment than one of a billion dollars did thirteen years later in the case of the United States Steel Company.

Of this $160,000,000, which was to be at five per cent, $100,000,000 was to replace existing mortgages, $20,000,000 to provide new branches, twenty more for terminals, twenty to cover premiums on bonds retired and for the general purposes of the company. No difficulty was encountered in placing the new issue, or in arranging for the exchange of the old, it being readily absorbed by the public and constituting the crowning triumph of Villard's financial career. Out of the funds thus secured nearly a dozen (foot note) new lines were built, their cost totaling $30,000,000. A line of steamships between Tacoma and China with monthly sailings was also inaugurated as the Northern Pacific Steamship Company.

Panic of '93 and Resignation of Villard.

In 1893 came another turn of the wheel. The decline in the price of silver either closed or greatly curtailed the operations of the mines in Montana and the Coeur d' Alene. The great fires in Spokane and Seattle paralyzed the traffic of those two cities. The panic of that year occasioned the shutting down of mills and factories everywhere, resulting in a general curtailment of business. Earnings went to pieces, money was tight, and the Northern Pacific was unable to meet its interest charges due July 1, with the result that in August receivers for the company were appointed by the United States Court, namely: Thomas F. Oakes, Henry C. Payne and Henry C. Rouse.

Forseeing the catastrophe Villard had notified his clients in 1891 that, owing to his belief in the early advent of a financial disturbance, he could not longer take any responsibility for the investment of German capital in the United States, and hence would consider their business relations as terminated. Before the crash he resigned as Chairman of the Board although it was not acted on until June, 1893.

Oakes, Payne and Rouse resigned as receivers in September, 1895, and were succeeded by Edwin H. McHenry, Frank G. Bigelow and Andrew F. Burleigh. These three receivers remained in charge of the property until September, 1896, when it was reorganized as the Northern Pacific Railway Company. Edward D. Adams, who had taken a prominent part in the reorganization, was elected chairman of the Board and E. W. Winter, President. A year later both Mr. Adams and Mr. Winter resigned and Charles S. Mellen was elected President.

In 1898 the entire outstanding obligations of the Washington & Columbia River Railroad were bought in, the Washington Central and Seattle & International Railroads taken over. In June, 1900, the Northern Pacific purchased the railroad and land grant of the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad Company, formerly the Lake Superior & Mississippi Railroad, referred to in the early part of this narrative.

In 1901 the lines of the company within the Province of Manitoba, 354 miles, were leased to the Manitoba Government for 999 years, with the option of their purchase at $7,000,000, the government in turn sub-leasing them to the Canadian Northern Railway Co., which has since operated them.

This same year the control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, generally known as the Burlington System, was acquired by the Northern Pa-

Note: These were the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern, Seattle & International, Monte Christo, Bellingham Bay & Eastern, Port Townsend Southern, Washington & Oregon, Washington Railway & Navigation Co., Palouse Valley & Yakima, Coeur d'Alene Railway & Navigation Co., and the Missoula Branch.

cific and Great Northern cojointly. This was effected by the purchase of ninety-eight per cent of its capital stock at $200 per share, Northern Pacific and Great Northern joint bonds to the amount of $215,226,000 being issued to cover the purchase, these bonds being secured by the deposit of the stock purchased.

Wall Street Goes Wild.

In April and May 1901, Northern Pacific stock was made the occasion of the most spectacular scene that ever took place on Wall Street. The consolidation or "Morganizing" of railway lines was at its height, two conflicting interests had cast covetous eyes on the line. Its stock was selling at from eighty to eighty-five when both commenced buying in for control. April 22, it was at 101; May 3, 115; May 6, 143; and on the ninth, it having developed that it was cornered, it went, according to the *Financial Chronicle,* "to 700, though cash sales were made at 1,000." The street went wild. Other securities were thrown over to enable shorts to carry out their obligations, resulting in a general decline on all securities except Northern Pacific. Thousands were beggared and the whole financial fabric disrupted. By agreement the price was fixed at 153 and settlements made on that basis.

This occurrence was followed the next November by the incorporation of the Northern Securities Company, for the purpose of owning the control of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, practically all of the Northern Pacific stock and ninety-eight per cent of the Great Northern being acquired by it. The arrangement was declared by the Courts to be in restraint of trade and therefore illegal and the securities returned to their previous owners.

Having followed the road through all the vicissitudes for thirty years, let us see its present condition before winding up its story. The annual report for the year ending June 30, 1908, informs us that the operated mileage totals 5,649 miles. Its gross earnings for the year were $68,235,484; its expenses $39,865,033; its equipment had cost $39,484,863; and its other property, including the road, $332,327,240.

Its total land grant had amounted to 38,400,000 acres, 60,000 square miles approximately, the same area as the state of Missouri; of this 28,000,000 acres had been sold and ten million four hundred thousand acres remained in the hands of the Company.

Mr. Howard Elliott was elected President in October 1903, to succeed Mr. Mellen. During the five years of his administration the earnings of the system have increased from forty-six to sixty-eight millions, or fifty per cent, while the increase in mileage during the same period was only ten per cent. Vast sums have been expended in maintenance and improvement of the property, which stands today in point of stability, safety and in the excellence of its service to the public, second to none.



One Touch of Nature

By Adelaide Soulé

MRS. PENRYN lifted her head from the cushiony hammock where she reclined, to look with amused curiosity at her husband. He, a straw hat on the back of his head, his lips puckered for a whistle that did not quite escape, was whittling with such intentness and industry that he was quite unaware of his wife's gaze.

"What are you doing, Harvey?"

"Whittling."

"Goose! What are you making?"

"A willow whistle." He held it up and surveyed it anxiously. "I used to be rather good at it," he said, "but I 'm afraid I 've lost the knack. No, by Jove, it works!" He put it between his lips and blew a long, mellow whistle that caused John Anderson, harnessing his team at a little distance, to look around with a start. The horses turned their mild brown faces, also, with an air of surprise. Mrs. Penryn laughed outright.

"One might think the fate of a nation depended upon the success of that whistle. Are you really having a good time, Harvey?"

Her husband looked at her with the slow smile she loved and understood. It meant all sorts of things that Harvey Penryn seldom put into words; for though he was a successful writer—the literary lion, in fact, of his little world—he was a man singularly ungiven to speech. Mrs. Penryn said he stored up his thoughts and put them in his books. But she did not grudge his silences. Speech was unnecessary between them: a matter of habit, not of necessity.

She put one slender foot to the ground, and sat, swinging back and forth, while the last loving touches were put on the whistle. John Anderson, his team ready, strolled across the yard to join them.

He chuckled as Penryn mutely held up his handiwork.

"Ain't forgot how, eh Harve?" he said. "Perhaps you 'd like to come with me for an afternoon's work. You used to farm it as well as any of us, when you were a boy."

Penryn's slowness of speech made his wife's quick intervention possible. Her voice had in it a tinge of hauteur; she had not yet got over the shock of hearing these village people call her husband familiarly by his first name.

"Mr. Penryn came down here for rest and—and recreation," she said, looking around a little vaguely, as though wondering to herself where the last named article was to be found, but brightening as her eyes fell on the willow whistle, now being decorated with a series of dots and stripes cut in the pliable bark. "He did n't come here to work," she added with dignity.

"Of course not," said Anderson indulgently. He had always been bigger and taller than Harvey Penryn, and unconsciously, his voice and attitude were patronizing. He reached up and plucked a green, fragrant branch from far overhead.

"Mebbe," he said with good-natured irony, "when he 's finished that whistle, you can persuade him to keep the flies away from you with this." He laid the branch lightly across Mrs. Penryn's lap, nodded, and started back to his horses. At a few paces he stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"Seen Jim Cuthby, Harve?" he asked.

"No," said Penryn without looking up.

Anderson was silent a moment, looking curiously at his old schoolmate.

"He 's down here this summer," he said at last. "Bought a big place down the road a ways; fitted it up with electricity, telephones, telegraph—everything you can think of. Guess New York has

to keep in touch with Jim, even down here. He 's a pretty big man, Jim."

"Yes," said Penryn, unemotionally.

"Well," said Anderson, "we cant all be billionaires. Most likely Jim does n't know you 're in town, or he 'd have looked you up."

"Very likely." Penryn looked up this time, and smiled—at his wife. Her mouth was twitching, and as soon as Anderson was out of hearing, she broke into a laugh. Presently, though, a little vexed frown chased the smiles from her face.

"Well?" asked Penryn, who had been watching.

"These people are so stupid. What do you think I overheard as I lay here in the hammock before you came down?"

"Listeners never hear any good"—

"Of course not. Mrs. Anderson and the maid"—

"The hired girl," corrected Penryn.

"The hired girl," mocked Mrs. Penryn—"were talking in the kitchen. I could n't help hearing. They were wondering if Mrs. Cuthby would call upon us. The hired girl 'guessed' she would n't put herself out to do that; and Mrs. Anderson"—

"Agreed," said Penryn, smiling. Mrs. Penryn laughed, too, but there was a forced sound in her laughter.

"Yes, she did. These people seem to have not the slightest idea who you are, Harvey."

"Oh, yes, they have. They know I 'm Harvey Penryn, who used to go to school with them; who hoed potatoes in summer and cut wood in winter. They dont know the Harvey Penryn you know, my dear—but they know *me*."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Penryn. "At any rate, they dont know me. I did n't hoe potatoes, or sew patchwork, or do any of the other extraordinary things that seem to have marked the Bradburyite's youth. Why should"—

"Why should they think Mrs. Cuthby more important socially than you? Well, you see, dear, your name never appears in the newspapers"—

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Penryn with asperity.

"And your husband has n't made money on 'change, or a name for himself in politics."

"Your books, Harvey! Surely they have read your books!"

"Not they," said Penryn, trying his whistle again. "Jake Mallery told me, though, that he read a review of one of them once, in the Bradbury *Democrat*."

Mrs. Penryn shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, and lying back once more in the hammock, watched the bickering of two robins over her head. The sun, striking down through the leaves, made a checkered lace-work of light and shadow on her blue linen gown. She took up the green branch, and waved it lazily to and fro.

"After all," she said dreamily, her vexation vanishing as lightly as it had come, "we dont care what the people of Bradbury think."

Penryn was silent. He was putting the final decoration, a complicated monogram, upon his whistle. His wife turned her head so that she could see his thin, humorous face, that was almost plain when the penetrating eyes were downcast. For an instant, she saw the outer man, not the soul—saw him as perhaps the world saw him.

She had gone with him, the day before, to the little cemetery, where generations of Penryns lay in a long, quiet row; had stood by him as he knelt, for an instant at one mound, to pluck a bit of white clover and tuck it away in his pocket.

Penryn spoke, with his odd trick of answering her thoughts rather than her words.

"All of us have lived and died here, you know. Half the people in town are more or less related to me. Anderson is a sort of fourth or fifth cousin. But Jim Cuthby was always my chum."

He put the finished whistle in his pocket, looked up and met his wife's intent gaze.

"He 's really a capital fellow," he said. "You would n't feel that you could"—

"Call on that awful woman?" exclaimed Mrs. Penryn. "Emphatically no, Harvey. Ask me anything else in the world; but not that. She has been trying to break into society for the last

year, and her methods are appalling. We have fairly had to lock our windows to keep her out. She even got her husband to ask Van Heyman to ask his wife to invite her to her ball. You remember—it was one of the smartest things last winter. Of course Clara refused. Van said Cuthby might break him in the market for it."

Penryn rose and brushed the whittlings from his clothes. "Jim Cuthby is n't that kind of a man," he said quietly. "I have n't seen him for years—but I know Jim." He smiled—his peculiar, patient smile that always made Mrs. Penryn feel remorseful, whether she was actively guilty or not—and walked out into the village street. Mrs. Penryn looked after him until he turned in at the door of the general store. Then she sat up, and swung to and fro, to and fro, growing impatience in every push her small foot gave to the yielding sward.

"*Bother!*" she said at last. Then, in an aggrieved tone, and with apparent irrelevance: "It 's a great nuisance to be in love with one's husband."

She considered this question—or some other—at considerable length. At last, with a sigh, and an undetermined look on her face, she slid out of the hammock, fished her hat from under it, and followed in her husband's footsteps. At the door he had entered, she stopped a moment to peer within. It was a typical country store. A circle of men sat, stood or leaned on the counter. Penryn was in the midst of them, listening to the store-keeper, a big, prosperous-looking man in shirt-sleeves. Mrs. Penryn could not hear what was said, but the store-keeper's manner seemed to her offensively familiar, even condescending. She turned abruptly and crossed the street to the cemetery.

It was a pretty place. The little, gray, wooden church was so hidden by trees and vines that only the windows and time-worn steps seemed free from verdure. Leaning grave-stones, moss and lichen covered, lined the pathway, and stretched back, in dim rows, to the boundary fence far below. Some ancient yews and cedars mingled their gloomy foliage with the brighter green of maples and elms; and among them, indiscriminately, birds fluttered, chirped and built. Now and then one stopped in his labors for a long, musical soliloquy. Mrs. Penryn made her way to the plot where the Penryns lay—fathers and sons—mothers and daughters: a goodly race, that belonged to the soil and had returned to it. She sank down on the soft grass between two of the graves, and with tender fingers, pulled away the moss that half covered the names. There lay her husband's father; and here, where the white clover grew so thick, his mother. She laid her hands caressingly upon the mound.

"He must have been a dear baby," she said, smiling a little, and almost feeling the presence of a listener, as the bird ceased its song, and only the droning of insects broke the warm silence. "His eyes would have made any baby beautiful." She sat, dreaming, and the bird broke again into trilling runs. Finally, with a little shake, as much mental as physical, Mrs. Penryn sprang to her feet and pulled out her watch.

"Nearly one o'clock!" she cried in dismay. "Luncheon will be waiting. Well, I 'll take time"—

She did not finish the sentence, but with a farewell, almost reassuring, pat of the mossy grave-stone, went rapidly down the path, past the church and into the street. She hurried toward the house; but on her way stopped for a few moments at a general store—rival to that longer established one across the street where her husband sat with his friends. This one was progressive. In addition to magazines, soda-water and post-cards, it boasted a public telephone and a circulating library. Mrs. Penryn looked over the shelves of the latter most carefully. Her husband's books were not there.

After the midday meal, known in Bradbury as dinner, Mrs. Penryn, still in her plain blue linen gown, sat on the front veranda with Mrs. Anderson. That good woman, as a concession to company—for though the Penryns had come to the little country hotel like any other guests, she hardly considered them as such—had put on a fresh calico

wrapper and an apron expansively white. Her knitting-needles clicked industriously as she talked. Mrs. Penryn sat quite idle, her slender white hands folded in her lap. Now and then she glanced down the long, unbroken stretch of road that led out of the village, and between green, fenced fields, to a wood of young larches, where it disappeared. The weather was already growing hot and the road was dusty.

Mrs. Anderson's conversation took the form of a prolonged questioning. Mrs. Penryn answered good naturedly, if indifferently. Now and then she looked at the landlady in some amusement; but more often her gaze wandered down the long, dusty road.

"You have lived a good deal in foreign parts, have n't you?" asked Mrs. Anderson.

"I was educated in England. My father was"— Mrs. Penryn stopped. She heard her husband's footstep as he approached through the uncarpeted hall. Besides, what did Mrs. Anderson know of the Court of St. James?

Mrs. Anderson did not notice the pause. She knitted half a round in silence, and then asked, casually:

"Do you know Mrs. Cuthby? Jim Cuthby's wife?"

"No; I have never met her." She hesitated a moment, then added, "There are so many people in New York. We are not in the same set, as it happens."

"No," said Mrs. Anderson calmly. "I suppose not."

Mrs. Penryn stared at her in vexation, her meaning was so obvious and so uncomplimentary. She knew, too, that Penryn, somewhere close at hand, must have heard. Mrs. Anderson was quite unconscious. Her next question concerned the price per yard of blue linen.

"I really dont know," said Mrs. Penryn. She was looking at a little cloud of dust that had arisen outside the wood, and grew larger as it came down the road.

Mrs. Anderson dropped her knitting, and stared, in her turn.

"Did n't you buy the dress you have on?" she demanded. "Did some one give it to you?"

Mrs. Penryn settled back luxuriously in her chair. "I suppose I bought it," she said, "but I have n't the faintest idea what I gave for it."

Mrs. Anderson did not resume her work. She, too, had caught sight of the cloud of dust. She rose.

"Somebody's coming past in an automobile," she said, a hint of excitement in her tone. "No—it 's going to stop. Land's sake! It 's Jim Cuthby and his wife." She hurried down the front steps, just as Penryn joined his wife on the veranda.

Down by the gate, a big, quiet-looking man got out of the car, and assisted a lady from the tonneau. She was handsomely dressed, despite the dust. She hardly noticed Mrs. Anderson's eager greeting, but hurried up the path, followed by her husband.

Penryn, lolling in the doorway, gave a sudden cry of recognition. In two strides, he was down the steps, and the men had clasped hands.

"Jim!"

"Harvey!"

They stood, hand to hand, eye to eye. Then, as by a common impulse, forgetful of the others, they turned into the orchard. In the grateful shade of a big apple tree, Penryn flung himself on the grass, and Jim Cuthby sprawled beside him. They were boys again.

Mrs. Cuthby hastened toward Mrs. Penryn, indifferent in the lounging chair. She held out both hands.

"Dear Mrs. Penryn," she cried,—"so delighted to have this opportunity—our husbands such friends—so opportune that we should both be here at the same time—" her voice died away deferentially as Mr. Penryn began to speak.

"It is good of you to call," she drawled, not taking the trouble to rise. "Will you sit there? Perhaps that other chair is more comfortable."

"Oh, no, no," said Mrs. Cuthby hurriedly. "This is very comfortable—*very.*" Her tone indicated that to share a fence-rail with Mrs. Penryn, would be joy. Her handsome, blue eyes looked out appealingly from her broad, flushed face; and her hands moved nervously.

Mrs. Anderson, dumbfounded, looked

from one woman to the other; from Mrs. Penryn in her simple blue gown, to Mrs. Cuthby in silks; and at the big motor car at the gate. It was incomprehensible, —almost unbelievable, but the thing was before her eyes. The meanest intelligence could not fail to understand the little scene. Mrs. Penryn was languidly indifferent. Mrs. Cuthby almost cringed in her anxiety to please.

"Mrs. Anderson," said Mrs. Penryn, "could n't you persuade the maid to bring us some iced tea—out under the tree, where the hammock is?"

"I 'll get it myself," said Mrs. Anderson hurriedly. The moment she had disappeared, Mrs. Penryn's manner underwent a change.

"Would n't you like to come out in the shade?" she said kindly. Mrs. Cuthby sprang to her feet and followed the other woman across the grass—a rather pathetic contrast, in her crude bigness, to the slender, supple figure in front. They sat down—Mrs. Penryn in the hammock, where she gently swayed to and fro, Mrs. Cuthby in the big garden chair where Penryn had sat in the morning. She looked humbly at her hostess.

There was an indefinable touch of sympathy, almost of friendliness, in Mrs. Penryn's manner, that emboldened her.

"Mrs. Penryn," she said, "I suppose you know how anxious I have been to meet you, and how much this opportunity means to me."

Mrs. Penryn murmured something indefinite but kind. She looked at Mrs. Cuthby carefully, from the top of her badly dressed head, to the bottom of her too costly gown. The big woman was handsome. Properly got up, she would be stately. Mrs. Penryn seemed pleased with the result of her inspection. The other, encouraged by her expression, went on:

"I suppose people think I 'm an awful fool, with all the money we have, to try to force my way into society, where I 'm not wanted. I might live in Europe, or I might stay down here, where people think we 're something wonderful. But Jim's business is in New York. He 's the biggest man on the street, and it makes me wild to know that women whose husbands he could break with one finger, won't look at me. I cant even go in for charity, the women snub me so."

She looked half indignantly, half appealingly, at Mrs. Penryn.

"You see," she explained, "I 've always been a leader. That 's what makes it so hard to settle down and be nobody. In the little western town where I lived, and where Jim made his first money, I was the head and front of everything. I have splendid ideas for entertaining, but you might as well live in a desert as in New York if you are not on the inside."

"I suppose so," admitted Mrs. Penryn. She looked down the orchard, where she could catch a glimpse of two recumbent figures under another apple tree. "I am sorry you have had such trials," she said gently. "I did n't know That is—I did n't — exactly — *understand.*"

"Of course you would n't," said Mrs. Cuthby. "You see, you have always had it. You were born to money and position; and then you married a genius, and that gave you the *entrée* to everything else. This summer, down here at Bradbury, is the only happy time I 've had since I left the West. Here we seem to amount to something."

Mrs. Penryn suddenly laughed. The other flushed.

"I know it does n't count," she said hastily. "But if you were as hungry for it as I am—you 'd be pleased to have even village folks look up to you."

Mrs. Penryn continued to laugh, but she reached out an apologetic hand to touch Mrs. Cuthby's ring-laden fingers.

"Dont misunderstand me," she said, "but it is so funny. The situation is completely reversed. The Andersons have been wondering whether you would take the trouble to call upon me."

Mrs. Cuthby laughed also; but not whole-heartedly.

"After all," she said, "it does n't make any difference to you what these people think; but it makes a lot of difference to me what New York thinks."

Mrs. Penryn's touch on the other's hand became a pressure. She looked earnestly into her face.

"You are mistaken," she said. "I do

care what these people think, because my husband cares." She leaned nearer, lowered her voice, and kept a wary eye on the screened kitchen door.

"I was just as bad as you, Mrs. Cuthby. I wanted to impress the Andersons and all the rest of them; and you have helped me to do it."

There was a little silence. Then she added softly: "You see—I love my husband. I cant bear him to want a thing and not have it."

A responsive light flashed into Mrs. Cuthby's eyes. Her face was suddenly transformed.

"Yes," she breathed. "That is it. You are honester than I—or you see deeper. I love my husband. *Love Jim!* I 'd lie down and let him walk on me, if it would make him any happier. And he 's been miserable over my failure to get into society. Of course, I cared myself; but I 've cared doubly, knowing that he wanted me to have it, and fretted, thinking there was something his money could n't buy for me. Oh, I 'm afraid you dont understand. I cant seem to make it plain."

"I understand," said Mrs. Penryn. Her voice was like a caress. Mrs. Cuthby caught another quick breath and her full bosom heaved tumultuously.

"It 's ridiculous; I know it is," she half sobbed, "but I cant help it. I got so desperate, I did n't care what I did, or what other women thought of me, if only he were satisfied. I made a fool of myself. I guess I spoiled any chance I ever might have had." She wiped her eyes and spoke with more composure. "At any rate, I 'm glad I 've had a chance to talk to you, to make you understand. I dont suppose—" she bravely kept the wistfulness out of her voice—"that I 'll ever have the chance again."

Mrs. Penryn looked at her smilingly. "Mrs. Cuthby," she said, "when I found that I needed your assistance to establish my social position in Bradbury, I expected to have to pay for it, and I had made up my mind to give your price. Now I know I misjudged you. But"—

She stopped suddenly and laid a warning finger upon her lips. The kitchen door had opened. Mrs. Anderson approached with a tray.

Mrs. Penryn went on, still smiling, but in a different tone:

"When I return to New York, Mrs Cuthby, I shall commence my regular 'at homes.' Second Thursdays, you know. Will you come and pour tea for me at the first one?"

Gratitude almost choked Mrs. Cuthby's utterance. Her face crimsoned and tears sprang into her eyes, but mindful of Mrs. Anderson behind her chair, she replied, with new-found dignity:

"Thank you. I shall be most pleased."

Mrs. Penryn's smile deepened in approval.

A little before the supper hour, Penryn entered his wife's room. He wore the anxious, somewhat propitiating air of a man who suspects that he is in disgrace.

"You were very sweet about the Cuthby's, dear," he ventured. "I know it must have annoyed you. Of course, I did not let them know that I was here. I dont know how they heard."

Mrs. Penryn, her charming head askew, studied in her very small mirror the effect of a bow in her hair.

"No," she said calmly, "I was not annoyed. They came over because I telephoned Mrs. Cuthby."

"You — telephoned" — her husband stared a moment in amazement. Then he understood. He slipped his arm around her and lightly kissed her cheek.

"That *was* good of you, dear."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Penryn, turning the other cheek. "She 's a really nice woman. I found we felt very much the same on many subjects."

The "Would-Be" Fruit Raiser

About Some Pitfalls for the Unwary

By H. M. Adams

IN the Northwest there is no line of industry receiving the amount of attention that is being given to fruit raising. From the far eastern states thousands have emigrated to Washington, Idaho, Montana and Oregon in order more profitably to engage in the orchard business. On the sheets of publicity throughout the country, have been flashed reports of almost unbelievable results achieved from small acreage in various Western districts. Winter apples, of richness in color never before seen in fruit, have been shipped from one sea coast to the other—aye, and even then across the ocean—and have sold at such figures as to pay all expenses of shipping and leave a fine profit for the producer. Such net returns as $6,000 from only five acres of seven-year-old apple trees, though not uncommon in some of the irrigated-orchard sections, seem almost beyond the credulity of the Iowa farmer, who has only saved a few thousand dollars by dint of hard work and hard economy, from the crops of a quarter section of good land.

Ten acres purchased six years ago at $2,000 on easy terms and selling today, in bearing orchard, for $20,000 seems to the Easterner, who has not made a study of the matter, as an inflation of a pampered fad. But all of these and many more as glaring results are features of the opportunities offered by the West.

Man armed only with strength of character and determination, has fought his way into financial safety for himself and family, with fewer years of struggle than would seem possible. A small capital has been made to yield within a few years profits that would excite the envy of the "money kings" were they not so engrossed with more hazardous *coups*. Such are the openings for the man with pluck in the "elbow room" of the larger Western fields of enterprise, and, with the characteristic, generous spirit of a country where things move on the run, the people have called aloud an invitation to others to come and share the treasures.

Resources so plentiful must need a greater force in their development. In no small voice has the praise gone forth, and behold the immigration that has resulted and is resulting! Literature from chambers of commerce, statistics, government reports, western "boosters" and newspapers have been circulated far and wide, exploiting the many opportunities. Fruit-raising has been made an issue and has struck a responsive chord. Men from all walks of life seem to be getting the fever, and long to get back to nature and invoke her aid in the production of choice fruits.

Greater development seems possible and surer along this line than along any other. Irrigation is putting thousands of acres of land into shape for the producer. The possibilities are only dawning.

A study of the apple situation shows conclusively that the business, where it leads in the West, has made no mushroom growth, but is capable of many years of increasing development. The idea that anyone can raise apples by merely planting trees, is not advocated by those who know, and those who have made a success commercially, of the industry, but it seems to be very generally believed by many of the

beginners. Going into the apple business does not mean going into the business of producing tonnage of second or third-grade fruits, but it means the putting up of choice graded apples of a high color, according to certain standard rules of packing and handling, which will ensure their ready sale the world over.

The man to succeed must be a specialist, and must be a student of the business. It is a business requiring more brains than muscle. The man with business training is better equipped than the average farmer, even though the farmer may have had years of experience with fruit, as a side line, on his farm. Many trees will be planted which will yield little profitable fruit. Thousands of acres of orchard land upon which are lavished the hopes of many a "tenderfoot" fruit raiser, are destined to add little to the reputation of the West as a commercial fruit section.

The first orchard planted is sometimes costly. Lured by the many reports of success attained in fruit raising, many rush into the game blindly and without study or forethought. The stories, literature, reports, and articles on the glittering treasure acquired by the successful ones, contain little mention of the *many pitfalls awaiting the unwary.* Success has blinded many to the fact that new-comers have much to learn, and many chances of erring. Little thought is given to the fact that hordes of sharpers, whose avarice is baited by the success of others, are ready and waiting to feed upon the desires of those who would embark in orchard developing. Unscrupulous or over-anxious promoters of land schemes are numerous and unhampered, and they depend upon a harvest from the untutored. The prospectus of a "wild-cat" irrigation district can contain all of the embellishments of a successful district.

The spirit of "good fellowship" and "free-masonry" of the West often allows establishments of known reliability to stretch their mantle of respectability, acquired by dint of merit and energy, to cover the weakness of some new enterprise of questionable character. Chambers of commerce of leading cities of the West often aid in the distribution of literature of propositions, the merits of which are little known and open to suspicion. Bankers often thoughtlessly give endorsement to the virtues of some district, when their only knowledge is from a pleasant acquaintance with one of its promoters who has a small account with the bank. Leading newspapers are often partners to schemes of exploiting, through their news columns, the possibilities of some irrigation enterprise, whose only claim to merit is stolen from some well-known nearby district, aided by a paid-up advertising contract.

To give a new business a helping hand is the very laudatory spirit of the West, but the time is at hand where the line must be more carefully drawn before more harm is done to those who have come in response to the invitations. The word "knocker" does not apply to nailing down a "gold-brick" land deal, nor is the true "booster" one who is ready to applaud the nefarious efforts of those who traffic in the hopes of the credulous. A poisonous real-estate industry has fastened its tendrils about the healthy growth of business; and bids fair to assume such proportions as to enshroud the truer life on which it feeds.

The larger profit received from the sale of properties without merit or proper development, is so much greater than where value received is given, that the available exploiting fund is necessarily larger and can be made to cover broader territory. Irrigation ventures of questionable reliability sometimes allow thirty to fifty per cent commission to their selling agents. Advertising campaigns are waged with a vengeance, and public sentiment is often influenced by a subsidized press, influenced officials in public establishments, multitudinous subagents, expensive literature, etc.

A sound irrigation district must have capital for its development, for securing its water rights, building its reservoirs, constructing canals, installing supply laterals with measuring-boxes, diversion gates, flumes, etc.; and to provide for future maintenance and the perpetuity of the water supply. All of these are

things irksome to the promoter with small capital, and detract from the attractiveness of get-rich-quick schemes.

How much easier to put on the market, with a make-shift water system, an irrigation enterprise where strenuous advertising will disguise lack of merit; and, by undercutting the land prices of the nearby genuinely good district, sell off the land with a "whoop and hurrah," leaving the settlers to work out the water problem as best they may. How much easier to sell off a tract of land while the moisture of the spring rains is yet in evidence, claiming that irrigation is not necessary but that irrigation results are assured. How easy to figure gallons of water from a pump, so that they look like floods of water from a good gravity-water system, without allowing for the loss of water in making delivery. How easy to turn over to land purchasers a pumping plant with the land, without saying a word about the annual tax of from fifteen to twenty dollars per acre which may be necessary for the cost of lifting the water and delivering it. How easy to sell off as orchard-land not needing irrigation, a tract where the water is not within many feet of the surface.

All of these and many more such crimes are being perpetrated and are receiving no opposition, regulation or interference from the reliable citizens with whom they are associated, and whose good enterprises they are harming and discrediting. Lack of knowledge allows some of these same citizens to recommend these slippery enterprises to their Eastern friends.

Poor top-soil, poor sub-soil, underlaying rock, poor air-drainage, frost belts, and alkali are a few of the elements which tend to mar the chances of ultimate success in fruit raising, in addition to the numerous flaws that may be appurtenant to the irrigation system, or the lack of it. The opportunities of the West stand out in striking contrast to the slower progress of the more crowded and developed East.

The campaign for securing a larger population is meritorious and was inaugurated, and is being pushed, with all sincerity. It is only on account of the lack of study of the business methods being employed by their fellow operators, that the loose systems are countenanced and encouraged. Chambers of commerce are deceived by lack of investigation. The people are too ready to accept the reports of paid editorials and feel no qualm in passing along the recommendations therein contained. A stirring-up is necessary and should go hand-in-hand with the notoriety campaign, and every man who is connected with the one should constitute himself an investigating committee of the propositions that are going to confront the man who responds to the advertising of the West. Such of them as cannot pass muster should not only be frowned upon, but painted in their true colors and tabooed. Otherwise harm is done in bringing the new man into the new country, not only to the immigrant, but to the men whose business is conservative and reliable.

Medicine for financial ill health, if taken without directions, may be poison. The wail of the man who has been plundered may drown the chorus of the jubilant harvesters. To the man who is compelled to push it, the squeak of the wheelbarrow sounds louder than the "chug, chug" of the passing automobile. Harm is done in allowing the newcomer to be misled. Harm is done to the meritorious enterprise which needs the settler. Harm is done to those who hear of the misfortunes of some and therefore miss the genuine opportunities of the West. Caution, my friend who is coming West! The wealth is here—do not let them cheat you out of it. Caution, my friend in the West, or your fair name may be discredited. Make it your business to see that none are living off your glory. The treasures of the West are no less real because mingled with trash, but notices should be posted upon the "fool-gold" diggings.



SWEET PEAS

Little Children of the Soil

By M. Downing Brainard

A FEW decades ago we looked to the East for our seed supply. It not only supplied its own needs, but furnished the rest of the Union as well with all the vegetable and flower seeds it required. But the virile West saw the folly of sending away for what it itself could produce, and so the changeful years have seen the industry transferred to the shores of the Pacific. Here in our virgin soil and in our genial clime we have developed the industry far ahead of what it ever was in the East. Here in the West we do things in a large way and the seed-raising industry is no exception. The tourist to the Western Coast will see few sights more interesting than the immense seed farms near Encinal, Gilroy, Salinas and San Juan in California. At Encinal the gardens are thousands of acres in extent; the soil is a dark rich loam and is as smooth as thorough cultivation can make it; the land descending almost imperceptibly toward the northwest. Here and there throughout the fields you will see artesian wells, which render the seed-grower independent of the vagaries of the weather and, though he appreciates natural precipitation during the period of growth, still he

is not dependent upon the rainfall, as he can reinforce it with irrigation and thus insure a crop.

Immediately after the first rainfall in November the work of preparing the soil for planting begins. First of all come the onion sets which are planted in November, next come the sweet peas which are planted about the first of the year. The onions are planted in belts, each variety having a separate belt which



JAPANESE LABORERS HOEING ON A SEED FARM.

is kept from contact with its neighbors on either side by a belt of sweet peas or of some other flower or vegetable. This is necessary to prevent a merging of the various types.

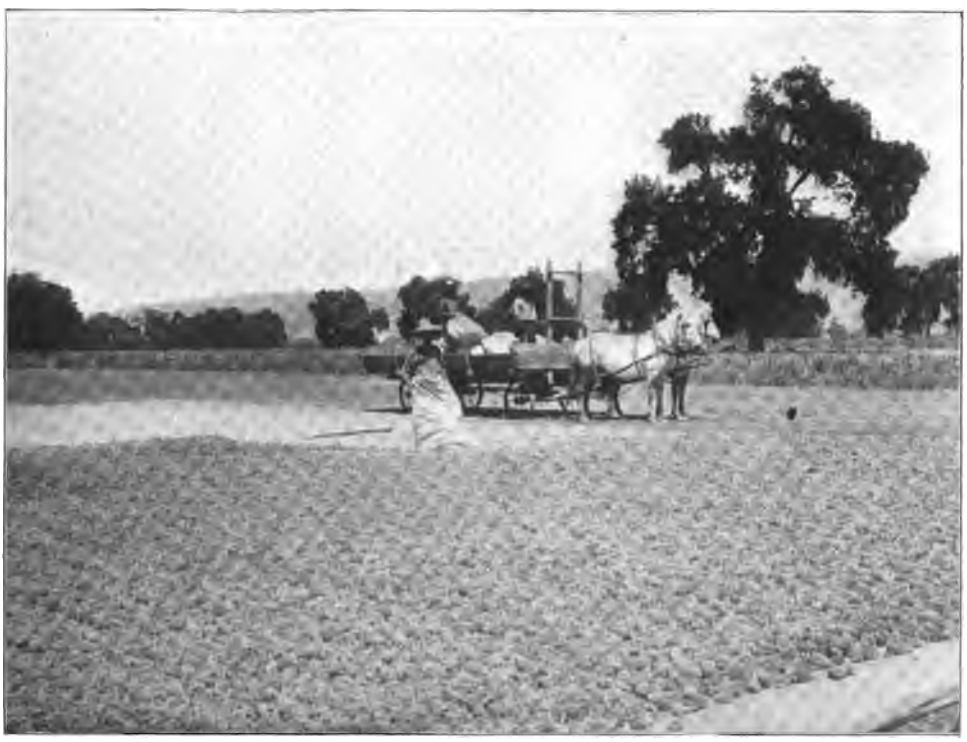
Though the farms may be hundreds of acres in extent, yet maps are made of every foot of ground in cultivation, and each plot, though it may be but a square rod of soil, is given daily attention. Successful seed-growing is not a matter of guesswork or happen-so: it involves the

writes up his log, no lovelorn maiden notes down her thoughts day by day more faithfully than does the seed-grower write his journal of the condition, growth and nature of his crop. Possibly some particularly promising seed has been discovered. It is planted and a record book is kept in which is noted every item of interest concerning its growth and development. This record is maintained year after year to ascertain

closest detail and the most scientific accuracy at every step. No sea captain if it will reproduce itself correctly or hark back to its old ancestry. If it will reproduce its improved qualities from the seed, year after year, then it is put on the market as a new variety, just as the now famous onion, "Prizetaker," so popular in the Eastern markets, is the progeny of the well-known onion "Spanish King." Burbank, the wizard in the plant world, has invented scores of new varieties of



IRRIGATING IN BLOSSOMING ONIONS.



SPREADING ONION HEADS ON CANVAS, PREPARATORY TO FLAILING.

plant life by a skillful crossing and blending of diverse types.

The seed fields are kept absolutely clean of weeds, so as to insure a crop of clean seeds. Not only are all weeds removed, but the plants themselves are inspected and every plant which has failed to become a perfect type of its variety is weeded out; it is a constant question of the survival of the fittest, so that the plants may not retrograde, but rather constantly improve in quality.

carefully harvested, and kept from subsequent injury. The period of vitality differs with different varieties; some must be planted within a year, others maintain their vitality for several years, while certain varieties will retain their growing qualities almost indefinitely. When one remembers that the seeds are shipped not only all over the United States, but to China, Japan and South Africa as well, he can understand the need for care in growing, harvesting and



FIELD OF LEEKS IN THE BUD.

In Santa Clara County the seasons are long and the plants make their growth in late winter and early spring, while the rainfall is abundant. During the long rainless summer, when the California skies rival the far-famed skies of Italy for their unclouded blueness, when the days are full of the languorous calm of Indian summer, the seeds ripen and mature and the promise of spring is made good by a bounteous fruition. To insure life the seeds must be fully ripened,

handling, for when some far-off missionary in China or Siam or some struggling farmer in the far quarters of the world sends for seeds he wants them to grow. If they fail to do so it means the season will be lost.

On a day in early spring, if you will visit one of these seed farms you will see a sight you are not apt soon to forget. Here in this 350-acre field nothing but lettuce is grown. There are, so the foreman informs you, over a thousand va-



CARROTS IN BLOSSOM.



FIELD OF SALSIFY (OYSTER PLANT) IN BLOOM.

rieties of lettuce in this one field. You ask him why not select a few good varieties and confine their attention to them. He will tell you—what is a well-understood fact among seed-growers—that different sections of the country demand different varieties of lettuce; in other words, there is a fashion in lettuce just as there is in women's hats and gowns. The variety that sells best in New York City is utterly unsalable in New Orleans; the variety that San Francisco demands is not cared for at our National Capital, and so, to suit all tastes and all climates, an immense variety of lettuce is produced here. Look over the field; it is an interesting sight, is it not? Here, deployed in open order as though for skirmish drill, are nearly two hundred men. Instead of Springfields or Krags, they are armed with socket-shanked hoes; instead of the regulation blue they are uniformed in overalls, cotton shirts and straw hats. Before them is the enemy—the weeds—a countless host skulking in the fence corners, ambushed behind the plants, insidious and persistent. Here the men come across the field, not at the double-quick, not in a picturesque charge, but slowly, carefully, painstakingly, and when they have left the field, victorious, one may see, where the weeds held sway, a long narrow strip of dark brown soil and across the field long parallel ribbons of vivid green, where the young lettuce plants have emerged from the rich soil. Lettuce, by the way, is one of the most difficult of plants to grow for seed, as the heads of the finer varieties are so firm that each head must be cut open by hand to allow the seed stalk to emerge so the seed may mature. During the season of growth the plants are usually cultivated nine times, three times by hand with hoes and the other six with horse cultivators.



LETTUCE PLANTS; A BUG'S-EYE VIEW.

Aside from the utility and profit of seed-raising, the industry appeals to one's



CUTTING LETTUCE HEADS.



SEED STALKS OF LETTUCE ON CANVAS, READY FOR THRESHING WITH THE FLAIL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.



JAPANESE FLAILING LETTUCE.



DRYING SEED, AFTER WASHING.

love of beauty and love of nature. As you drive through the lane you will see, stretching away in long parallel rows, the different varieties of flowers and vegetables in bloom. Here is a ribbon of sweet peas, pearly white in color, and half a mile long; next to it is a ribbon of pink sweet peas awave in the soft breeze and looking like a ribbon of changeable silk; row after row, there are, of sweet peas with all their varying shades and colors, ranging from delicate white to a dark velvety purple, so dark it is almost black. It is hard to believe you have not come across a section of the rainbow, which has come to earth and lies in all its glory of varying color tints before you. You remember the fancy of your childhood. You remember how hopefully you used to pursue the rainbow to find the pot of gold where its end rested on the earth, and you almost want to dig here to see if the old-time childish fancy will come true. Dig if you will, for it will come true; if you will dig and plant and reap, you will garner many a pot of gold, for you will find that few crops will pay better, in satisfaction as well as money, than seed-raising.

Here is a field of parsnips abloom, white as a field of cotton at picking time, a very jungle for density, and higher than your head as you ride through on horseback. Yonder are the great showy heads of the onions, while, in the field beyond, like alternate bands of gold, are the turnips, cabbages, mustard and cauli-



LETTUCE SEED IN SACKS AFTER FLAILING. IT IS NEXT RUN THROUGH THE FANNING MILL.

flower in full bloom. Beautiful as is the scene, there is more than the sense of sight that will be gratified, for the whole country is redolent with the mingled odors of the blossoming fields—it is as though you had happened upon the spicy isles or had been transplanted to "Araby the Blest," so all-pervasive are the odors.

When we speak of harvest time we usually mean that period in late autumn when we bring in the fruits of the field and orchard, and have our harvest festivals in thanksgiving for the prodigal

bounty of nature; but on the seed farm, harvest is not a thing of a few weeks' duration, as the plants seed at different times and there are almost as many harvests as there are varieties of plants; in fact, all through the long, sunny summer days the different crops are ripening.

Take, for example, salsify, or, as it is commonly known, the oyster plant; its seeds must be gathered by hand each morning during its period of seed ripening.

With the exception of sweet peas, most of the seed tops are cut by hand, gathered into baskets, from which they are emptied into bags and then hauled to the drying-grounds. Here they are dumped on sheets, giant-like in their proportions —thirty feet wide and a hundred feet long. Usually four of these sheets are placed side by side, making a space easily worked over by the flailers. Each day for two weeks the seed pods are turned over to permit of their drying thoroughly. One is carried back to the old Biblical times, to see the men on the threshing floor, as they stand on the flailing sheets and with a dextrous sweeping movement strike the stalks. When several are working together, they usually move in unison, as though each back, each pair of arms and each flail was attached to the same lever. When the threshing is over, the stalks are gathered together for burning, while the seed is sacked ready for the cleaning machine.

The gathering baskets are of split rattan, strong, light and durable, and much more convenient to handle than are sacks. Owing to the scarcity of labor in California, the threshing is usually done by Chinese coolies, who, because of their stolidity and patience, make excellent flailers. After the seed has been put through the fanning machine to remove the chaff, weed seeds and other foreign substances, it is sacked ready for the market.

As reliable seedsmen wish to maintain their reputation, they usually do not send out seeds which will not test eighty-five per cent of vitality; that is when they have counted and planted one hundred seeds, unless eighty-five out of the hundred grow the seeds are rejected. When unscrupulous men engage in the seed business, there is large opportunity for fraud. While reliable seed-growers and dealers will not send out seeds which are not fresh and true to name, yet there are others who, having no reputation to lose, will so do, and then the innocent purchaser is the one who must suffer. For example, suppose you wish to buy 200 pounds of alfalfa seed. You find that one dealer is quoting it at eighteen cents, while another is only charging fifteen.

It is only natural that you should purchase it where you can buy it cheapest and yet you are apt to find that cheap seed is dear in the long run. The small dealer, of whom you buy it at fifteen cents, if dishonest, will go to the large dealer and buy one hundred pounds of good seed at the wholesale price of fifteen cents, just what he is charging you; then he will purchase an additional hundred pounds of dead seed at two dollars a hundred pounds. This makes the 200 pounds of seed cost him seventeen dollars. He sells the two hundred pounds to you at fifteen cents a pound, or thirty dollars. It is no use to tell him that not more than half of your seed grew, for he will tell you that you did not prepare the soil properly, or that you drowned the seed out with too much water, or that your field was foul. You will have to sow twice as much of the fifteen-cent seed as you do of the eighteen-cent seed, or, in other words, you lose six cents a pound to save three cents.

Fresh alfalfa seed when rubbed in the hands shows a bright olive-green tint and has a glossy surface, while the dead seed has a brownish color and is not glossy. Cheap seed is dear in the long run; a sample of ordinary commercial alfalfa seed will frequently contain five, six and even seven percent of weed seeds. In one sample pound of seed which contained six and eight-tenths per cent of weed seed, it was found there were 32,500 weed seeds, and of this number 5,490 were the seeds of the dodder. Dodder, it may be well to explain, is one of the most destructive of the pests which affect alfalfa. Its seed takes root and throws up a slender tendril, which twines about the alfalfa stalk. As soon

as the dodder has found an alfalfa stem, the root withers away and the dodder becomes a parasite upon the alfalfa and, vampire-like, sucks its life-blood.

As the dodder seed resembles the alfalfa seed very closely, it is quite difficult to eradicate the pest; in fact, about the only way to successfully cope with it is to cut the crop of alfalfa before the dodder has gone to seed and, when the hay is cured, burn it. As is the case with many other plants, alfalfa blossoms are not self-fertilizing and, since the pollen from one flower must be brought in direct contact with the pistil of a different flower to produce fertilization, if it were not for the insects no seed would be produced, as the alfalfa, unlike the corn and some others of similar nature, cannot become fertile by the agency of the wind blowing the pollen from flower to flower, but must become fertile by other means than through its own agency. This is accomplished by bees, flies, butterflies and other insects, which may be seen in abundance hovering over a field of alfalfa in bloom.

Nature is a wise builder and designer, and so, for no other purpose, apparently, than to attract the bees, she has caused the alfalfa blossoms to secrete nectar. As the bees sip this nectar they are compelled to force their shoulders into the blossom, and when they fly to the next blossom in search of honeyed treasure, they carry the fertilizing pollen with them.

Each year the Department of Agriculture is importing and introducing new seeds. Their agents are always on the alert to secure new varieties. An example of what the Government has accomplished in the line of promoting new industries may be seen in the sugar-beet industry. Almost every Western State, as well as the Government, has conducted extensive experiments through their agricultural colleges or experiment stations in improving the quality and increasing the saccharine deposit in the beets. Extensive experiments have been carried on at the Union Experiment Station in Eastern Oregon and the quality of the beets greatly improved by a careful selection of the seed beets under the supervision of A. B. Leckenby.

Sugar beets express their individuality and tell their history in their leaves, and to one who is versed in plant lore the leaves are as an open book, in which at a glance one can tell whether the sugar beet is happy in its environment and whether sunshine, air and water are contributing their proportionate share toward the well-being of the beet. Much of the ultimate destiny of the semi-arid West lies in the growing of sugar beets, as the almost inexhaustible soil of volcanic ash of our intermountain region is peculiarly adapted to their growth.

Few occupations are more healthful, few are more profitable than the raising of seed for the market, and it is strange that more persons do not return to nature and engage in this industry.



HARVESTING A MUSTARD CROP, CONTRA COSTA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

The Dispossession of Joe Eben

By Mrs. E. J. Kimball



HEN the whites first came to the valley, Big Joe burned their fields, killed their cattle and stole their horses; but when the soldiers came, he ceased his active hostilities and began to civilize himself. His frequent visits netted him profit in the shape of old clothes, an occasional meal and employment.

His *mahala* soon learned to launder well, so her services were also in great demand at the fort. Thus between them pieces of silver began to find their way to the teepee.

The second summer after the establishmen of the fort, Joe absented himself for days at a time, and, to all inquiries, his *mahala,* who knew but little English answered: "Him hunt"; "him fish"; or "him cut heap wood."

The reason why "him cut heap wood" was quite apparent when Joe began dragging logs to his teepee with his pony.

Then followed chopping, fitting and chinking, interspersed with much talk with the Indians who gathered to watch the wonderful affair. Now and then a soldier or two would saunter over to while away a few hours in friendly chat.

As the building progressed, Joe's ambition grew; so by the time the walls stood three feet high, he had decided to have a window. No hole in the wall would do for him, now that he was really going to have a house, it must have a window. But windows were a great luxury, for everything was brought two hundred miles by stage, and glass must have great care in transportation. Even so, Joe felt he could afford it, as he thought of the shining silver pieces stored away in an old tin can buried deep in the ground beneath the bedding in his teepee, and he immediately arranged with the trader to have one brought on the next stage. It was small, to be sure, only four panes; but Joe proudly counted out the money, arranged it in neat little stacks on the counter, gathered the crate under his arm and sauntered up the path past the fort, so that all might see his latest acquisition.

On reaching home, he leaned the crated window against the unfinished house, and immediately began chipping and smoothing a small timber to fit against the frame. For once, he could not work fast enough, for he had determined to have that window in place before any visitors came.

The news spread: Big Joe had a window in his house! Both Indians and whites praised Joe so freely that he grew even more ambitious. He decided to have a fireplace. It was all very well for Indians who lived in teepees to build a fire in the middle, allowing the smoke to escape at the top, but for an Indian who had assumed the dignity of living in a house, a fireplace was the only thing. So for the next few days, he hung about the great fireplace in the reading-room at the fort, until the men began to think he had lost his desire for a house, and confided to one another that Indians were all alike, just naturally lazy.

One thing puzzled Joe: just how those rocks were held together. When no one was looking he felt of the queer hard stuff between the rocks, but could never determine what it was. He questioned his *mahala,* but she knew nothing about it. They would not ask the whites, for this was their own secret and they longed to realize to the fullest the joy of its fulfillment. They decided to keep a watchful eye on the doings at the fort, earn all the money they could, and meantime, continue building their house.

Joe was greatly pleased with the prospect of fall wood-cutting and his *mahala* equally as well pleased with fall house-cleaning. There were three reasons for her pleasure; the money which would help to finish her humble home; the gifts that would fall to her lot; and she would have an excellent chance to see how white women kept their homes. To be sure, she had helped them before; but now she would watch more closely, for was she not to have a home of her very own?

The days passed into weeks, and the weeks began to slip away. A little money was collecting in the can; the gifts were piling up; the house was nearly finished; and still no fireplace. With greater faith in future events than many more educated people have, Joe decided to gather rocks. He selected two sacks from the motley array of his wife's treasured presents, took his lasso, and rode to the hills.

Soon after, as his *mahala* trudged up the hill, she was accosted by the Lieutenant, who asked: "Where is Joe?"

The *mahala* was startled. None of her usual answers would do, and she knew not the English word for rocks. She had gained a reputation for being honest and truthful which she valued greatly, and now she could neither tell where Joe was nor say that she did not know. She stared at the man an instant, and then with a wave of her hand toward the hills, answered as best she could, "Him go pony." The Lieutenant was puzzled by her actions and told his wife to find out if possible where Joe was and what he was doing.

So it happened that the officer's good wife worked side by side with Indian Susie, chatted freely with her, and finally approached the subject of Joe's whereabouts. Susie, remembering the troubled look in the Lieutenant's face, yet knowing nothing else to say, pointed through the window and answered, "Him go pony."

Perplexed, the white woman continued, "When will he be back?"

"Maybe tonight, maybe not."

"Well, you see, Susie, I hope he will be back soon, for we wanted him to fix the fireplace; some of the rocks have fallen out."

Susie's eyes shone at the mention of fireplace, and, going over, she touched a rock and said, "Him go get this. Him make 'em fireplace." She was sure of it now; for, by helping repair this one, he would learn what the queer stuff between the rocks was.

As soon as the day's work was done, she snatched her baby from the corner, her blanket from the wall, and, without waiting to wrap it around her, started off on a trot. The little things her employer had given her that day were forgotten in her haste to see if Joe had come and tell him about the fireplace.

While still some distance away, she saw Joe sitting by the fire at the house door, and her trot developed into a swinging run which caused her papoose to bob about on her shoulders in a manner hardly conducive to sleep. She crouched beside him and told him the news between short breaths. He grunted his satisfaction, took the baby from her back, and together they walked over to the pile of rocks that was so soon to materialize into that old-fashioned home comfort, a fireplace.

Before the Lieutenant had finished his breakfast the next morning, Joe presented himself for work. He was sent to the commissary for lime, and with a bucket in each hand, trudged off, saying, "Lime—lime—lime," to himself, fixing the word firmly in his mind and wondering what it meant.

As the quartermaster dipped out the white stuff from the barrel, not a motion escaped Joe's observing eyes, and, wholly unknown to those about him, he had gained a bit of valuable knowledge. The trips for sand and water were joyous journeys for Joe, bringing him information without the necessity of revealing his ignorance.

As he stirred the sizzling mass in the box, he really felt as though he were already stirring the embers in his own fireplace, so interested was he in the occupation that he had to be called twice and reminded that there were other items than stirring when one is repairing a fireplace, which reproof might have

proved unwise, had not Joe been so absorbed in his own thoughts.

The work finished, Joe was told to throw the remaining mixture into the sage brush. He hesitated; he wanted the stuff; he would not ask for it; he would offer to buy it.

The officer's wife appeared just in time to interpret Joe's attitude. "John," she said to the Lieutenant, "why not give Joe that bit of mortar? Susie said he was going to make a fireplace."

Joe's eyes expressed his gratitude better than his lips could have done. It was a light burden he carried home that day.

In a few days, smoke was issuing from the well-built chimney of Joe's cabin, while he and his *mahala* toasted their moccasined toes and roasted their fat potatoes without the usual discomfort of smoke, other than rolled in clouds from their own pipes.

For days the log cabin was filled with visitors, who found it more cozy than their teepees, and Joe's sacks of beans and potatoes grew rapidly fewer as a consequence.

When the glamor was worn off the fireplace, and the beans and potatoes ceased to make their appearance in such satisfying quantities, Joe's visitors left, and he and Susie were again alone. Then he cast his eye about for other improvements, which would raise him higher yet in the opinions of his fellow men and incidentally make him more comfortable. A door! That was it. A blanket was all right for the flap to a teepee, but a house, especially his house, must have a door.

That night he dug up the old tin can and again laboriously counted the coins, carefully stacking what he thought would be enough to buy lumber for a door.

The door up and duly exhibited with pride, Joe found that a floor was an absolute necessity. Again he counted his money, which by this time was burning the can as our money burns our pockets.

Fearing it was not enough, he tied it all in a red handkerchief, dropped it into his pocket, wrapped his blanket about him as usual, that no one might suspect his wealth, and sauntered to the store.

Lumber was high, and the trader, true to the instincts of his kind, tacked on a few more cents because of the Indian's ignorance of prices, and began to measure off the amount Joe could have for "eight bits." Joe was now indeed face to face with a problem. How much did he need? He had never in any way measured his house. He thought of the door, and speculated as to how many doors would make the floor; but, again, how big was the door?

His mind being a closed book to the greedy trader, the latter stamped impatiently away to wait with smiles and great courtesy on "Old Johnson," the Cattle King of the valley, who had come to purchase supplies for his ranch. There is a vast difference between the amount of money that can be lured from a rich and generous white customer, by apparently allowing him the best of the bargain, and the few small coins that can be squeezed from an Indian's meager hoard by the most rigid system of changed prices.

The trader gone, Joe measured first with his eye and then with his hand a board that looked long enough to reach across the end of his cabin. He pondered long and anxiously, measured again and again, decided and retracted his decision. It was important that he waste not a bit. His countenance cleared. He set off toward home on a trot. The sour, grasping, old trader caught sight of the blanketed figure hurrying past the window, and, rushing to the door, called after him. But Joe was too intent on his own business to care a fig what the trader wanted, and kept on his course without as much as turning his head.

The crabbed trader cursed things in general and the big Indian in particular, remarking in no uncertain tones that "the sly old fox probably made off with all he could hide under his blanket. I tell you, a man can scarcely scrape together a living in a place like this for —— —— redskins swipe enough to eat up all the profits. Why the other day——" and then followed a tirade about the Indians, which can be heard any day at any Indian trading post, containing much truth and more exaggeration.

By the middle of the afternoon, Joe

was back, riding his pony and carrying a slender sapling. The trader who, after careful investigation, was unable to assert with assurance what was missing, wisely refrained from accusing Joe of theft, and went rather reluctantly to the lumber-pile. Joe measured off two lengths of the sapling and demanded: "How much him cost?"

The trader set his price, and Joe arranged the coins on a board; then another the same length was laid beside the first and another stack of silver pieces was placed upon the board. These actions were repeated until Joe's remaining cash would no longer buy a board. The pile of lumber seemed pitifully small; but Joe, feeling he had been cheated, gave no outward sign of his disappointment, bound the boards with his lasso, tied them to his saddle, and with his hand on the rope, helped his little pony drag them slowly home.

Beginning at the door, he laid his floor, with logs for support. There was enough for only about two-thirds of his cabin, so his dream was never quite realized, his pride never quite recovered from the disappointment, and his ambition never soared quite so high again.

As the years went by, a little cheap furniture found its way to the humble cabin: a table, a trunk, and a few chairs. Joe and his *mahala* were proud and contented. Comparing themselves with most of their tribe, they had much to make them happy.

One day the Lieutenant called Joe into his office, and, as gently as possible, informed him that the government in forming the Military Reservation, had seen fit to take his little field and home. Perhaps after a while he would be required to move. The long-buried hatred leaped to Joe's face and only the thought of the Lieutenant's kindness to him prevented him from instantly carrying out his first impulse.

Having done his official duty, and noting the expression of Joe's face, the really kind-hearted officer deemed it expedient to be lenient, and hastily added: "But you need not go, Joe, as long as I am here. Someone else may compel you to find another place to live. The land does not belong to you, you know; it really belongs to the White Father, and, when he wants to use it, he just takes it and no one can help it."

Unconvinced, Joe turned on his moccasined heel, and sped down the hill, firmly resolved that his faithful rifle should speak many times, if need be, before he would leave his beloved cabin beneath the great pine tree.

He paused at the foot-log that spanned the creek and leaned against a great rock. As motionless as the rock itself, he stood, but his eyes beheld in every detail the home that had been his so long. The birds were singing in the pine, the water was winding its way through the garden, his *mahala* was sitting in the door, his boys were playing in the yard.

Bitterness rankled in his breast. He longed again to burn fields, to kill cattle, and to drive from the valley the greedy, grasping Pale Faces.

He knew not and cared not of the rights of the Great White Father, but he learned by experience of his power. This was to be his reward for years of submission, of friendliness to the soldiers, the Great White Father's messengers. To move indeed! How could he move his home, the tree, the spring, the garden? The cabin with its fireplace, that he had planned and worked and saved to build, must he tear it down like a common teepee?

True to his word, the Lieutenant did not molest him, and, within two years the soldiers were removed, and the buildings of the garrison were guarded by a man whose chief concern was to draw his pay. Joe's heart grew less heavy, and he gathered wild fruit and berries as of yore.

In a few years a new regime began at the old fort. The government sent a Superintendent to gather in the Indian youths and maidens and teach them the White Man's knowledge. To this scheme Joe was inclined to be friendly, especially as he saw that they were well cared for and had plenty of food.

There came a day when Joe was called to the Superintendent's office and informed of the contents of a certain long letter from Washington. He had nearly

learned to respect the Great White Father and his ways; but here was that powerful hand raised against him again. Instantly, the old war-spirit showed itself in every line of Joe's face and every muscle of his tense body. He leaned forward and fixed his glittering eyes on the little Superintendent, who shrank back as though he had seen a vision of the devil.

Joe raised his clenched fist, muttering between short breaths: "Paper lie. Land mine. Spring mine. House mine. White Father no been here 'tall. I been here long time, make home. Many years me eat, me sleep on that land. Mine, mine. mine. You sabe? Me no go."

The little Superintendent wisely decided to overlook the matter, until an Inspector should come at least.

For a time Joe tilled his soil in peace, with a fearlessness born of his love for his home and knowledge of his personal power.

Then another superintendent, Livingston, came to replace the first. He began his work by repairing the buildings and replenishing the commissary, which practical turn of affairs appealed to Joe, and raised Livingston a point in his opinion. He notified the ranchers to keep their stock off Indian allotments, thus unconsciously raising himself a little higher in Joe's estimation. But, when he ordered the Indians to remove their camps from the school-grounds and tore down the old log buildings they had used for gambling-dens, Joe's anger rose, and he thought this man, too, had his hand raised against the Indians.

While looking over old reports, Livingston found the order to remove Joe to his allotment and immediately proceeded to carry it out. Joe was summoned and the letter again read to him. His black eyes blazed; he sprang to his feet, his hand on his knife.

"Paper lie. Heap lie. White Father lie. You lie. Land mine. No White Father's. He no been there. Me been there many, many moons. My father, he been there before me. Me eat there. Me sleep there. Me make house there. No yours. No White Father's land, mine. House mine. Tree mine. Me say, me no go!"

Livingston had spent thirty years on the frontier, from choice, and feared no man, neither Indian nor white. He sat unmoved during Joe's demonstration, then said: "Joe, listen to me. The White Father must be obeyed. His will is law. This reservation, this valley, these mountains, are all his. He is all powerful. It will do you no good to resist him; you must move. Tomorrow Mr. Drodney will bring a team and some Indian boys and help you move to your allotment. I will lend you a team and farming implements, and show you how to use them; and you will soon have a better home than you have now."

"Me no want new home. Me no go." and Joe turned his back on the Superintendent and stalked out of the office.

Joe gone, Livingston lit his pipe, and, resting his elbow upon his desk, re-read the order. He was not in good standing with the powers that be, that were vaguely known to Joe as "The Great White Father." This stern, warm-hearted, white-haired Livingston, was too devoted to duty, as he saw it, too good a friend of the Indians, and too great an enemy to the graft and fraud. If he disobeyed this order, it meant the loss of his position, the triumph of his enemies, and the end of his life-work. Clearly, Joe must be dispossessed; Livingston knew that, though the Indian had no title that would stand in a court of law, in that great court where eternal justice sits enthroned, Joe's case was good and his title clear. He knew that Joe was morally right; and that to remove him was a rank injustice.

At length, Livingston knocked the ashes from his pipe, filed away the troublesome letter, and rang for his orderly.

"Johnny," said he, "go tell Mr. Drodney to come to the office at once." He spread some papers upon the desk, re-lit his pipe, and pretended to be deeply engrossed when Drodney, his industrial teacher, entered the office.

After he had kept Drodney standing before him for a few minutes, as was his habit with his subordinates, he took the

order from the file, and said: "Mr. Drodney, I have a letter from the department, ordering me to place Joe Eben on his allotment. It is the quarter east of old Louey's place. In the morning, after line-up, take six of the larger boys and the team, go over to Joe's house and move it and all his things to his allotment. I will have Hickerson, the deputy sheriff, go with you; for Joe may not be quite ready to move."

Now, Drodney had been a soldier of the garrison in the time of the army. He knew Joe Eben, and knew that, if Joe was not ready to move, it might not be exactly safe to try to move him; so that evening he carefully cleaned and oiled his Colt's and filled his pocket with cartridges. In the morning he selected his detail from among the Pit Rivers, who were the traditional enemies of Joe and his tribe.

As the team approached Joe's cabin (Drodney driving, with Hickerson beside him, and the Indian boys behind), a shot rang out in the morning air and a bullet whistled so perilously near that Hickerson tumbled over backward into the bed of the wagon. Drodney leaped out on the opposite side, and the Indian boys scattered pell-mell into the sage brush, and sped away; while Big Joe's war-whoop sounded in their ears and lent wings to their feet. Big Joe had hurled his defiance at the Great White Father!

Livingston listened without comment to Drodney's report. "You may take your detail, and finish weeding the schoolhouse garden," was all he said.

Drodney gone, he filled and lit his pipe, seated himself at the typewriter, and composed a message; then tapped the bell for his orderly. Handing the boy his message, he looked through his purse, took out a ten-dollar bill, which he gave to the Indian (whom most people consider a natural thief), and said:

"Johnny, the message will be sixty cents; get me two packages of Bull Durham, and yourself some candy. You will bring me nine dollars change."

Four days later the stage stopped before the superintendent's cottage, and the grim-faced United States Marshal, Evans, and a deputy, alighted. That night Livingston entertained his guests with the history of Joe Eben and an account of Drodney's discomfiture. Then plans were laid for the Indian's capture.

The grey veil that hung over the black Nevada hills was just tinged with rose, when the sensitive ear of Joe's wakeful *mahala* detected a cautious footfall, and she touched her man, ever so lightly on the shoulder. At once Joe was awake and on the alert; his hand went out to his ever-ready rifle; he rose and stood listening, just before his fireplace, where a few embers yet glowed.

Again, that cautious footstep, just outside the door. Joe's face at once became set, his faculties quiveringly alert, his muscles tense. He stood like a bronze statue, his rifle at the ready, pointed toward the door. A hand felt stealthily for the latch; the door opened, and grim-faced Marshal Evans stepped into the room. A tongue of flame leaped from the muzzle of Joe's rifle, and Evans fell forward without a groan, shot through the brain; while Joe's war-cry blended with the rifle shot and woke the echoes in the hills.

Drodney was one of the posse. Now, Drodney knew Joe Eben, and, keeping out of range of the door, crept to the rear of the cabin, and crouched beneath the window. Just as Evans fell, and before Joe's cry of defiance had ceased to echo, Drodney rose up and thrusting his rifle through the window, fired point-blank into the Indian's back. The Indian pitched forward, headlong, into his fireplace, and his life-blood extinguished the dying embers.

Joe Eben had been dispossessed.

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of 'The Call of the Wild,' 'Sea Wolf,' 'The God of His Fathers,' 'White Fang,' etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE sun of Martin's good fortune rose. The day after Ruth's visit he received a check for three dollars from a New York scandal weekly in payment for three of his triolets. Two days later a newspaper published in Chicago accepted his "Treasure Hunters," promising to pay ten dollars for it on publication. The price was small, but it was the first article he had written, his very first attempt to express his thought on the printed page. To cap everything, the adventure serial for boys, his second attempt, was accepted before the end of the week by a juvenile monthly calling itself *Youth and Age*. It was true, the serial was twenty-one thousand words, and they offered to pay him sixteen dollars on publication, which was something like seventy-five cents a thousand words; but it was equally true that it was the second thing he had attempted to write and that he was himself thoroughly aware of its clumsy worthlessness.

But even his earliest efforts were not marked with the clumsiness of mediocrity. What characterized them was the clumsiness of too-great strength—the clumsiness which the tyro betrays when he crushes butterflies with battering rams and hammers out vignettes with a war-club. So it was that Martin was glad to sell his early efforts for songs. He knew them for what they were, and it had not taken him long to acquire this knowledge. What he pinned his faith to was his later work. He had striven to be something more than a mere writer of magazine fiction. He had sought to equip himself with the tools of artistry. On the other hand, he had not sacrificed strength. His conscious aim had been to increase his strength by avoiding excess of strength. Nor had he departed from his love of reality. His work was realism, though he had endeavored to fuse with it the fancies and beauties of imagination. What he sought was an impassioned realism, shot through with human aspiration and faith. What he wanted was life as it was, with all its spirit-groping and soul-reaching left in.

He had discovered, in the course of his reading, two schools of fiction. One treated of man as a god, ignoring his earthly origin; the other treated of him as a clod, ignoring his heaven-sent dreams and divine possibilities. Both the god and the clod schools erred, in Martin's estimation, and erred through too-great singleness of sight and purpose. There was a compromise that approximated the truth, though it flattered not the school of god, while it challenged the brute-savageness of the school of clod. It was his story, "Adventure," which had dragged with Ruth, that Martin believed had achieved his ideal of the true in fiction; and it was in an essay, "God and Clod," that he had expressed his views on the whole general subject.

But "Adventure," and all that he deemed his best work, still went begging among the editors. His early work counted for nothing in his eyes except for the money it brought, and his horror stories, two of which he had sold, he did not consider high work nor his best work. To him they were frankly imaginative and fantastic, though invested with all the glamor of the real, wherein lay their power. This investiture of the

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grotesque and impossible with reality, he looked upon as a trick, a skillful trick at best. Great literature could not reside in such a field. Their artistry was high, but he denied the worthwhileness of artistry when divorced from humanness. The trick had been to fling over the face of his artistry a mask of humanness, and this he had done in the half-dozen or so stories of the horror brand he had written before he emerged upon the high peaks of "Adventure," "Joy," "The Pot," and "Wine of Life."

The three dollars he received for the triolets he used to eke out a precarious existence against the arrival of the *White Mouse* check. He cashed the first check with the suspicious Portuguese grocer, paying a dollar on account and dividing the remaining two dollars between the baker and the fruit-store. Martin was not yet rich enough to afford meat, and he was on slim allowance when the *White Mouse* check arrived. He was divided on the cashing of it. He had never been in a bank in his life, much less been in one on business, and he had a naive and childlike desire to walk into one of the big banks down in Oakland and fling down his endorsed check for forty dollars. On the other hand, practical common sense ruled that he should cash it with his grocer and thereby make an impression that would later result in an increase of credit. Reluctantly Martin yielded to the claims of the grocer, paying his bill with him in full, and receiving in change a pocketful of jingling coin. Also, he paid the other tradesmen in full, redeemed his suit and his bicycle, paid one month's rent on the typewriter, and paid Maria the overdue month for his room and a month in advance. This left him in his pocket, for emergencies, a balance of nearly three dollars.

In itself, this small sum seemed a fortune. Immediately on recovering his clothes he had gone to see Ruth, and on the way he could not refrain from jingling the little handful of silver in his pocket. He had been so long without money, that, like a rescued starving man who cannot let the unconsumed food out of his sight, Martin could not keep his hand off the silver. He was not mean, nor avaricious, but the money meant more than so many dollars and cents. It stood for success, and the eagles stamped upon the coins were to him so many winged victories.

It came to him insensibly that it was a very good world. It certainly appeared more beautiful to him. For weeks it had been a very dull and somber world; but now, with nearly all debts paid, three dollars jingling in his pocket, and in his mind the consciousness of success, the sun shone bright and warm, and even a rain-squall that soaked unprepared pedestrians seemed a merry happening to him. When he starved, his thoughts had dwelt often upon the thousands he knew were starving the world over; but now that he was feasted full, the fact of the thousands starving was no longer pregnant in his brain. He forgot about them, and, being in love, remembered the countless lovers in the world. Without deliberately thinking about it, *motifs* for love-lyrics began to agitate his brain. Swept away by the creative impulse, he got off the electric car, without vexation, two blocks beyond his crossing.

He found a number of persons in the Morse home. Ruth's two girl-cousins were visiting her from San Rafael, and Mrs. Morse, under pretext of entertaining them, was pursuing her plan of surrounding Ruth with young people. The campaign had begun during Martin's enforced absence, and was already in full swing. She was making a point of having at the house men who were doing things. Thus, in addition to the cousins Dorothy and Florence, Martin encountered two university professors, one of Latin, the other of English; a young army officer just back from the Philippines, one-time schoolmate of Ruth; a young fellow named Melville, private secretary to Joseph Perkins, head of the San Francisco Trust Company; and finally, of the men, a live bank cashier, Charles Hapgood, a youngish man of thirty-five, graduate of Stanford University, member of the Nile Club and the Unity Club, and a conservative speaker for the Republican Party during campaigns—in short, a rising young man in every way. Among the women was one

who painted portraits, another who was a professional musician, and still another who possessed the degree of Doctor of Sociology and who was locally famous for her social settlement work in the slums of San Francisco. But the women did not count for much in Mrs. Morse's plan. At the best, they were necessary accessories. The men who did things must be drawn to the house somehow.

"Don't get excited when you talk," Ruth admonished Martin, before the ordeal of introduction began.

He bore himself a bit stiffly at first, oppressed by a sense of his own awkwardness, especially of his shoulders, which were up to their old trick of threatening destruction to furniture and ornaments. Also, he was rendered self-conscious by the company. He had never before been in contact with such exalted beings nor with so many of them. Melville, the bank cashier, fascinated him, and he resolved to investigate him at the first opportunity. For underneath Martin's awe, lurked his own assertive ego, and he felt the urge to measure himself with these men and women and to find out what they had learned from the books and life which he had not learned.

Ruth's eyes roved to him frequently to see how he was getting on, and she was surprised and gladdened by the ease with which he got acquainted with her cousins. He certainly did not grow excited, while being seated removed from him the worry of his shoulders. Ruth knew them for clever girls, superficially brilliant, and she could scarcely understand their praise of Martin later that night at going to bed. But he, on the other hand, a wit in his own class, a gay quizzer and laughter-maker at dances and Sunday picnics, had found the making of fun and the breaking of good-natured lances simple enough in this environment. And on this evening success stood at his back, patting him on the shoulder and telling him that he was making good, so that he could afford to laugh and make laughter and remain unabashed.

Later, Ruth's anxiety found justification. Martin and Professor Caldwell had got together in a conspicuous corner, and though Martin no longer wove the air with his hands, to Ruth's critical eye he permitted his own eyes to flash and glitter too frequently, talked too rapidly and warmly, grew too intense, and allowed his aroused blood to redden his cheeks too much. He lacked decorum and control, and was in decided contrast to the young professor of English with whom he talked.

But Martin was not concerned with appearances. He had been swift to note the other's trained mind and to appreciate his command of knowledge. Furthermore, Professor Caldwell did not realize Martin's concept of the average English professor. Martin wanted him to talk shop, and, though he seemed averse at first, succeeded in making him do it. For Martin did not see why a man should not talk shop.

"It 's absurd and unfair," he had told Ruth weeks before, "this objection to talking shop. For what reason under the sun do men and women come together if not for the exchange of the best that is in them! And the best that is in them is what they are interested in, the thing by which they make their living, the thing they 've specialized on and sat up days and nights over, and even dreamed about. Imagine Mr. Butler living up to social etiquette and enunciating his views on Paul Verlaine or the German drama, or the novels of D'Annunzio. We 'd be bored to death. I, for one, if I must listen to Mr. Butler, prefer to hear him talk about his law. It 's the best that is in him, and life is so short that I want the best of every man and woman I meet."

"But," Ruth had objected, "there are the topics of general interest to all."

"There, you mistake," he had rushed on. "All persons in society, all cliques in society—or, rather, nearly all persons and cliques—ape their betters. Now, who are the best betters? The idlers, the wealthy idlers. They do not know, as a rule, the things known by the persons who are doing something in the world. To listen to conversation about such things would mean to be bored, wherefore the idlers decree that such things are shop and must not be talked

about. Likewise they decree the things that are not shop and which may be talked about, and those things are the latest operas, latest novels, cards, billiards, cocktails, automobiles, horse shows, trout-fishing, tuna-fishing, big game shooting, yacht-sailing, and so forth —and mark you, these are the things the idlers know. In all truth, they constitute the shop-talk of the idlers. And the funniest part of it is that many of the clever people, and all the would-be clever people, allow the idlers so to impose upon them. As for me, I want the best a man's got in him, call it shop, vulgarity, or anything you please."

And Ruth had not understood. This attack of his on the established had seemed to her just so much wilfulness of opinion.

So Martin contaminated Professor Caldwell with his own earnestness, challenging him to speak his mind. As Ruth paused beside them she heard Martin saying:

"You surely dont pronounce such heresies in the University of California?"

Professor Caldwell shrugged his shoulders. "The honest taxpayer and the politician, you know. Sacramento gives us our appropriations, and therefore we kowtow to Sacramento, and to the Board of Regents, and to the party press, or to the press of both parties."

"Yes, that's clear, but how about you?" Martin urged. "You must be a fish out of water."

"Few like me, I imagine, in the University pond. Sometimes I am fairly sure I am out of water, and that I should belong in Paris, in Grub Street, in a hermit's cave, or in some sadly wild Bohemian crowd, drinking claret—dagored they call it in San Francisco—dining in cheap restaurants in the Latin Quarter, and expressing vociferously radical views upon all creation. Really, I am frequently almost sure that I was cut out to be a radical. But then, there are so many questions on which I am not sure. I grow timid when I am face to face with my human frailty which ever prevents me from grasping all the factors in any problem—human, vital problems, you know."

And as he talked on, Martin became aware that to his own lips had come the "Song of the Trade Wind":

I am strongest at noon,
But under the moon
I stiffen the bunt of the sail.

He was almost humming the words, and it dawned upon him that the other reminded him of the trade wind, of the Northeast Trade, steady, and cool, and strong. He was equable, he was to be relied upon, and withal there was a certain bafflement about him. Martin had the feeling that he never spoke his full mind, just as he had often had the feeling that the trades never blew their strongest, but always held reserves of strength that were never used. Martin's trick of visioning was active as ever. His brain was a most accessible storehouse of remembered fact and fancy, and its contents seemed ever ordered and spread for his inspection. Whatever occurred in the instant present, Martin's mind immediately presented associated antithesis or similitude which ordinarily expressed themselves to him in vision. It was sheerly automatic, and his visioning was an unfailing accompaniment to the living present. Just as Ruth's face, in a momentary jealousy, had called before his eyes a forgotten moonlight gale, and as Professor Caldwell made him see again the Northeast Trade herding the white billows across the purple sea, so, from moment to moment, not disconcerting, but rather identifying and classifying, new memory-visions rose before him, or spread under his eyelids; or were thrown upon the screen of his consciousness. These visions came out of the actions and sensations of the past, out of things and events and books of yesterday and last week—a countless host of apparitions that, waking or sleeping, forever thronged his mind.

So it was, as he listened to Professor Caldwell's easy flow of speech—the conversation of a clever, cultured man—that Martin kept seeing himself down all his past. He saw himself when he had been quite the hoodlum, wearing a "stiff-rim" Stetson hat and a square-cut, dou-

ble-breasted coat, with a certain swagger to the shoulders and possessing the ideal of being as tough as the police permitted. He did not disguise it to himself, nor attempt to palliate it. At one time in his life he had been just a common hoodlum, the leader of a gang that worried the police and terrorized honest, working-class householders. But his ideals had changed. He glanced about him at the well-bred, well-dressed men and women, and breathed into his lungs the atmosphere of culture and refinement, and at the same moment, the ghost of his early youth, in stiff-rim and square-cut, with swagger and toughness, stalked across the room. This figure of the corner hoodlum he saw merge into himself, sitting and talking with an actual university professor.

For, after all, he had never found his permanent abiding place. He had fitted in wherever he found himself, been a favorite always and everywhere by virtue of holding his own at work and at play, and by his willingness and ability to fight for his rights and command respect. But he had never taken root. He had fitted in sufficiently to satisfy his fellows, but not to satisfy himself. He had been perturbed always by a feeling of unrest, had heard always the call of something from beyond, and had wandered on through life seeking it until he found books, and art, and love. And here he was, in the midst of all this, the only one of all the comrades he had adventured with who could have made themselves eligible for the inside of the Morse home.

But such thoughts and visions did not prevent him from following Professor Caldwell closely. And as he followed, comprehendingly and critically, he noted the unbroken field of the other's knowledge. As for himself, from moment to moment the conversation showed him gaps and open stretches, whole subjects with which he was unfamiliar. Nevertheless, thanks to his *Spencer,* he saw that he possessed the outlines of the field of knowledge. It was a matter only of time, when he would fill in the outline. Then watch out, he thought—'ware shoal everybody! He felt like sitting at the feet of the professor, worshipful and absorbent; but, as he listened, he began to discern a weakness in the other's judgments—a weakness so stray and elusive that he might not have caught it had it not been ever present. And when he did catch it, he leaped to equality at once.

Ruth came up to them a second time, just as Martin began to speak.

"I 'll tell you where you are wrong, or, rather, what weakens your judgments," he said. "You lack biology. It has no place in your scheme of things—Oh, I mean the real interpretive biology, from the ground up, from the laboratory and the test tube and the vitalized inorganic right on up to the widest esthetic and sociological generalizations."

Ruth was appalled. She had sat two lecture courses under Professor Caldwell and looked up to him as the living repository of all knowledge.

"I scarcely follow you," he said dubiously.

Martin was not so sure but that he had followed him.

"Then I 'll try to explain," he said. "I remember reading in Egyptian history something to the effect that understanding could not be had of Egyptian art without first studying the land question."

"Quite right," the professor nodded.

"And it seems to me," Martin continued, "that knowledge of the land question, in turn, of all questions, for that matter, cannot be had without previous knowledge of the stuff and the constitution of life. How can we understand laws and institutions, religions and customs, without understanding, not merely the nature of the creatures that made them, but the nature of the stuff out of which the creatures are made? Is literature less human than the architecture and sculpture of Egypt? Is there one thing in the known universe that is not subject to the law of evolution?—Oh, I know there is an elaborate evolution of the various arts laid down, but it seems to me to be too mechanical. The human himself is left out. The evolution of the tool, of the harp, of music and song and dance are all beautifully elaborated; but how about the evolution of the human himself, the development of the basic and

intrinsic parts that were in him before he made his first tool or gibbered his first chant? It is that which you do not consider, and which I call biology. It is biology in its largest aspects.

"I know I express myself incoherently, but I 've tried to hammer out the idea. It came to me as you were talking, so I was not primed and ready to deliver it. You spoke yourself of the human frailty that prevented one from taking all the factors into consideration. And you, in turn—or so it seems to me—leave out the biological factor, the very stuff out of which has been spun the fabric of all the arts, the warp and the woof of all human actions and achievements."

To Ruth's amazement, Martin was not immediately crushed, and that the professor replied in the way he did struck her as forbearance for Martin's youth. Professor Caldwell sat for a full minute, silent and fingering his watch chain.

"Do you know," he said at last, "I 've had that same criticism passed on me once before—by a very great man, a scientist and an evolutionist, Joseph Le Conte. But he is dead, and I thought to remain undetected; and now you come along and expose me. Seriously, though —and this is a confession—I think there is something in your contention—a great deal, in fact. I am too classical, not enough up to date in the interpretive branches of science, and I can only plead the disadvantages of my education and a temperamental slothfulness that prevents me from doing the work. I wonder if you 'll believe that I 've never been inside a physics or chemistry laboratory? It is true, nevertheless. Le Conte was right, and so are you, Mr. Eden, at least to an extent—how much I do not know."

Ruth drew Martin away with her on a pretext, when she had got him aside, whispering:

"You should n't have monopolized Professor Caldwell that way. There may be others who want to talk with him."

"My mistake," Martin admitted contritely. "But I 'd got him stirred up, and he was so interesting that I did not think. Do you know, he is the brightest, the most intellectual man I have ever talked with. And I 'll tell you something else. I once thought that everybody who went to universities, or who sat in the high places in society, was just as brilliant and intelligent as he."

"He 's an exception," she answered.

"I should say so. Whom do you want me to talk to now?—Oh, say, bring me up against that cashier-fellow."

Martin talked for fifteen minutes with him, nor could Ruth have wished better behavior on her lover's part. Not once did his eyes flash nor his cheeks flush, while the calmness and poise with which he talked surprised her. But in Martin's estimation the whole tribe of bank cashiers fell a few hundred per cent, and for the rest of the evening he labored under the impression that bank cashiers and talkers of platitudes were synonymous phrases. The army officer he found good-natured and simple, a healthy, wholesome young fellow, content to occupy the place in life into which birth and luck had flung him. On learning that he had completed two years in the university, Martin was puzzled to know where he had stored it away. Nevertheless Martin liked him better than the platitudinous bank cashier.

"I really dont object to platitudes," he told Ruth later; "but what worries me into nervousness is the pompous, smugly complacent, superior certitude with which they are uttered and the time taken to do it. Why, I could give that man the whole history of the Reformation in the time he took to tell me that the Union-Labor Party had fused with the Democrats. Do you know, he skins his words as a professional poker-player skins the cards that are dealt out to him. Some day I'll show you what I mean."

"I 'm sorry you dont like him," was her reply. "He 's a favorite of Mr. Butler's. Mr. Butler says he is safe and honest—calls him the Rock, Peter, and says that upon him any banking institution can well be built."

"I dont doubt it—from the little I saw of him and the less I heard from him; but I dont think so much of banks as I did. You dont mind my speaking my mind this way, dear?"

"No, no; it is most interesting."

"Yes," Martin went on heartily, "I 'm

no more than a barbarian getting my first impressions of civilization. Such impressions must be entertainingly novel to the civilized person."

"What did you think of my cousins?" Ruth queried.

"I liked them better than the other women. There's plenty of fun in them along with paucity of pretense."

"Then you did not like the other women?"

He shook his head.

"That social-settlement woman is no more than a sociological poll-parrot. I swear, if you winnowed her out between the stars, like Tomlinson, there would be found in her not one original thought. As for the portrait-painter, she was a positive bore. She 'd make a good wife for the cashier. And the musician woman! I dont care how nimble her fingers are, how perfect her technique, how wonderful her expression—the fact is, she knows nothing about music."

"She plays beautifully," Ruth protested.

"Yes, she 's undoubtedly gymnastic in the externals of music, but the intrinsic spirit of music is unguessed by her. I asked her what music meant to her—you know I 'm always curious to know that particular thing; and she did not know what it meant to her, except that she adored it, that it was the greatest of the arts, and that it meant more than life to her."

"You were making them talk shop," Ruth charged him.

"I confess it. And if they were failures on shop, imagine my sufferings if they had discoursed on other subjects. Why, I used to think that up here, where all the advantages of culture were enjoyed——" He paused for a moment, and watched the youthful shade of himself, in stiff-rim and square-cut, enter the door and swagger across the room. "As I was saying, up here I thought all men and women were brilliant and radiant. But now, from what little I 've seen of them, they strike me as a pack of ninnies, most of them, and ninety per cent of the remainder as bores. Now, there 's Professor Caldwell—he 's different. He 's a man, every inch of him and every atom of his gray matter."

Ruth 's face brightened.

"Tell me about him," she urged. "Not what is large and brilliant—I know those qualities; but whatever you feel is adverse. I am most curious to know."

"Perhaps I 'll get myself in a pickle." Martin debated humorously for a moment. "Suppose you tell me first? Or maybe you find in him nothing less than the best."

"I attended two lecture courses under him, and I have known him for two years, that is why I am anxious for your first impression."

"Bad impression, you mean? Well, here goes. He is all the fine things you think about him, I guess. At least, he is the finest specimen of intellectual man I have met; but he is a man with a secret shame.

"Oh, no, no," he hastened to cry. "Nothing paltry nor vulgar. What I mean is that he strikes me as a man who has gone to the bottom of things, and is so afraid of what he saw that he makes believe to himself that he never saw it. Perhaps that 's not the clearest way to express it. Here 's another way. A man who has found the path to the hidden temple but has not followed it; who has, perhaps, caught glimpses of the temple and striven afterward to convince himself that it was only a mirage of foliage. Yet another way. A man who could have done things but who placed no value on the doing, and who, all the time, in his innermost heart, is regretting that he has not done them; who has secretly laughed at the rewards for doing, and yet, still more secretly, has yearned for the rewards and for the joy of doing."

"I dont read him that way," she said. "And for that matter, I dont see just what you mean."

"It is only a vague feeling on my part," Martin temporized. "I have no reason for it. It is only a feeling, and most likely it is wrong. You certainly should know him better than I."

From the evening at Ruth's Martin brought away with him strange confusions and conflicting feelings. He was disappointed in his goal, in the persons he had climbed to be with. On the other hand, he was encouraged with his success. The climb had been easier than he

expected. He was superior to the climb, and (he did not, with false modesty, hide it from himself), he was superior to the beings among whom he had climbed—with the exception, of course, of Professor Caldwell. About life and the books he knew more than they, and he wondered into what nooks and crannies they had cast aside their educations. He did not know that he was himself possessed of unusual brain vigor; nor did he know that the persons who were given to probing the depths and to thinking ultimate thoughts were not to be found in the drawing rooms of the world's Morses; nor did he dream that such persons were as lonely eagles sailing solitary in the azure sky far above the earth and its swarming freight of gregarious life.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BUT success had lost Martin's address, and her messengers no longer came to his door. For twenty-five days, working Sundays and holidays, he toiled on "The Shame of the Sun," a long essay of some thirty thousand words. It was a deliberate attack on the mysticism of the Maeterlinck school—an attack from the citadel of positive science upon the wonder-dreamers, but an attack nevertheless that retained much of beauty and wonder of the sort compatible with ascertained fact. It was a little later that he followed up the attack with two short essays, "The Wonder-Dreamers," and "The Yardstick of the Ego." And on essays, long and short, he began to pay the traveling expenses from magazine to magazine.

During the twenty-five days spent on "The Shame of the Sun," he sold hack-work to the extent of six dollars and fifty cents. A joke had brought in fifty cents, and a second one, sold to a high-grade comic weekly, had fetched a dollar. Then two humorous poems had earned two dollars and three dollars respectively. As a result, having exhausted his credit with the tradesmen (though he had increased his credit with the grocer to five dollars), his wheel and suit of clothes went back to the pawnbroker. The typewriter people were again clamoring for money, insistently pointing out that according to the agreement rent was to be paid strictly in advance.

Encouraged by his several small sales, Martin went back to hack-work. Perhaps there was a living in it after all. Stored away under his table were the twenty storiettes which had been rejected by the newspaper short-story syndicate. He read them over in order to find out how not to write newspaper storiettes, and, so doing, reasoned out the perfect formula. He found that the newspaper storiette should never be tragic, should never end unhappily, and should never contain beauty of language, subtlety of thought, nor real delicacy of sentiment. Sentiment it must contain, plenty of it, pure and noble, of the sort that in his own early youth had brought his applause from "nigger heaven"—the "For-God-my-country-and-the-Czar" and "I-may-be-poor-but-I-am-honest" brand of sentiment.

Having learned such precautions, Martin consulted The Duchess for tone, and proceeded to mix according to formula. The formula consisted of three parts: (1) a pair of lovers are jarred apart; (2) by some deed or event they are reunited; (3) marriage bells. The third part was an unvarying quantity, but the first and second parts could be varied an infinite number of times. Thus, the pair of lovers could be jarred apart by misunderstood motives, by accidents of fate, by jealous rivals, by irate parents, by crafty guardians, by scheming relatives. and so forth and so forth; they could be reunited by brave deed of the man lover, by similar deed of woman lover, by change of heart in one lover or the other, by forced confession of crafty guardian, scheming relative, or jealous rival, by voluntary confession of same, by discovery of some unguessed secret, by lover storming girl's heart, by lover making long and noble self-sacrifice, and so on, endlessly. It was very fetching to make the girl propose in the course of being reunited, and Martin discovered. bit by bit, other decidedly piquant and fetching ruses. But marriage bells at the end was the one thing he could take no liberties with; though the heavens

rolled up as a scroll and the stars fell, the wedding bells must go on ringing just the same. In quantity, the formula prescribed twelve hundred words minimum dose, fifteen hundred words maximum dose.

Before he got very far along in the art of the storiette, Martin worked out half a dozen stock forms, which he always consulted when constructing storiettes. These forms were like the cunning tables used by mathematicians, which may be entered from top, bottom, right and left, which entrances consist of scores of lines and dozens of columns, and from which may be drawn, without reasoning or thinking, thousands of different conclusions, all unchallengably precise and true. Thus, in the course of half an hour with his forms, Martin could frame up a dozen or so storiettes, which he put aside and filled in at his convenience. He found that he could fill one in, after a day of serious work, in the hour before going to bed. As he later confessed to Ruth, he could almost do it in his sleep. The real work was in constructing the frames, and that was merely mechanical.

He had no doubt whatever of the efficacy of his formula, and for once he knew the editorial mind when he said positively to himself that the first two he sent off would bring checks. And checks they brought, for four dollars each, at the end of twelve days.

In the meantime he was making fresh and alarming discoveries concerning the magazines. Though the *Occidental* had published "The Ring of Bells," no check was forthcoming. Martin needed it, and he wrote for it. An evasive answer and a request for more of his work was all he received. He had gone hungry two days waiting for the reply, and it was then that he put his wheel back in pawn. He wrote regularly, twice a week, to the *Occidental* for his five dollars, though it was only semi-occasionally that he elicited a reply.

The ten dollars, for which Martin had sold "Treasure Hunters" to the Chicago newspaper, did not come to hand. The article had been published, as he had ascertained at the file in the Central Reading Room, but no word could he get from the editor. His letters were ignored. To satisfy himself that they had been received, he registered several of them. It was nothing less than robbery, he concluded—a cold-blooded steal; while he starved he was pilfered of his merchandise, of his goods the sale of which was the sole way of getting bread to eat.

Youth and Age was a weekly, and it had published two-thirds of his twenty-one-thousand-word serial when it went out of business. With it went all hopes of getting his sixteen dollars.

To cap the situation, "The Pot," which he looked upon as one of the best things he had written, was lost to him. In despair, casting about frantically among the magazines, he had sent it to *The Billow,* a society weekly in San Francisco. His chief reason for submitting it to that publication was that, having only to travel across the bay from Oakland, a quick decision could be reached. Two weeks later he was overjoyed to see, in the latest number on the news stand, his story printed in full, illustrated, and in the place of honor. He went home with leaping pulse, wondering how much they would pay him for one of the best things he had done. Also, the celerity with which it had been accepted and published was a pleasant thought to him. That the editor had not informed him of the acceptance made the surprise more complete. After waiting a week, two weeks, and half a week longer, desperation conquered diffidence, and he wrote to the editor of *The Billow* suggesting that possibly through some negligence of the business manager his little account had been overlooked.

Even if it is n't more than five dollars, Martin thought to himself, it will buy enough beans and peasoup to enable me to write half a dozen like it and possibly as good.

Back came a cool letter from the editor that at least elicited Martin's admiration.

We thank you for your excellent contribution. All of us in the office enjoyed it immensely, and, as you see, it was given the place of honor and immediate publication. We earnestly hope that you liked the illustrations.

On re-reading your letter it seems to us that you are laboring under the misapprehension that we pay for unsolicited manu-

scripts. This is not our custom, and of course yours was unsolicited. We assumed, naturally, when we received your story, that you understood the situation. We can only deeply regret this unfortunate misunderstanding, and assure you of our unfailing regard. Again thanking you for your kind contribution, and hoping to receive more from you in the near future, we remain, etc.

There was also a postscript to the effect that though *The Billow* carried no free list, it took great pleasure in sending him a complimentary subscription for the ensuing year.

After that experience, Martin typed at the top of the first sheet of all his manuscripts: "Submitted at your usual rate."

Some day, he consoled himself, they will be submitted at my usual rate.

He discovered in himself, at this period, a passion for perfection, under the sway of which he rewrote and polished "The Jostling Street," "The Wine of Life," "Joy," the "Sea Lyrics," and others of his earlier work. As of old, nineteen hours of labor a day was all too little to suit him. He wrote prodigiously, and he read prodigiously, forgetting in his toil the pangs caused by giving up his tobacco. Ruth's promised cure for the habit, flamboyantly labeled, he stowed away in the most inaccessible corner of his bureau. Especially during his stretches of famine he suffered from lack of the weed; but no matter how often he mastered the craving, it remained with him as strong as ever. He regarded it as the biggest thing he had ever achieved. Ruth's point of view was that he was doing no more than was right. She brought him the anti-tobacco remedy, purchased out of her glove money, and in a few days forgot all about it.

His machine-made storiettes, though he hated them and derided them, were successful. By means of them he redeemed all his pledges, paid most of his bills, and bought a new set of tires for his wheel. The storiettes at least kept the pot a-boiling and gave him time for ambitious work; while the one thing that upheld him was the forty dollars he had received from *The White Mouse*. He anchored his faith to that, and was confident that the really first-class magazines would pay an unknown writer at least an equal rate if not a better one. But the thing was, how to get into the first-class magazines. His best stories, essays, and poems went begging among them, and yet, each month, he read reams of dull, prosy, inartistic stuff between all their various covers. If only one editor, he sometimes thought, would descend from his high seat of pride to write me one cheering line! No matter if my work is unusual, no matter if it is unfit, for prudential reasons, for their pages, surely there must be some sparks in it, somewhere, a few, to warm them to some sort of appreciation. And thereupon he would get out one or another of his manuscripts, such as "Adventure," and read it over and over in vain attempt to vindicate the editorial silence.

As the sweet California spring came on, his period of plenty came to an end. For several weeks he had been worried by a strange silence on the part of the newspaper storiette syndicate. Then, one day, came back to him through the mail, ten of his immaculate machine-made storiettes. They were accompanied by a brief letter to the effect that the syndicate was overstocked and that some months would elapse before it would be in the market again for manuscripts. Martin had even been extravagant on the strength of those ten storiettes. Toward the last the syndicate had been paying him five dollars each for them and accepting every one he sent. So he had looked upon the ten as good as sold, and he had lived accordingly, on a basis of fifty dollars in the bank. So it was that he entered abruptly upon a lean period, wherein he continued selling his earlier efforts to publications that would not pay and submitting his later work to magazines that would not buy. Also, he resumed his trips to the pawnbroker down in Oakland. A few jokes and snatches of humorous verse, sold to the New York weeklies, made existence barely possible for him. It was at this time that he wrote letters of inquiry to the several great monthly and quarterly reviews, and learned in reply that they rarely considered unsolicited articles, and that most of their contents were written upon order by well-known specialists who were authorities in their fields.

To be continued.

The Reformation of Mrs. Parker

By Georgina S. Townsend



IT up Tommy, and quit lopping all over the table! Mabel, if you dont stop whining I shall send you away without any breakfast. For goodness sake Richard, do make your children behave!" and Mrs. Parker settled down into her chair with a peevish face and a complaining voice.

"If you kids dont stop bothering your mother, I 'll take you out in the shed and thrash you both," Mr. Parker said, pacifically obedient. Then he lost himself in the morning paper. Mrs. Parker jangled the bell irritably. "How many times have I told you, Annie, not to serve half-cold coffee? I declare, you would try the patience of a saint. I can 't imagine how you ever got a reference. Dont you know Mr. Parker can not drink such slop as this?"

Annie muttered sullenly. "Dont give me any back talk," Mrs. Parker said sharply. "If there is one thing I will not have in my house, it is a girl who mutters. Do as you are told and there will be no fault to find. I pay you good wages—" but Annie slammed the door as she carried out the coffee-pot, muttering something about being told to serve breakfast promptly at seven o'clock, and here is was a quarter of eight before they sat down to the table, and she 'd like to know how the likes of her could keep coffee hot all of that time. In the confidence of her own kitchen she considered the advisability of giving notice.

"I dont like this mush," whined Tommy. "It 's lumpy, and it tastes like chicken dough."

"Tommy!" his mother's indignant eye glared upon him, and he quailed. "That is no way for a little boy to talk at the table. The idea of saying your nice mush is like chicken dough!"

"Well it is," contradicted Tommy. "I tasted some over at Bobbie's house, and it was better than this. He gives his banties nice corn meal mush," and his under lip began to roll out in an alarming manner indicative of crushed sensibilities at his mother's reproof. Mabel created a diversion. "I want another doughnut," she coolly announced.

"How many have you had?" asked her mother suspiciously. "Three? No wonder you are a cross, selfish, hateful girl. There, take one more and stop fussing. Then eat your mush. The idea of a little girl like you eating four doughnuts and drinking two cups of coffee—do you suppose my mother ever let me make such a glutton of myself?"

Mabel looked at her wonderingly, and steadily chewed through the fourth doughnut.

"Ma, can I go to Fred's now?" Tommy bellowed, sliding out of his chair and leaving the half-cooked cereal untouched.

"No, of course you can 't," his mother replied shortly.

"Why can 't I go? Ma, say, why can 't I go?" he whined, sliding off and on the rounds of his chair in an exasperating way.

"Sit down this minute and stop crying," Mrs. Parker said angrily. "My goodness gracious did any woman ever have so much to contend with! Of course you can 't go until you have eaten your breakfast, and then you must get ready for school."

"But you said I could go over this morning. You said so last night, ma," Tommy whimpered, getting half-way back upon the chair.

"Last night isn 't this morning, and you shall not go anywhere if you dont stop acting like a baby, and eat your breakfast. Here are some nice hot-cakes and syrup."

"You said I could go if I 'd weed out the walk," mumbled Tommy, with his mouth full of the luscious and indigestible cakes, his sense of fairness partially assuaged by the sweet.

"Richard, I wish to goodness you could be a little more sociable at your own table and get your head out of that everlasting paper."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked indifferently, continuing his reading. "Want me to join in the jawing?"

"Well if you took any interest in your children and tried to train them up with any kind of manners as I am constantly endeavoring to do, you would not have any call to jaw, as you so elegantly express it," replied his wife with rising dignity.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the harassed man, "I thought you wanted me to leave the children to your care, at least I have a recollection that you have told me to do so several hundred times."

"Oh for goodness sake, dont be so cross! If you can 't say anything but something disagreeable, why keep still." The children absorbed in the hot-cakes, lusciously swimming in hot syrup and butter, paid no attention to the family wrangle. Doubtless they were accustomed to it.

"I do wish some one in this house would try once in a while to be good-natured. I try, and I try to make a pleasant home and all I get for it is impudent children and a fault-finding husband."

"That 's right, Grouch," growled her husband. He shoved his chair back noisily and left the table.

"Mabel, dont let me see you shovel your food into your mouth like that again. What is your mouth for! Wipe your chin Tommy," Mrs. Parker snapped, her ever-rising ire spending itself upon the nearest object. "Dear me, was ever any woman so badgered as I am!" she sighed in self pity. "There is Richard gone away cross, and the children all stuck up with those cakes, and no one to speak a pleasant word to me, or try to make the breakfast table enjoyable."

However that evening at dinner every one smiled pleasantly. The morning grouch was over. Mr. Parker beamed benignantly. He had a choice crumb of news, which he carefully reserved until dessert was upon the table.

"Well, mama," he said, leaning back against his chair with a sigh of mingled comfort and pleasurable anticipation, "you can 't guess who I heard from today."

"Auntie!" shrieked both adorable infants at once.

"Why yes," answered Mr. Parker with kindly amazement at the precocity of his enthusiastic children, his little surprise somewhat collapsed at their astuteness. "Yes, Aunt Alice is coming next week with Dot and Charlie."

"Oh bully! bully!" roared Tommy, surcharged with joy and pie. Mrs. Parker joined in the children's delight. "That is splendid news, indeed," she said affably. "I never could get Alice to say she would make us a visit."

"Why could n't you?" asked Mabel. Mrs. Parker did not notice the interruption. "We have spent so much time with them at the beach that I declare I have grown ashamed to go down any more," she continued. "Now we must plan all sorts of nice times for them. Let me see. Dear me, I wish I had a good reliable cook. Well I will do the best I can. Alice is not a bit fussy about her table, and always has the plainest fare when we are there. But then one is so lazy when at the beach. I can show her a pretty good table. I must put the north room in order. That will do for Alice and Dot. The sewing-room can be fixed up for Charlie."

Tommy's under lip began to roll dolefully out, and his lashes winked rapidly. "He 's to sleep with me, ma, he 's to sleep with me," he wailed.

"Well, well, stop your noise Tommy. You two will be fighting like cats and dogs in two days, but of course you must have your own way," his mother sensibly remarked. Mr. Parker looked sharply at the boy.

"What makes him beller at everything?" he asked disgustedly. "I can 't remember that I was always snivelling when I was a kid."

"Wan 't snivelling," Tommy began in a tearful expostulation.

"Tommy!" said his mother severely. "Your father was addressing me. Keep quiet. I am sure I dont know, Richard, and I wish you would not make such disagreeable suggestions at the table. Now children I want you to behave while your cousins are here and show Aunt Alice just what nice children you can be."

The joyous arrival of the expected guests the following week turned the Parker home into a howling bedlam. Annie conversed with herself in regard to giving notice. A whole week passed with only one squabble. Dot and Charlie were amiable children and were bullied and badgered unmercifully by their strenuous cousins.

Mrs. Earley had for years been unable to have a sisterly visit with her brother. As boy and girl they had been great chums, and she soon fell into the habit of walking with him to the car each morning. These precious ten minutes were exceedingly enjoyable to both of them and when at the end of the second week she announced that she must return home he was much disturbed.

"Go home," he ejaculated. "Why what in the world, sis? I thought you were to stay a month or six weeks at the least. I 've got all sorts of things planned for you and the kids. Come, what 's the trouble? Out with it. If those kids of mine have been bothering I 'll break all their necks for them."

"Now Dick, Dick," she laughed, "Dont blame your children for everything. I know they are trying, but did you ever realize that children are only a reflection of their environments?"

He looked keenly at her, then glanced at the approaching car, and at his watch, shrugged his shoulders, and said, "I 'll risk the next car coming within in the next four hours. I want to hear your grievance. Now what 's the trouble? Have n't I brought up those kids right? What 's my fault? Come, let 's hear it."

They had stopped under a pepper tree and the sun sifted through the branches, bringing out all the scowls of perplexity and earnestness which made his face lovable to his sister. She saw there a lack of content, a lack of softness, and a wearied and bored expression had become almost habitual with him, whom she could remember as having the sunniest and sweetest of dispositions. She felt she owed a certain duty to her brother, and it was sure to prove a most disagreeable one.

"I have a theory," she began slowly, watching his face intently, hoping he would understand her meaning with the fewest words, "that a man should be master in his own home."

"And you think I 'm not?" he asked sharply.

"Do you think you are?" she very gently replied. He gloomed over the thought for a moment and she continued: "A father should be recognized as the master of the home by the children, but I know that such a state is impossible unless the wife and mother acknowledges his supremacy, and treats him with the respect and consideration which she should expect her children to show him."

"I see," he exclaimed shortly. "Go on."

She laughed a little. "But that is not why I must go home. I am telling you a bit about my theories, and you are good enough to listen."

"And to understand," he replied grimly. "Well, why must you go home?"

"You know we live very simply. I 'm sure Sister Ella thinks I do it to economize, and despises me down in her heart for it, but that is really not my reason. I do not believe in rich, indigestible food for growing children, and even grown people are better without it. If we stay here much longer the children are going to get in the habit of eating just what your children do, and it seems rude and horrid of me to refuse to let them be served with pies and cakes and doughnuts while we are your guests. Then too you have such a late and heavy dinner, that they do not sleep well at night, and get up perfect little fiends at breakfast. Even I myself am beginning to feel edgy and tempery."

"We never had tempers at the breakfast table at home Alice," her brother said. "I wonder if these heavy dinners are not to blame for us feeling so ugly in the morning."

"Then you 've noticed it? I am glad

you realize it. Do you remember our mother, Dick? Can you remember of her ever coming to the table in an irritable querulous mood? Father was high tempered and quick, but how her gentle, placid, good nature smoothed every thing over, and yet she was not a meek, weak creature. We minded her every word. I can not recall one instance where we ever jangled or jarred at the table. It was one of her rules that we must lay aside all our annoyances when we sat down to eat. She said we could not be nourished when we were cross or angry."

"By Jove, that is so. I remember how much she used to preach that to us. Why there isn 't a morning now that I do not feel my breakfast like a stone in my stomach until ten o'clock or so."

"I 've followed mother's example," Alice said, gently insistent. Richard had not yet quite grasped the idea she wished to put into his mind. "Many and many a morning I have gotten up feeling tired or headachy but I make it a point to get into cheerful spirits before I sit down to the table. Sometimes I have to take a run along the beach with the kids before I can accomplish it."

He looked at her quizzically, with a dawning in his eyes. "You are a clever little woman," he said at last. "I never before exactly realized it. I 've known it too, but I never analyzed it. Poor girl, she did not have the kind of a mother we had. Say sis, can 't you help me out, and explain things to her? I can 't somehow. I 've let things drift along and it would only raise a row."

"If that is n't just like a man," his sister laughed. "Of course I could not say anything. Why she 'd never speak to me again. Goodness, Dick, dont ask me."

"Now Alice," he began in a most wheedling tone, "I know you are just dying to help your poor, stupid, old brother out of the hole, and with your tact and diplomacy I know you can do it gracefully and without making any feeling. I want you to give up the idea of going home for another couple of weeks and try your hand at a regular reformation. There 's my car. You think it over, and I know you 'll see its a duty you owe me. *Adios.*"

Mrs. Earley walked slowly back to the house. She was considerably perturbed but she knew it was a duty she owed her brother, and she was not the woman to let her own feelings master her when she knew her duty, even though it were of the most disagreeable character. Annie settled part of the difficulty by giving notice. "Let her go," she told her sister-in-law. "We can easily do the work. We will give them plain wholesome food and get along famously."

"Growing children need plenty and a variety, and it takes just as much time to prepare plain food as it does tasty food," Mrs. Parker replied ungraciously.

"More time," Mrs. Earley replied promptly. "It takes more time to make plain food appetizing than it does to make rich food palatable. But children do not need rich food, although they need tasty food."

"I never did agree with you about plain food," Mrs. Parker said grudgingly.

"I know you do not," replied her sister-in-law, "but we wont quarrel about it. You must admit that my children, on plain fare, are as strong and healthy and as well grown as yours, and certainly they are as sweet-tempered."

Mrs. Parker resented the last clause of the sentence but did not know exactly why. She would not acknowledge Mrs. Earley's children were better behaved and better tempered than her own even to herself, but comforted herself with the thought, "They take after their father, just as mine do. If mine had inherited my disposition—"

During the next week Alice discovered what she had really never before known, that her sister-in-law was indolent, careless and slack, and that she had an aversion to work, dreading it, and slighting it in every conceivable way, and when compelled to really apply herself she allowed her ungovernable temper full sway, nursing a grievance constantly because she was obliged to do drudgery for which she was never intended. Mrs. Earley skillfully guided the domestic bark among the boulders of temper, only to run afoul upon the shoals of complaint. The weeks had proved trying, and there was no appar-

ent change in conditions. Continued rasping had worn Mrs. Earley's patience to a frazzle, and a very little thing upset it, so small that she was very much ashamed of herself afterwards.

"Tommy," exclaimed Mrs. Parker, irritably, to her unoffending son, "take those sticks and every bit of paper off this porch this instant and make your kite in the shed."

Tommy, playing quietly and contentedly at the fascinating game of kite manufacture, looked up with surprise at the forbidding brow of his maternal authority, and instantly rolled out his under lip, and blubbered.

"You told me I could make kites out here."

"Dont answer me back," she said angrily, and slapped him instantly. Tommy carried away his litter sobbingly, and Mrs. Parker subsided into a chair in evident relief. Tommy was a handy object upon whom she could always vent her spleen. Mrs. Earley, who sat sewing, felt her hands grow suddenly cold, and her cheeks flush. "I 'm in for it, this time," she thought.

"I have been here several weeks, and Tommy has made kites almost every day in that corner," she said quietly. "What was your reason for correcting him so harshly?" Mrs. Parker looked righteously indignant.

"Why he sassed me," she exclaimed.

"I do not mean that. Why should you drive him into the shed in that way?"

"Because I choose to," snapped Mrs. Parker. "It is not for you to question my authority."

"I do not question your authority," Mrs. Earley replied coolly, "but I do question your method of showing it."

"Well of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker, breathless and almost speechless at her sister-in-law's criticism.

"You are thirty-one, are you not Ella? And yet you have not learned to control your own temper. How can a person have authority over another, when unable to have authority over one's self? How can you expect to raise children to acknowledge your authority when you are yourself perfectly ungovernable?" Although Mrs. Earley's voice was cool and deliberate she was quaking inwardly.

"Why you—you—you—insolent woman you," stuttered Mrs. Parker. "I guess I have authority enough in my own house to make my own children mind, and to order you out of the house even if you are my husband's own sister. I 'll tell him tonight what an insolent ingrate you are, coming here uninvited, and insulting me in my own house."

"Dont let your temper run away with you," Mrs. Earley replied in a insouiciant way particularly aggravating to one whose temper was obviously at fault. "I intend to leave tomorrow. I have stayed the last fortnight only on Dick's account and much against my will. Do you suppose I want my children to be thrown into an atmosphere of fault-finding, unreasonable temper and complaint which you seem to think means home life?"

Mrs. Earley swept magnificently into the house, and packed her baggage, and startled children off to the train at once, not waiting for another day to arrive. Richard met her anxiously at the train in response to her telephone call.

"I' ve put my foot into it," she said laughing shamefacedly, "and I do not think much of myself. You will hear all about it tonight. Ella will never forgive me as long as she lives. A woman with a temper can 't forgive plain truths. I descended to a regular washerwoman level and ballyragged her disgracefully. My boasted tact and diplomacy went glimmering."

He looked at her with tender comprehension. "Tell Bob to take good care of you. You need it. You have had a hard time I know. But dont you worry. I 'll take the racket. It is my turn next, and if you have not succeeded with Ella, go home convinced that your old Dick is thoroughly aroused to his own responsibilities."

In truth he was in for it that evening, but Mrs. Parker had a new and strange force to deal with in her husband who had grown of late years into a sullen indifference. From being indignant that he did not take her part and blame his sister, she began to be surprised in the strength which somehow held her in

check, and from surprise she grew into a state of admiration which every woman feels for the man who is her master. And realizing in a vague way that she was not everything admirable to this lordly creature whose good opinion she was beginning to value, she gradually altered her ideas to win his commendation. It took some time to work a reformation and while she was almost unconscious of what she herself was doing, every effort she made was noticed and approved by her husband. The months went by, and conditions improved, but never once was Mrs. Earley's name mentioned by them. In her most chastened spirit Mrs. Parker never acknowledged to herself that she had needed the lesson which she had received at her sister-in-law's hands. But one day in early spring she did say to her husband:

"I 've written Alice to bring the children and come for a long visit this summer."

The Rise of An Inventive Farm Boy

By Mary Humphrey

LESS than thirty years ago there lived in northern Ohio a farmer lad of fifteen, whose world, to all outward appearances, was bounded by his father's fields and blacksmith shop. For always in one place or the other he might be found throughout the long day, hard at work. And how could others know the geography of his mind, or the distances to which his plans and his castle-building were carrying him? There were, for instance, the boyish dream-trips to Kansas. He did not often speak of these, but he intended, as soon as he grew a bit older, to make his way West, take up a section of land in Kansas, and raise wheat there on a large scale. The fields were to be ploughed by machinery and by machinery the crops were to be gathered and stored.

So the lad worked on, saying little, thinking much.

"That boy Olds is quite a tinkerer," observed a neighboring farmer, who often had occasion to go to the little shop. "It 'll be nip an' tuck whether he turns out farmer or mechanic." But the mechanic in him had a little the better start, if heredity and the influences of earliest environment count for anything. For Pliny F. Olds, the father, was himself no mean machinist, and had previously owned shops in the little town of Geneva, and in Cleveland, Ohio. In the former place the youngest son—who was named Ransom—was born in 1864.

At length the Olds family returned to Cleveland. Ransom attended the public schools there. Then they moved to Lansing, Michigan, where he completed his high-school studies and took a six months' course in business college. After hours, and during vacations and holidays he worked in his father's eighteen-by-twenty-six-foot shop down by the river. Machinery became his dearest friend, his confidential companion, now and then whispering a secret that he alone could hear. He still tinkered. He still thought. But the Kansas dream was slowly fading away or rather, it was being born anew.

In 1885 the ambitious son bought an interest in his father's business, and the first payment of $300 was made from his desultory earnings. He later became a full partner, and in three years busi-



FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGE INVENTED BY MR. OLDS 1886-87.

ness increased so that a large two-story building had to be erected. Gradually the farmer-mechanic had developed into an inventor, and the first practical result of his experimenting was in the form of little one and two-horse power engines, for use in printing houses, meat markets and the like. A demand for these grew, and in a surprisingly short time they were being shipped to all parts of the United States and Great Britain.

Meanwhile, the big dream was taking on a more tangible form. Mr. Olds's consuming ambition now was to successfully apply the motor in place of the horse. He used to get between the thills of a buggy and draw it around in order to form some idea of the power required. Patiently and persistently he experimented—his working day usually beginning at six in the morning and ending at midnight.

At last, after many discouragements and much anxiety, the first gasoline steam carriage in America was completed and was operated on the streets of Lansing in the year 1887. It was a crude affair and needed much improvement, this fulfillment of Mother Shipton's prophecy. But it would *go*—it meant SUCCESS! Find a sweeter word for the inventor's ear.

Mr. Olds tells how at this time it was necessary for him to do his riding between three and four o'clock in the morning, as every horse was more than likely to run away at the merest sight of its new rival. Visitors came daily to his barn where he kept the machine—some to praise and admire, some to criticise, some to scoff. One man among his acquaintances would openly twit him with such remarks as these:



MR. OLDS IN HIS FIRST FOUR-WHEELED MACHINE.



THE MACHINE WHICH WAS SHIPPED TO THE PATENT MEDICINE COMPANY AT BOMBAY, INDIA, IN 1893.

"Hello, Olds! How's the wonderful no-hoss shay?"

"Is your toy ready for the scrap-iron pile yet?"

"Why dont you stop wasting your time on that fool machine?"

But no mere words could put a check on the energy and industry of the young inventor. The noisy *chug, chug*, of his little gasoline carriage gradually became a familiar sound on the streets, and although horses did their utmost to politely ignore it there were many nerve-racking introductions. Today Mr. Olds probably holds the distance record as an autoist. He estimates it quite conservatively

—this represents extensive touring-car travel all over the country—as not far from 75,000 miles. Naturally, it is with no little amused pleasure that he looks back to his first real automobile trip. He rode three miles out into the country and back again. At a discreet distance behind him he had Mrs. Olds follow with their horse and buggy, in preparation for anticipated catastrophe. But the breakdown failed to materialize, and horse and driver were left far in the rear. A farmer along the roadside called out to him:

"How much?"

"Oh, about a thousand dollars," was the reply.

"Well," answered the farmer, in bantering tone, "Gimme a quarter's worth!"

Mr. Olds kept improving his first effort until, in 1892, he brought out a machine that was generally admitted the first practical success. The *Scientific American* for May, that year, gave considerable space to an illustrated description of it. This machine and its maker were much sought as an attraction at county fairs throughout lower Michigan —and for each exhibition he received fifty dollars and expenses. Cross-country trips were made to the various small towns, and wherever word had gone forth that the horseless carriage would pass that way, the country roads were lined with curious onlookers, who stared, wide-eyed, with mouths agape.



JAVANESE CHILDREN IN A REO TOURING CAR AT SURABAYA, JAVA, DUTCH EAST INDIES.

This model was sold in 1893 to a patent medicine firm who took it to Bombay, India.

Inevitably the new idea—new, that is, in practical demonstration in America, though centuries old in conception—began to find individual expression in different parts of the country. And when, in 1894, the Chicago *Times-Herald* offered a prize of $1,000 for the horseless carriage that would make the best record in a twenty-mile race along the lake shore and the boulevard drive, a goodly



R. E OLDS AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST HORSELESS CARRIAGE SUCCESS.

number were entered for the contest. Mr. Olds lacked representation because the carriage upon which he was at work was not completed in time. Indeed, less than a dozen of all the listed entries put in an appearance, and but one succeeded in finishing the race, which proved, nevertheless, a great stimulus to automobile manufacturing in America.

Four years later found Mr. Olds living in Detroit, Michigan—president and general manager of the Olds Motor Works, which in an almost incredibly brief time was doing a business well up into the millions. When the works were removed to Lansing, he, too, went back, but soon retired from the management of the company, and later sold out his interests. At this time he had no thought of ever again becoming actively engaged in the manufacture of automobiles. And just here this story might have ended, for the dream of a young man had been realized, and the labor of America's pioneer builder of horseless carriages had been generously rewarded.

But in August, 1904, Mr. Olds's friends made him an offer whereby he was to be given a controlling interest in a million-dollar motor company—the stock was subscribed in three hours' time—provided he would consent to become president and general manager. He accepted the position because, after all, he had found it next to impossible to break from the thing which had become so much a part of his life. Straightway he wired one of his old engineers, leased a small factory building for temporary use, and began making plans for a new machine, which he felt must needs be better than anything he had hitherto constructed. A single false move, he well understood, and the whole thing would fail. But the wisdom of experience was at the helm—and there were no false moves.

In a month the wheels of the new motor-car company's factory were set going, and early in October the first "Reo" car was run out for trial. Meantime plans were being drawn for the permanent factory buildings and work on them was begun. The great plant sprung up as if by magic. Mr. Olds personally superintended its construction, selecting the equipment and ordering material necessary for the first thousand cars. Today the factory's annual output is between six and seven thousand cars, the entire number of which is practically sold in advance.

Recently I called upon Mr. Olds at the factory. After a long wait I was shown into the private office, and from a desk piled high with correspondence he rose to greet me—a man of medium



R. E. OLDS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

height, black hair slightly tinged with grey; clean-cut features outlining a face fairly boyish in expression.

Mr. Olds suggested that we take a look about the place, and as he led me, quietly explaining as we went, in and out of the long, well-lighted shops humming with industry and obvious prosperity, through the testing, drafting and fairly numberless other departments—and even to the engine room, where, with a power that seemed almost more than human, the mammoth engine, like a great, throbbing heart, was pulsing life into every artery of the factory—it occurred to me that an establishment like this is a monument that ought to satisfy even the most ambitious of mortals.

Back in the office again, we talked for an hour or more. Throughout the entire conversation Mr. Olds spoke modestly, yet with refreshing frankness, of his youthful dreams, and of the success that has come with the years.

"It's remarkable, how all this came about," I said, half to myself, thinking, bird's-eye fashion, of the metamorphosis of a farmer lad into the wealthy, much-traveled man of affairs before me.

"Well," he replied, without a trace of egotism,"I suppose it's hard work that did it. Hard work, and, then, you know,"—with a slight laugh—"I never gave up, I always did the work myself. And even now I never experiment at the expense of others. And I never work on borrowed capital—not a single dollar of it. Yes, hard work and the confidence of friends have accomplished wonders."



IN THE 1908 GLIDDEN TOUR.



Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

The moral law of the universe is progress. Every generation that passes idly over the earth without adding to that progress remains uninscribed upon the register of humanity, and the succeeding generations trample its ashes as dust. [*Mazzini.*]

Note.—Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Would Prohibit Further Sale of Public Timber Lands.

A bill which proposes to entirely prevent the further sale of public timber lands has met with expected death in the session of Congress just closed. This revolutionary measure was introduced by Senator Nelson of Minnesota, chairman of the public lands committee, and was supposedly in harmony with the opinions of ex-President Roosevelt and other advocates of the necessity of immediate and extreme action in the conservation of the natural resources of our land. The bill demands the complete repeal of the timber-and-stone act, and it was hardly to be expected that such a radical law could be passed in a single session of Congress. It is provided in the bill that the entire area of open timber land be transferred to the Forestry Service, which would then have entire jurisdiction over all of the Nation's timber land. The timber would be open to public sale at appraised value as fast as it matured, one-fourth of the sale price to be turned over to the road and school fund of the county where located, and the remaining seventy-five per cent of the sale price to be added to the state reclamation fund of the states affected by the National Reclamation Act, otherwise to go into the general treasury fund. Such a law would not be without precedent among nations, for early last year all of the public timber lands of Canada, with the exception of those that had been leased, were created a forest reserve of 150,000,000 acres and withdrawn from sale. Such action, too, would be in harmony with a universal conservation movement which was the central theme of the North American Conservation Congress held in Washington, D. C. last month.

Indian Reservations to Be Opened to Settlement.

Congress has been urged by the Secretary of Interior to pass a law for the further protection of the Indians in the matter of the allotment of land to them. During the years 1909 and 1910 several million acres of land, at present included in

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the Indian reservations of the West, will be thrown open to public settlement. Previous to the opening of these lands all of the Indians who are so entitled will be allowed to make land selections for homesites. Many of these allotments have been made in previous years, and it has sometimes happened through error or ignorance that Indians have been allotted what has later proved to be almost worthless land. The Secretary of Interior is making a final plea for the Indian before the entire reservation is absorbed, before the last march of the White Man. He asks that the Indians be allowed to exchange their worthless land for an equal area of the unappropriated portion of the reservation, arguing that they are entitled to the best. The preliminary work necessary before these reservations can be opened by presidential proclamation are: surveying; allotment to Indians; classification of land into various grades of arid, grazing, irrigable, agricultural, timber and mineral; and the appraisal of the different classifications. From one-fifth to one-third of the appraised value of the lands is usually required to be paid in cash at the time of the entry, the balance in several annual payments, but some of the lands are to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder and still others are open to homestead entry. The following reservations are expected to be opened during 1909: Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, 310,000 acres; Lemhi, Idaho, 64,000 acres; Flathead, Montana, 1,200,000 acres; Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache, Oklahoma, amount unannounced; Rosebud, Gregory County, South Dakota, 50,000 acres; Spokane, Washington, 153,600 acres, and Yakima, Washington, 1,145,000 acres. During 1910 it is expected that the Blackfoot, Montana, reservation of 500,000 acres will be opened; the Cheyenne River and Standing Rock reservations, South and North Dakota, of something less than 2,600,000 acres; Colville, Washington, reservation, about 1,000,000 acres; and Fort Peck, Montana, reservation with an estimated 1,776,000 acres, less the Indian allotments that are yet to be made.

Attempt to Place Reclamation Work Under Congress.

There have been several attempts to take the authority for the expenditure of the Reclamation fund away from the Secretary of Interior and place it under Congress. The latest of these moves is in the form of a bill before the last Congress introduced by Representative Englebright of California. It is thought that there is little danger that such a bill will ever become a law for it would almost entirely destroy the efficiency of the Reclamation Service by making all of its acts subject

to the log-rolling whims and delays to which Congress is subject. Under the proposed law, Congress would have the power to stop the work on a project at any time and appropriations would certainly vary directly as to the strength and influence of the delegations from the various sections and states. After July 1, 1910, the bill stipulates, specific authority must be had from Congress before any money can be expended from the Reclamation fund; no new contracts can be made without such orders, nor old ones completed. It is well known how certain departments of public service, such as, for example, the Geological Survey, have been crippled by being compelled to depend on Congress each session for their appropriations. The reclamation work under its present form may be classed as broadly paternalistic, yet it is business-like and common-sensed and, best of all, removed from politics.

Will Attempt to Recover Lands Fraudulently Acquired.

What would have created a sensation a few years ago is the recent announcement of Secretary Garfield that there are 32,000 cases of alleged land fraud in the West which demand investigation. Lands to the approximate value of $110,000,000, it is charged, have been fraudulently acquired during the past two years. Nearly all of these cases that demand further investigation are in the states west of the Mississippi. Congress has been asked for a million-dollar appropriation for the purpose of hiring special agents to carry on the investigations looking to the recovery of this vast amount of public property. Merely as a business proposition it is claimed that ten dollars in property value is recovered for every dollar spent. There is special need of immediate action in these cases for if title to land is uncontested for a period of six years the statute of limitation prevents any action. These wholesale frauds are charged to the class of soulless individuals and corporations who look upon the immense undeveloped resources of the West as invitations to grab and hoard. In the attempt to provide for the home-seeker we have been negligent in hedging about unscrupulous and dare-devilish speculators.

State Reforestation in the West.

That the principles of forestry have a state as well as a national application is now fully realized. This realization is proved by the fact that several Western states have already agitated the matter of reforestation. At the last session of the Oregon Legislature a bill was introduced



which provided for the replanting of trees by the state. Under the proposed law it becomes the duty of a state forester to replant any area from which the timber has been removed on application of the owner of the land. At the end of forty years an assessment of ten dollars an acre is to be charged against the owner of the lands reforested, one half of this amount to be turned in to the school fund and the remainder to be credited to the state reforestation fund. Timber is still so plentiful in the Northwest that the needs of reforestation have not been pressed on the people, and it was not to be expected that such a law could pass, but it will furnish scaffolding for future laws.

Credit for still a greater step towards conservation must be given to the state of Washington, since it is a higher art to save than to restore. The Conservation Commission of that state prepared resolutions which the Governor promised to place before the Legislature in a special message. The recommendation was that, in the future sale of any state timber land, restrictions as to the manner of cutting the timber should be attached. This recommendaton has brought up the interesting question as to whether the state might go a big step further and place restrictions upon all of the privately owned timber lands. It may be a point to the issue to note that the same question recently came before the State Legislature of Maine. Not wishing to assume unwarranted authority, a resolution was passed submitting this question to the Supreme Court of the state. The opinion returned by the court was that the state had constitutional authority, under the "general welfare" clause, to legislate as to the manner in which private timber could be cut, and was able to force forestry principles upon timber owners whether they wished it or not. That such sentiments should be promoted by representative men in the very heart of the largest bodies of standing timber in America, proves awakened public interest. Considered in its national scope, however, these sentiments are only too few, and stop only too soon, since competent authorities have proved to us that we as a nation are cutting our forests three and one-half times as fast as they are growing.

Would Aid Delinquent Settlers on Reclamation Projects.

A bill has been placed before Congress by a Nevada senator which is a plea to the Reclamation Service for leniency in dealing with delinquent settlers on the Government reclamation projects. Under existing law the Secretary of Interior has no choice but to enforce his collection of the annual payments on the land when they come due. If these payments are not made then, the land is subject to contest and the settler must lose his farm and his work no matter how honest he may have been or how adverse his circumstanees. The proposed amendment recommends that the Secretary of Interior use his discretion as to the manner of dealing with delinquents. The settler must prove, however, that he has established a home and improved his land, and that the lapse of payment is due to physical conditions beyond his control. The clamor for leniency has largely come from the Minidoka project in Idaho and the Truckee-Carson in Nevada, the settlers of which claim that they did not receive water in time for the irrigation of the crops that should have met the first payment. Though the first payment is not due for more than a year, settlers on the Klamath projects in Oregon and California are also pleading for leniency. To present the other side of the question, it is realized that any great amount of leniency would have a very bad effect. Slothfulness would be encouraged, the daring new settler would attempt more than he could be reasonably certain of fulfilling, it would be unbusinesslike on the part of the Government and injustice to the state from whom the reclamation fund is in reality borrowed, and above all it would be decidedly unfair to the prospective settler on the new project who must wait until the millions that have been expended on the first project have been returned before the second can be constructed. The fair solution is perhaps on the medium ground where the honest man suffering unavoidable hardship is protected, but where none are pauperized and the croakers are not permitted to stagnate the rotating reclamation fund.

Items From Here and There.

Due to the combined facts of the growing interest in the West and its opportunities, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, and the low colonist rates offered by the transcontinental railroads, it is expected that the West will have a record number of visitors during the next few months. Thousands who have gained their impression of the West from their childhood Indian-book or the tales of their adventurous uncle, and who really dont expect to see anything much besides cowboys and coyotes, will be pleasantly disillusioned. The Western man usually knows the East but the Eastern man seldom knows the West, and not knowing the West he knows little about his native land.

Some there are who criticise as overdrawn and a bit sensational, Mr. Roosevelt's last message to Congress in which he warns us against the formation of a giant water-power monopoly, more ugly and blood-sucking than any previously known, because coming closer to our domestic and industrial life. Whatever may be, it still seems very likely that the next age will have a special problem as well as this age.



8-inch	10-inch	12-inch	Victor Double-Faced Records	Victor Red Seal Records
35 cents	60 cents	$1	10-inch, 75 cents; 12-inch, $1.25	$1 and upwards

Victor Records

It isn't any one thing, but *all* things combined that make *Victor quality.*

Best

Artists Caruso, Calve, Eames, Farrar, Gadski, Homer, Melba, Plancon, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Sembrich and Tetrazzini are among the world's greatest operatic stars who make records exclusively for the *Victor*.

Sousa and his band, Pryor's Band, and many famous instrumental soloists make records only for the *Victor*.

May Irwin, Vesta Victoria, Nat M. Wills, Clarice Vance, Alice Lloyd and Maude Raymond are among the leading vaudeville artists who make records only for the *Victor*.

Selections The choicest masterpieces of the greatest composers, favorite hymns, the good old songs of heart and home, as well as the newest and most popular selections of the day.

Recording Every part of every selection is perfectly recorded on *Victor Records*. If there happens to be even the smallest flaw, the artists sing or play the selection over again until every part is absolutely perfect. The artists are just as particular as the *Victor* laboratory staff to have every selection perfect.

Materials The materials used in making *Victor Records* are the best that money can buy. The various ingredients form a scientific compound, particularly adapted to fine tone recording and reproduction, that was discovered only after long research and costly experiment by the *Victor* staff of expert chemists. Every *Victor Record* is carefully made by skilled workmen.

Reproducing The result is that every Victor Record has that unequalled, sweet, clear, true-to-life, musical tone-quality which puts *Victor Records* in a class by themselves far above all competition.

Every *Victor Record is* a work of art.

Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor Records* you want to hear.

Write to us today for complete catalogues of the *Victor* and *Victor-Victrola*, and of 3000 *Victor Records*.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

A complete list of new Victor Records for April will be found in the April number of Munsey's, Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's and May Cosmopolitan

Realizing that the prosperity and the very existence of a section or an industry is in the hands of the railroads, we are attempting to so hedge our railroads about with enforceable laws, that different sections and industries will be allowed equal opportunity and given fair treatment. It has been prophesied that the problem of the next generation will be the regulation of the method of supply and charge for electricity. Electricity affords power, heat, light and transportation. The very possibility of electricity will be based on water power, hence the opportunity of the monopolist, should he be abroad and a prophet. The president insisted in his impassioned manner that all power franchises should be limited to a fixed period of years and include an annual fee for the horse-power used. Our water power, he thinks, if utilized, would be sufficient for our present transportation, industrial, manufacturing and domestic needs. That his argument should touch the West is realized in the remembrance that the great undeveloped power resources of the nation are west of the Rockies.

It is announced that enough wool has been pledged by Western stockmen to materialize the dream of a national wool-warehouse. In brief the plan of the movement is to eliminate the commission man in the handling of the annual wool crop, and the pooling of the clip to secure the best market price. The central warehouse is to be built in Chicago and the scheme is to be partly financed by business men of that city, the woolmen in turn pledging not less than 25,000,000 pounds of wool to the warehouse. The movement is claimed to have no purpose of trade monopoly but to be purely for the protection of the sheepman against the unscrupulous middleman. The plan was opposed by some of the small growers on the ground that there was thus no chance to get quick returns from their crops.

The National Reclamation Service has no appropriation of funds for advertising its various projects, so must depend largely upon voluntary contributions of newspaper space for the publicity necessary to reach the most desirable class of settlers. It is usually easy to get newspaper space, however, for anything about reclamation is good "copy," and to advertise the projects of their own state is classed as good boosting, an art in which each Western community attempts to excel. One of the minor means of advertising these projects has been encouraged by the department in their preparation and free distribution of a large number of lantern slides which are scattered among the various lecture bureaus, and to all who ask in good reason.

One of the questions that is periodically agitated in and out of Congress is the manner of control of the open range of the West. The only present law relating to the range is a prohibition of its fencing. While at a first glance this law would seem to be for the common good of all, in that it insures equal opportunity, it is said not to be highly regarded, because it prevents the building of drift-fences and any sort of mutual range division. The last report of Secretary Garfield urges that the law be modified. There is a growing sentiment that the public range should be subject to some sort of leasing system, permitting it to be fenced for a fixed period of time on the payment of a small rental. It is believed that such a system would go far in the prevention of the shameful, serious and costly range wars between the cattlemen and the sheepmen of certain sections of the West.

While the principles of forestry are hundreds of years old, their local application will long be a matter of experimentation as to methods, means and results. One of the newest experiments of the Forestry Service relates to protection from forest fires and reforestation, and has its setting in the Lassen National Forest of California. The chapparal growth of the foothills of this particular forest forms a very dangerous fire risk and, above this, prevents reforestation due to its dense growth. The scheme to be tried out is the herding of three thousand goats on the hillsides in lines parallel to the contour, allowing them to kill out the brush. This will serve the double purpose of forming fire lines for checking forest fires, and clearing a zone that may be reseeded. To give some system to the fire lines, rough trails are to be constructed first, which it is thought, the goats will follow in their grazing.

OREGON.

State Railroad Is Agitated for Transportation Relief.

After waiting more than a generation for a railroad for the transportation relief of Central Oregon—the largest area in the United States without a railroad—it seems that the people of the state are about to take the matter into their own hands and build a state railroad. Already the matter of a state railroad is beyond the talking point, for a resolution was passed by the last session of the Legislature providing for the submission to a vote of the people, a constitutional amendment permitting the state to build and operate railroads within its borders. It is said that there is never a war or a revolution as long as there are two possible solutions of the pressing problem. It was naturally to be expected that the



"A Useful Ally"

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Imagine an entertainment where every performer is a star and every number a selection of your own

THAT describes the entertainment of an Edison Phonograph. You need not dress for it, go out after it, arrange your time for it or pay for admission to it. It takes place in your home, at your convenience, as often as you like.

You listen—that is the extent of your effort. You hear Manuel Romain sing just as you would if he stood before you. You hear Maurice Levi's Band play under his spirited direction and forget the medium by which his artistic efforts are brought to you.

Or you enjoy the talents of such clever entertainers as Ada Jones, Cal Stewart, Byron G. Harlan, Billy Murray and Steve Porter.

Do you doubt this excellence in the Edison Phonograph? Then hear it. Go to an Edison store; select the Record of a singer you have heard and a song you know. This test has placed the Edison Phonograph in a million homes.

Ask particularly to hear an Amberol Record, Mr. Edison's latest contribution to Phonographic entertainment; a Record that preserves the sweet, clear tones of the Standard Edison Records, yet plays or sings twice as long and costs but a trifle more.

Edison Phonographs are sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States, $12.50 to $125.00. Amberol Records, 50c.; regular Edison Records, 35c.; Grand Opera Records, 75c.

Ask your dealer or write to us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

With the Edison Business Phonograph you dictate at your convenience and the typewriting department does the rest.



Thomas A Edison

National Phonograph Co. **74 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.**

merits of this vast section of over 40,000 square miles without a railroad, would bring its own relief in time, especially since it contains some of the most promising wheat belts of the Northwest; contains the largest reclamation projects in the state; contains a large part of the best timber land of the state, and is rich in agricultural and stock-raising possibilities. But a peculiar circumstance as to location has existed for a number of years. The region is surrounded by the celebrated "Harriman Fence," which is made up of the Union Pacific at the south, Oregon Short Line at the east, the O. R. & N. at the north, and the Southern Pacific up the Willamette Valley at the west. Harriman has control of the entire Fence. It was a splendid manipulation, since all of the traffic of the state was compelled to come his way and his Fence kept competing lines out. Harriman made money. Dividends of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company have increased from three and one-half per cent in 1897 to eighteen per cent in 1908; there was a dividend of one per cent on common stock in 1897, but both common and preferred stock paid seventy-nine per cent in 1908. The people of the state then argued with Mr. Harriman that the dividends from Oregon roads should go towards Oregon railroad development. The net result of their logic was big flourishing promises—but no railroads. The people seem to think that there is now only one solution to their railroad problem, and they have revolted from the one-man domination of their state and threaten to turn railroad builders and themselves open for settlement and development, the Central Oregon Empire —the largest area in the United States without a railroad.

16,000 Acres to be Irrigated in Josephine County.

Through the installation of the largest high-pressure pump in the world to lift water 200 feet from the Rogue River, a 16,000-acre tract of land near Grants Pass is to be irrigated by the Josephine County Irrigation & Power Company. The company is composed of local people and they have been assisted by an expert from the Reclamation Service in working out the details of the project. The water is to be supplied at the flat rate of five dollars per acre by another company, but the irrigation company is given an option for the purchase of the plant within a reasonable term of years, if they so desire. The land to be irrigated is all owned by farmers and the climate is especially adapted for the growing of fruit and vegetables. This event is considered the most important in the history of the city, and the new irrigation system is expected to provide occupation for 50,000 people in and about Grants Pass. Water is promised in time for next season's irrigation.

Government to Establish Experiment Farm on Klamath Marsh.

The future of thousands of acres of land in the Klamath Marsh, near the southern border of the state, is to be determined by the results of the experiments on the quarter-section experiment farm that has been set aside by the Reclamation Service. The lands of this large marsh are known to be very rich, but they must first be drained and then irrigated. The farm will serve to determine the agricultural value of the land, and also to solve some of the engineering problems relative to its reclamation. It is a question as to whether the lands should be completely drained and later irrigated by overflow, or whether with a part of the water removed the land will sub-irrigate. The agricultural experiments on the farm will be watched with great interest, for land experts have declared that this area is destined to become one of the greatest celery producing sections of the United States.

Hope to Develop Alfalfa That Will Grow on Dry Land.

If the experiments at the Eastern Oregon experiment station, at Union, continue to be as successful, as there is promise of at the present time, there will be developed an alfalfa that will grow on dry land without irrigation. Alfalfa is the chief forage crop of irrigated land and is almost one of the essentials, and a great profit producer, in a stock-raising section. After the first setting of the alfalfa plant, it will continue to produce from two to ten tons of hay per acre annually with no greater care required than occasional irrigation during the dry season. If the new experiments prove a success even the water will be made optional, and then great sections of dry land in the arid and semi-arid sections will grow this greatest of forage crops. At the experiment farm alfalfa seed has been collected from every alfalfa-growing country of the world. The varieties that are showing the best results after two years of experimenting are non-irrigated Arabian, Sand Lucerne from Germany, and a special selection from Turkestan.

Items From All Parts of the State.

It is said that 10,000 acres of land near Pendleton have been fenced up and put under cultivation during the past fall and winter. This land was formerly thought to be of only slight value as grazing land until it was demonstrated that it would produce valuable crops of grain, and now the thresher and the combined-harvester will displace the cowboy and his scattered herds.



The Howard Watch

Rhythm and regularity of stroke is one of the great points of good oarsmanship. With long training a boat's crew attains it in imperfect degree.

In the balance-wheel of a fine watch this rhythm and regularity of beat is called *isochronism*—a difficult word for a difficult thing.

A scientific test will show that in practical everyday use the balance wheel of a HOWARD Watch pulsates with more perfect rhythm and regularity than that of any other watch in the world.

The HOWARD Watch is more closely and permanently adjusted to *isochronism.*

Every HOWARD Watch is cased at the factory and timed and adjusted in its own case by the HOWARD watchmakers.

The price of each watch—from 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00, to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.00. —is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every Jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.
Drop us a postal card, Dept. Y, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

A company has been incorporated at Elgin, in the northeastern part of the state which has for its chief commercial purpose the clearing of logged-off lands in that vicinity and planting them to orchards. He who can make a fruit tree grow where before there was only a stump is surely a benefactor. A large area of land has been brought into cultivation in this section during the past few years and it is said that it is easily cleared.

Over 2,000 land-filings are said to have been made during the past eighteen months in the section between Prineville and Bend, in Crook County, known as the low desert. The quarter-section dry-farms that were thought not worth taking up half a dozen years ago are now selling at from $1,000 to $2,000. Much of this land is in reach of the irrigation systems leading out from the Deschutes River and water for domestic use can be had from wells. Land in this section will take another big jump in value when Central Oregon is reached by a railroad.

The chamber of commerce of Burns, Harney County, has prepared a resolution asking the Secretary of Interior to appropriate a small amount of money for testing the possibility of artesian water for the irrigation of the fertile valleys of the county. Such an investigation is held to be within the authority of the Reclamation Service and preliminary reports of the Government have held this section to be especially favorable in contour for artesian water.

Baker City—Among the important developments made in the Baker Valley during the last few months, adjacent to Baker City are the extensive improvements in connection with the Sunnyslope irrigated tract. This tract comprises some 3,500 acres of splendid land for homeseekers, and it is being disposed of in small tracts. Work is now under way on a large reservoir to cover 240 acres in area which will store water and furnish it to consumers to irrigate 8,000 acres.

Soil surveys under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, looking to the determination of soil adaptability and possibility, will be undertaken in the following counties of the state as soon as funds are available: Coos, Linn, Washington, Clatsop, Hood River and Umatilla.

Comice pears from the Bear Creek orchard lands near Medford, in Southern Oregon, have broken their own previous record of $8.20 a box, by being sold for $10.08 a box in London. It is thought that this price is by far the record ever received for this class of fruit.

To build one of the largest boat and shipbuilding plants on the Coast, is the plan of the Portland company that has recently purchased a fifty-five-acre tract on the water front of the Willamette River a short distance north of Oregon's metropolis.

It is the plan of the Hubbard Fruit Farms Association to plant a thousand-acre orchard a few miles north of Salem. The company is capitalized for $240,000 and their attempt is said to be the first systematic one to convert the large farms of the Willamette Valley into small orchards The orchards developed will be under skilled men and the general methods of the fruit growers' unions of Hood River and Washington will be followed in the marketing of their peaches, apples and cherries.

The Monarch Lumber Company has purchased approximately two billion feet of timber in the forests of Washington County, which they plan to bring to Portland to be sawed into lumber. This scheme involves the building of at least twenty-two miles of railroad and perhaps the largest sawmill in the northwest, the latter to be located in St. Johns, a suburb of Portland.

The Portland, Baker City & Butte Electric Railroad Company has been incorporated in Portland for two million dollars with the avowed purpose of building a railroad from Portland south and east through Central Oregon, past Baker City and through Idaho to Butte, Montana, the terminus.

The sum of $21,000 has been paid for a 270-acre tract of land two miles west of Corvallis, in the center of the Willamette Valley. The purchasers are Eastern fruit experts and this site has been selected for a large orchard after investigating the merits of all of the famed fruit-growing sections of the Northwest.

The Hood River Apple Growers' Union reports the shipment of about 225 cars of apples of the 1908 crop from this well-known section. Of this large shipment, netting $275,000, all but twenty-five cars of the apples have been placed on the market as strictly fancy grade, and the remaining twenty-five cars are classed as choice.

Dr. George Wharton James, author, lecturer, traveler and naturalist, stopped in Portland during a recent tour of the Northwest, and in a talk to some business men expressed the view that the city's scenery was its chief asset, and that he had never seen a more beautiful sight than the panoramic view of rivers, valleys and mountains as viewed from Council Crest and Portland Heights. It was disclosed by the Mayor of Portland that each city administration had followed a systematic plan for preserving the natural beauty of the city as outlined by Olmstead Bros. of Boston, and that a million dollars was now avail-

When you want to make time, what is the limiting factor? Is it the horse-power of the motor, or is it the way the automobile rides?

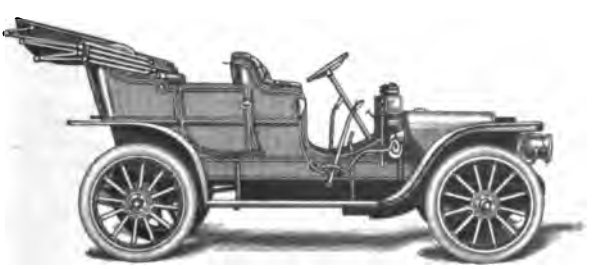
There is only one answer, and it explains why it is that Franklin automobiles excel all others on American roads. You may have 60 horse-power and your maximum speed may be seventy miles an hour, but at the end of a day's touring you have not gone as far as your neighbor in his Franklin of less horse-power. Your speed is held down to what the passengers can endure and to what you think the automobile will stand.

Speed then is a question of comfort—a question of the way the automobile rides.

An automobile that transmits shocks and vibration to the chassis cannot possibly ride comfortably and you can not make time.

Franklins have full-elliptic springs and a laminated wood chassis frame—the only construction that absorbs and neutralizes road shocks. Half-elliptic springs to be anywhere near as good as the Franklin springs would have to be seven feet long—an impracticable length. Then the wood chassis frame gives additional flexibility, and at the same time it is lighter and stronger than the hardened steel frame commonly used. If you are interested we will mail you a reprint of a technical article on this subject from the Horseless Age.

Look into this question of comfort. Ride in a Franklin. Then ride in other automobiles over the same roads at the same speed. You will understand the meaning and value of non-jarring, easy-riding construction.



FRANKLIN MODEL D, four-cylinder, 28 horse-power, five-passenger touring-car, 2200 pounds, $2800. Single or double rumble seat runabout, $2700. Standard finish touring-car, royal blue; runabout, red and black. 36-inch wheels, same size as used on the best water-cooled automobiles weighing a thousand pounds more. Sheet aluminum body on steel angle frame---the strongest and lightest automobile body made. Three large and powerful brakes, acting on transmission and rear wheels. Selective type transmission, positive gear-driven oiler, Bosch high tension magneto.

Our forty-page catalogue de luxe treats the whole automobile question in a clear and fair manner, shows why the Franklin, now in its eighth year, is the automobile for those who want the highest standard of comfort and ability. Write for it.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

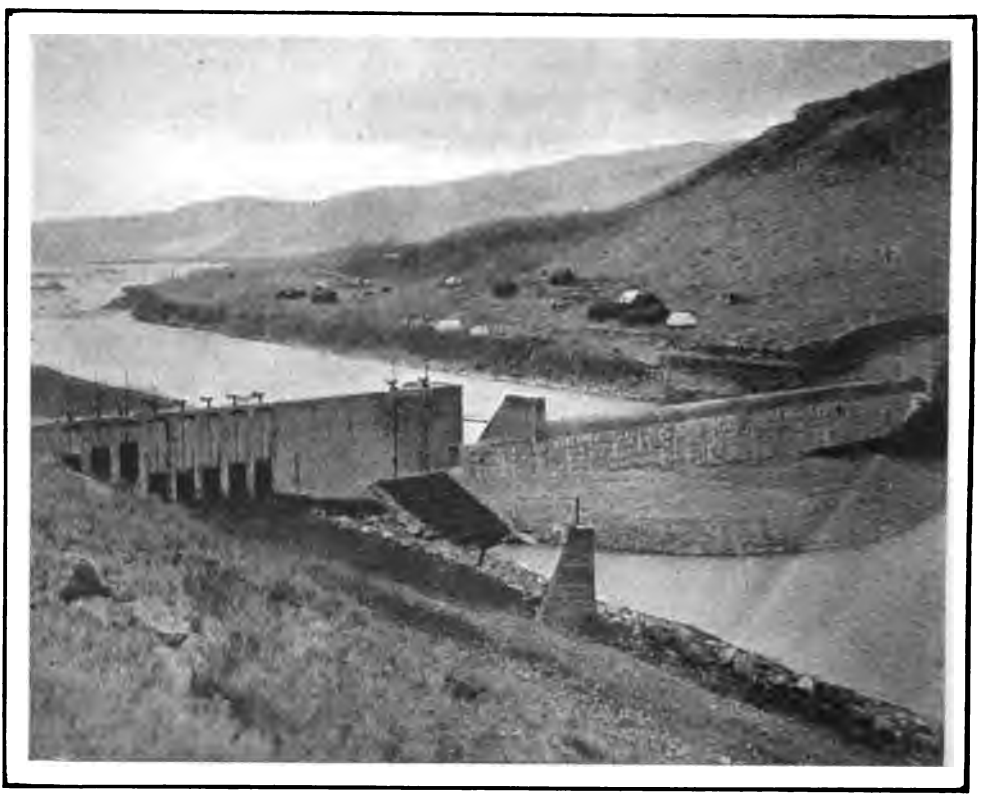
able for improving parks and boulevards.

The city of Eugene, at the head of the Willamette Valley, is one of the progressive cities in this, one of the largest and most fertile valleys of the entire West. Eugene is the home of the University of Oregon, and among the new buildings just completed and under construction are a Federal Building, depot, postoffice, hotel and Y. M. C. A. building.

IDAHO.

Progress on the Big Payette-Boise Government Project.

Boise, Idaho.—An event of far-reaching importance and marking the partial consummation of a plan to transform to agricultural uses the largest body of sagebrush land embraced in one project in the United States occurred here recently.



THE NEWLY-COMPLETED DAM OF THE PAYETTE-BOISE RECLAMATION PROJECT.

In the presence of a large number of settlers and residents of the valley the big headgates of the newly constructed Government dam in the Boise River were opened and the pent-up waters gushed into the broad canal.

For months the settlers on the south side of the project have been watching with deep interest the progress of work on this structure, for upon its completion rested their hopes of an early and abundant supply of water. The dam is located eight miles southeast of Boise where the river emerges from its canyon. It is of cyclopean concrete founded on compact gravel. The spillway, or dam proper, is 216 feet long, fifty feet wide at the base and fifty-one feet high.

As the big headgates were opened and the life-giving waters gushed into the canal, the scene was viewed with varying emotions by the throngs gathered there. The engineers gazed with satisfaction at the beautifully finished structure; the farmers saw an abundance of water in their canals, orchards laden with fruit, and enormous yields of grain and alfalfa. But to the statesmen came the visions of a new Idaho, an Idaho with possibilities unsurpassed by any state in all the golden West. They saw a home on every forty acres of the project, a rural population of

How to Choose a Floor Finish

Some finishes for floors last a week—and are gone.

Others, costing no more, last a year.

You must choose between wax, on which every footstep leaves a mark—

And the *right* varnish which is permanent—perfect.

But if you decide against the constant care and endless refinishing of wax, be sure to get the *right* varnish.

For of 1,000 varnishes only one is tough enough—elastic enough—for floors. There are 1,000 common varnishes.

There is but one *Elastica.*

Elastica

Floor Finish

After 39 years of patient experiment, we have produced, in *Elastica*, a varnish which *bends* under weight — without cracking.

Where common varnishes are brittle, this varnish is elastic.

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Then, because it is so tough, so elastic, it slowly smoothes itself back into shape.

The properties of this floor finish are new in the world of varnish making.

They are due in part to our exclusive secret process of ageing our oils.

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Choose whether you will trouble with wax or common varnishes when you can now get this permanent, perfect varnish.

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not less than 50,000 people, and 50,000 more people living in the cities and towns which have been growing by leaps and bounds since the initiation of the Government system gave assurance of an ample water supply. From conservative estimates of a decade ago on the value of irrigated land and crops it took no complicated calculation to figure out that more than eighteen million dollars worth of taxable property in land values alone will be added to the wealth of the state upon the completion of the project, and that crops worth not less than six millions of dollars will be grown annually. Already new railroad lines are being built through the agricultural area, new mines are being opened, and the stock-raising industry increased.

But let us follow the progress of the water taken from the Boise dam. The canal extends for twenty-four miles to a point on Indian Creek above Kuna. This creek then carries the water for eight miles, when another canal twelve miles long carries it to the Deer Flat Reservoir. Occasionally along this route a smaller ditch diverts water to supplement the supply from other sources, but the principal function of this canal is to feed the Deer Flat Reservoir.

This reservoir was formed by building two long earthen dams in depressions between surrounding hills. The Lower Embankment, known as the Hubbard and Carlson dam, is 3,930 feet long and 68 feet high. It is 360 feet wide on the bottom, and a driveway 20 feet wide extends along the top. The Upper Embankment is only 43 feet high and 200 feet wide on the bottom, but it has a length of nearly a mile and a half, and the volume of each embankment is approximately 1,000,000 cubic yards. The process of construction was a marvel of modern engineering. Great steam shovels of the type used in digging the Panama Canal tore gravel from the hillsides, two bites of one of the giant machines filling a car, while big steam plows dug up trainloads of clay, which were also dumped from movable tracks laid along the top of the embankments.

The plans for the project also contemplate the diversion of the waters of Payette River by gravity canals, and the utilization of the Snake River by pumping. The canal work is being done principally by the farmers, who receive therefor certificates which the Government takes in payment of the building charge of the project.

The lands are generally smooth, with gentle slopes. The soil is volcanic, free from rocks, easily worked and rich in the necessary mineral constituents. The climate is delightful, the mean winter temperature at Boise being about the same as at Fredericksburg, Virginia, although occasionally the temperature falls below zero for a day or two. The summers are long and warm, and with irrigation promote the most rapid vegetable growth. The lands produce from five to seven tons of alfalfa per acre each year, four to six tons of clover, fifty bushels of wheat and seventy-five bushels of oats. The surrounding mountains furnish large areas of grazing lands, and alfalfa for winter feeding is always in demand and brings good prices. But it is for its fine fruit that the section is becoming famous throughout the country, the apples, pears and prunes commanding the highest prices in Eastern markets.

The lands under the project have practically all been filed upon, but many settlers will be compelled to dispose of their excess lands, as no water right will be issued for more than 160 acres. It is no wonder that these lands are being rapidly taken up, for the marvelous crop yields are becoming widely known. In 1904 a farmer who was brought up in one of the humid states in the Mississippi Valley, cleared $1,200 from a three-acre apple orchard, and in 1907, the same orchard gave him a net profit of $750 per acre. One neighbor was clearing from $100 to $200 per acre on a prune orchard, while another was growing as high as eighty-five bushels of wheat per acre. Last year a number of his friends from "back home" moved to Idaho.

The development of power incident to the irrigation works will be of vast importance to the industrial development of the state. The dam on the Payette River, which will be ninety feet high, and well backed by storage in the Payette Lakes, will give practically unlimited power, while the Boise dam, opened recently, will probably furnish power for municipal works, electric railways, and industries of various kinds. The completion of the project, it is believed, will result in laying the foundation for such an industrial development as probably has never been paralleled in the country. It means the expenditure in that locality of millions of dollars in a few years, the intensive cultivation of 400,000 acres of fine land; it means thousands of new settlers, the doubling of the population of the cities and towns in that portion of the state, an increased price for all agricultural products; better roads, schools and churches.

Agriculture the Leading Industry of Idaho.

Until a few years ago mining and stock raising were the dominant industries of the state of Idaho. That this condition does not still exist may be credited to a seemingly insignificant fact—the digging

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of ditches. The Carey Act had been passed giving to the state 1,000,000 acres of arid land under the condition that it be reclaimed, and then gradually, men who owned capital, or could control capital, gained the vision of the possibilities of irrigation in Southern Idaho. The era of ditch-digging began. There was abundance of rugged arid land to select from; the great Snake River and its tributaries seemingly existed for no other purpose than the reclamation of the desert through which they flowed; the state had had the foresight to pass one of the best codes of irrigation laws to be found in the West. Perseverance, work and publicity has done the rest. Since 1906 agriculture has been the leading industry of the state. It has cost millions of dollars to complete the eighteen different projects that have already been placed on the market. Six other segregations are still in the unfinished state, and others have been withdrawn and their reclamation pledged. Southern Idaho, with its intricate network of ditches and costly dams and storage reservoirs, is attracting not only the attention of the home-seeker who is looking to the Last West, but the attention of the new-born professional man who is searching the map for the young town that he can grow up with. There is the same promise for the would-be or investment-seeking business man, who is hunting for the place where industry pays a good dividend and capital grows. We will allow the last word to be said by the railroad man, who, whether he precedes or not, always follows trade. Said the traveling freight and passenger agent of the Illinois Central lines, after a recent tour of inspection through Idaho: "Southern Idaho is a coming territory from the railroad man's point of view."

Idaho Land and Reclamation Notes.

Land-owners in the vicinity of French have organized themselves into a stock company for the purpose of building an irrigation system that will reclaim 5,000 acres of the rich land of the section. The plan is to have a storage reservoir in the Willow Creek Canyon completed in time to catch the flood waters during the spring of 1910. Competent engineers have pronounced the plan entirely feasible and the completion of the project will mean new prosperity to the community, for the land is said to be especially adapted to fruit raising.

During the six months following August 1, 1908, homestead entries covering a total area of 45,600 acres of Government land were filed before the United States Land Commissioner at American Falls. Filings are said to have also been made at Pocatello and Blackfoot, which will bring the total land to be settled by the newcomer in the vicinity of American Falls up to the total of 75,000 acres. The settler is allowed six months from the time of his entry on the land until he is required to actually live on it, so it is expected that there will be large increase in the population of this section during the early spring months. In addition to homestead entries, scattered tracts have been reported selected under the Carey Act which will approximate 3,000 acres.

An experiment was made last season which would seem to prove the profitableness of gardening in Idaho. A one-acre tract was selected by the Agricultural Department of the State University, and after the deduction of every item of expense the net profit from the garden was found to be $385.

An additional 50,000 acres of the West End Twin Falls Irrigation project has recently been thrown open to settlement at Gooding. This brings the amount of land now under the various Twin Falls projects up to a total of 520,000 acres, which is said to be the largest single irrigation system in the world. The first public sale of Twin Falls irrigated land was in the summer of 1903 and there will be another one during the spring of the present year.

July 15 is the date that the West End Twin Falls Company has submitted to the State Land Board for the opening to the public of their recently approved 46,000-acre Cedar Creek reclamation project. It is agreed by the company that water will be delivered to 15,000 acres by April 1, 1910, and that the remainder of the tract will be under water by April 1, 1912. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the estimated cost of the canal system that will reclaim this large tract.

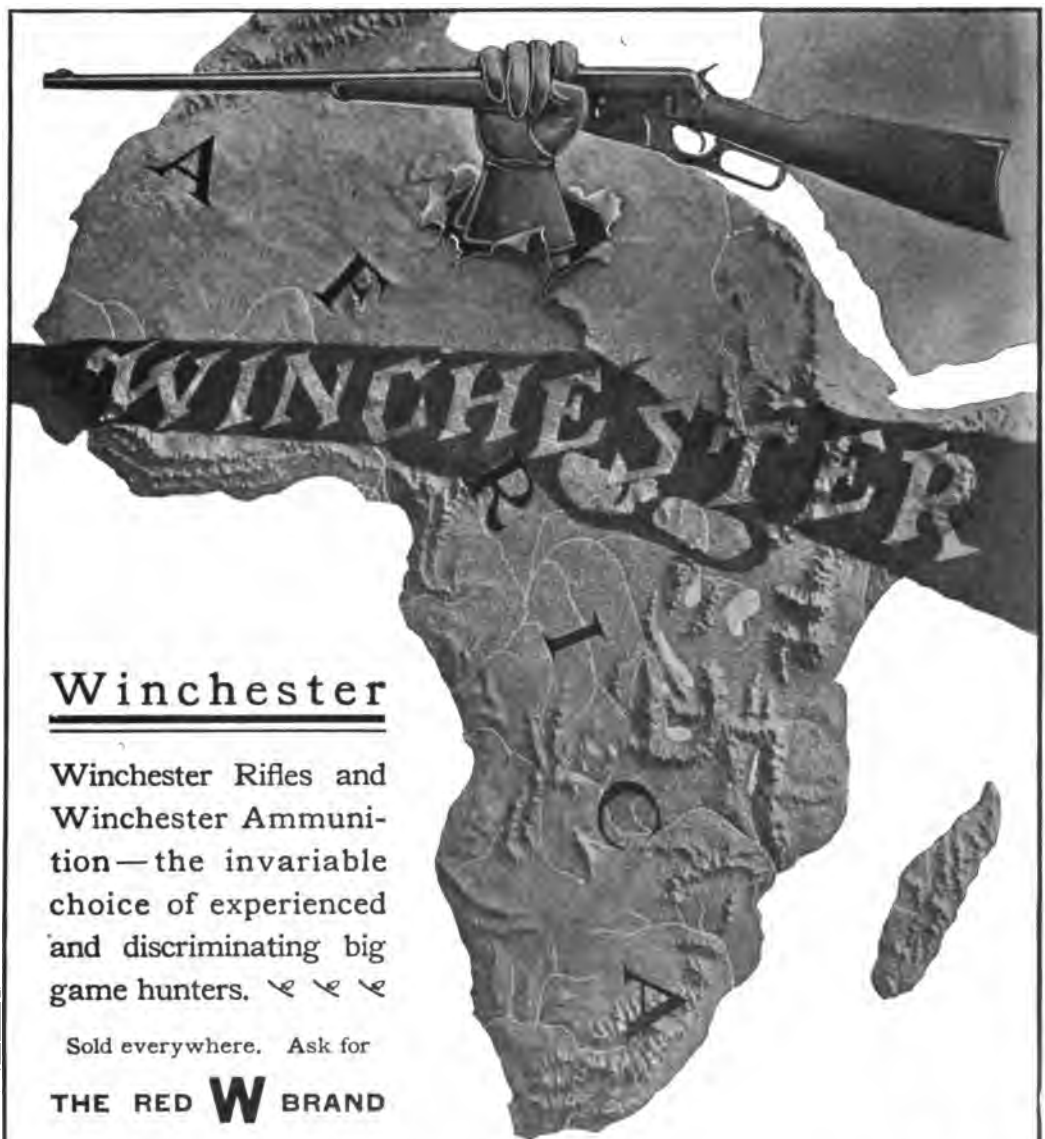
Payette—During the coming summer 150 acres of the choicest land adjacent to Payette will be placed on the market in small tracts and building lots. The tracts will be subdivided and handled exclusively by the Payette Valley Real Estate Agency and a strong effort will be made to create in the new lot subdivision one of the most important residence districts of the town of Payette.

WASHINGTON.

The Conservation of Washington Resources.

Defining the conservation of the forests as "simply their right use," the chairman of the Washington Conservation Association has outlined a general plan by means of which he thinks our new national movement may be locally applied in his state. He recommends the storage of flood-waters in the forest areas for the further-

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Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

ing of irrigation, the preservation of water-power, the prevention and checking of forest fires, and the protection of navigation. That the government should regulate by legislation, the manner and methods used in the cutting of private forests so as to prevent needless waste, was one of the recommendations. The remaining public agricultural, timber and mineral lands should be so hedged about by laws that they will pass only into the hands of the actual homebuilder, developer and workman. Furthermore, the West should take active steps for the preservation of its unequaled scenery by protecting it from spoliation, the creation of public parks, and the construction of roads and trails. The natural resources of the state are in general summed up as those of timber, minerals, coal, valuable stones, soil fertility, ocean waterways and navigable rivers, water-powers, fisheries, climate and scenery. The promotion of nature study, science teaching, and practical agriculture and horticulture was held to be the basis of the conservation movement among the present and future generations.

Possibilities of Artesian Water for Arid Land.

For almost half a century it has been prophesied that a great artesian lake underlies a vast section of Central Washington and Central Oregon. But the word of the expert need not be taken alone, for in several parts of the section the underground lake has actually been tapped at depths varying from four to six hundred feet. The result has been a living well spouting sometimes to a height of a hundred feet. Still more significant is the fact that the water is so warm that it steams when it overflows to the surface, and when applied in irrigation this warm water has the effect of forcing the season, as it were. Crops are said to mature from a week to a month earlier under artesian irrigation, and in the case of the strawberry-grower, for example, three weeks in advance of other growers gives an enviable commercial advantage. A warm-water artesian well which would safely irrigate forty acres of fruit or vegetable land would even tempt the native Westerner, who has been called a land-seeking animal.

The Walla Walla section of Washington, and the district along the Columbia within reach of the new North Bank railroad, are classed within the supposed and hoped-for artesian zone. To bring Uncle Sam into the hunting-for-water game in Washington is the proposal of Representative Wesley L. Jones, who is said to have gained a promise from Secretary of Agriculture Wilson that he will investigate the possibilities of artesian water in Douglas County.

Colonization Schemes Talked of in Washington.

Option is said to have been secured on 5,000 acres of choice land near Vancouver, in Clarke County, by the Swedish Land and Immigration Company of Portland, Oregon, with a probable view of dividing the body of land into forty-acre farms and establishing 125 Eastern Swedish-American families who have heard the call of the Pacific Coast

A Chicago colonizing company has purchased a section of land near Kennewick, and bargained for another section with a view of locating 100 or more families of Easterners. The land is under the ditch of the Lower Yakima Irrigation Company, and it will be set to fruit trees and divided into ten-acre tracts. It is said that the land will be sold under the provision that if the settler is dissatisfied with the deal at the end of five years, the purchase price, together with ten per cent interest will be refunded.

A 2300-acre tract of land fronting on the Columbia near the Brewster Flats and directly opposite the junction of the Wenatchee River with the Columbia, has been purchased by a Spokane firm, and will be irrigated by water pumped from the Columbia by two large 150-horsepower engines. It will be necessary to lift the water thirty feet. It is said that over 400 acres of this land has already been sold to well-to-do merchants of New York, Chicago and Denver at an average price of $400 per acre. A fruit drier and a canning factory are among the visions of the new owners.

A $100,000 colonizing company, headed by Boston and New York men, has been incorporated at Pullman. It is the announced plan of the company to improve the land by the planting of orchards and the building of roads and homes, and then to divide it into small tracts to be sold to Easterners, who wish to engage in diversified farming in the West.

A letter from an Eastern promoter has been received by the Klickitat Development League asking if there is any chance to secure an option on a 10,000-acre tract of fruit land with the ultimate view of locating 500 or more families, some time during the spring.

Reclamation, Irrigation and Open Land in Washington.

A Spokane land company, the Richland Land Company, will irrigate 16,000 acres of the Columbia River Valley a few miles above Kennewick. Water will be taken from the Yakima River by a gravity system, and it is expected that most of the land will be under ditch before the next dry season.

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The speed of the car responds instantly to the throttle.
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It is noiseless.
It is smokeless and odorless.
The engine can never be "stalled."
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The power is transmitted without the use of a friction clutch.
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We will sell you an acre in our plantation, which we guarantee to clear, plant, develop and harvest for you, for $248.00, payable **$4.00 per month,** or for $250.00 cash, on which we pay you 4% **interest per annum** during the development period of five years.

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Five acres will give you absolute financial independence.
We have over 1,500 acres planted, 400 acres being nearly five years old. This tract we expect to tap very soon, **so now is the time to purchase acreage, before this tapping is done**—for **just as soon as we pay our first dividend on this *producing* acreage, the value of the newly planted tract will double or treble.**
To purchase acreage in a company that is on the threshold of tapping operations is by far the best investment that can be found. In this way **you will not have to wait the six years that it requires for the trees to mature** before the *value* of your acreage will be many times what you have to pay for it **now.**
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References: Bradstreet Mercantile Agency; Hibernia Savings Bank, Portland, Oregon

A special agent of the Indian Department is authority for the statement that some of the Indian reservation lands near Loomis, Okanogan County, will be open to settlement during the summer of 1909. The land in question is a part of the large tract that has been held in trust for years, following a treaty between the Government and Chief Moses as leader of his Indian tribe. Through the recent efforts of a Washington congressman, the Indian Department has sent this special agent to confer with the Indian claimants to see if they would not each select the eighty acres to which they were entitled that the remainder might be opened for public settlement. The conference was successful and it is expected that after allotments have been made enough easily irrigated fruit land will remain to afford homesites for a hundred or more families.

An irrigation company of Walla Walla, is platting into acre-tracts a section and a half of land that it owns near Prosser, on the Columbia River. One of the features of the scheme is that the company has located two artesian wells of warm water, which are estimated to flow a thousand gallons a minute and will be especially valuable in bringing fruit and vegetables to early maturity. It is thought that other wells may easily be located on the land.

On the Columbia and directly opposite the mouth of the Yakima River, is a six hundred-acre tract of land which will be irrigated by means of pumps lifting water from the Columbia. This land is near Prosser and is especially adapted for fruit-growing and will be divided into small tracts and placed on the market.

There is said to be a body of 25,000 acres of land in the Lind Coulee, near Ritzville, which is very promising for irrigation from wells. The basin of land is below the level of the surrounding country, and other artesian conditions exist. One well has been drilled, which its owners claim will irrigate 200 acres at a yearly cost of less than three dollars per acre.

A tract of about 3,500 acres near North Yakima has been sold to a Seattle firm, who will either irrigate it by means of artesian wells or a highland canal. It is figured that the land when developed will be sufficient for homesites for 350 or more families.

Special investigation has recently been made of the problem of cultivating the logged-off lands of western Washington. The investigator finds that there are but 429,000 acres of these lands being cultivated, while 2,352,000 acres could be profitably farmed if some means of economical clearing could be found. The estimated cost of clearing varies from thirty-five to a hundred dollars an acre. The Government is prepared to experiment in the hopes of finding some cheaper method of

clearing this land than those now practiced.

Eight hundred acres of dry land near North Yakima is included in a projected irrigation scheme, the water for which will be pumped either from the Columbia or from wells.

It is the announced plan of a Walla Walla fruit company to irrigate a 1300-acre tract west of Walla Walla by means of artesian-well water, and divide it into small plats devoted to fruit raising.

General Progress Notes

The new Harriman railroad, from Cosmopolis, a point on Grays Harbor, to its junction with the main Harriman road between Portland and Seattle, is being vigorously pushed in construction. It is said that the entire forty miles must be completed within six months, and that 1,000 men will soon be at work. Since Harriman does n't do things for the fun of it, it is presumed that this rush order for railroad building is in order to head off a possible competitor from a section which promises immense traffic in lumber and other natural resources.

The Twin City Light & Power Company has been incorporated for $400,000 for the purpose of constructing a system of electric railroads that will connect the cities of Centralia and Chehalis and also furnish local transportation for both of them.

A Seattle firm of capitalists has enough faith in a prospective boom for the city of Aberdeen to have invested a million dollars in city real estate, it is said. The syndicate is platting a large tract into a townsite, and factories and improvements are to be made on the Wishkah River. They have also planned an extension of the Puget Sound Electric Road.

The mail sent from the Seattle postoffice during the year 1908 is ten per cent greater than that for the year previous. An average of sixty-two mails are sent from the city daily, and of the total of more than 3,500,000 pounds handled during 1908, 97,000 pounds were sent to Nome and St. Michael.

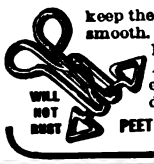
The forty acres of the platted townsite of Fairbanks, in the Palouse wheat belt of Eastern Washington, together with 460 acres of adjoining land, have been purchased by the Elgin Creamery Company, who will build it into a model town devoted exclusively to the dairying industry. It is the plan of the company to bring 400 milch cows at once from Eastern states and to later increase this number to 1,000.

One of the ambitious advertising schemes for placing before the Eastern world the advantages and possibilities of the Walla Walla Valley is the establishment of special representatives in the larger Eastern cities. From these offices could be had special literature and reliable

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information of interest to the homeseeker and investor.

Enthusiasts from the irrigated lands of Richland state that they have the best grape soil to be found in the world, with the exception of that of a small section in France. This big Western talk is based upon reports received from soil tests made by the Government and is further supplemented by results of severe tests made by Tacoma buyers.

The average net yield from the grain land in the Palouse country is said to be $1,000 per quarter section.

The report of the State Commissioner of Horticulture places the amount paid to Washington orchards for their 1908 fruit crop at $6,200,000 plus. Over half of this amount was received for apples.

A new plan for a co-operative mercantile establishment is being worked out at Tekoa by the Beet Field Trading Company. A new addition has been added to the town, the purchasers and residents of which become shareholders in the company and entitled to credit.

CALIFORNIA.

The Rebuilding of San Francisco.

It is a significant fact that San Francisco is being rebuilt almost wholly with San Francisco capital. Since the earthquake and fire, building permits to the amount of over $126,000,000 have been issued; and of this large amount all but about $5,000,000 has been furnished by San Francisco capitalists.

Large payments by insurance companies for fire losses, together with San Francisco's vast trade, have permitted the accumulation of enough wealth for her rebuilding on a more permanent basis than ever before. The chief reason for the trade wealth of San Francisco is beyond the reach of accidents or incidents. There are no harbors within 600 miles in either direction along the coast, and the bay is almost on the circle that measures the shortest distance between Panama and the Orient. It is this geographic fact, together with the immediately surrounding wealth of soil, climate and minerology, that has made San Francisco perhaps the wealthiest city of its size on the globe, and has permitted her to almost entirely recover from the great fire loss of a few years ago, and to accomplish this wonder almost unaided by the outside world.

A Scientific Laboratory for Soil Study.

The Stockton Chamber of Commerce is considering a plan which will give it rather an unique field in development work. The scheme is to establish scientific laboratories for the study of the soil conditions and crop possibilities of the county. The work would be intensely

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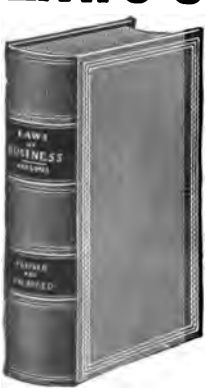
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practical in that the farmers would be enrolled in classes and charged a laboratory fee. After being under an expert for a little time the farmer could make his own soil tests and conduct his own experiments and receive his reward in better crops and fewer failures. It is believed that the Department of Agriculture would contribute towards the establishment of such an institution and that it could easily be made self-supporting after once under way.

The Reclamation of the Flood Districts of California.

Following the recent severe floods in California, the question of the reclamation of the lands along the great rivers of the state has been much agitated. There are thousands of acres of land along the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers that are among the richest lands of the state, but which, due to the annual floods or danger of floods, are cultivated only in a haphazard manner, if at all. Still other large bodies of land are covered with water during the greater part of every year and are wasting their richness on an annual crop of tules or other swamp growth. The settlers of the flood districts are more apt to be of the adventurous type than the stable home-builder for the reason that they must be ready to move at any time, and the work of five years may be swept away in a single night. It has long been recognized that these flood and marsh areas could be reclaimed, but no systematic attempt has been followed in bringing this about. A visiting engineer from a foreign country expressed great surprise that the reclamation schemes of this river district should be so conflicting and individual, and seemingly so neglectful of the general good, with the necessary result of uncertainty and waste.

There has been an awakening, however, and it is now realized that the reclamation of these great valleys must be accomplished in some systematic manner. It is a general hope that the Federal Government may be induced to aid this promising enterprise, but it seems to be also realized that the State must first show its interest in the matter by adopting some unified policy of procedure.

MONTANA.

Government Withdraws 128,000 Acres for Reclamation.

The authorities at Washington have announced the withdrawal of a large section of land south and west of Billings, in Yellowstone and Carbon counties, with a view of reserving it for a large irrigation project that is being prepared for by the experts of the Reclamation Department. The tract ordered withdrawn from entry covers about 128,000 acres of grazing land which has but few settlers at the present time, hence offers no legal complexities and no hindrances to a prompt completion of the

project. The land is adjacent to the city of Billings and includes two large benches lying to the east and west of the Clarke's Ford River. This is said to be one of the richest agricultural sections of the state.

A 200,000-Acre Project in Northern Montana.

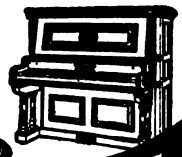
It is the plan of the Teton Co-Operative Reservoir Company, of Helena, to place water this year on about 200,000 acres of land north of Corad, on the Shelby branch of the Great Northern Railroad. The State Land Board has just made a selection of 170,000 acres of land under the provisions of the Carey Act for this company. The dam for the irrigation of this large tract is already more than half completed and the reservoir will be one of the largest in the state, flooding 7,000 acres of land when filled with water. It is estimated that this body of land will afford homes for 2,000 settlers, which will mean a community of 10,000 population.

One of the questions being agitated before the present State Assembly of Montana is the division of Flathead County, the residents of which must travel 140 miles, or about two-thirds of the distance between New York and Washington, D. C., in order to reach their county seat.

The raising of broom-corn will become one of the new industries of the dry-land farming districts of Montana, if enthusiasts are able to prove their faith through the extensive experiments that are to be conducted in the vicinity of Billings, during the present year. The promoters of the new industry believe that conditions are especially favorable, for the crop will grow with less water than needed by any other grain crop and the yield will be larger. It is figured that the average yield per acre would be worth about sixty dollars on the local market, and there is a strong foreign demand at a good price, since there has been a shortage of broom-corn throughout the United States for several years past.

Figures have been prepared which seem to show that some of the Montana dry-land farms are more productive than the much-praised farming land of the Mississippi Valley states. These figures credit the unirrigated farms of Montana with an average yield of forty-one and six-tenths bushels of oats per acre, while Illinois harvested but twenty-three bushels and Iowa twenty-four. Montana dug an average of 138 bushels of potatoes from her 20,000 acres planted, and at the prevailing prices each acre returned nearly $100; Iowa planted 141,000 acres of potatoes which gave an average of eighty bushels and a return of sixty-four dollars at the market price. In wheat raising the average yield about Billings, where there is said to still be much vacant dry-farming land, was over twenty-four bushels, while Minnesota

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NEW MEXICO.

Climate As an Asset.

In counting the resources of the section of the great Southwest which centers about Santa Fe, climate must be considered one of the chiefest. There is almost continuous sunshine and very few of the sudden changes or extremes of temperature common to nearly all parts of the temperate zone. The United States Weather Bureau of Santa Fe is authority for the statement that during the past year the maximum temperature was but eighty-six degrees, the minimum dropped below the freezing point but nine times during this period, and the very coldest day of the year was barely one degree below zero. There were twenty-nine cloudy days during the year and the average daily amount of sunshine was nine and one-half hours. There was a peculiar thing about the rainfall, too. With a total rainfall of less than thirteen inches, there was still more precipitation during the growing season than many a humid climate can boast of. The rain seemed to come just when it was needed by the farmers, that is, during the spring and early summer. Thus with almost continuous sunshine, and lacking the extreme heat of summer or excessive cold of winter, Santa Fe and New Mexico have one of the most ideal climates to be found in America for the health-seeker. Truly can climate be counted as one of its great resources and real attractions.

The Southwest the Center of Historic America.

It is many times forgotten that all that is quaint and ancient in America properly belongs to the great Southwest of which New Mexico and Santa Fe are the center. Not only was this the first section in America to give a home to the European, but even previous to his day the highest civilization of the Continent centered in this same territory. We admire the age of our National Capitol which has sheltered more than twenty of our presidents, but the Old Palace of Santa Fe can claim the official residence of over eighty governors and for three hundred years has been the official center of the old city of the desert. Santa Fe is feeling the touch of modernism, as is the territory of which it is the capital, but it is still quaint and ancient, and one of the most interesting sections of the United States for the tourist who is a student of the finger marks of the past.

NEVADA.

Nevada National Forest Enlarged.

Following various petitions and letters from the sections directly interested, President Roosevelt recently signed a proclamation which adds 600,000 acres to the

Humboldt National Forests in the northern part of Nevada, bordering on the Idaho line. The section withdrawn to be added to the National Forest contains a large body of valuable fir, pine and aspen timber, but its chief importance is due to the fact that it includes the water-sheds of several large streams which the future of the country demands must be carefully conserved. Several large irrigation projects are dependent upon the preservation of the present water supply, also a large mining industry must be very short lived unless the nearby timber is carefully conserved through the application of scientific forestry principles.

An application has been filed with the Land Office at Carson City for a tract of 2,450 acres of rich land, lying to the northeast of the town of Yerington, which is to be irrigated by a large system taking water from the Walker River. The projectors say that they intend to colonize the district with farmers from the state of Iowa, and that the capital is to be furnished by Iowa business men.

It has been announced that the Coal Valley irrigation project in Lincoln County has been completed, and that the water from three different creeks has been brought into control for the irrigation of 15,000 acres of land some ninety miles from the city of Las Vegas.





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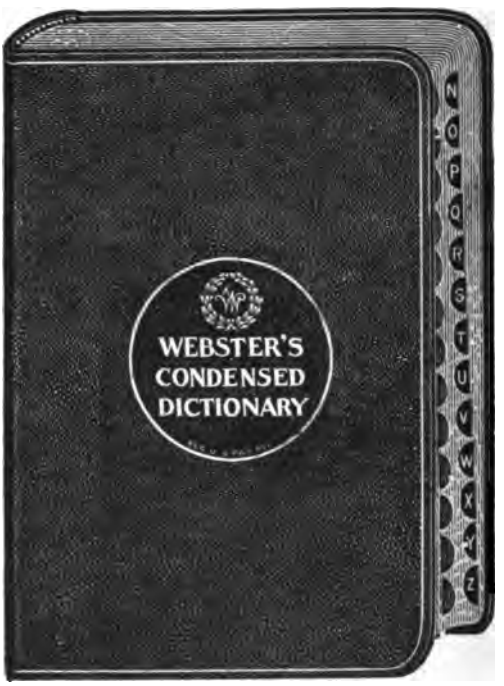
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THE BEAUTIFUL TWIN FALLS OF THE SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.



CEDAR TWELVE FEET IN DIAMETER, OAK POINT, WASHINGTON.

Photograph by C. A. Ruddy.

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Central America

A Land of Good Intentions

By Edwin Emerson

WHEN Columbus first landed on American soil and met the frightened natives, he warned his men not to molest them but to win them over by kindness. Yet Columbus and his men soon so far forgot their good intentions that they sent several hundred Indian slaves home to Spain as trophies of their discoveries.

Again, when these poor prisoners were paraded in their chains before Ferdinand and Isabella, the sight so outraged their Catholic Majesties that they severely rebuked Columbus and ordered his prisoners to be shipped back to America at the discoverer's expense, there to be set free on their native soil. At the same time the King and Queen issued royal decrees expressly forbidding the enslavement of any of the native inhabitants found in these new domains across the sea. Yet within a few years after these humane decrees were issued by Spain, thousands of Indians were being worked to death in Spanish chain gangs, and Spain's most flourishing enterprise in the Antilles had become the slave trade.

Twenty-four years after the first discovery at Santo Domingo, the native population had been depleted so mercilessly that new slaves had to be imported from the American mainland and from Africa. Today the native Caribs of Santo Domingo, Cuba, and the West Indies are an extinct race—only bones and a few stone implements are left to tell the tale.

Of the former dense native population of Central America there remains but a sparse sprinkling of cowed Indian tribes, a great majority of whom live the miserable lives of bondsmen.

This sorry outcome of originally good intentions is typical of most Latin-American civilization at the present day. It is most typical of the so-called civilization of Central America.

In Guatemala City, the ancient capital of Central America, today we find uni-

versities, academies, technical institutes, clinics, conservatories, high schools and other institutions of learning, but without teachers or pupils.

The present dictator of Guatemala, Estrada Cabrera, prides himself on being a promoter of education. Thus, "at one stroke of the pen," he once told me, he created twenty-two splendid trade schools in twenty-two different cities of his so-called Republic. These schools, housed in handsome modern structures and splendidly equipped, are meant to stand as monuments to the name and fame of Estrada Cabrera—yet they stand empty. The reason they stand empty is because the money that should have gone for the salaries of teachers has been tended construction of a new harbor on the Pacific Coast. Meanwhile the public schools of the country had to be closed for lack of funds.

Yet Reina Barrios, like his successor Estrada Cabrera, aspired to go down in history as a friend and benefactor of his people, and he believed himself to be such, through all the rack and ruin of his rule until that last day, when one of his outraged subjects shot him down on a street in his capital. In fact, if you look back through the history of these turbulent countries, you will find that all of the military dictators and political adventurers who rose to the presidency of these Republica, only to be assassinated, or driven into exile, in their



THE BODY GUARD OF PRESIDENT ESTRADA CABRERA, OF GUATEMALA.

spent on idle entertainments, on a useless army, and on political espionage. This does not hinder Estrada Cabrera from styling himself, on monuments and in public inscriptions, "The Protector of the Schools."

This question of the schools is of old standing in Guatemala and Central America in general. Years ago when Reina Barrios was president of Guatemala, millions of dollars, obtained by national loans, were squandered on senseless glittering projects like a Central American World's Fair, or on sumptuous driveways leading to nowhere in particular—or the money was simply embezzled, as was a three-million-dollar loan obtained for the pre-

day considered themselves public benefactors and were ever full of best intentions.

For "the good of the State," they have exiled, impoverished, imprisoned, flogged, tortured and killed all those who have dared to oppose them. In the name of "Liberty," they have stamped out not only such public liberties as freedom of the press, open speech, and the right to public meetings, but personal liberty as well.

Nowadays in Guatemala, in Nicaragua and Salvador, when the government needs more soldiers for its army, or laborers are needed to do some public work, the recruits are obtained by sending out troops into the country who

hunt and catch as many men as may be desired. These men are mostly miserable Indians. They are taken by force from their poor little ranchos and palm-thatched huts to be marched into the cities, where they are mustered into the ranks or set to work while guards stand over them with loaded guns. After the day's work is done all they can hope for in the way of remuneration is a bare floor to sleep on and the poor rations of a Central American soldier—*frijoles* and *tortillas* (beans and flap-jacks). Meanwhile their women folk and children are left to shift for themselves.

Even for private enterprises the laborers are obtained in the same way. There is this difference only, that there is some pretense of paying wages to the working men.



MANUEL ESTRADA CABRERA, PRESIDENT OF GUATEMALA.

Thus, when a planter in these Central American countries needs laborers to work his plantation at harvest time, and the Indians who "belong" to his place are not sufficient, he applies to the nearest military chief for additional men.



A STREET IN THE CAPITAL OF GUATEMALA.

Upon payment of an advance sum of money, which is supposed to be paid over to the laborers for their wages, the military chief undertakes to commandeer the required amount of men. In short, he sends his soldiers out to hunt down Indian laborers, and when enough of these are caught, he sends them to work. Of the money received for their wages he pays them a small part. A commandant who will content himself with a rake-off of one half the laborer's wages is considered a humane man, though something of a soft fool.

As for the peons (called *colonas* in Central America) who "belong" to a plantation, they are made to work for nothing, on the theory that they are in arrears to the landlord for rent and occasional supplies, nor are they allowed to leave their employer's plantation or to seek other employment without a formal discharge of their "debt."

But this does not hinder the military commanders from seizing as many of these peons as they want, whenever they are required to draft more men into the army, or, as is often the case, when they wish to wreak some personal spite on any particular planter.

In a word, this system of peonage, which has been in vogue throughout Latin-America since the days of the *conquistadores,* is nothing more or less than a form of slavery, similar to the abolished serfdom of Russia and of feudal Europe.

Such is the plain truth; yet Spanish-American historians record with pride that Central America on throwing off the Spanish yoke in 1821 was the first of all American countries that formally abolished slavery.

In the Central American Bill of Rights—the so-called Magna Charta of Guatemala—one of the first paragraphs is a ringing declaration that henceforth and forever after there shall be no slavery or forced labor in Central America. But since that time until now there has never been a day in Central America that you could not see poor Indians and other prisoners under guard doing forced labor for the government.

This is true of church holidays and public *fiestas* as well as common work

days. Even on September the fifteenth, the great Independence Day of Central America, I saw half a hundred poor peons—free-born citizens of the Republic and innocent of all wrong, being rounded up by a detachment of Guatemalan soldiers, who marched them to their "work," with halters round their necks and with their hands tied behind their backs.

The Magna Charta above mentioned, on which are based all the constitutions of these so-called Republics, is full of ringing declarations of like import.

These declarations, like the laws of the civil and criminal codes possessed by all these countries, are well conceived and excellently worded—in short, they sound splendid. But, when it comes to practical execution, they are not worth the paper they are written upon.

Thus, in Guatemala, as elsewhere in Central America, there is a sacred right of personal freedom analogous to our Saxon right of *habeas corpus,* but no president or *jefe politico* has ever been known to pay any attention to it.

In the Guatemalan Code of Criminal Procedure, as adapted from Livingston's Code in Louisiana, there is no such thing as capital punishment. Murder of the most atrocious kind can only be punished with life-long imprisonment. The present president of Guatemala, Estrada Cabrera, himself told me proudly on one occasion that he had never yet put his signature to any death sentence.

Yet political prisoners in Guatemala, during late years, have been put to death in droves. Some have been shot to death within their prison court yards; otners have been stood up and shot against church-yard walls; others have been put to death on the open roads under the pretense that they were trying to escape, others again have died from poison, while many more have been flogged to death.

Thus, after last year's trumped cadet conspiracy against President Cabrera, seventeen members of the military academy of Guatemala were shot, while the number of other prisoners killed at the same time is known to have been at least thirty-six. One of these—so it was afterwards admitted by the government—was killed by mistake, merely because his name sounded like that of a fellow prisoner. But his death soon came to be regarded as "a lucky mistake," since it enabled the Guatemalan government to confiscate all the dead



GUATEMALAN TROOPS WAITING FOR THEIR PRESIDENT.



A STREET IN GUATEMALA.

man's properties. Minister Mendez of Estrada Cabrera's cabinet now lives in the dead man's house in Guatemala City.

Yet such confiscations are expressly forbidden by the Constitution of the country. But what is such a little thing as a constitution to a Central American ruler? It certainly does not hinder the present rulers of Guatemala, of Nicaragua, Honduras and Salvador from executing confiscations right and left against their political enemies, real or pretended. The property thus confiscated is either given to the president's minions as a reward for dirty work done in his service, or is sold under the hammer to "reimburse the government for its expenses in prosecuting conspirators."

From time to time when such an auction sale is about to be held, the government publishes lists of these confiscations with descriptions of the real estate involved. Some of the most recent lists thus published in Guatemala have filled whole columns of the government newspapers, and the amounts involved have run to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Here is a list of recent confiscations as advertised for public auction in the official government organ, *El Guatemalteca*:

Don Javier Asturias Cobar's house on Calle Oriente....	$12,000.00
Three lots confiscated from the same in the Canton La Libertad	3,628.00
House number 14 on Sixth Avenue, confiscated from the same	45,000.00
(Don Javier, it should be explained, was then in jail, having fallen out with President Cabrera over a business matter.)	
Pasture land belonging to the late Dr. Don Francisco Ruiz, in the old parish....	1,000.00

(The owner of this was the man who was executed "by mistake.")

"Las Delicias," in Santa Rosa, plantation confiscated from estate of the late Don Emeterio Avila 20,000.00

Plantation "La Esperanza," in Santa Rosa, belonging to the same 10,000.00

Five lots of "La Zanja," belonging to the same..... 500.00

(The owner of this property was shot in prison.)

The following properties of the late Don Juan Viteri. (Here follows a list of nineteen real estate properties amounting altogether to... 87,313.60

(Don Juan Viteri was found strangled in prison.)

One lot in the Canton Independencia, confiscated from the estate of the late Don Francisco Valladares 2,000.00

(Don Francisco was shot in jail.)

And so forth *ad nauseam,* filling two closely printed columns in the government gazette.

There is another enlightened paragraph in Guatemala's Magna Charta which forbids forced contributions of money to the government beyond the regular taxes and customs dues provided by law. How far this old law of the land has become a dead letter may be judged from the fact that there is a regular government department for contributions in Guatemala with a building. over the door of which is a sign that says, "Head Office for Collection of Government Contributions."

This office in Modern Guatemala may be said to have supplanted the horrors of the old Spanish Inquisition.

"Patriotic Contributions," as they are officially styled in Guatemala today, are generally obtained after the richest men of the country have been clapped into jail. There they are kept *in-communicado,* for weeks and months at a time. When they are led out into the prison courtyards it is only to witness other



SAN FELIPE, GUATEMALA. THE PLACE WHERE AN AMERICAN WAS PUBLICLY FLOGGED.

fellow prisoners being flogged or shot to death. Finally, when their spirit fails, they are allowed to buy their freedom by signing the required bank check or draft on their relatives.

Before being released the victims are invariably compelled to sign a paper in which they declare themselves satisfied with their treatment while in jail, but in many cases the ill-healed scars on their backs tell another story.

If the victim has the misfortune to be a millionaire he may be subjected to this treatment over and over again.

The contributions so obtained run up to millions of dollars. What that may amount to in individual instances can be seen from the following authentic list of contributions "for patriotic purposes," exacted on a recent occasion from the following families, firms and persons in Guatemala:

Family of Rodriguez	$540,000
Julio Samoya	250,000
Herrera & Co.	200,000
Antonio de Aguirre	100,000
Miguel Rubio Asturias	100,000
Neri Asturias	50,000
Antonio Asturias	50,000
Enrique Asturias	50,000
Rafael Aycinena	50,000
Carlos Urruela	50,000
Luis Urruela	50,000
José Manuela	50,000
S. Vicente Martinez	40,000
Ernesto Zelaya	40,000
Federico Tobar	40,000
Manuel Valladares	40,000
Dr. Luis Lazo-Arriago	40,000
Damaso Biguria	30,000
José Tejada Asturias	30,000

Every one of these unfortunate "patriots" had to sign his check for the allotted amount rather than remain in jail and take a flogging.

Flogging in Guatemala means anything from fifty lashes to five hundred. One hundred strokes from a bull whip soaked in brine is considered a comparatively light punishment, though the victim occasionally swoons during the process. More than 250 lashes applied at one time are apt to bring death. Then there is the punishment of hanging by the thumbs, or of branding.



OUTSKIRTS OF SAN JOSE DE GUATEMALA.

I might go into more revolting details showing just how these barbarous cruelties are inflicted and what effect they have on the victims, but I refrain.

The point of it all is that the above mentioned Magna Charta of Guatemala, among its ringing declarations for liberty, equality and humanity, contains one which specially forbids all corporal punishment or torture, a humane prohibition which is reiterated in all editions of

Guatemala's Penal and Criminal Codes down to the present day.

What is the use of well-meaning laws and constitutional guarantees in countries like Central America, where the judges are the abject creatures of an unscrupulous military dictator, besides being corrupt and venal on their own account, and where all minions of the law have learned from those above them to snap their fingers at the law?

These laws are like the solemn decrees of amnesty to political exiles in Central America issued from time to time by such latter-day dictators as Estrada Cabrera, Figueroa or Zelaya. Nobody trusts them and no exiles commit the folly of coming in under them, for everybody in Central America knows that they are traps.

What, then, is the solution of it all?

Not revolution, for that has been tried *ad nauseam.* Not reform from within, for that would only mean more promises and less fulfillment. Not annexation, or a foreign protectorate, for that means only the substitution of alien forms of law and government in the place of native institutions which theoretically at least are all that could be desired.

No, what is needed is the kind of benevolent foreign intervention, which, while upholding native law and order, will compel these people to administer their own laws honestly and efficiently.

This has been done before—by the British in Egypt, by the Japanese in Korea, and by our United States in Cuba and on the Isthmus of Panama.

Once it is done, all the medieval horrors of misgovernment and partisan strife for which Central America so long has been notorious will come to an abrupt end. The value of the coin of the realm will rise from its present low rate to par; national credit will be established; public health will be safe-guarded, and foreign capital will feel free to flow into these incomparably rich countries as it now flows into Porto Rico, into Mexico, Cuba or Panama.

Then, and then only, will the cities of Central America undergo the same marvelous transformation for the better as has lately been accomplished in Panama, Colon, Havana or Manila.

Without the same forceful guarantee from without giving substantial pledges that the specious promises of Latin-American reformers and law-givers will really be fulfilled, there need be no hope of genuine internal reform. Central America will either have to be annexed outright or must be suffered to stew in her own sauce.

The world in general, and the people of North America in particular, might just as well recognize once for all that the five little republics of Central America among the nations of the world act the part of children—and badly spoiled children at that.

As long as one of the garden spots of the earth is to be their playground, there should at least be a gardener or a teacher to keep them from doing too much damage to themselves and to the garden.

As it is now, there has been nothing to keep these naughty children in order but little signs erected by themselves with the mocking legend: "Keep off the grass!"

The mere fact that they have these signs may seem to speak well for them, and incidentally sets them up most ludicrously in their own estimation, but after all what good do such signs do without a policeman to enforce them?

Until that policeman appears those children naturally will continue to have it their own way.

Meanwhile the world can only look on, shaking its weary head, and say: "They mean well—perhaps—but how the deuce they do act."



"AND THAT," SAID SUE VERY SLOWLY "THAT IS THE SECRET OF PAIN."

Singing in the Rain

By Ednah Aiken

IT was the strangest wedding they had ever seen. So said, whispering, the guests as they stood huddled together in little groups waiting for the appearance of the bridal party. Not that these, her best friends, had ever expected that Sue Mannering would be content to be married in the conventional, bridal-veil way that most brides conform to, or even after the first shock, was it her choice that surprised them; for now they realized with sudden discernment what they had failed to discover before, that there was for Sue Mannering but one man, and for Paul Lane but one woman, and they were each other; but the odd way the guests had been greeted and abandoned, the merry welcome from Sue which seemed to cover up and excuse her sisters' absence, and then the gay little group of which she was the radiant center, all failed to prepare them for what happened later.

That very morning, the unexpected had happened to her. Herself a busy woman, her mental impressions interested her to the exclusion of her physical sensations. Pain, as she often said, she had a bowing acquaintance with, but had no time to cultivate. For she drank life from a full glass. Maybe a short life, but a full one was her prayer, whenever she thought of it at all. Into each day she packed heterogeneous experi-

ences, for in the lowliest hovels on Barbary Coast as well as in the most spacious homes on Nob Hill she was a constant and welcome visitor. Her name figured on musical programmes, headed all lists of charity patrons, and was rarely omitted from social bulletins. But lately she was losing a little of her original zest, and she attributed it to fatigue.

More vigorously than before she threw herself into her work, but the queer sensation kept recurring. As she was leaving the Girls' Club the night before, it rushed over her, leaving her white and still against the door. She had been able to hail a passing coupé, and had laughed at her terror when she was once again in her room at home. Only yesterday—and here it was again! She had been working on some violin studies, but the bow slipped noiselessly to the floor. She was worn out from overwork, that was all. What was it they gave weak people? A tonic was what she needed, and with her instrument still in her hand, she walked upstairs quite slowly, and after resting a bit on the top landing, managed to telephone to Doctor Strong to come and bring her a tonic that could brace up one person to do the work of three.

After he came, and she had told him of her queer attacks, remembering, under the fire of his questions, many little things long since forgotten, she chaffed him gaily for looking so grave,—glum, she said. It was a mountain of a molehill she was making, quite. He had known her long enough to remember that she had never been ill a day in her life. What did he want to hold her hand for? Her pulse was quite normal. Could she be—what—? Brave? And then a terrible stillness fell on her as he told her the truth. For a long while she did not speak, and then it was with a dry tongue. "There is no hope?" He told her of one, and she heard his voice as from a long distance. "But that one chance is to be thanked God for. You will not consent? Why, my dear Miss Sue, my dear little friend, you will have to. Think of your father, your sisters, your friends."

She did not have to be reminded, for her thoughts were hurrying her on, and she lived a whole lifetime through, while she sat, stunned and tearless, hardly heeding his words. Then a sudden terror shook her. "My family? They will not make me. To go out on such a sea, oh God, it is too horrible!" She stood up quickly, and went to the door and called her sisters. "Tell them." She spoke without turning her head, and then went up to her room and locked the door.

Rebellion against her fate surged in her brain, and nearly suffocated her. She had so much to live for, so much to do, and yet she was being cut off like a criminal. That was it; she was being punished—for what? If the hideous nightmare would only break, and she might breathe again! She threw open the window, for she seemed to be stifling. Once, when a child, she had dreamed that she was dying, and the long drawn-out torture, the joy of waking, came back now with a vivid rush. If she could only wake! But in her dream, she remembered, it was only fear that had chilled her, fear and pain. How much worse the reality, which carried with it fierce regrets, wild desires! Just as life had commenced to spell its real meaning to her—how could she go? So many things to do, so many things to say, before she could be ready. Some lines that she had once read, and long since forgotten, chanted themselves through her brain:

'Tis a child's longing, on the beach at play,
"Before I go!"
He begs the beckoning mother, "Let me stay
One shell to throw;
'Tis coming night; the great sea climbs the shore.
Ah, let me throw one little pebble more,
Before I go!"

The cry burst from her. "Ah, let me throw one little pebble more, before I go!" Was she to have no time before the great sea rose? Was she to be swept off, without a chance to see them all

again in the dear world outside? Would she not see *him?* And she stretched out her arms in her solitude to the world where he was.

And then she remembered what day it was—her last day "at home" of the winter, and her friends were all coming. Should she send them all word—why, what would she say? "I am going to die, they say; I must not see you!" If she were going away on a long journey, would she not at least say "good-bye?" She *was* going away on a long journey—

But Paul was not coming; for Paul hated crowds. She must see him once more, but not alone—she could not bear that. He would find out, he would tell her what she already knew, though, perhaps he did not. She could not hear that, and leave him. Oh, it was hard! She had never dreamed how hard it would be, this sudden summons, the quick command to Everyman. And he had dropped his lute!

Before she went downstairs she wrote a few penciled words on a card, and sent it to Paul Lane. After today, she would belong to her family, to her father, the girls. It was the Sue of yesterday who joined them, cheerful and courageous. When Dr. Strong heard her resolution, he took his place again by the fire; his service-dried eyes dim.

When the first guests arrived, she was waiting for them, in the drawing-room alone. Her sisters would not come in. Sue welcomed them eagerly, the life they represented still calling her. She had almost given up hoping that Paul would come, when his step fell on the stair and a minute later he entered the room.

"I just got your message. I was out when it came," was what his lips said, but his eyes asked a question.

Why had she sent for him? She could not tell him then, blurt out like a frightened child, that she was going away. She had planned to hint at a journey, but she found that she could not. She gave a nervous laugh. Then: "You were good to come," she said; and: "I may give you some tea?"

Lane watched her as she poured out a cup for him. He had never seen her so beautiful, but there was a bright hardness in her eyes that he could not understand, and once, he caught a swift shadow of fear, as she steadied herself by the table. He took his tea from her fingers which were cold to his touch, and sat down by the door; he could not take his eyes from her face.

Lane's silence disconcerted her. She commenced to see her caprice in a light—a cheap scene. How theatrical, false, it would seem to him—after! He was surprised to find a crowd there; she wondered now why she had let them come. Why had she not been honest with herself—was it not Paul that she alone wanted? She wished that he would speak to her again, or else not look so grave. She turned her head towards a gay little group, and when she looked again at his chair near the door, it was empty. He had gone without saying good-bye! What should she do with this mob, as Paul had once called it? Ah, it was only Paul that she had needed to see! The whole world *was* a mob—without Paul. Why had she not been brave to herself, and honest with him? And just then, the door opened, and he came in with quick, resolute step. She saw by his face that he knew.

He was bending over her. "May I speak to you—just a minute?"

Sue nodded, her words all prisoners.

"But alone, only a minute! Will you come?" And she followed him into the next room. Lane closed the door.

Her friends had just discovered that their hostess had deserted them, when Lane returned to the drawing-room, and startled them by his announcement. Miss Mannering had honored him by consenting to be his wife, and he had persuaded her to be married while her friends were all assembled—what more auspicious occasion? Lane was very pale. He added that Miss Mannering was not very strong, that is not very well, but he hoped they would make this as joyous a celebration as possible. He begged their patience for a little while; they would not be kept long; and then he escaped from their curious eyes.

Lane was gone a scant half hour, but

to him it seemed a century in his journey from the Mission to the City Hall, on to the rectory,—a few hurried instructions over the telephone,—and back to the Mannering's home on Guerrero Street. The waiting guests had time for a score of different speculations before he returned.

They moved back as he entered, but pressed forward curiously as Sue came in with her father. The women glanced significantly at one another, when they saw she had not changed her gown. It had been planned then, from the first. It was just like Sue. When Kate and Edith came in, their swollen eyes attracted no attention, for Sue held it all. Quite regal and contained she looked, as she followed the minister through the short, simple service, and responded to the curious congratulations of her friends as they buzzed around her in turn. If anyone was confused or self-conscious, it was not she. A great calm had fallen over her; she had lost even her fear. Only once did any emotion cross her face, when, after a servant had brought in wine and glasses, one of the guests proposed her health, and then her thought was all for Paul. He bent a worried face to hers. "It is time for us to go now, dear," he said. "Let us slip out quietly."

She was startled out of her composure. "Go? You and I, Paul?"

Lane forced a smile. "Why not, dear? Your father knows and thinks it is best. Let us slip out before these people discover the truth."

She thought she understood, and submitted. When she came down stairs, a few minutes later with her hat and furs on, her father was waiting with Lane in the hall. Kate and Edith slipped out—but Lane hastened the parting. Sue was in the carriage before the guests knew it. They were rushing to the door, when Doctor Strong called them back, and told them he had something to say.

In the carriage, it was not too dark for Sue to see the deep shadow which had settled in Paul's eyes. Her fingers sought his.

"It did not seem like a wedding, did it, dear? Not that it was not a nice wedding, for I would be the last one to criticize it, seeing it was ours, Paul,—yours and mine! But it was different from any I ever went to." She was watching the shadow and wondering if she could drive it away. "I 'll tel! you what was the matter, Paul; they forgot the rice!"

He took her in his arms, and held her hands tight between his, as though he feared she would escape.

"Sue!" he said. "I must tell you the truth. Will you be brave, dear, and listen?"

To be brave! Everyone asked her that. Was there yet more to learn, more to bear. She closed her eyes and listened, while Lane, with many misgivings, explained what was to be asked of her.

It had taxed his control to see her family so passive. He would not let her throw away her life so recklessly, nor, more, would he accept Doctor Strong's statement unless the best doctors in San Francisco confirmed it. She must not give up hope. At his rooms, several physicians were waiting, and they would tell him the truth; but, and he clasped her tighter, if they, too, gave her but one chance, she must be brave and take it. Was it not worth the risk? And her life was his, now. Had he no claim to urge? There might be a whole lifetime of happiness for them yet—together. His voice had been repressed and steady, but then it broke! "And oh, Sue, can 't you see that I can 't give you up?"

That "I can 't give you up!" swept down the barriers of Sue's fortitude. All the agony of that morning rushed over her again. She dared not trust herself to speak. Paul could guess nothing from her face, for her eyes were still closed; she fought through alone. Her voice did not betray the struggle when she was able to say: "It shall be just as you say, Paul."

But that was the limit of her courage, and even Paul could not speak. For the rest of the ride, only the creak of the carriage, and the jolting over occasional cobble-stones, broke the stillness inside. Paul helped her out mutely, and not heeding her protest, carried her up the two flights of stairs to his rooms, where

the physicians sat waiting. Paul's tender care seemed to envelope and uphold her through the ordeal, and when it was over, he led her into the next room. "Will you stay here by yourself—a minute?" she heard him say, and then he was gone. How like a part of her childish dream it had been, the short questions, the anxious faces! She walked to the window and looked down on the street. The Powell Street cable line passed the door, and the cars were now sliding past with their busy, bright-faced burden. Men were walking by, on their way home from work, with the step of a boy released from school; lights were flashing out from all the neighboring windows, now here now there; and the street lamps were being lit. A murmur, as on one long note, vibrated through the yet busy streets. Outside, the light and life of a big city, and here was she, Sue, in the dark alone, her face pressed close to the chilly glass, looking out on that busy, beautiful, crowded life, that she loved, that she was once a part of—waiting for her death sentence. And they were so long! She commenced to think that Paul would never come.

As soon as she saw him she knew; and all the woman in her yearned to comfort him. It had gone too far, it was too late to save her? Why he must believe how glad she was, how thankful to be spared that ordeal. She would not let him reproach himself for what he had done; he had given her no false hopes, she would not let him think that. And they were together—what mattered the rest! "Always together, Paul!"

She was talking very fast now between laughter and tears and would not let him speak. She was pushing him into the little sitting-room, and had pulled him down into a great arm-chair before the fire, herself at his feet, her face pressed close to his knee before he could stop her.

"Look at it in the right way, dear, and you will not be sad. What is there of joy that the world can give us but each other, and here we are together, you and I, Paul. What difference does it make how long? An eternity of happiness would seem all too short. And we should not complain, for we have more than a great many; everyone does not get what he wants,—and I have you, and here am I, Paul! Do you remember what you once said to me about happiness? It was that day we spent on the Russian River; that beautiful, long day in the woods. 'It was not meant for us to be happy always,' you said: 'but to each of us life grants a pleasant moment.' And then I knew what I had not known before, knew that I loved you, and it was that way, and that way only, my happiness could come; that my pleasant moment would depend on you, dear." She paused for a second, and looked into the flames as they danced on the big, black grate. Then resolutely: "Our pleasant moment is here, now, Paul. We are not going to refuse to recognize it? We must not lose the least bit, but must crowd both our lives into it, and live, really live—and you will promise me—"

He bent down and kissed her shining hair. "Promise you anything, everything, Sue."

"That you will not speak of what lies ahead of us. Not that it means pain for me, or fear, but the grief to leave you, Paul. We must not spend our pleasant moment with sad thoughts or sad words. You will promise?"

"Tomorrow our life begins," said Sue, with her eyes still on the flames, where bright pictures chased each other into kaleidoscopic fantasies. "I will send out to the house for my violin, and my books; Kate has already sent me my clothes. While you write, I will play to you. You wont write? Ah, you must! That would be breaking your promise, and I should be wretched if I interrupted your work, Paul. And afterward, you will read to me what you have written, and I will pull it all to pieces, and say it is unworthy of you. We will have such a beautiful life—it all seems too good to be true."

Had she already forgotten? Could she banish so easily every thought of the trial ahead? Lane thought it but a mood, and began to fear for a reaction, but he had not sounded the depths of her courage. All her thought, all her care was

now for him. To keep sadness from him, she was merrier than she had ever been; to banish his fears, she made plans for his future as though life were unrolling its long panorama before them; the thought of the coming separation tore away her reserve, and she was his utterly,—the real soul as God had made, and Sue Mannering had developed it. With her face set toward the real, anything less would have been a mockery, a surrender less absolute a sham.

So easily did she slip into place beside him, that it soon seemed as if she had always been there, and often Lane would wake almost guiltily from the dream that she was there to stay. Already, the feminine presence had transformed the rooms; they had a daintier look, with the cushions and pictures they had sent her from her own room at home. Her violin, when it was still, lay uncovered on the table, and her embroidery was tumbled in iridescent confusion in its basket by the fire. Flowers, too, added their magic, gay chrysanthemums, and deep purple violets, which each day Lane brought her from the world outside. From the first, she insisted upon his daily pilgrimage, for flowers, or for books, or for some other little errand carefully planned out. He did not suspect that it was all thus arranged to save him pain, for she had written to her father that he and the girls must come in the morning, while Paul was away, for of course they could not be merry, and she was determined that Paul should not see them sad.

Every day, her father, with Kate or Edith, would slip in for their visit, which Sue tried her best to keep cheerful, but though she often failed, it was always a bright face that welcomed Paul at the door. After he had been coaxed to his desk in the corner by the window, Sue would take up her violin, and their day would commence. Chopin's passionate, wild longings would wail through the little rooms, and into the music, Sue's whole heart went; it was the only way she voiced her wistfulness. Beethoven sometimes interpreted her moods, but not as did Chopin, with his human yearnings, his vital sympathy, his wild despair. But before her bow slipped, she always played a little, bright thing which Lane learned to listen for, and while she played, his pen would drop, and he would be a boy again, out in the fields lying on his back on the grass, his face toward the sun; and around him a butterfly hovered, now down among the flowers, now up toward the sky. He could hear the swish of its wings, see the brilliant gauze as it caught the sun's rays, feel its joy, the mad joy of living,—then as the bow faltered—"The Papillon, again, Sue!" and Sue would play it once more. This time another sound would creep in, and Paul would again see the butterfly, but it had a human soul, and that soul was Sue's, no longer in the fields, but caught, imprisoned; and then as the bow went faster, the strings gave out a note of fear, and soon the bright wings were quivering, palpitating, now beating with wild terror against the pane —then a dash toward liberty through an open space, the glitter of gay wings against the sky—and it was gone.

Sometimes, as she played, her friends would come, and hearing the music would stop to listen for a minute, creeping quietly away again, without making known their presence to those two who sat alone. No physician passed that door, for Sue had so stipulated from the first, and they were left almost undisturbed except for the morning visits which Lane was not permitted to share. Though he worked always reluctantly at first, Sue's presence stimulated his enthusiasm, forced his energy, and he wrote as he had never written before. Not the least of their pleasure was the reading of the day's work, and the long talks that followed, for Sue was a fearless critic, and her love gave her wisdom. Lane often wondered at her, for her instinct was unerring, and her judgments true. He accepted her criticism, both praise and blame, for had he not often despaired over an elusive something he lacked, which Sue was so quick to define? Then, there were the books to be read together, and thoughts compared, and as the full days slipped by, and Sue seemed to be the same, Lane began to allow himself to believe that it had all

been a mistake; even doctors could err. He did not share this hope with Sue, but she knew it as soon as he did, such wonderful sympathy does mutual pain beget.

And one day as she played it came to her for the first time how cruel to him was their present happiness; what pain to him after! With a piercing intuition, she felt how much more she was to him now, than when they had come there together a few weeks before. How much easier for him it would have been had she gone then! And she looked around the room where every corner told of her presence, and then came back to his dear head bent over his work. In his face, too, there was something that had not been there before, and it meant a great deal to Sue. She was in his life now, irrevocably; she had only been on the outside before. Would it have been better if she had not so bound herself up with his bundle of life? Easier—ah, she knew that; but better? And then she thought of his work. A man's work is his life, or what his life should be. What of his work? And she played on quite softly, until she understood.

"Paul!"

Her voice startled him, and he turned and looked anxiously at the large gray eyes with their brown shadows. She went and stood behind him, and drew his head against her breast.

"I have been thinking of you, Paul, and I want to tell you while I can. I am going to break through the promise we made each other, and speak of our parting. It was a mistaken promise, dearest, that I can see now. You have been deceiving yourself about it lately, too, oh you have, for I have seen it. I am a witch where you are concerned, Paul. And it has made me quite wretched these last few days to think that it should be through me you will suffer, that it should be I who so loves you to bring you such pain. At first I grieved that I had spoiled your life—that it would have been better if I had not come here, better if we had not spent these days together, had our pleasant moment, Paul. But now, I see where I was wrong, and I want to tell you about it. About your work, dearest. I know what I meant when I said that though your thoughts were beautiful, they were not vital, compelling. You have been thinking without feeling, for you had never known pain. Oh, you thought you had suffered, but you never had really, until I brought all this sorrow into your love for me. And it is that very love that is to give you yet deeper grief, but I am not going to regret that, but be proud. Why proud? Because it is to be through me that you are going to reach, Paul. Can't you see? Amiel said it all once, and said it so much better than I can. Hand me the *Journal*. This it is, 'Thwarted love makes a man polyglot, and grief transforms him into a diviner and a sorcerer.' And today for the first time I saw what Amiel was trying to say;—a diviner and sorcerer! And the Tusitala, dearest, have you forgotten his brave words—'The Bird singing in the rain?'"

She waited a minute for his answer and the cadence of her voice as she quoted was with him to his end, "'Let us not lose the savor of past mercies and past pleasures; but like the voice of a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memory survive in the hour of darkness.'"

"After I go, ah, let me finish, dearest, you will write, oh not just at first, you wont want to; but after a while you will turn back to your work with a power you had not before. Here in the rooms where we have lived and loved each other you will do your real work, and all because you have loved me; me! And that," said Sue very slowly, "*that* is the secret of pain."

Her words came to him fully afterwards, but not then, when his whole strength was crying out for her. But she did not go away then, as he feared, when she slipped like a tired, little child into his arms. He kissed her hands, her lips, her eyes, calling out to her in his grief until she opened her eyes on life again. There were yet days of joy for them; days that Sue thanked God each night for, while she prayed but for one more, and when at last the prayer was denied, it was done so gently that Sue

did not know, as she fell asleep in Paul's arms, that his face would not greet her when she woke.

For a time his song was still; then after a little, all the better for the silence and the pain, as Sue's prescient love had foreseen, it rang out firmer and truer, and there was a note in it that made stern men catch their breath, and pass a world-worn hand across their eyes; some way he had fallen on their story, and crushed the meaning of their life into his song. To sad hearts it brought the memory of an hour when they had dreamed they could be happy, and merry eyes grew thoughtful as it called up visions that were not all joy; but to Lane it was of a pleasant moment that he wrote, and of a butterfly that beat her tremulous, palpitating wings against her prison walls, and then fluttered softly in the free sunshine for a while before flying up into the sky.

"Singing in the rain!"

California Nights

By Charles Elmer Jenney

A tree-toad sings;
Blind Darkness its Sierran portal swings,
And lo! the wizard Moon,
From realms unknown beyond the Orient brings
A mystic light that strange enchantment flings
O'er all that we had judged but common things
Beneath plain-spoken Noon.

Now, welcome, Dreams;
Now all the air with tingling magic teems,
Long lost to Day.
Across your spray methinks a Spirit gleams;
Each shadow, covert of some genii seems;
Each rustling palm-leaf, startled Fancy deems
The flitting of a Fay.

The Evening Breeze
Strange tales and weird is whispering through the trees;
Sweet, pleasing odors creep
Like slaves to serve the master's sensuous ease;
Locust and orange lend their subtleties;
Till languidly the Thoughts their sentry cease,
And silently comes Sleep.

The Literary Lion

By Lionel Josaphare



ITHOUT extraordinary insight, it can be seen that the literary lion, like his namesake, belongs to the cat tribe. How he watches for compliments to come out of their noles doth show him as much the domestic feline as the tawny tyrant of the jungle.

He similitudes the household mouser in other ways. Dangle a compliment at the end of a string before him, and he will paw deftly at it until it is his. Call him, and pusslike, he will saunter insouciantly away. He prefers whimsically to jump into your lap when you are least expecting. Stroke him, and he will purr —expressly or impliedly. One can imply much more than he can express. And, purring, as compared with epigramming, is not only easier but signifies more, besides being mildly occult.

Otherwise the literary lion is truly characteristic of the royal Nubian maneshaker. When enraged, as for instance on hearing another egotist called into notice, he metaphorically swishes his tail rather than wags it, proving himself in nowise related to the dog. Traditionally the great quadruped is fearful of a rooster's crowing. And be it said that when any rhyming rooster crows over his own work, the literary sovereign walks off with a leonine air. The reason of this is unknown. Perhaps lion imagines tiger fond of roosters and likely to be nearby. Quarrels are disgusting. At any rate, praise to him that is able to do something at all with a leonine air—if only walk away. Many people there are that could not even pace like a lion to and fro in a cage.

Instead of the ferocity possessed by the lion of paws, the laurel-seeking lion —even the immature, lionescent and the lionoid—has conceit. In view of the many cynics that loiter about nowadays, conceit is even more autocratic and bold than is such very ferocity. And were it not, the literary lion has it in quantity to make amends for any dearth of quality. You could not remove his conceit and not demolish the innocence with which he regards the environment as his own, the solar orb as existing for the purposes of simile, and the ocean to give him subject for a sonnet. You could not amplify his conceit without destroying much that we have learned about biology. This is not said with levity, but for the somber purpose of preventing anybody's making the experiment. As a matter of fact, the exemplar of lionism belongs to a Society for the Preservation of Egotism; any attack on the lion's traits would meet with peremptory slaughter. His friends surround him and attend to it that he is duly and steadfastly extolled. They are faithful as the seconds of a duelist.

Praise is the needless telling that good is good. Flattery says that the worthless is good; good is better. And so on. From which premises, it can be calculated that when extreme laudation is reached, mankind will begin to degenerate. It is true that infinity is before us in matters of praise as well as other things; still we should not proceed too rapidly towards that hypothetical unend. Yet again, it may be vouchsafed that, should other language fail, there is always left the word "inexpressible" to take up the idea where the rest of the dictionary drops exhausted.

The pockets of this genius are usually full of manuscripts. In this regard, he departs from the order of the lion and is something of a marsupial, pouching the premature offspring of his brain near his breast and giving them the milk of publicity. Out of this receptacle come things of such import that one should not

witness the procedure unless prepared either to keep pace with wonder or keep the peace without wincing. The own compositions of the poet we shall pass over. The marvel is that whatsoever is plucked from that pocket—be it a clipping from a magazine that a friend gave him, photograph of a wayside fence sent to him by a distant crony, or a charcoal sketch by a hasheeshine impressionist—goes round like a loving cup to the lips of admiration. The elect are doing their duty. Those that proffer mediocre praise are the rabble. The silent ones are indulgently prompted. The critical are outlaws.

In this manner, the lion's modesty is given an artificial inflation. Who could not be modest with a coterie hoisting the banners of greatness all about him? How the lion would behave had he to depend on himself for a modest manner is not to be opined. His unknown quantity in this matter is as unvital to his completeness as the lost arms to the Miloan Venus.

Nature is fair with all things. She has placed the moon as a makeweight to the earth. She has supplied us with snow that we may remember in midsummer. In the same social fabric with the literary lion, Nature has devised the cynic. Now, there are certain timely rains favorable to wheat but noxious to apricots. And there are some showers of praise pleasing to lionism but baleful to the nicely adjusted mind of the misanthrope. The misanthrope does not verily hate mankind but detests those exhibitions that mankind could very well do without and will not. That is his argument. On the other hand, it is alleged that he is envious. Could we obtain a proven unenvious critic, we might bring about some reform. The criticized hint as much. They know we cannot do it. Howbeit, can you trust the opinion of a cynic that carries a sonnet of his own in his own ill-fitting vestments? The malign one utters projectiles of satire that cause a centrifugal shudder around the noble victim. Half grieved, half jubilant, he shoots out his base metal, the only alloy in the aggregate gold. Carrying consternation as it does, such leaden abuse can never redound to the ornament of the said cynic. Lead makes faultless bullets but poor jewelry.

Beyond that, the literary lion occasionally falls askew of a human division against whom the accusation of envy cannot be made. That is, woman. Now and then a woman sees fraud in that which is overlavished on the lion. For example, a lion trustfully said to an unfeeling dame:

"Sometimes I think that the world is too small for me."

She advised him to cut his hair and see if he would not have more room.

Yet that woman herself could write excellent poetry. She could not be charged with envious inferiority even though goring the lion daintily. The goring propensities of a cow have little to do with the richness of her milk.

We have heard of the daring damsel who put her head into the lion's mouth, unfortunately sometimes for her. This feat cannot be performed literally with the literary lion, fortunately for him, says the cynic. She might hear, he adds, louder hell-fire in his heart than Helican's tune in his brain. This is not only calumny but trash. The literary lion has no baser nature. His most discordant sentiment is scorn for the untrue. His life is not the normal human vibrations; but he lives in a system of thrills. His ideal temperament leaves a musky odor on whatever it touches. He takes food as if figuratively, and sneezes gently as an archangel.

Some folks take umbrage at all this. They deem lionism, or lionosity as they term it, a grotesque if not gruesome thing in this part of the universe. It is merely a point of view. Whether you survey the universe from a mountain peak or stand on a chair.

The mood that lionism disgruntles is what might be termed the personal one; this occupies most of our waking hours. When profound, it does more than that and causes somnambulism. There was once a host (a rival poet, abominator of lionism) at whose fire-place a lion had sat for a whole evening while being sweetly fumigated with flattery. This rival bard walked in his sleep that night,

startling his wife by leaning out of the window and sturdily calling, "Chimney-sweep here! Chimney-sweep, here!" There was some subconscious thread between that and the event of the evening before. Perhaps the flue of his own soul was clogged with the soot of envy's bituminous fires.

In conclusion, it may be asked: What is the difference between lionism and fame? Only a few people know. Fame is vulgar; in it, the multitude participate. Lionizing is the cult of a few, they that handle matters too subtle, too poignant for the gross fist of fame. The overwhelming part of fame is notoriety. It robs peerdom of exclusiveness. The lion, languid, amiable, sentimental, is never famous. When he attains fame, he becomes industrious and wastes not many money-making hours on his friends. The lionizers would not have him famous. They wish to sympathize with him; keep him to themselves, his mane a place for their special and specious hands. In this way, they are more jealous than the aforesaid cynics are envious; and they betray that fact by becoming the lion's detractors when fame presses away their warm, fondling hands from his hair and lays on it the cold green laurel.

Does the lion know this? Would he repine should he know? Or, is he content with the mere objective display. These questions are to be considered as would be the query: What name would have been given to peaches had there been no Persian language!

The literary lion is now a part of our civilization. He exalts us from our usual stolidity. His presence is a signal for the hanging of the rose, beneath which we may become rapturous to the yearning-point. He is a leader in rhapsodism, surrounding himself with a Parnassian afflatus for which we should be grateful. He is our excuse for becoming divinely hilarious, beauty-mad. Do we not all worship the Great God of Exclamations, whose most convenient forms of prayer are "Oh!" and "Ah!" We require, in this life (this dear, bedraggled, sweetest-possible, pale platitudinous, only life)—we require something paradisial without penalty, something angelic, if only a fallen angel, an angel with soft even though questionable touch, not always an angel with a flaming sword; a being phantasmal yet human, a figure of roseal delight set in ombre.

Towards this, the lion leads us, and we learn to express the inexpressible as best we may. The feeling and the expression of it both have the name of poetry. Perhaps, in many it is more an illusion than a power; yet all may join in the imperial paean though lacking the empyrean heart.



The Cork Jacket

By Harvey Wickham

I HAD seen her several times before. She seemed to be interested in shipping news, and often came to the Merchants' Exchange — invariably with the child in her arms. She evidently doted on it, but did not like to have the doting noticed. There had never been much of the ordinary, dolorous inquirer-for-lost-friends about her, and her cheerfulness grew with every visit. As was often remarked, she asked after no name in particular, merely reading the lists of rescues as they were posted. We concluded finally that she had not lost any one, but was interested in wrecks just as an old soldier is interested in battles.

When I entered the courtroom on that eventful June morning, Dora was the first person I saw. She was sitting isolated, in the chair reserved for witnesses, and for once the child was not with her, but slept in the arms of a uniformed nurse some distance away. On the judge's table—for this was a makeshift courtroom, requisitioned right after the great fire—lay a cork jacket marked *"S.S. Mariana."* It seemed late for any fresh evidence relating to that ill-fated ship; but something noteworthy had evidently leaked out, for every eye was turned eagerly toward the witness.

She was hard to recognize as the woman I had known. Her hair, of the color of dried seaweed, hung disregarded over her temples. Occasionally a muscle twitched about her mouth, or a lid dragged itself over her stony eyes, or her hands clutched an imaginary object in her lap. Something seemed to suggest that she had lost her bearings. Doubtless the scenes that she had been describing still rushed through her mind, taking her far from the stuffy temple of justice.

A head rose from the fore-crest of the crowd—a head as black and sleek as that of a sea-creature come up for air.

"I submit that any further testimony of this sort is unnecessary," said the head. "Opposing counsel has admitted that the child's next of kin is not the witness but the aunt, my client, who is at least of unimpeachable character and in comfortable circumstances. This, if Your Honor please, entitles us to letters of guardianship."

The head sank, as if the creature had returned to its element. The aunt commenced whispering and smiling, a striking example of complacent, selfish dullness. And it was upon her, as I was to learn, that Dora hoped to impress the sacredness of her right of guardianship —a right conferred only by the saltness of the sea, the bitterness of the wind, the faithlessness of the ship. It was like appealing for mercy to a reef.

Dora cast a frightened glance around upon the cold, unfriendly faces, and slowly their meaning forced itself into her consciousness.

"You dont believe me!" she cried in sudden consternation.

The judge adjusted his glasses and warned her against contempt of court. He was a small man, just beginning to be bald. His beard showed as gray as the salt-stained base of a headland, but his mind, entrenched behind society's grim determination to regulate everything by rule of thumb, was quite beyond the reach of anything from the sea.

She heard him as she might have heard the meaningless cry of a gull. Perhaps her ears yet rang with the crash of falling spars, and before her eyes

there may yet have swept the choking fog, the staggering decks, the snake-like whirl of waves invading a luckless barkentine. In that whirling blur what could she find to convince these men, who sat with fingers between the leaves of books? They were after precedents, and no precedents had been quoted in the case tried in salt shallows a hundred miles up the coast. There the statute of necessity had permitted boundless, terrible initiative. God knows what her memories were.

Her counsel stirred uneasily. "Tell us what else happened," he prompted. "The Court wishes us to proceed."

But the counsel, too, was after evidence fitted for the land and the sunlight. Instead of responding to his suggestion, she let her glance wander until it rested upon the judge's desk. Everyone watched in breathless amazement. Her fingers were stealing unconsciously towards the cork jacket, and, before she was aware, she had snatched it. The aunt's attorney jumped to his feet as if he had discovered a damning bit of evidence.

"How did you first obtain possession of that life-preserver?" he cried. "I understand that you 've seen it before."

Dora only shuddered, and when she responded it was by drifting back to the beginning of her story.

"It was very foggy from the start. You could n't see across the deck. I went around, looking everybody in the face. But they were all strangers. I wanted to cry, I was so glad."

She had expected, she said, to find some people that she knew. Continued questioning brought out the reiterated confession that by "some people" she meant her husband and the woman she had been warned against. But the ship swarmed with strange faces. She began to hope; to be almost certain that there was not a word of truth in the anonymous letters which had led her to undertake the journey. Then from one of the forward staterooms there had appeared a couple with a child. They did not recognize her at first; and she tried to believe that she was mistaken, for the air by this time was not only thick but darkening. The woman who accompanied the man was afraid of the fog and the heavy sea, and the man, to reassure her, promised to go for a life-preserver. Dora heard his voice. There was no mistaking that.

"So, you were left alone with this woman while your husband went for the life-preserver?" The hostile attorney paused significantly. "What did you do?"

"I did n't do anything. She was afraid of me, and ran to the side and climbed upon the bulwarks."

"Ah!"

There was a sudden craning of necks, as if a flaw had passed over the sea of heads in the courtroom. The aunt leaned forward, apparently listening to the witness for the first time. This was just such an admission as her attorney had been probing for but had not expected to get so easily. What might not be coming now?

"I ran for the child," the witness abruptly volunteered. "That brought the woman back. Just as she reached me the ship seemed to jump out of the water. The confusion was awful. I thought that something had run into us. Everybody was thrown down. People began running this way and that after life-preservers, for there was n't enough to go around."

The man, it appeared, had given his to Dora, not to her rival. Again and again she reiterated this statement with a fierce sort of pride, not seeming to realize that it was another damaging admission. Her inquisitor licked his lips with satisfaction. He might be going to prove a murder when all that he needed was to show a kidnapping.

But Dora's head went bravely up. "While he was gone for the other preserver," she heedlessly continued, "the woman began to fight for mine. But she was not strong enough to take it."

Again the aunt's lawyer showed satisfaction. This was coming to the point. The women had fought. The witness had admitted herself to have been more than a match for her antagonist. Was she going to plead guilty? And of what?

"She was weak," said Dora, "but she struggled like a mad person. After a while it came to me that she might want the life-preserver so as to save the baby."

The idea had almost loosened Dora's grip—almost, but not quite. The child was not her child. She knew nothing about it. Her sympathy had not been penetrated by its helplessness. She had her own life to save; and the ship, which had been standing like a house, at that moment slid off the rock and before the boats could be launched, ground its wounded side into the sea. Humanity swashed overboard like a wave. Dora and her rival were hurled together against the starboard stanchions.

The man had not come back, but the mother knew how to plead for herself. It was she who was the man's wife. Dora reeled under the intelligence, but she had the sense to believe. It was not a time when one could lie. But having been deceived in the most vital of human relations, having seen her reputable status crumble to a thing without a name, what was she to do? She was strong. She had the jacket. The other woman was weak, and the child was very young. Dora, according to her story, had felt her latent instinct of motherhood leap into being with the thought that the little one might be taught to believe—not in another, but in her.

"I found that I did n't care about anything but saving the baby," she admitted.

And obviously the best way to save the baby was to take it. The other woman was weak and incapable of surviving, jacket or no jacket. Opposing counsel could not forget this circumstance. To emphasize it, he pounded his right fist upon his left palm and hissed insinuations through his teeth. But Dora desperately protested:

"I was taking off the jacket to give her when the crew started to lower a boat. She saw it, and ran and threw herself in."

"You mean that she and the child started out in the first boat?" the Court inquired.

"No, no. She was alone. She had left the baby."

"As a matter of fact," cut in the aunt's attorney, turning a cynical face to the tears that now began to course down the claimant's cheeks, "did n't someone take her by the shoulders and throw her over the rail?—and was n't that someone yourself?"

"I tell you she went in the boat." Dora's face hardened until it was like the granite on which the *Mariana* had foundered. Was she thinking of the scene as she had described it? or of some grim details that we could not even imagine?

"This other woman was craven!" declared Dora's lawyer. "She deserted her own baby. Mark that circumstance, Your Honor."

"Who knows what happened?" exclaimed the cross-examiner. "This witness can't be expected to give us any light. It was an awful hour—I understand that. Men and women were changed into beasts. No doubt a crime was committed, but it is n't necessary that I should attempt to prove it. There were no other survivors." He had dropped his courtroom drawl, and was shouting as from a quarterdeck. Something of the saline mystery of the North Pacific had entered his soul.

One thing grew clear as the examination proceeded—the first boat had been lost, and from the second Dora and the babe had been hurled into the breakers. The smaller rocks were covered by every second wave. Some of the company stumbled in the darkness and were drowned. Six managed to crawl to a needle point. It was very steep, and slippery. She was the only woman, and was given the best place and covered up with coats because she and the infant were freezing. The men seem to have been men. It was seventy hours before the last one let go his hold.

"I always knew when one of them went, for they would scream in spite of themselves. The last night I heard nothing."

She shuddered. A whiff of deadly cold, as of a wind laden with salt spume, seemed to steal through the open windows, and in the rattle of the street could almost be heard the tumult of devouring combers.

"There was a Higher Power on duty that night," cried Dora's lawyer. "Dare we say that my client has no rights after that? And you talk about her taking a cork jacket, and maybe shoving another woman overboard in the rush for the boats. Was n't the child, with its arms around her neck, the real life-preserver? Did n't it save her—soul as well as body? And has n't it a right to her as well as she to it? Perhaps we have not made the best possible legal showing, but we are dealing with the things beyond the ordinary operation of human law." Forgetting his professional tactics, he was driving unwittingly at the heart of the matter.

Dora rose and faced the fixed glances of the crowd.

"You can't take her away. She is mine—mine!" Her voice grew to a scream. The child awoke.

"Mama!" it wailed.

Dora threw herself on her knees before the nurse. Tears, from trickling slowly, began to run down her cheeks in disfiguring floods.

"The sea preserves no records," said the Court, clearing its throat, "and we may therefore ignore the terrible suspicion which this witness has created against herself. She claims the child by right of rescue. I do not know of any statute which recognizes such claims. Whether or not she was instrumental in causing the death of her enemy is an irrelevant question. If nothing further is offered in evidence, I shall be compelled to award the infant's custody to the aunt."

Hearing herself referred to, the aunt stood up. Evening had approached, and the room was dim as if some of the fog that had done murder off Mendocino where the wreck had taken place were yet extant and ready for mischief. Into the aunt's heart crept a fear of the ocean. She shrank from the sobbing group.

"I dont understand these things," she said, "they 're too deep for me. But if she did what she says she did, I dont want to take the child. I ain't a monster. She 's got a better right than I have, if she went through all that. And if she 's been lying to us, I 'd be afraid to cross her. She 's either a bad woman, or a mighty good one, I guess. So you can just excuse me, Your Honor, from having anything to do with her or the baby either."

Dora uttered a cry which pierced our suspicions like a ray of sunlight. A tongue must have spoken truth that could ring with such joy, as she cried again and again:

"I am so happy! So happy! So happy!"

At any rate, the sea had acquitted her, and it is well to follow precedents.







Bell-The-Cat

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

Illustrations by C. S. Price

"He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town."

ALL day the never ceasing feet had trampled the round-up ground to powder. The spring southwesters were blowing. The round-up was an impenetrable dust-cloud, from whose whirling center came rolling mutter and steady uproar—the complaint of a thousand protesting cattle.

Riders, dim-flitting, circled the herd; now seen, now blotted out; perhaps the cloud, thinning for brief space, gave a glimpse of bewildered eyes and crowding horns, white-flashing; to be swallowed up again in swirling tumult.

From time to time there appeared on [illegible] a swift-moving cluster [illegible] darted like [illegible] pected angles like a [illegible] ing to and fro over a sunny pool. Flashing, turning, as the steer tried to dodge back, the vigilant cow-pony headed him off; till grumbling and garrulous, the steer hoisted his tail in token of defeat [illegible] made for the "cut."

After cutting out the steers, the company calves were thrown into a separate cut and branded, then the stray calves cut out and branded; last, stray cattle were cut and finally all cuts thrown together and left in charge of a half dozen unlucky ones till the day herd should come in. The range cattle were started off and turned loose, breaking up fan-wise across the sand ridges into long clamorous streaks, still running and bawling their sense of outrage to high heaven. The sun was low; already the day herd, huge, unwieldly, was slowly tumbling over the *mesa's* edge toward the bed ground. Close by, the wrangler was bringing the horse-herd campward.

As the dust settled, little groups of men became visible, heading for the chuck wagon on the river bank, where in the lee of sheltering cottonwoods the cook's fire blazed brightly. Bridle on [illegible] the horses paced soberly, with [illegible] of wise heads; the [illegible] and re- [illegible] choking dust. [illegible] tle Inspector and Wildcat [illegible] earnest converse.

"Say, Mr. Thompson," said the Inspector, "there was a dogie in the pen up to your ranch and the feller there was n't disseminating no information whatever. He said you was editor of

the question bureau—his business was to see that the stock got water and to blab yearlings; givin' out statistics to gratify idle curiosity were n't no part of his lay. He had symptoms of the malignant pip. So I thought I 'd come down and see you. How about it?"

"Has it got a Hook-and-Ladder brand breaking out on it somewhere, and its ears cut bias?" queried Thompson, lightly. "'Cause if it aint decorated that way, it sure aint mine. I dont run but the one brand. Was n't that dust rank? Why along about four o'clock a man on the far side of the herd might have stubbed his toe on the Rocky Mountins unbeknownst."



STEVE.

The inspector flushed. "Meanin' that if it wears your brand, it 's yours, come hell or high water? Now, there 's no use taking that tone, Steve. I aint mistrusting [illegible] dogie's mother was yours. You know the law as well as I do."

"No man shall keep up a calf under seven months old, unless he can produce the mother on demand," quoted Steve, soberly. "Or, should the cow have the misfortune to be dead, he must have [illegible]e last will and testament of deceased, signed by two disinterested witnesses, settin' forth, in the name of God, Amen, bein' of sound mind but failin' health (owin' to havin' been struck by lightnin', or eaten by bears, as the case might be), that she does hereby make, ordain, publish and declare these presents, to whom it may concern, to wit, namely: That she, the aforesaid cow, being owned by her owner, subject to first mortgage held by Citizens' Bank of Tucumcari, does hereby give, will, bequeath and devise to said owner, his heirs, executors and assigns forever, all her right, title and interest in the following named property, to wit: The undivided four quarters of one calf, located in the South East One Fourth of the South West One Fourth of the United States, and more particularly described in Schedule A, as regards age, sex, color and disposition, and that she was rightfully and legally seized of said calf? Sure thing!" He paused for breath. "Further," he recited glibly, "any one violating the provisions of this act is liable, on conviction, to a term of eleven months in county jail or penitentiary; or a fine of five hundred dollars to one thou[illegible] [illegible] Sanitary Board take-off—to pay for board-meetin's, and to carry elections with."

The inspector expostulated. "O, well now, what 's the use of getting hot under the collar?" he said. "I suppose, of course, you can prove the dogie's mother was yours."

"Prove?" said Steve disdainfully. "Prove? You can prove anything—if getting two disinterested parties to swear to it, at five dollars per party, is any proof. I mind meetin' Uncle Jim Burleson in Lincoln once. Charged with stealing a span of mules, he was. 'Hello, Uncle Jim!' I sings out. 'How's your case comin' on?' 'O, that 's all right,' he says. 'That 's all right! No trouble at all. Got it all fixed up. I can prove that I bought 'em by half a dozen good men. Jest one thing I'm worried about;

I dont know yet which span of mules it is!'"

"Now, look here, Steve," said the Inspector protestingly. "Of course, I dont doubt that the calf's yours. I 'm your friend. But I got to do my duty—"

"Do your duty—who 's hinderin' you?" said Steve. "But dont get mixed up none about what your duty is. You dont consider it anyways part of your duty to fine or imprison me yourself, do you? That takes a judge and jury. Nor to arrest me? It takes a sheriff and three drunk deputies to do that. That 's what I elected a sheriff for—to look after such things for me. You aint getting paid to arrest folks. You inspect—and if you see things anyways bent or curved-like, your duty is to report it. That calf is n't seven months old—its mother's dead as Melchisedek—I 'm keeping it up, and raising it on my old milk cow; I wont produce no witnesses to prove that its mother ever *was* mine. Why, if everybody had to prove that they was n't ownin' other folks's property, civilization would go down like a card-house in a cyclone and there 'd be a 'Standing Room Only' sign on the Gates of Hell, with the devil sendin' out a hurry-call for police! Now go ahead and report—but dont you touch that calf!"

"You 'll get yourself in trouble, Steve," warned the Inspector. "What 's the use of being stubborn? You dont want to defy the law. A good citizen ought to uphold it."

"Don," said Steve, more seriously, "a man that keeps a foolish law is only a fool—but a man who does n't break a wicked law is knave and coward, all both, and fool besides. Your law is foolish: the open range dont average a man to every ten miles square. But cows die dead, whether you 've got witnesses or not. It 's hardly exaggeratin' to say they all die, sooner or later—cows do. Leastways I never seen none that did n't die once—some time in their lives. And the rains dont begin till July; the calf harvest comes before that when the grass is shortest and driest; right then is when most cows die; its exactly the cows with calves that do die. You lose your cow by act of God, your calf by act of Legislature. You got no right to save the calf—unless you keep two disinterested witnesses under pay ridin' with you all the time. It 's a wicked law. The Rio Grande is in flood, calving time; when it goes down it leaves great stretches of mud and quicksand; the lakes are dryin' up; hundreds of cows bog down and die every day, leaving bright-eyed, pink-nosed calves makin' anxious and pointed inquiries concernin' breakfast. 'Taint no difference whose they *was*. When a man finds one he 's either got to take it home across his saddle for the kids to raise, or else shoot it. He cant leave the poor little trick to starve—a man cant—law or no law."

"Yes, but there 's lots of thievin' goin' on," the Inspector interposed. "Cuttin' young calves off from their mammies."

"Prove it, then—prove it and punish 'em," said Steve. "No self-respectin' cow-thief 'ud do a thing like that. Why, the union 'ud take away their cards too quick. Such dirt aint man-size. If you prove it on me, give me all the law calls for, and take my tobacco. But dont try it without proof. I 'll secede.

"This law proposes to put the burden of proof on the stoop-shouldered white man—make him prove he 's innocent. Man would n't mind doin' it if he was guilty, but when he aint, it annoys him. Talk about its bein' unconstitutional—why, its plumb unhygenic! It 'd make a turtle-dove grow a beak and scream like an eagle! Its contrary to bedrock principles of common law—and common sense too, which is a damn sight more important. I got nothin' against you, Don; but when you send in your report you give the Insanitary Board my best respects and tell 'em Wildcat Thompson says they can go plumb slap-dab to hell; that I keep this calf; that they cant find twelve men in the Territory that 'll cinch me for not lettin' it starve, and if they fool with me one little bit I 'll fix 'em so their own dogs 'll bark at 'em! Why, if they ever try to enforce such a pipe-dream as that, I 'll rip that board up into toothpicks! I 'll plow Santa Fe up and sow it with salt; tourists in little black caps 'll be gettin' off the Pullmans and inquirin' where the Capital used to be!"



"LAST OF ALL CAME THE INSPECTOR AND WILDCAT THOMPSON IN EARNEST CONVERSE."

"Spare the women and children," implored the Inspector, "'If, peradventure, there be any good men?'"

Wildcat grinned. "There"—relenting—"no harm done as far as you and me are concerned. I got to catch my night-horse."

The Inspector spat thoughtfully as he unsaddled and turned his mount in the bunch. "Now," he soliloquized, "ther's one man you could fall down and worship without sin—for there's nothing like him in heaven above or earth below or the waters under the earth. Of all the unruly, consarned, contrary critters!" Then a smile broke over his face. "I'm sure sorry for the Board!" he said.

By the fire the busy cook hustled along the grub-pile. The "Bobtail" guard had saddled their night horses and were off at a gallop to relieve the day herders and bring the herd to the bed ground; to hold them there till the First Guard could eat supper and take the herd. The men who had started off the range cattle were riding back slowly; the low sun made their shadows long and thin behind them; the wind died with the dying day. The night-wrangler and the First Guard had already caught and tied their horses and were eating "First Table." The Autocrat permitted this out of mere humanity so they could go on duty and let the day-wrangler and the Bobtail come in to supper.

The Inspector [illegible] down good and [illegible] man to be cravin' to lock horns with the Cattle Sanitary Board just for the sake of excitement and exercise. Myself, I would n't choose that form of excitement any. That 's what I call goin' some. Now, if an irresistible force should have a head-end collision with an immovable body? Answer: There 'd be something doin'. I would sure like to behold that same—somewhat aloof. through a telescope."

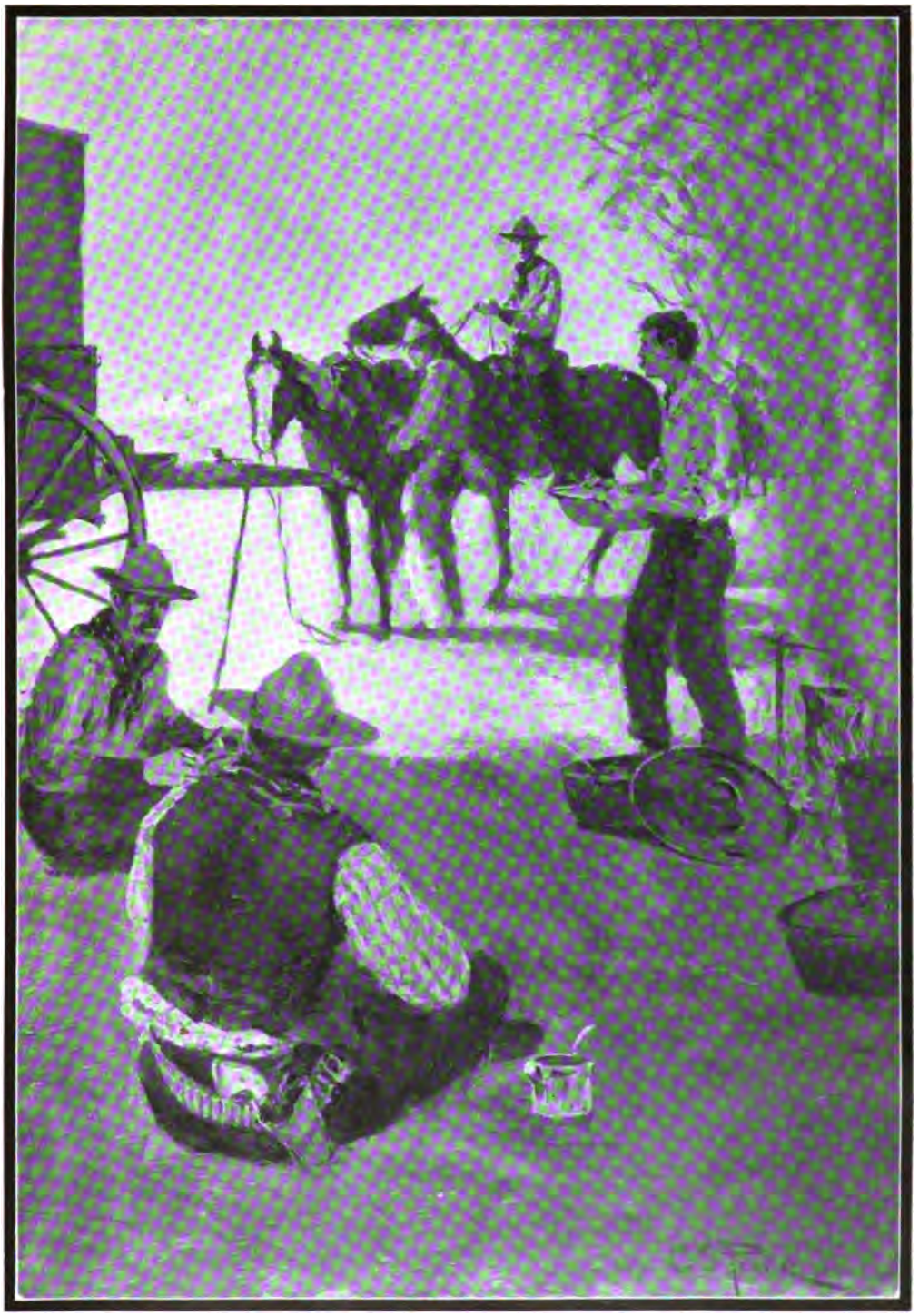
* * * *

Two by two, the six men of the Third Guard jogged melodiously around the herd. The cattle were quiet now and for most part asleep. From before or behind, slow-chanted, monotonous, interminable songs of doubtful propriety floated to us; or at times a cigarette, dim glowing through the dark, told of our Comrades-on-Guard.

Steve told me of his talk with the Inspector. "They dont mean no harm, the Board dont," he said magnanimously. "Good old grannies. Why, they mean their fussy little old laws to do good every time—to put down stealin' and dirt. The Legislature? O, it does just as its bid, like a good child—if nobody dont bid higher. The Sanitary Board deals and the Legislature passes. The trouble is, the Board appoints themselves, spontaneous, like a wart on a thumb; they aint accountable to nobody and they only see one side, as the dinner-pail said to the tramp. Their side. So the butcher's law, the strays-sale law, every law bearin' on the business has just one practical effect. Head you off every time. They work unnecessary hardship on the small cow-man till he has to work like a steam sausage-grinder to make both ends meet.

"Take the maverick law, frinstance. The cattle business is curious. How frequent I have patiently explained to pin-headed and inquirin' tender[illegible] cattle dont grow [illegible] mountain and [illegible] get so wild they wont hardly lick salt out of your hand. So they raise calves that grow up unbranded. After they quit their mammies, these mavericks belong to the Cattle Sanitary Board. *The law says so.*

"That is to say, all your unbranded stuff that 's swift enough to outrun you belong to some one else. Every long-ear that got cut off from his mammy today, and lucky enough to make a get-away, belonged to the Board the minute they hit the brush. *The law says so.* All sleepers go to the Board. Keeping the kitty for the whole dum Territory makes a good big rake-off, and no light or license to pay for. Some day they 'll enact that all ring-streaked and speckled



"BY THE FIRE THE BUSY COOK HUSTLED ALONG THE GRUB PILE."



"MORNIN'" SAID STEVE TO THE TAX COLLECTOR.

towards the last, which is unfortunate.

"Right there is where complications ensue most astonishin'. If a yearlin' is caught wearin' a big company's brand, and suckin' a poor man's cow, they throw 'em down and burn a big stripe slaunch-wise, for a mistake-brand, giving the poor man an unmarked one, for the company's brand is sacred and must n't be barred out. *But,* when they find a calf wearin' a little man's brand followin' a company cow, look-see! The play is to put the stripes on the man. That 's different. It 's no 'mistake' now, just 'mis-took'—short for stole. It dont take much education to see that aint hardly a square deal. So we dont sometimes most always run our horses plumb down to tell the sheriff the turr'ble sights we 've seen, out of town. Not always.

"Having in mind these little discrepancies and mebbe-so a few more, we sorter overlook the law. Take the yearlings that got away today. They might have been the Company's, or yours, or mine, or Sum's, or anybody's. You cant tell now, unless they get with their mammies again. And they wont, if their mammies belonged to us little stray fellers—for all stray cows are taken along in the herd. There 's only one thing dead sure about it. They *dont* belong to the Santa Fe Railroad nor the Sanitary Board, nor yet to the Smithsonian Institute. 'Cause why? *They* aint none of 'em got no cattle running here, nor nobody runnin' 'em. So, whoever gets his twine on them mavericks, their his'n, and no questions asked. It 's got to be that-a-way. Human nature wont stand for no laws confiscatin' right and left for nice old gentlemen livin' in town, with bay windows on 'em so big they cant tie their own shoes. They 'd orter buy some cows, and look after 'em, if they want any mavericks in Greenhorn."

A browsing steer threw up his head, snuffed uneasily, and made a dash for liberty. We hurled through the starlight after him and rounded him back after a brisk chase. As we resumed our

ones belong to the Board, I guess. But it 's no matter—they dont represent. It 's only a theory.

"In practice, if a bunch of us start a maverick up, the man swingin' the fastest loop puts his mark on, the rest of us setting on the yearlin's head, while the lucky one brands it. Of course, as a matter of courtesy, the man ownin' the range has the preference—if he catches the critter first.

"And that 's all right, all right. But human nature is mighty similar. From branding a sure enough maverick, to getting a calf that has ambitions to be one as soon as his mammy weans him, is a mighty short step, if you 're alone at the time. A bunch of you see a long-ear ten months old, take after him and waste him. Seems like a short yearlin' is the hardest thing there is to put your rope on in the brush. But the next day any one of the bunch sees the same calf, rising fifteen months old now, and he does n't get away none whatever. Now his mammy aint with him either, along

circle we were close behind the next couple; a voice reached us, singing gaily to the tune of Boom-de-A.

" 'Way down on the Yank-te-Plank
Bull-frog jumped from bank to bank!
Tore himself from flank to flank,
Bruised his legs from shank to shank!"

"Steve," I said as we fell back to our place, "aint you afraid they 'll make you trouble? Remember the bull-frog—dont be too ambitious."

"They wont arrest *me,*" said Steve confidently. "They dassent risk their little old scare-crow law on a man that 'll go the route and make a test case of it. It might terrify people with a guilty conscience and bad digestion—'the wicked flee, whom no man pursueth'—but it wont scare nobody above an insec'. I 'm like the feller was about religion—I 'm open to conviction, all right, but I 'd like to see any one convict me. Trouble, though? I should n't wonder. My cattle's mortgaged to DeForest—and when the Board has chilblains, DeForest rubs iodine on his feet. Then there 's two years back taxes due. The Board is all peanut politicians, them and their other friends, and stand in with themselves right well. Guess there 'll be some few sparks flyin' upwards, all right."

"Cant you prove ownership of that dogie?" I asked.

"That calf? Sure. His mammy got crowded off a bluff and broke her back, time we gathered a car of butcher-stuff last winter. The whole outfit seen it."

"Would n't it have been wiser—" I hesitated. Steve took it up.

"Would n't it be wise of a man to stand still while some one wrapped cobwebs around him. Cobwebs 'ud hold him—if he stood still long enough. But if he stretched out his arm?"

"What 'll you do?" I asked.

"O, I 'll do like the fly did—

" 'A fly and a flea in a flue,
Were imprisoned, so what could they do?
Said the flea, 'Let us fly.'
Said the fly, 'Let us flee.'
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.'

"I 'll use a little diplomacy and crawl through a flaw somewheres. Here comes the Last Guard. Now for one small short nap."

"Mornin'," said Steve, to the Tax Collector. The official acknowledged the greeting coldly from his seat at the desk.

"Thought I 'd come over and settle up," said Steve pleasantly. "Say, you fellows got me payin' on more cattle than some of my neighbors that sell fifty steers to my ten, and vote the right ticket. However, I aint beefin' about past favors, but this year—Lordy! Why, I 've always heard that the quickest way to improve the breed of cattle was to cross an old Chihuahua cow with a freight train, but the way they socked it onto me this year you 'd think my herd was all imported from Scotland overnight."

"I have nothing to do with that. Talk to the assessor. It 's none of my business," replied the Collector, with chill official dignity.

"Yes—that 's right, too—but it 'll be your business when you come to collect this year's taxes. But, shucks! What 's the use of borrowin' trouble? Lots of water 'll run under the bridge before they become due—to say nothin' of bein' paid."

The Collector looked up from his desk. "Your taxes with penalty amount to $187.36," he said, in condemnatory tones. "I have written to you several times, Mr. Thompson."

Steve laughed pleasantly. "You know what the Irish butcher told the doctor? 'Waal, waal! For-rty dollars fir midicine and for-rty dollars fir bafe! Is n't it odd?' Would you mind if I take one of my chairs? I 'm tired standing." He sat down without waiting for an answer.

"Your chairs?" Neither glance nor tone was polite. The Collector thoroughly disapproved of Thompson's existence, and being in his own yard, took pains not to conceal it.

"Well, I guess mebbe I did n't state that just right," admitted Steve handsomely. "Ought to said 'our' chairs, seein' as you 're a citizen too." He unrolled a bundle and counted. Here 's seven mountain-lion's scalps and a bear scalp, at twenty dollars each. Gimme a receipt and I pay you the $7.36 differ-

ence." He counted out the money and waited expectantly.

The Collector frowned heavily.

"We dont do business that way—hardly. You plank over the cash."

"O—and then you hand it back to me for my scalps? I see!" said Steve innocently. "If you want to be the party of the first part, why not? It 's only a little vanity—not worth quarreling over."

"You pay over that money," demanded the Collector, flushed and angry. "The Commissioners 'll give you scrip for your scalps. There 's no money in the treasury to pay bounties with. All we have is set apart for other purposes."

"Both in the same boat, by George!" Steve's tones were sympathetic. "No money in my treasury either—not to pay taxes with. What money I have is set apart for the purpose of settin' together at a little game down to Joe's place. *That* what you keepin' yours for?"

This bit deep, for the Collector was a known devotee of the national game. He was furious, but reticent about expressing his emotions. The bruit ran of Wildcat Thompson that he turned not back from any plow whereunto he set his hand. "Fight a buzz-saw and it a-goin'," said the countryside. Moreover, the Collector feared the puncher's rasping tongue. So he swallowed his wrath. "We pay you in scrip, Mr. Thompson, having no money—"

"But if I pay you $180, you 'll have money. Dont you see?" Steve insisted. "Then you can pay me for my scalps and we 'll take one drink on me and one on the county."

The exasperated man chewed his mouth. "No, no—you dont understand," he said, wiping his clammy brows. "This money does n't go into the bounty fund. There 's a special tax for that. We give you a scrip—the county's promise to pay—and you either wait till we have the money, or sell it for what you can get for it."

"O, if you put it *that* way," said Steve, generously. "Nobody wants to jump on a county when it 's down. Give me your little old scrip."

"The Commissioners give you the scrip," explained the Collector indulgently—inwardly congratulating himself on having brought this difficult person to see reason. "My part is to receive taxes."

"I 'll just give you scrip," said Steve. "You can keep it till I have money not set aside for other purposes—or sell it for what you can get for it!"

Speechless, the Collector glared at this persistent and impracticable tax-payer. He made more motions with his mouth, but no words came.

"Wait!" he squealed at last. "Wait till I get back!" He reappeared shortly followed by Commissioners, Assessor, Treasurer, County Clerk, District Attorney, some assorted politicians, and Santiaga Baca, sheriff. Low-browed was the sheriff with a heavy brutal face—a "killer" with a record. They filed in awkwardly, each waiting for some one to begin. Steve kept his chair.

"Take a seat," he said sweetly, with a patronizing wave of hand and cigarette.

It was "Johnny-the-Slick," smooth of phrase, who spoke. Chairman of the Commissioners, also member of the Sanitary Board and, through Survival of the Slickest, *Facile Princeps* of the territory. He was singularly unlike Steve's word picture of the "fussy old grannies" of the Sanitary Board. An upstanding, broad-shouldered, muscular man of forty, with a shrewd face, keen though furtive eyes, and the square chin, said by its possessors to indicate determination. A born wire-puller, of cool temper and plausible tongue, a reader of motives, a generous divider, and, to give everybody his due, unquestionably a good friend to his friends—he was a natural leader of any body of men—(that could n't go without a leader). So far, he had never met defeat or check—so his admirers boasted. A perfect specimen of mental and physical manhood, except for mere details. He was overcautious, for instance, absolutely lacking the bump of indiscretion; forgetful of undesirable circumstances, absent-minded and easily confused about portable property. Save for these trifling faults, his equipment was admirable.

He spoke oracularly.

"Now, Mr. Thompson, we surely can settle this little misunderstanding without any difficulty. You *must* obey the law."

"*Must* is a big little word," observed Steve dryly. "The county owes me $180, I owe the county $180. One debt cancels the other. I hereby offer the difference, $7.36, in cash. A receipt, please, or it 's all off with the big Swede."

"I can make that perfectly clear to you, Mr. Thompson," said the Easy Boss, persuasively. "A special tax of six mills on the dollar is levied on stockmen only, over and above the ordinary tax, and from the proceeds of this all the bounties are paid. This fund is now exhausted and we are not allowed to use the other money. We must pay scrip."

"Very pretty," said Steve. "As it happens, I 've seen the scrip you issue. The law is printed on it. I hereby unanimously repeal your laws and offer you a perfectly just settlement, man to county, without no law. If I owe you a dollar and you owe me a dollar, we 're square. If I owe you $180 and you owe me $180, we 're square. Not a hundred and eighty times as square—just square."

The Easy Boss lost his patience. He was not used to being thus lightly entreated. For six years he had "carried New Mexico in his vest pocket" without inconvenience to either, and now to be set at naught by a penniless puncher! "You *got* to pay!" he sputtered. "There's a way to *make* you pay. The sheriff—"

"You are singularly careless in your choice of words," said Steve, correcting him. "*Make* me pay? *Make?* ME? Why, Mr. Chairman, you cant *make* me do anything! There is only one thing any man ever *has* to do—he has to die. He has the casting vote on every other proposition under the sun. Think it over—see if I 'm not right. What you probably *mean* to say is that the sheriff can levy on my property and sell it for taxes. He *might* do that."

"He 'll do that—he 'll start today," bellowed the Easy Boss, thus defied. "Baca!"

Baca stepped forward—and the county Administration thoughtfully sidestepped, convenient to the windows.

But Steve made no move. He seemed alarmed. "I mortgaged my cattle a while back," he ventured timidly.

"That 's so—I 'd forgotten. He 'll foreclose on you now. Sheriff, you 'll have to collect from DeForest. He 'll have to pay the taxes."

"I—I dont think he 'll do that," observed Steve doubtfully. "I paid him off last week. I dont think he 'll pay the taxes—but he may if he wants to."

"Sheriff," said the indignant and vindictive boss, "you will get the necessary papers and attach this man's cattle at once."

Steve snuggled back in his chair with shrewdly twinkling eyes.

"Really," he said, indolently, "it would serve you right to let you send him out to my 'place. But I dont hold no malice, so I 'll explain. It 's some complicated. Like the feller in Kay See that wanted to go to Sedalia. Ticket cost three simoleons and he did n't have but a two spot. So he went to a pawnbroker and soaked his two-dollar bill for a dollar and a half. Then he sold the pawn ticket for another dollar and a half and hit the train for Hayville."

The Collector's jaw dropped; the First Citizen, with puckered forehead, rolled his underlip between thumb and finger. "Now where on earth did that other dollar come from?" he said, in a perplexed "aside," to the District Attorney.

"You better watch the safe," returned that official darkly, and began a suspicious count of his fingers.

"My problem in high finance works just like that only different, backwards, inside out, and both ends in the middle," explained Steve. "You see, I sold my cattle. They 're in Dakota or Idaho or I dunno, now."

"We 'll get the money," snarled the Boss.

"Well," said Steve, mildly, "mebbe you will. I paid DeForest off, and bought a half interest in the Tanner cattle with the subtrahend. I held out just even money enough to pay out all

my outstandin' indebtedness, and a little for diet."

"We 'll levy on the Tanner stock," shouted the Boss furiously. Steve shook his head with a thoughtful smile.

"No, I dont think you 'll do that," he demurred blandly. "Tanner came in last week and paid all taxes due on the brand. He 's got the receipts. The incident is closed."

As the Collector nodded confirmation, the thwarted and defied dictator glared at the passive figure in the chair. He saw his prestige melting away, and resorted to his last weapon. There was nervous expectancy in the air and the Administration shrank so close to the wall that they looked like a *bas relief* in the Hall of Fame.

"Baca," said the flushed and irate First Citizen, his voice trembling with discretion, "this man is keeping up a dogie and refuses to account for it, defying the Inspector and the Board. Arres—"

"Yait! Steady in the boat!" Midword the Slick One stopped, at the sharp command.

Cat-quick, Steve had risen, his right hand in his coat pocket. He stood up to the man of many dignities. There was a slight clicking sound in the pocket. The Boss noted in this pocket a Shape under the cloth, which held coat and pocket cocked up at a noticeable angle; so that the end of this obscure Shape pointed fixedly at the second button of the Commissionarial vest—the very vest in which New Mexico had reposed so long. On this Shape the Boss fixed his eyes, fascinated, as if he were trying to hypnotize himself; the color faded from his cheeks.

"You will sit down, Baca. No contributory negligence if you please!" said Steve quietly, without glancing his way or moving a muscle. "And the rest of you do like Asher did—'abide in your breeches.' "

It was the psychological moment—and Steve had used well-timed diplomacy after all. For Baca was not without a certain low form of courage—rather of insensate lack of fear. Had the coat pocket been turned his way he would have accepted the challenge without hesitation. As it was, he obeyed, bewildered. His slow mind was not equal to the problem—and he had no instructions.

"I have applied the Referendum to your laws. As you see, I have the Initiative on you also," said Steve cheerfully. "And now I must ask you to make me out a receipt in full for my taxes. Like the man in the Bible, because of my opportunity you will give it to me—or else send for the absent official, who really is indispensable to such a gathering. Really I wonder at your lack of foresight in not bringing him at first."

All the officials were there except one —the Coroner. The allusion was not lost; the receipt was made out in hasty silence. With his left hand Steve threw the bundle of scalps on the desk.

"And now, gentlemen," he said politely, "you may not be aware of the fact, but you have in your big midst, in my humble person, the Boy Orator of the Rio Grande, the only original silver-tongued siren from Cibola, the Reformer of the Rockies—the Patriot of the Prairies—the man behind the muck-rake—old Vox Populi himself. I am sorely tempted to deliver my Address on Agriculture, with special reference to Graft and Grafting. If I would, I could a tale unfold like a kangaroo, that would make each separate hair stand up like feathers upon the fretful concubine. I refrain. I wont go into details—not now. But I 've simply got to declare myself on a few purely general propositions.

"Dearly beloved. You can borrow money in the East for less than the New Mexico tax rate. We have the highest tax rate in America, four per cent. Add the special levy of six mills and you have a grand total of nearly five cents, or one big nickel out of each and every dollar. In effect, every bit of property is borrowed, mortgaged to a few hundred officeholders and no show to ever pay it off. So the more you have the more you owe. Such a tax rate puts a premium on perjury. Your friends get off at a nominal sum, with a 'tip' to the Assessor, who also sells himself to

the railroads. The rest of us have our choice—pay or perjury. If all paid alike the tax need not be over one per cent. In return you give us some fair public schools—nothing else. Neither justice, safety nor order; neither roads nor bridges. Most all the money collected goes into your pockets either in fees or graft. You get the taxes for levyin' and collectin' 'em. The last Treasurer in this county was thirty thousand dollars short in his accounts and settled for eighteen thousand. Everybody satisfied, and his bondsmen not out a dollar. No New Mexico bondsman has ever had to make good one red, round copper cent. Your laws would impugn the fair fame of Blackwell's Island, cast doubts on the mentality of a mad-house. You bribe your way into office and graft to pay the bribes. Our taxes and office holders hold us back more than all other causes combined. It 's goin' to be stopped, short, never to go again. You 've had your little brief authority, and to use the words of a good, large man, are about to subside into innocuous desuetude. You have my views, gentlemen. Good day! Come down with me, J. H.," he said to the Easy Boss. "Want to see you a minute. I 'll send back the $7.36 by you." He motioned through the door with that singularly rigid pocket. No one moved.

"Let 's go over to the shade," suggested Steve, in the hall. He led the way to a seat on the courthouse *plaza* in full view of the Collector's window, from which officialdom looked down with interest.

Slowly, Steve extracted his hand from the coat pocket, drawing forth—a pipe and a metal match case. Carefully turning the pocket wrong side out, he scraped from the corners a pipeful of loose tobacco. He opened the match case with a slight clicking sound.

"I *will* be damned!" gasped the Foremost Citizen, half in a whisper, his eyes popping out of his head.

"Doubtless—but why so confidential about it?" said Steve placidly, applying the match behind steady, sheltering hands.

"Held up!" said the Easy Boss—*"Bluffed!*—Territory, County Sanitary Board and Santiago Baca with six notches in his gun—held up by a smooth-faced kid and a bad-smelling pipe! Man, you 're a world-beater! I must have you on my side."

Steve stood up; his eyes were stern, his voice playful no longer. "Never on this earth! I 'm no man's man—and I 'm on *my* side, every time. Your side? You have no side! You 're a Boss without a party right now. You lost your place. You 've been admired as a smooth, successful rascal, but even folks that like rascals despise a crawfish. Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart will all nip your calves after this. The frontier wont stand for a man who needs them pink pills for pale people! You 're a Belled Cat!"

That is how Steve won his third name —what he calls his "nom-de-gush." In the cow-counties he is still Wildcat Thompson, but in political and legal circles he is known as "Bell-the-Cat."

Oregon and the "Harriman Fence"

By Randall R. Howard

East of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon, Northern California, Northern Nevada and Southwestern Idaho are fifty-six millions of acres of land around which a line could be drawn that would not touch a railroad. This territory is about the size of New England; it is larger than Iowa, Illinois or New York.

Oregon contains thirty-three millions of these acres.

The land now has a very considerable although scattered, population; but with a railroad to its center, an enormous number of settlers would soon fill it. It contains hundreds of thousands of acres of irrigable land, millions of acres of fine wheat land and many billions of feet of fine pine timber. It contains coal, probably petroleum and many other minerals of value. It contains tremendous water-powers waiting development. It will require many railroads some day to haul out its products.

It is fair to assume that a railroad would make the value of this land in all this section, at a low estimate average, ten dollars per acre more than it is worth today. In other words the State of Oregon, by such railroad construction would increase in taxable value three hundred and thirty millions, or about one-third of a billion dollars.

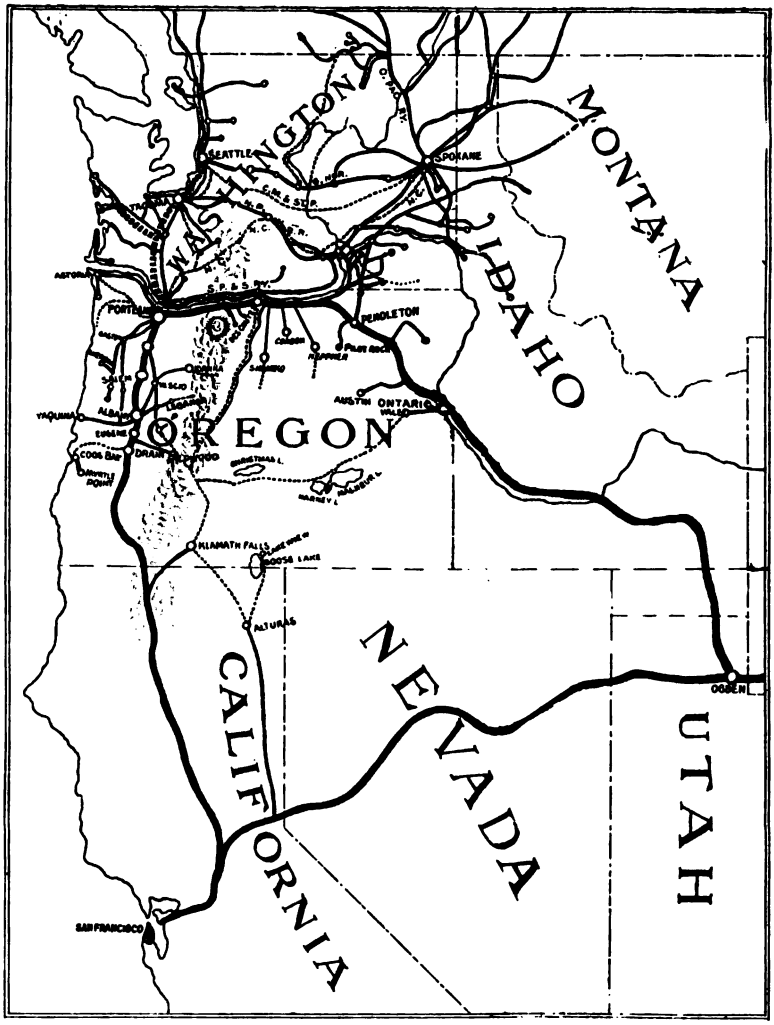
The increased production from this territory would be enormous, far exceeding the combined production of all other portions of the State.



E witness the interesting scene, in Oregon, of a seventy-five per cent Republican Legislature passing what, off-hand, would be pronounced a hundred per cent Socialistic resolution and proposed Constitutional amendment. Nothing less revolutionary is proposed, in this amendment, than that the State be permitted to construct and operate its own railroads, and if necessary condemn all existing railroad lines.

Every man in Oregon is said to have a *railroad* opinion. All other topics are as the desert breeze or the Oregon mist. The ties of political parties, for the time, are dragged in the sand and trampled in the mud. Time-tried principles and precedents seemingly exist only to be shattered. The state ownership resolution, its friends say, is the first bold step in the attempted solution of the half-century-old problem of securing railroad transportation for Central Oregon—*the largest area in the United States without a railroad.* The resolution places before the people of the State, at the next regular election, a Constitutional amendment permitting the State as a whole, or districts of the State, to "purchase or construct railroads, within the State, and lease or operate the same." The funds for this ambitious scheme are to be secured by "pledging credit, levying general taxes, or creating a special lien upon land or towns benefited." The State is to be further provided with the right of condemning and purchasing any railroad within the State—and at a price "in no case to exceed the cost of duplicating the property at the time of purchase." The one limiting clause to this bold, ambitious plan of state ownership is, that neither the State nor the districts of the State shall *operate* a railroad "unless compelled so to do for good reasons."

The public vote which will decide whether or not Oregon is to construct, operate, or aid its railroads will not be counted until November, 1910. But even now, this is the question of the hour and people are taking sides. The



The Map Shows the Comparative Railway Development of Oregon and Washington. (No Attempt Is Made to Show the Railways of Surrounding States). The Heavily-Defined Triangle Indicates the So-Called Railroad "Fence"; Control of This and All Branch Lines and Strategic Points, Has Enabled Mr. Harriman to Shut Out Rival Companies From a Railroadless Region Containing Approximately 56,000,000 Acres. The Dotted Lines in Oregon Indicate Railways Now "Projected" by Mr. Harriman. The Dotted Lines in Washington Indicate Lines Under Construction.

one extreme faction accuses the other of being "theorists, populists, socialists, anarchists"; the opposite extremists are called "the subsidized agents of the Railroads." Perhaps the larger number of voters have not yet taken sides but are waiting, thoughtfully waiting. The real interest of these voters who hold the balance of power is centred in the actions of a single man. The actions of this man is the one fact that will most likely decide the vote of the great majority on the proposed railroad-building amendment to the Constitution. And this man—Edward H. Harriman, the Railroad Wizard of the West and the Nation, and the builder and manipulator of the "Harriman Fence" that has for nearly a generation determined the railroad destiny of the largest section in the United States without a railroad. Popular sentiment seems to hold that the question is fairly put. The Legislature has in effect said to Mr. Harriman: "We must have railroads. With your Fence you have kept competing lines from building into Central Oregon and other sections, and though your roads in Oregon have returned large profits and the new extensions which we ask are proved

dividend producers, you have persistently avoided giving us transportation relief. But we must have railroads. Will you build them or must we?"

The "Harriman Fence" and the Pioneers

Central Oregon claims the distinction of having more railroad surveys and fewer railroads than any other equal area in the United States. The traveler, on leaving the Harriman railroads which border the west and north and east of this railroadless area, may walk or drive in a straight line, within the State, a distance equal to that across the State of Ohio, before he hears the whistle of another locomotive. There are points within this district where the traveler may reckon himself nearly one hundred and fifty miles in any direction from steam or electrical transportation. It is no easier to travel through Central Oregon today than it was fifty years ago, and the only sort of produce that this section—larger than Ohio or Indiana and as rich in natural resources as Pennsylvania—can give to the world is that which can "take itself out on its own hoofs."

In early days, the isolation of this section was due to contour. The Oregon Short Line, in reaching from Salt Lake City toward Portland in 1884, naturally sought the easiest grade, hence followed down the Snake River on the eastern border of the State and then cut across the northeast corner to secure a water grade down the Columbia River. The Southern Pacific, (then the "Oregon & California"), built at still an earlier date, followed the Rogue River and Willamette River valleys, the oldest-settled, and among the most fertile portions of the State. Thus Central Oregon was bordered on three sides by railroads, and it seemed only a matter of a little time until these roads would be joined by an east-and-west line across the center of the State, or until a double handful of spur-fingers would be extended inward to give transportation relief. A further alternative was a north-and-south road reaching from the Columbia River into California or to Salt Lake City. Homeseekers and developers were buoyant and hopeful in those days. With true American pioneer spirit they anticipated the railroad and pushed a hundred, nearly two hundred miles into the interior and located their farms and built their villages. Those who had prospected the whole West before settling, said the land was as good or better than that of Southern Idaho or Eastern Washington, and that the railroad must surely come some day. Life was made tolerable and hope quickened and fed by numerous railroad rumors and promises. But the rumors evaporated, and the promises rarely went further than a few grade-stakes. Several branch lines were started and even reached from twenty to sixty miles towards neglected Central Oregon, but always there was some mysterious force to stop these railroads. Again the pioneers were forced to fall back on hope. They were still hoping for a railroad when they found their rest. Their children are still hoping. Their grandchildren helped to make up the last Oregon Legislature which passed the proposed amendment permitting the State to build and operate its own railroads.

Building Up the Harriman Fence.

That the early pioneers were not dreamers when they saw a vision of wonderful development in Central Oregon is proved by the numerous cities and industries that have found homes in the almost exactly similar lands of Eastern Washington and Southern Idaho. But one thing they did not reckon with —the Harriman Fence.

The West owes much to ambitious Mr. Harriman, the Organizer, and his efficiently operated railroad system. A railroad in the West is not an incident as it would be in the East, but very life to the community, the district, the State. Harriman's name came to be a common and praised one in Oregon when he, in the nineties, breathed new life into the Union Pacific and later into the Oregon Railway & Navigation road. In the reorganization of these systems their service was improved in many ways, for which Oregon has always been grateful. Just a little later, and ten years ago, we

caught a glimpse of Harriman, the Manipulator, when it came to be known that he was the controlling power in the Southern Pacific System, as well as the O. R. & N. Thus we have the Harriman Fence—the O. R. & N. along the east side, across the northeast corner, and down the Columbia River along the northern border of Oregon, to Portland; and the Southern Pacific from California, parallel to the western coast and up the Willamette Valley to Portland. These two roads included almost the total railroad mileage of the State, and taken together were in the form of a horseshoe with the open side pointing toward the mountains and deserts of Northern Nevada and California. Snug within this seven-hundred-and-fifty mile horseshoe lay Central Oregon. This great district was left naturally somewhat isolated because of the Cascade Mountains to the west and the hills of the Columbia to the north, and the Blue Mountains to the east, but still in a splendid position for development by the extension of branch lines and feeders through the several natural passes. With such a large and rich territory in the very palm of the Harriman System it is natural that he should want to keep it and control it. The methods adopted were natural, too. Merely the absorption of the feeders and minor lines already constructed, and the keeping away of competing lines. Some of the following facts will illustrate:

Absorbing the Feeders and Minor Lines.

Whether the Harriman Fence around Central Oregon had been built, or merely happened, makes no difference. At any rate it was there and business instinct would say patch it up and use it. So did Mr. Harriman, and so he is doing. It was simply a matter of stopping up the gaps and scaring away the "breachy critters," as we shall see.

One of the early hopes for the transportation relief of Central Oregon had been the Corvallis & Eastern, which planned to build an east-and-west road through Oregon from the Yaquina Bay, to Ontario on the eastern border. After building through the Coast Mountains and the Willamette Valley and grading the right-of-way to the very summit of the Cascades, overlooking Central Oregon, the Corvallis & Eastern people were overtaken by financial difficulties and forced to discontinue construction work. Not yet having tapped its most promising territory—Central Oregon—the road was run at a continual loss and finally brought but $100,000 under the sheriff's hammer. A few years later the road was an easy bargain for Mr. Harriman. With the Reorganizing Wizard in control it was hoped that the road would be extended the fifty or hundred miles necessary to reach the very heart of the Isolation. But hope did not extend the Corvallis & Eastern; neither did Mr. Harriman. For the past twenty years or so an engine has been occasionally run over the right-of-way, that there might be no doubt as to the legal control of the low pass—for, indeed, a good pass is too valuable a property for a railroader to squander.

Another interesting chapter in "Absorbing the Feeders" relates to the Columbia Southern. It is another tale of ambitions cut short, for the road started out lustily from the north central border of the State to build south into Central Oregon. The Columbia Southern abruptly ended its heralded march in a rock-pile sixty miles south of its starting point and its engines are now burning Harriman coal.

The idea of a road south from Biggs towards Central Oregon was not a new one, for as early as 1902 Chief Engineer Kennedy of the Union Pacific lines said: "In past years I have more than once recommended the construction of this line (from Biggs to Wasco) to the management of the Union Pacific system, and feel confident the resources of the country traversed by the proposed line would justify its construction." To answer the railroad clamor from Central Oregon, Harriman later sent his agents to estimate the tonnage that such an extension would promise, but the report was discouraging, very discouraging. Notwithstanding these reports, however, there was one man who was not convinced. This man, E. E. Lytle, was the O. R. &

N. station agent at The Dalles. It happened that The Dalles was the railroad point where the Eastern Oregon freighters loaded for their long haul, and the chief point to which the wool and livestock were returned. The station agent did not need to depend upon the reports of traffic "experts;" he knew the tonnage. His total capital is said to have been an unlimited faith in the paying value of a branch railroad into Central Oregon. His stenographer helped him to buy some second-hand rails and an old engine, and by mortgaging these and getting ties on the supposed credit of the O. R. & N., the road was started from Biggs on a difficult grade up the hills from the Columbia River. The road was bonded and after numerous haltings was pushed south for sixty miles. There may have been real-estate reasons for originally building the terminal city of Shaniko on a rocky, windy plain, but at any rate the terminal still stands. From the first year the road was a big paying investment on a bondage representing no original capital. It was desired to extend the road further south, but for some reason the bonds did n't "take" in New York. At the same time Mr. Harriman announced that he would build a parallel line south to Condon and threatened to directly parallel the Columbia Southern. The further fact that a branch line is very much at the mercy of a main line in the matter of car supply, if the latter so choose, placed the Columbia Southern on the market, and Mr. Harriman bid it in. To show his belief in the paying qualities of the Columbia Southern property, Mr. Harriman announced in Portland in January, 1904, that he would at once extend the road to Bend, the heart of the irrigated district of Central Oregon. But Shaniko is still the terminus, and in 1909 the promise is yet open to fulfillment.

Another incident in the stopping up of the gaps in the Harriman Fence around Central Oregon finds its location in a rocky canyon about fifty miles west from Ontario, in extreme Eastern Oregon. This narrow canyon forms the only natural pass, through a spur of the Blue Mountains, for an eastern-and-western road through Central Oregon. Nailing down this pass was one of the first acts of Mr. Harriman after he came into control of the Union Pacific and O. R. & N. Much expensive rock grading has been done since that day; ties have been laid here, fifty miles from the smell of coal smoke, and legal ownership maintained for twenty years past. When Oregon's era of promised railroad building actually begins this pass will be immensely valuable.

Fencing Out Competition From Oregon.

It seems that little railroad builders can be easily scared, and it further seems that their big brothers know a thing or two about scaring. Take for example the scaring value of the proposed extension of the Southern Pacific from Drain to Coos Bay. This proposed extension has had a place on the official map of the Harriman system since 1905. Although contracts for this road have been let several different times, work has as often stopped, and today less than a mile of the track has been completed. Several expensive bridges have been constructed, however, and the right-of-way is well under control. It is a significant fact that new contracts have been let and construction work resumed always when talk of an electric or competing road into Coos Bay has been the loudest. It is also significant of the immediate future of this road that the steel rails which were to have been used have been transferred to the Klamath extension of the Harriman lines in Southern Oregon.

One of the most important recent extensions of the Harriman lines in Oregon has been the branch line from Elgin into Wallowa County, in the northeast corner of the State. Deserving credit is given for the transportation relief of a rich section, but as an index of a dont-give-until-you-are-compelled-to policy, it is told that this road was only built after numerous promises and long delays, and finally commenced at a time when competition from the north threatened to get first choice of rights-of-way and territory.

Mr. Harriman found a worthy adversary when he turned all of his legal force

and a few of his millions towards the checking of Mr. Hill's "North Bank" road down the Columbia River from Spokane to Portland. Evidently Mr. Harriman did n't want to have his Fence paralleled, but he was forced to acknowledge defeat after a plucky fight, and the "North Bank" road is now counted as having an important bearing upon the Oregon railroad situation.

To these few incidents which have helped to make recent railroad history in Oregon, might be added many smaller ones. It might be told how the Harriman "Paper-franchise" man has helped in the protection of the Fence. To all outside appearances this individual is an active competitor when he rushes in ahead of a real outsider and, because of intimate knowledge of the field and completed surveys of strategic passes, is able to get his franchise filed first. Naturally supplementing this man are the numerous surveying crews, ready to jump with a thirty-minute notice to any part of the Oregon Railroad Reserve, for one of the most effective means of keeping out the Troubler is to let him happen onto half a dozen surveying crews. For example, it is said that there were fifteen railroad surveying crews in Central Oregon at one time last summer. The action has legal significance, too, for a right-of-way can be held through a long period, without any construction work, provided it is re-surveyed every six months. Also numerous surveying parties in the field have a way of satisfying the public clamor for railroads, for to the average man, seeing a railroad surveying party is the next thing to hearing the toot of an engine.

The Result of the Harriman Fence Shown in Population.

The net result of the Harriman Fence around Central Oregon, may be summarized in a few population comparisons between the States of Oregon and Washington. Of the two Oregon is the oldest settled, having had 52,000 people in 1860 as compared to Washington's 11,000. Oregon had railroads long before Washington was touched by steam transportation. Also Oregon is much larger than her sister state to the north, having 96,000 square miles of area as against Washington's 69,000. The two states are very similar, so far as soil, climate and natural wealth are concerned, with the difference in favor of Oregon. Both have mineral wealth, great forests of timber, empires of wheat land and irrigable valleys and plains of wonderful fertility. Notwithstanding these facts tending to prove equality, and a like appeal to the investor and home-seeker, the State of Washington today has more than twice as large a population as the State of Oregon. And what makes the difference? The contrast between the railroad facilities of the two states may not be the whole reason why Oregon has been "left in the shade," but certainly it is the very greatest. In the year 1900 Washington had 3,261 miles of railroad, and Oregon had 1,730 miles. In 1908 Washington had an estimated total railroad mileage (including electrical and mileage under construction) of 4,500; Oregon at the same time had a completed and estimated mileage of 2,200. In the last twenty years the railroad mileage of Washington has increased about 100 per cent and the population 150 per cent. During the same period the railroad mileage* of Oregon has increased sixty per cent, and the population ninety per cent. The State of Washington is penetrated by the following transcontinental railroad systems: the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, O. R. & N., Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, two of these lines entering the state over other tracks; and other roads are building. With the exception of Hill's few miles of road actually within the State, Oregon has a single system of railroads, the Harriman.

The Present Railroad Situation in Oregon.

A few years ago some of the business men of the state awoke to the realization that Oregon was not progressing and developing as fast as her natural resources warranted. She was not receiving her share of the capital and settlers

*The increase is chiefly from the construction of electric lines.

that were continually pouring out from the East. She was somehow not making the right appeal to the homeseeker and investor. This realization and conviction was the germ that has given the Oregon of today what is perhaps the most systematic and extensive "campaign of publicity" and exploitation that the nation has known. The scheme has produced the Oregon Development League, which is an alliance of the different commercial and exploitation bodies of the towns, counties and communities of the state. A part of its work has been the scattering of tons of descriptive literature which has resulted in the bringing of thousands of settlers. Supplementing this movement is what may be called the Reclamation Age of the arid and semi-arid West. It came to be nationally realized a few years ago that practically the only open land of the West was following the water-line, and that arid and semi-arid land when irrigated possessed a fertility and sureness of crop wholly impossible even to humid land. Congress took official notice of the feeling and passed the Reclamation and Carey Land Acts, the two laws that perhaps mean more to the West and Oregon than any or all other recent legislation. A glance at the Oregon map will show the irrigation possibilities of Eastern and Central Oregon. Two-thirds of the State is east of the Cascade Mountains. The height and ruggedness of these mountains have made the Willamette Valley and Western Oregon mild cloudy and humid, and the remainder of the state sunshiny and in parts semi-arid. Coupled with this aridity is the presence of numerous streams and water-storage basins. The Deschutes River, notably, flowing into the Columbia River from the very heart of Central Oregon, is one of the most ideal streams in the world for irrigation, since it is of almost constant flow and carries a large volume of water capable of being immensely increased by storage reservoirs. Its water can also be easily diverted for the reclamation of hundreds of thousands of acres of arid land. Other streams and reservoir sites control other irrigable areas almost as large and fully as good; but since the present acute railroad situation of the State closely relates to the Deschutes section of Central Oregon, let us study it for a moment.

The Deschutes Valley and Harriman's Railroad Promises.

We have already told how the Columbia Southern Railroad was originally projected with the announced intention of extension from Biggs to Bend, in the heart of the Deschutes Valley. We have also seen how the Columbia Southern gave up its fight in the rock-pile that is now called Shaniko, and how it finally became a Harriman property.

While the Columbia Southern was being constructed, the country naturally settled ahead. Agency Plains, a fine 170,000-acre plateau that has later proved to be some of the best wheat-land of the Northwest, was all "taken up" by homesteaders and dotted with their humble shacks. Several companies with large capital were organized to reclaim, under the Carey Act, thousands of acres of land of the Deschutes Valley, and their present segregations amount to nearly 300,000 acres. These Carey Act companies advertised and drew hundreds of settlers from all parts of the United States. Of course, none of these people came with the intention or thought of always living a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, miles from the railroad. They would play pioneer, crowd in ahead of the railroad and get better values and then live as best they could for the few months or year before the civilization-bringing steam whistle caught up. It was argued, justifiably, that purely as a business matter a railroad could not long stay away from this rich, new, irrigated empire, and that Bend would become the Spokane of Eastern Oregon.

But why speculate! The Columbia Southern was actually coming; it was already to Shaniko. Thus the settlers waited for several years.

Finally, one day in January, 1904, came an announcement directly from Mr. Harriman. He told the business men of Portland that the Columbia Southern would be immediately extended. With this definite announcement other settlers

came. But the railroad did not come, nor even start.

Again the people waited. The farmers on Agency Plains and vicinity raised immense crops of grain, but, at a cost of a cent per bushel per mile, the long haul to the railroad took away all of the profits, even the living. The irrigation companies at Bend discovered that without a railroad their settlers could sell scarcely anything, hence could not pay for their water rights. With the irrigation companies it was and is a practical condition; get a railroad or ultimately fail. But nearly five years passed since Mr. Harriman promised to immediately extend the Columbia Southern—and still no railroad.

The Governor Talks Railroad With Mr. Harriman.

Mr. Harriman spent his 1908 summer vacation in his lodge at Pelican Bay in South Central Oregon. He perhaps chose the location of his summer cottage with a purpose. The environmental change from his regular work must have been perfect, for he could look around from his hammock over a 64,000-square-mile railroadless area—surely the "land where there were no railroads to bother him."

At the invitation of Mr. Harriman, Governor Chamberlain and a representative of one of the largest of the Deschutes irrigation companies came to Pelican Bay to talk over the railroad situation in Oregon. The Governor and party covered the two hundred miles from Shaniko to Pelican Bay in an automobile. The result of the conference was anxiously awaited, and it was the newspaper beat of the season to get the Governor's first story. It was good news. Mr. Harriman would see that Central Oregon had a railroad immediately. Estimates of a route were ordered made, with work to begin as soon as it had been decided which was the best route. More settlers freighted their household goods, at two dollars per hundred pounds, one hundred and fifty miles into Central Oregon, and more advertising was done and more land sold.

As confirmatory to the Governor's interview on returning, a few months later General Manager O'Brien, of the Harriman lines of the Northwest, announced that the possible routes into Central Oregon had narrowed down to three. He frankly discussed the comparative cost of the extension of the Columbia Southern from Shaniko to Bend; the rehabilitation and extension of the Corvallis & Eastern down the east slope of the Cascades, and a new route up the Deschutes River Canyon from the Columbia to Bend. The latter route, though the most expensive of construction, was considered the natural one, since it offered a water grade and drained the most promising railroad territory. Work would begin, said Mr. O'Brien, as soon as further estimates were made and the route definitely decided.

Still No Railroad—Agitators Abroad.

The fever heat of expectation in the matter of railroad relief for Central Oregon had been reached, for Harriman, O'Brien, the Governor, all told the same story. The trinity of promises were on record, but there was a notable lack of actual railroad work. A good part of a year passed and still no railroad and no beginning. Then it was that the agitator began to go abroad. He took the form of the state official, the business man, the settler, the exploiter. His argument was something like this: "We do not object to being controlled and taxed, but we do demand development and must have railroads. Others would build into Central Oregon if they could get through the Fence. But we will neglect the fact of the Fence, for we believe we can show reasons why you Mr. Harriman, should yourself build into Central Oregon. First, you could do it purely on Oregon money. Oregon has paid you something like thirty millions of dollars in dividends during the past nine years on the O. R. & N. road alone. In addition, your Southern Pacific road in Oregon is earning $5,770 per mile annually, or a total of $3,800,000. A single year's dividend would build our most needed and your most promised railroad into Central Oregon, and for less than a single year's dividend

you could build an east-and-west road entirely through the state. Even hampered as she is by the lack of railroads, settlement and development chiefly in Central Oregon, this State has increased your net operating income on the O. R. & N. from $1,884,686 in 1897 to $6,382,716 in 1908. Oregon traffic has increased your dividends on the total capital of the O. R. & N. from three and a half per cent in 1897 to eighteen per cent in 1908. In view of your promises, which have misled settlers and investors, and the proved fact of a safe dividend on an investment in new roads, has not Oregon (your territory) more claim on a part of the surplus which she earns than has Washington (Hill's territory)? Will not your—or rather *our* money—earn a larger and a safer income in new Oregon roads than in competing Washington roads, and do you not owe this obligation to Oregon?

"Secondly, Oregon has been fair and tolerant with as little adverse and harrowing legislation as any State in the West, this notwithstanding high traffic and freight rates and rapidly increasing earnings. Also Oregon has assessed a lower mileage taxation than any other Coast or Northwestern State; for example, in 1907 the average assessment per mile of your Oregon railroad was $4,000, while during the same year these roads paid five per cent on an estimated valuation of $125,000 per mile. To recapitulate: your roads are taking increasing profits from a territory from which you are keeping out railroad competition. There is pressing need in this field for more railroads. You have repeatedly promised this transportation relief. It has been proved that new roads would pay. You are given every encouragement to build, by lack of restrictive legislation and by low tax assessments. Do not these facts justify and demand railroad relief and extension in Oregon?" But the argument apparently did not hit, for still were there no new railroads towards Central Oregon.

The Launching of the Scheme for State-Aided Railroads.

It was during the session of the Oregon-Idaho Development Congress at Salem, Oregon, in February, 1909, that the scheme for state-aided railroads gained its first public momentum, though such a plan was suggested in July, 1908, by Governor Chamberlain before a meeting of the Portland Commercial Club. In the general plea for Oregon's development, it required no arguments to prove that her greatest need was more miles of railroad. Consequently the speaker who discussed "a State-Aided Railway System" did not need to create any warmth. The idea found favor. It happened that the Oregon Legislature was in session at that time, and in the same city, and it was only a matter of condensing the idea and the sentiment into a resolution. The resolution proposed to put before the people at the next regular election a constitutional amendment permitting them to construct, own and operate their own railroads—with the limiting provision that the State should not *operate* these railways unless compelled to do so "for good reasons." The resolution was introduced before the House by its Republican Speaker. The resolution was supplemented by a bill providing for the appointment by the Governor of a Commission of Highways, the commission to prepare plans for railroad construction and devise means for financing such a scheme and to report to the next Legislature. Party lines were not drawn and the resolution was sent to the Senate with almost a unanimous "aye."

And then a perfectly natural thing happened. The chief argument in the House had been that since Harriman *would n't* build railroads and nobody else *could*, then the State must do it. A non-critical reader would have been entirely taken off his feet when he saw the next morning's paper, for there, in the leading double column and carried to an inside page with a large map, were shouted and reshouted words to this effect:

Deschutes Road Starts at Once.

Opening Up of Central Oregon Authorized. Harriman Orders All Speed.
Line is 130 Miles Long and Will Cost $4,773,000.
Tap Irrigation District.

Construction May Take Year and Half, and Will Proceed as Soon as Right-of-Way Matters are Adjusted.

In another part of the same paper it was prophesied that the railroad bill would be killed in the Senate. The second day afterwards the paper carried a dispatch from Chicago to which was given the following heading:

Three Harriman Lines for Oregon.

Roads Will Crisscross Undeveloped Parts. Plans East and West Route.
Wizard to Spend Millions in Northwest Work.
Declares War on Rivals.
Recent Bond Issue Will Be Used to Nail Down Territory to Which Hill and St. Paul Roads Are Building.

Down an inch or two in the article it was stated that "it is understood that an official announcement will soon be made of important extensions to be made by Harriman in Oregon and other portions of the Pacific Northwest"; also that "the State of Oregon is to secure railroad advantages which were not dreamed of a few years ago, and which will bring the State into the forerank of the Northwest in the way of future development."

The "news" had its effect. Enthusiasm cooled. The "well-if-Harriman-is-going - to-do-it-we-dont-need-to-bother" talk became common among Senators.

Action by Portland Chamber of Commerce and the Governor.

The interesting reports of new Harriman activities seemed not to have entirely smothered reactionary railroad spirit, however, for while the resolution was in the balance in the Senate, a special meeting of the Portland Chamber of Commerce was called to consider "transportation matters." The result of the meeting was the unanimous selection of a large nonpartisan lobby of solid business men to go to Salem and boost for the proposed railroad amendment. The railroad company's attorney was at the special meeting and presented an explanation of the delay in the construction of the much-promised Central Oregon railroad: The Deschutes route had been selected some time previously, but for two years or more the right-of-way up the narrow canyon had been blocked by a rival company. There had also been trouble with the officials of the Reclamation Service and the railroad surveys had been repeatedly returned unaccepted because of a conflict with supposed reclamation schemes and power-sites. But the lobby of Portland business men went to Salem nevertheless. About the same time a special message from the Governor was addressed to the members of the Legislature. It recited the fact that "the railroad company which controls the destiny of the State" had failed to keep its promises for railroad extension, and as a result, "the development of the State is greatly retarded and the people who have been misled through these promises, impoverished." As a final plea he added that it seemed to him "that the people of Oregon ought to do something to relieve themselves from the oppression of railroad monopoly" and that "at any rate it can do no harm to submit the proposed amendment to the people for their consideration."

The Senate was more deliberate in considering the proposed constitutional amendment, than had been the House. Sentiment was by no means unanimous and there were charges and countercharges. "It is a populistic notion," one Senator asserted, "and populism leads to socialism and socialism to anarchism." The party man was there with his plea that "the Republicans of Oregon would not be standing in line with the Republican national platform if they took up with public ownership." There were threats that the State would be bankrupted, but against this was hurled the retort that State ownership could not be more wasteful, nor take more money out of the State than did Harriman, and that the State could afford to sink from six to ten millions if thereby it could make back twenty to thirty millions. One Senator opposed the scheme but thought the people should decide, and that if the amendment were not placed before them through the Legislature, they would use the initiative and get it anyway. The sentiment that such an amendment would probably force Harriman to build, and at any rate that it was a question for

the people to decide, finally prevailed and the resolution passed by the close vote of sixteen to fourteen.

Secretary Garfield, Not Harriman, to Blame?

There was a noticeable turn in railroad news. It was beginning to be discovered that Mr. Harriman was not so much to blame for no railroad into Central Oregon as some people seemed to think. Perhaps he was not to blame at all, so the dispatches intimated. The real obstructor was the Reclamation Service, as the following copied news heading indicates:

Blocks Road Up Deschutes River.
Reclamation Service Stands in Way of Harriman Line to Central Oregon.

All of the delay was due, then, to Secretary of Interior Garfield's insistence on the reservation of a few reclamation power-sites which would require the railroad to be built a few hundred feet or so further up the hill and would cost a few thousand dollars additional. But Secretary Garfield's term would soon expire and there were hopes that his successor would be more considerate of Eastern Oregon. As confirmatory we read in another newspaper heading that:

Harriman Places Hope in Ballinger.
Expects New Secretary to Approve Maps for Road Up Deschutes.
Garfield Always Hostile.
Thought His Interest in Reclamation Projects Prevented Him From Giving Aid to New Railroads to Arid Regions."

But a heading only three days later tells us that:

Garfield Will Give Right of Way.
Route Open for Central Oregon Lines
Obstacles Soon Removed
Approval of Maps Promised by Secretary March 4.
Has Fund of $40,000,000.
Construction of Deschutes Road to Connect With Line From California at Klamath Falls to Begin This Spring.

The Railroad Future of Oregon.

The railroad question of Oregon and the future of the largest section in the United States without modern means of transportation is not yet settled. However, it is hoped that recent promises and developments really mean action by Mr. Harriman, and that Central Oregon people will not much longer have to be driving out their stock and hauling in their manufactured goods. But whatever Mr. Harriman has determined to do, or not to do, will not decide the proposed railroad amendment to the Constitution; that is left to the votes of the people in November, 1910. What Mr. Harriman does in the meantime, however, will have an important bearing on these votes.

Every man and community has its problem and its method. The problem of Central Oregon is to get a railroad. The method proposed represents either the "first step in the new order which seeks the control of the public-utility corporation in the interest of the whole people, and if not its control, then its ownership"—or—"a straight heading towards the abyss of socialism"—either one of these views according to your opinion. Mr. Harriman also has his problem and his method. We will not discuss either. We will allow him the last word, however, and you may judge for yourself what it reveals as to problem and method. The following copied telegram was in answer to an urgent letter from Governor Chamberlain asking for a definite statement concerning the Oregon railroad situation and referring to unfulfilled promises. It reads:

Hot Wells, San Antonio, Texas, February 23, 1909. Honorable George E. Chamberlain, Salem, Oregon.—No need for a witness. Investigations all completed. Construction already authorized. Matter in hands of local officers. Is there anything else that I can do?

I told the delegation from Coos Bay that I would recommend construction of road to that point if they could satisfy us that it would earn four per cent on cost or have that amount guaranteed each year for a term of years. This still holds good to you or them. E. H. Harriman.



THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE SEEN FROM THE BAY.

Where Americans Are Unsuccessful

The Problem of Fire Prevention

By F. W. Fitzpatrick

Consulting Architect International Society of Building Commissioners

WITH the certainty of being contradicted by a few experts and by the great mass of enthusiastic laymen every ready to clamor for the superiority of everything American, I am going to venture to assert nevertheless that we have been most unsuccessful, unfortunate, in our buildings. True, we have evolved brand new types of construction, the skyscraper is all our own, we know how to make buildings absolutely fireproof, our architecture ranks equal to that of any land, and no other people have as convenient, well-lighted and sanitary structures as have we Americans. Notwithstanding all this there is a vital essential lacking, the most necessary element of all—SAFETY.

In popular magazines, newspaper and technical journals we read much about the wonders of our tall buildings, the perfection of our fireproof office structures. There is nothing in Europe that comes anywhere near them in excellence of construction and all other virtues. But remember that of those exceedingly well built buildings there are scarce 8,000 in the entire United States. The total number of buildings that we own today is over 12,000,000.

Those fireproof buildings and skyscrapers of which we are so proud, have to be built superlatively well because they are surrounded by such outrageously dangerous buildings, and the almost certainty of conflagration that exists in every one of our cities makes it imperative that if we build anything that is to

resist fire, the top-notch of every fire-resisting arrangement and device has to be used.

In Europe it is different. Indeed they dont know nearly as much as we do about the fine points of fireproof construction, but they have learned their lesson as far as generality is concerned much better than we ever did. Because the ordinary run, the rank and file, all of their buildings are moderately fire-resisting, at least not superlatively combustible, and therefore the danger of conflagration is wondrously minimized.



Courtesy "Insurance Engineering."

THE FOLLY OF UNPROTECTED STEELWORK. THIS BUILDING WAS CALLED "FIREPROOF."

With us the rank and file of our buildings are despicably poor, intensely combustible, the generality of our buildings veritable fire-traps.

The trouble has been that the progression from pioneerdom to a town and then to a city has been so rapid, and the supply of timber being until recently so great, we have built with that which was nearest at hand and cheapest: wood. It has become a habit. Wood is no longer cheap. It has become dangerous to use wood but it is still the first thing a man turns to when he thinks of building himself a house or any other structure. It 's in the blood.

We have built so persistently of wood, congested our fire-traps to such a degree that it is merely a matter of adding so much fuel to certain fire. Great conflagrations have become common. Baltimore, San Francisco, Toronto, Boston, have added their quota all within four years. It is only owing to the splendid efficiency of our fire departments that every city is not clean swept by fire, but it is also only a question of time when each one of those cities will contribute its big conflagration. Accidents are bound to happen, as they did in San Francisco. What city is certain that its fire-alarm system may not break down at an inopportune moment, or a water-main burst when most needed? The number of fires that today get just to the point where they are *almost* beyond control is never suspected by the average layman and is only known to the grim-visaged fire chiefs who have to battle with that terrible element every day. But eliminat-



FIRE-FIGHTING IN A COLD CLIMATE.

ing the question of conflagration, our individual fires are augmenting in number and in virulence at a ratio away ahead of increase in our population, our wealth or our buildings. Fire is becoming a blight, a curse, a cancerous growth, ever eating at the very vitals of our economic organization. It assumes the form of an intolerable tax, the greatest single tax to which we



Courtesy "Insurance Engineering."

ONE OF OUR "AVERAGE THEATERS."

Three of These Burn Down Every Week. Fortunately This Fire Occurred in the Daytime, and No Lives Were Lost.

are subjected. All the gold mined in the world in a year's time would not repay us what fire costs this single country!

Just note the proportion of our production of buildings and our destruction of property: in January of 1908, a month in which there were no great conflagrations, over $24,000,000 worth of property was destroyed by fire; in the same month new buildings and repairs to old, everything done in the building line, only totalled $16,000,000. Our average for the year is a property loss of $19,000,000 per month. In 1907 $215,000,000 worth of property was burned up, consumed, turned into ashes and smoke. Most of so-called losses are simply transformations from one form into another, one man loses money, but the other gets it. Not so with fire, we have not yet devised any method of utilizing smoke, and ashes bring a very small return as ballast or other lowly use.

Through crassest stupidity, we tolerate this annual loss of over two hundred millions dollars in property and then proceed to throw $300,000,000 more after it in an effort to extinguish fires when they do occur, and meantime pay the insurance companies $195,000,000 to return us $95,000,000 as a partial sop for the losses we sustain. That is what fire and its incidentals cost us. During the biggest building year on record we added only $615,000,000 of new construction. I have no fault to find with our fire departments and high-pressure water systems and all that sort of thing. They are well-nigh perfect and certainly our firemen have practice enough to become exceedingly proficient, but the deplorable part about it is, *why* must we have such excellent departments?

Nurses and doctors are all well enough, but how much better it is to keep well and not need their services; and we are learning that, too, little by little.

How much wiser and more successful would we have been had we built our buildings so as to not entail a loss of $1,257,716,000 in the past five years, for that is what fires have cost us in smoke and ashes alone, regardless of the incidental expenditures attending those losses, which more than double the latter? We think the Europeans slow in many respects, but they certainly can afford to ridicule us in this fire matter. New York or Chicago has more fires in a year, and these entail more loss, than all the fires in the British Isles in the same period. Here our property loss is equivalent to a tax of two dollars and thirty cents per capita per year; in Italy that similar tax is twelve cents and in all of Europe it averages less than thirty-three cents per capita. In Europe it is a rare occurrence that fire spreads beyond the building in which it originates; here there is never a day passes that we do not read of an entire suburb, a whole block, or at least five or six contiguous buildings being destroyed at one fell swoop. There, as we have noted before, the general average of buildings is more non-combustible, and then in most countries they have the neighborhood liability law, whereby a man is responsible to his neighbors for any damage done to their property by fire originating on his premises and that was caused through



REDUCING STANDARD OIL DIVIDENDS!
Fire in Oil Tanks That Spread to a River and Destroyed Much Shipping.



A FIERCE FIRE IN A WAREHOUSE.
Nineteen of Such Buildings Are Destroyed Every Week.

his fault or negligence—a splendid fire deterrent. It makes people careful and would to Heaven we had some such provision here!

The peril of fire is so imminent in this land of wooden buildings that our lives are constantly endangered. But getting down from that general proposition we know that 36,000 of us are daily exposed to a *direct* danger of loss of life or serious injury by fire. That is, that number of us actually escape from burning buildings, are carried out of windows, jump into life nets and have such "narrow margins of safety." And there are few buildings indeed in which there is not serious danger. Most of our skyscrapers, the very best of our buildings, are well built and reasonably immune, as far as their structural parts are concerned, but in most of them windows have been left unprotected or some other such essential of really fireproof construction has been neglected with the result that the contents of the building may be wiped out of existence and means of escape closed off. Jumping from a twentieth story window should hardly be regarded as the most comfortable way of finding safety from burning furniture and fittings, even though the steel framework and such parts of the building remain absolutely undamaged. Indeed, though the great New York skyscrapers are the best buildings in the world and are so built that there is the least possibility of fire occurring in them, yet in case of external attack or in case of accidents that might happen, there are really but eight or nine of such buildings in the country that afford absolute and positive protection to the life and contents in them. Think of it!

Week after week we average up three theaters, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, two colleges, six apartment houses, twenty-six hotels, three department stores, two jails, 140 flat houses and about 1,600 homes destroyed by fire. A rather startling statement is it not?

It is all a most senseless waste and cannot long continue without most baneful results. Our economists have indubitably proven that the so-called panic of 1907 was directly attributable to the disturbance in our financial equilibrium caused by the awful destruction, annihilation of $350,000,000 of property in the San Francisco fire. Every one knows that something must be done to stop it, but the steps so far taken are so faltering, so timid. A man feels that he must do something to prevent fire and therefore he puts a brick wall around the outside of his house. That is a good starter. If he only made the rest of the building similarly incombustible, a very easy matter and not costly, he would accomplish the whole thing properly. But no, he goes to work and puts in wooden joists, wooden floors, wooden sash and a wooden roof, wooden finish and wainscoting, wooden furniture, and then won-

ders why his house burns down, because forsooth, it was a *brick* house!

Remember, that in a really fireproof house, one in which wood is entirely eliminated structurally, there is infinitely less repairing to be done as the years go on, complete freedom from vermin, it is warmer in winter and cooler in summer, far outlives the ordinarily constructed affair, and costs initially but ten or twelve per cent more to build, a difference that is wiped out within five or six years, so that such a house is really an absolute and actual economy. Even as far as first cost is concerned, there is this feature to consider that in no case does the interest on the difference in the amount of cost exceed the insurance premium that has to be paid upon an inferior, inflammable house.

Allah be praised! In some of our cities. nothing but first-class fireproof construction is permitted in certain very restricted but most congested districts. Just outside of these districts, however, second, third and fourth class buildings are permitted. In turn the congested area grows and takes in these fire-traps and they and the old buildings in the original fire district constitute a constant menace to the entire city, so that, as was noted before, there is not a community in this country where the conflagration hazard is not *ever* present.



FIGHTING THE SAN FRANCISCO FIRE WITH DYNAMITE.
Blowing Up the Phelan Building.

The remedy is with the state, and yet the state seldom progresses ahead of that which is generally accepted by the people. Reforms have to originate with the people. In this case the people seemingly neither know nor care much about fire. It is therefore incumbent upon those who do know and appreciate the situation to create a sentiment, and such a sentiment as will demand drastic action by the authorities. State laws should absolutely prohibit combustible

construction anywhere in city limits. Our tax system should be changed so that taxes would be upon a sliding scale, as it were, the minimum rate upon first-class buildings and the maximum upon the fire-trap. These last are the cause that compels us to maintain expensive fire departments. These buildings require that protection and therefore their owners should pay for it, whilst the first-class building requires the minimum of that protection and should not be made to carry the burden of the expense therefor. As things are now, the man who does build well pays more for that building than does his neighbor pay for his inferior structure. Their taxes are based upon the total investment, and therefore the owner of the good building finds himself actually paying a tax upon a tax that he has imposed upon himself for the good of the community as well as his own! It is inequitable. Further, such a system of taxation would soon induce many owners of fire-traps to remove them and to replace them with better buildings.

Then the state should have the building department conspicuously label every public and semi-public building just exactly as to what class it belongs, "fireproof," "ordinary," "dangerous," and it should be made a punishable offense to advertise one's building as belonging to a class superior to that which it is labeled. The term "fireproof" is too much abused. Tenants are beguiled into very inferior buildings by the glib use of that term. An owner would find it somewhat difficult to rent a building marked "dangerous." It would be another incentive to him to pull it down, and even the "jerry-builder" would hate to risk his money on a building that he knows will be marked "dangerous" the moment it is completed, even though it would be permissible to build it so under the interpretation of the existing law.

The question is often asked, and there is much debate about it, though for the life of me I cannot see why, just *what is* a fireproof building. There are all sorts of "slow-burning," "semi-fireproof," and other such makeshift affairs, but to be really "fireproof" a building has to be fireproof. That is, it must be so constructed as to afford absolute protection to its contents and suffer the least damage itself in a fire. There is bound to be a fire around or near that building, so it is only a question of time when it will be tested. There are lots of materials that are incombustible; they will not burn, but they can be damaged by fire. Granite and marble, for instance, are looked upon as everlasting and the very epitome of solid, time-and-element resisting materials. True, neither one will burn, but a good hot fire will so damage either of them as to necessitate the taking down or replacing or recutting of much of the work. Neither is a *fireproof* material. My ideal of a fireproof building is one whose external walls are of brick and terra-cotta, materials that you can keep in a fire for a day or a year without damage. The frame should be of steel, but steel can be twisted and contorted into every imaginable shape and its efficiency totally destroyed by fire, so I'd protect every part of it with



WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE CHELSEA DISTRICT AFTER THE RECENT BOSTON FIRE.

fireproofing tile. My floor construction and partitions would be of tile. My windows would be of metal sash and wire glass; the decoration in plaster and metal and color rather than in fine woods; the building would be put together in a fireproof way as well as being constructed of fireproof materials; the stairs and elevators would be enclosed so that each story is a separate unit, and those stories I would cut up again into as small units as possible. The secret of fire-prevention is to restrict the possibility of fires occurring in the contents of as small a space as possible, it is then an easy matter to put it out. It does n't matter how well built a building is, there is always a danger of fire in some of the contents and therefore would I make the building as perfect as possible—and it is the cheapest mode of construction in the long run—and would I also eliminate wooden furniture and fittings as much as I could. Steel furniture is made today to suit almost any want, is not costly and is certainly vastly superior and safer than the wooden stuff we have been using.

Thus would I secure a successful building. And the more of such we erect hereafter the safer will be our lives and property and, I submit, those two are very essential *desiderata* in the make-up of real national SUCCESS.

Song of the Spur

By Hilton R. Greer

O, it 's ho and hey for the wind-swept way,
And the breath of the open trail,
Ere the East is stirred with a ripple of rose
Or the yellow stars grow pale.

And it 's hey and ho for the beating sun
And the slash of the slanting rain—
For the singing grass and the stinging speed,
And the sweep of the stretching plain!

O, it's ho and hey when the bellowing steers
Storm down in a frenzied rank,
To the head of the herd, while my hungry teeth
Bite blood from the heaving flank!

And it 's hey and ho when the Dusk has set
Pale lamps in her turrets high,
Homeward again where a far light calls,
Under a tingling sky!

The End of Life

By George P. West

"And for all men the end of life is death, even if one shut one's self up in a closet. Therefore it behooves all good men to act nobly, and to bear cheerfully whatever the gods put upon them."—Demosthenes: "On the Crown."

I FIRST met him in the Denver office of my uncle, a managing engineer who stood between certain large Rocky Mountain mining enterprises and their English stockholders.

At once I was interested and impressed. He was obviously an Englishman, and of the type that artists are fond of drawing. Tall and lean, with the high, narrow head and aquiline features of his class; there was a lithe strength and poise in his movements that at once suggested the military man, while his loose-fitting gray tweeds and silk hat stamped him as unmistakably one who knew the clubs and boulevards of the world's capitals. Something in the soft and rich inflection of his voice and the friendly gleam in his almost childishly frank eyes that accompanied his "How de'y do, sir," won me completely.

"Major Maitland is also bound for the Cactus mine," said my uncle, "and I hope you and he may become better acquainted. My nephew, Major, is to spend his college vacation roughing it at the Cactus."

My uncle had supplied the Britisher with a card to his country club, and we three left his office together for an afternoon of golf. Later we were to dine together at the Denver Club. Major Maitland played excellently, cutting under the club bogey and winning the admiration of a small gallery of young women and local enthusiasts. Later, at dinner, his fine frame seemed even more splendid in the evening clothes he wore with something of grace and distinction that pleased my youthful eye. Finding us sympathetic listeners, he entertained us with humorous stories of camp-life in South Africa. When we asked him for an account of his own part in the defense of Ladysmith he modestly parried our queries. Then of a sudden I thought his gray eyes saddened.

Major Maitland was to take a late train that night for Salt Lake City, whence he would proceed by branch lines and stage to the Cactus mine, a large copper property in the desert of southwestern Utah. I was to follow him in a week, and we parted with the expectation of meeting soon again.

"Queer chaps, these Englishmen," said my uncle when we had reached his apartments. "This fellow has left London in the height of the season and come clear out here because of an absurd notion that he wants a taste of life in an American mining camp. He 's probably been reading Bret Harte. Chances are that after a week or two of the real thing he 'll pack his Gladstone bags and a month from now will be dining at the Carleton again. I never knew this fellow over there, but he brought a letter from one of my best friends in London. Seems like a decent sort of chap. I 'm awfully afraid he 'll be disappointed, though. There 's something more to mining these days than panning gold nuggets and wearing red shirts. I suggested that he go down there as the guest of our manager, but he insisted that he wanted to do his share of the work and live with the men in the bunkhouse."

My first week at the Cactus mine was

so crowded with fresh interests for me that I saw or thought little of my Englishman. He had been assigned to act as assistant time-keeper at the mine, while I was employed at the mill, a mile and a half further down the mountain-side. I caught occasional glimpses of his lean, erect figure, clad in corduroy shooting clothes that did duty as a working costume. His room in the bunk-house was opposite mine, but he was seldom in it, preferring to spend his evenings in long solitary walks out into the greasewood-grown desert.

It was a desolate enough country—the broad desert valley bounded on either side by ranges of weary brown hills. There was not a touch of green in the landscape, and the summer season was marked only by the intense heat and the activity of scorpions, rattlesnakes and jack rabbits. These the Britisher hunted of an evening, armed with a shotgun which he had brought in his kit.

I soon became conscious that Maitland was the center of interest in the little camp of two hundred and fifty men. His Oxford accent was a delight to the hard-fisted Irishmen, Cornishmen and Americans who ate with him, and they soon learned to listen for him as he took his place at table. His most commonplace utterance, as when he politely said, "I say, old chap, you might just pass me the bread, if you will," created inordinate merriment which he either failed to notice or acknowledged with a tolerant smile.

In his work, my Boer-fighting Englishman was unfortunate from the beginning. The story of how he had tried to hire our brawny, bull-necked mill superintendent to carry his bags to the bunkhouse from where they had been dumped at the side of the track—this story, enlarged and improved by the imagination of the teller, had reached every miner and roustabout in the camp. It naturally cost him the good-will of that officious individual.

"How long do you think the swell will stick it out?" was a frequent query, and the young company doctor had a bet of ten dollars registered with the head assayer that he "would n't last two weeks."

"You 're dead wrong, Jack," to this had replied Bill Easterley, shift boss at the mine. "Guys like him dont know when they 've had enough. They 're like bull terriers. You can tell 'em every time by the way they look at you."

Easterley was correct. "Lord" Maitland, as he was now generally called, stayed on week after week, replying cheerfully to all questions as to "how he liked it by this time."

"Greatest fun I 've had for years," he would answer. "This is a corking country—reminds me a bit of South Africa, ye know."

I called on him one evening in his band-box of a room in the bunk-house. As I stood before the open door I saw him sitting on the edge of the iron bunk, writing materials spread out before him on an improvised table which once had been a packing case. Maitland's eyes were fixed on a section of the sage-brush-covered hillside which showed through the only window. As he turned toward me with a start, I thought the frank gray depths of his eyes had a far-away expression.

I made a quick inventory of the room while the rite of filling our briars from his tobacco-pouch was in progress. On a shelf in a corner lay a few toilet articles with plain heavy silver backs and trimmings. In the opposite corner were three rude shelves, from which the gilt-tooled leather bindings of perhaps a score of books looked out in friendly and inviting fashion. This, with one chair and the iron bunk, was all the room contained. One picture, hanging in a simple gun-metal frame on the wall at the foot of the bunk, caught my eye and held it. It was the portrait of a woman of perhaps twenty-five years, certainly no less, I thought. She was as distinctively English as the man whose room her portrait adorned and lit up—(for during our chat I became conscious that the portrait dominated the room like a presence). She leaned comfortably back in a wicker porch chair, and the long, slender hand, drooped over the arm of the chair, suggested a repose that spoke of self mastery and complete understanding. The other hand held a book in her lap. A low brow, calm eyes,

a simple white frock—this was the picture that took hold on my imagination and for the while shut out the four walls and the heat that quivered over the desert outside.

My host and I talked of many things. He showed a quick perception of American traits and an appreciation for American achievements that one did not expect in one of his race. He dwelt upon the length of our freight trains, the size of the cars. He was pleased with our workingmen, and told how slavish and inefficient were those of his own country. It was late when I rose to go, and from that evening we were frequently together during our leisure time.

It was only the next evening that I saw the truth for the first time, and learned that my friend hated America, hated the desert, and hated the life he was leading with a passion of hatred and disgust that was difficult to understand. I had looked up from a letter which I was writing in my room after the evening meal, to see the Englishman pass my window, evidently bent on one of his solitary walks. His eyes were cast down, and not only in his face but in his whole gaunt frame was the most eloquent, albeit unconscious, expression of misery it has ever been my lot to witness. In a second he was out of sight, and I heard him tramping on through the greasewood. But his face was with me for the remainder of the evening, and I could not rid myself of the unpleasant sensation of having seen a proud man's soul laid bare.

How stupid I had been to think him happy, and what pluck it must have required to keep up that cheerfulness which had won him the regard of all the camp! My boyish heart went out to him. I pictured the green lawns of his home, the old oaks and the country places and the gentle people among whom his early life must have been passed. I fell to wondering what had brought him to Mammon, to this desert mining camp, this temple erected in the great American wilderness. How ill-fitted he was to endure the rough life of the men about him, men who had been schooled by ten generations of pioneers to adapt themselves to conditions which changed with every generation.

Six weeks had passed since Maitland's arrival, and now I shared his companionship with another. He was an undersized Cockney, sandy-complexioned, cheerful-visaged, bred up in the streets of London and further hardened by six years of service in an English infantry regiment. He had drifted into Utah from the coal mines of British Columbia, and he had not been in camp thirty minutes before he was engaged in desperate combat with a drunken miner who had said things derogatory of the British empire in general and its undersized subject before him in particular.

The little sandy-complexioned man was getting much the worst of the argument when Maitland strode around the corner of the company boarding-house and almost stumbled upon his prostrate figure upon which the victorious Irishman administered deliberate and well-placed kicks. I think there was a gleam in the eye and a quality in the voice of the ex-army officer that carried its message even to the untrained brute before him, for when we arrived on the scene a minute later, he had stolen away without a word and the little Cockney was telling how it happened.

"'You 're a damned Henglishman,' he says to me.

"'I ham,' says I, 'an' a better man than ever cyme out of Ireland.'

"'Ye lie,' he says, and I ups and 'its him. I 'll bet 'is bloomin' nose is bleedin' yet. If I had n't tripped on the sygebrush I 'd a beat him black and blue, sir. Your English yourself, sir, I can tell it by the wye you speak, sir. If you should ever need the services of a good man, sir, just call on Joe Bolton. That 's me." And with this he marched off with head in the air, to find the mine foreman and "ask for a job." He was given a shovel and set to work "mucking" ore in the mine. We discovered the following day that he had installed himself in our wing of the bunkhouse, and soon after his encounter he called on Maitland, who was chatting with me in his room.

The Cockney was all respect, and I learned that even in Utah class lines held

firm. We talked until late into the night; Maitland's pleasure at finding a fellow countryman was pathetic, and I could see that the names of London streets and places that fell from Bolton's lips were music to his ears. When Bolton learned that Maitland was of the army his respect knew no bounds, and from that evening he fell down and worshiped at the tall Englishman's feet. Often of an evening the two would sit or walk together, and the names of far-off places and curious military terms filled their speech, so that I felt myself an outsider. Maitland's manner toward his new friend was kind, almost affectionate, but I noticed that the little miner never presumed on it to become intimate, and when strangers were about, Joe would stop talking and become deferential at once. He insisted on caring for Maitland's boots.

The growing friendship of the two fellow exiles was very pretty to watch, and I used to like to see them together, the one tall, dignified, splendid, showing in every movement the result of centuries of careful breeding—the other undersized, underbred in every feature, schooled to humble himself before his betters, but ready to fight, at the drop of the hat, for his rights—both British to the core.

The summer days came and went. One evening the general manager of the Cactus Mines and Smelters Company dropped off the caboose which was our sole connecting link with the people across the mountains and the God's country in which they lived, the country of vestibuled trains and comfortable cities and pleasant homes. His Putnam boots had scarcely touched the sand when his eye caught the dense column of black smoke pouring from the mill stacks, and five minutes later he had ordered the chief fireman discharged. Economy now became the watchword for superintendents and foremen.

The time-keeping department suffered with the others, and a week after the manager had come and gone, "Lord" Maitland received orders to report to the mill superintendent. He was assigned to the launders in the basement of the mill, where, with water dripping from every crack in the ceiling, the long wooden troughs carried out the waste sand, while the rich copper concentrates flowed down other launders of steel into the waiting cars. It was Maitland's duty to keep these launders from "choking," and to push the loaded cars, each filled with two tons of concentrates, along a track to the elevator-shaft, where they were hoisted and dumped into the ore-bins, ready for shipment to the great smelters in the Salt Lake Valley.

Of all the work in the camp, this was the most irksome and disagreeable. The cars loaded with "concentrates" were heavy, and to push them taxed a strong man's strength. The launders, supplied with too thin a stream of water to carry the ore along, choked continually and in three minutes would spill enough sand on the floor to keep Maitland busy at work with wheelbarrow and shovel for an hour. Oilskins were a necessity, and when the end of a shift came Maitland was wet through to the skin. The mill ran night and day, and Sunday rest was unknown. Every two weeks Maitland "changed shifts" with the rest of us, and his first fortnight at this work was spent on the "graveyard shift," from eleven o'clock at night till seven o'clock in the morning.

Even among the hardened miners and mill men few could be found who would do this work, and "the Englishman's hard luck" occasioned no little gossip. When he entered the bunkhouse in the morning after a night in the mill, his clothes dripping, his tall figure stiff and numb with the heavy shoveling, the strain of pushing the loaded cars—the men assembled in the large and dirty living room through which he passed on his way to his room, were loud and profane in their denunciation of those who had assigned him to this work.

"They aint givin' the swell a square deal," said one of them, an old steam-shovel man who had seen service in the iron mines of Michigan. "That cuss of a mill boss is behind this. He aint never forgot the time Maitland wanted to hire him to move them trunks."

Maitland and I were walking from the

mill to the bunkhouse at the end of our shift one evening several weeks later, when we caught sight of a miner in ore-stained overalls running swiftly down the hill from the mouth of the tunnel through which the mine was operated. He plowed through the greasewood with rapid strides. We saw that he was excited.

"Seen the doctor?" he called hoarsely. "No? Big cave-in on sixth level. Little Englishman about done for," he panted, and ran past us toward the cottage occupied by the young company surgeon. Maitland broke off through the greasewood, toward the tunnel opening, without a word, running clumsily in his heavy boots and water-soaked clothes. I followed him. We just caught the rear of a train of empty ore-cars as it disappeared into the tunnel, and for five minutes we were jolted rapidly along the uneven track, through the intense darkness, pulled at express speed by the diminutive electric traction engine. The incandescent lamps of station after station flashed past, and we caught a glimpse of group after group of miners, their bodies casting great shadows on the walls of the cavernous stopes. On and on we sped, gripping hard on the iron hand-rail of the last car, until at last the train gained the face of the tunnel and stopped with a jerk.

"Where is he?" asked Maitland.

A trammer pointed down the track to our right, and with lighted candles we groped our way along the low drift to where, as the tunnel widened into stopes, we saw the flickering of many candles. A dozen miners stood soberly about the prostrate body of the little Cockney, while a great pile of sand and rock blocked the passageway beyond and showed us where the roof of the tunnel had fallen. Two miners supported Bolton's head, while Easterley forced whisky down his throat. Maitland knelt by his side, and we all waited in silence until the doctor came. He was fat, rosy-cheeked and beardless, and as he came running toward us I could think of nothelse than an excited undergraduate. He made a hasty examination.

"Carry him out to the face of the tunnel," he ordered. Maitland's eyes were on him. "Right hip broken and right side crushed," he replied to the question he saw in their anxious gaze. "I 'm afraid he 's all in," he added soberly.

The tall Britisher stooped and tenderly lifted the limp figure in his arms, and lighted by the candles of the men, we made our way back to where a train of empty cars awaited us. Bolton was laid in one of these, his head on Maitland's lap. His breath came in short, quick gasps, and he moaned softly. At the mouth of the tunnel Maitland again took him in his arms, and the doctor and I followed him down the hillside and into the bunkhouse. Maitland strode into his own room, and laid his burden upon the bunk.

All night he sat with the doctor at the side of the bunk, where I left him at midnight to snatch a few hours of sleep. When I re-entered the room at sunrise, the doctor's hypodermics had had their effect, and Maitland whispered to me that Bolton was conscious.

"Has n't long to live," said the doctor. "Surgical shock too much for him, and there 's a hemorrhage of the right lung. My God, Crockett, this is my first death!"

The sweat stood out on his forehead.

"Listen," said Maitland softly.

"Good bye Dollie, I must leave you," sang Bolton, his voice weak, his eyes wide open and lit by the fever, —

"Though it breaks my heart to go.
Good bye, Dollie, I am needed,
At the front to fight the foe,—"

"It 's the song we sang during the war when the transports were leaving Plymouth," whispered Maitland.

"O, hello, Major. I did n't know you were here,"—Bolton tried to sit up in bed, but a fit of coughing forced him back. "What have they done to me, Major," he continued. "It would n't have 'appened this wye back in England, sir."

He lay breathing hard and did not speak for a time. Then—

"I would ha' licked the dye-lights hout of that Hirish chap if I 'ad n't tripped on the sy-ge-brush.

" 'You 're a damned Henglishman,' he says, and I up and 'its 'im, and 'its 'im 'ard. Just then you come up, Major, or I 'd a beat—I 'd a beat—"

Again a violent fit of coughing cut him short, and jerked him half up from the pillow. Maitland, sitting on the edge of the bunk, threw a supporting arm about his shoulders, and wiped away the red stream that spurted from his mouth. There was a short struggle, and the boy lay still in Maitland's arms.

"Poor chap, poor little chap!" said Maitland.

The doctor and I rose and tip-toed from the room. He was trembling, and with unsteady hand drained the liquor glass which I had filled for him.

That afternoon all that was mortal of Joe Bolton was returned to earth on the hill-side above the camp.

There came a night when the huge rolls which crushed the ore before it came to the jigs and tables, broke down, and for an hour the mill ceased its steady roar. While millwrights worked like demons to repair the damage, I took advantage of the interruption to leave the mill and walk out into the moonlit desert thankful for a few moments of idleness during which I might breathe in the strange beauty of the desert night.

High in the air, silhouetted against the purple sky, rose the ore bins, erected over the railroad tracks at some little distance from the mill. A trestle connected them with the elevator shaft and, leaning on the railing of this trestle, I now caught sight of the motionless figure of Maitland. In another minute I had scaled the ladder and joined him, and silently we stood looking out over the wilderness before us.

At our feet slept the settlement of white tents and rude shacks, while stretching away to the dark bulk of the Wah Wah mountains lay the desert, lit by the moon which hung just above a saddle in the mountains. Its silver light reflected itself in the stream of waste water that led out from the mill like a pearl-hued ribbon to where it was drunk up eagerly by the hot sand. At our backs rose the mill, with the San Francisco mountains towering in huge bulk beyond.

"I wish you could see our little England," said Maitland, and at once I forgot the desert and was halfway across the world with the man at my side.

"It lies beyond those mountains, and beyond all this desolate country, and beyond the sea," he continued, "and the same moon is shining there now. Its light will be coming down through the beaches of my old home at this very minute, and I can see the old brick house with its vines, and the smooth lawns, and the statue on the terrace. There is a little lagoon back of the house, and a boat landing. I can see the place as it might be this—this very evening. Lights in the old house, and figures on the terrace, the men in evening clothes and the women in soft white gowns, chatting of tennis and rowing, and all those things. My father will be sitting at one side with the village rector and two or three of his military friends, and they will talk of the new army bill and of the situation in Egypt.

"I wish you knew our English women, Crockett,—I think you would like them. They are quiet, and have low, sweet voices, and a few are very beautiful."

He fell silent, and we stood motionless, looking out over the valley. The moon had set, and the purple sky had begun to lighten in the east, so that the jagged sky-line of mountains showed clear above us. From the camp below came the mournful, discordant bray of a burro, welcoming the arrival of another day.

Behind us the mill suddenly woke into life, and the dull roar of the starting machinery broke harshly upon our ears. I heard a footstep on the platform behind us, and turned to be confronted by the surly face of Peterson, the mill superintendent. Maitland gave a quick start.

"What the hell are you fellows doing here?" shouted Peterson. "Come now, shin down out of here and get a move on you!"

We followed him in silence down the ladder and into the mill. Here we found the shaking launders motionless, while streams of ore and water rushed out on

the floor of the mill. The belts had slipped from the pulley wheels when the motors started, and all the output of concentrates poured out on the floor at our feet.

"Take a hand, Crockett. Turn that pulley," shouted Peterson. "Here you, Maitland, pull on this belt when I say the word. Now then!"

The tall Britisher grasped the belt and at the signal threw himself back with all his untrained strength. The belt slipped, and he went down on his back with a crash. I saw fire gleam from Peterson's eyes. As Maitland regained his feet, Peterson grasped him violently by the arm, and half-pulled, half-jerked him to where the belt lay.

"Take hold!" he shouted, his dark face aglow with passion. The blood mounted to my head, and I was about to step between the two when there was a quick swing of Maitland's long right arm, and Peterson lay in a heap on the floor.

Maitland stood with pale face, his eyes set, his breath coming heavily, his whole body trembling. As Peterson slowly rose his rage was terrible to see. I expected him to spring upon the Englishman, but he stood silent and the two watched each other while my heart stood still. Then with a self control that I could not but admire, Peterson picked up the belt, I sprang to the pulley, and in a moment the launder was in motion.

Maitland applied for his time check when the office was opened in the morning, and when I awoke at three o'clock in the afternoon and entered his room I found him dressed as I had first seen him in Denver. He told me he had packed his bags and trunk, and purchased a ticket for Salt Lake City. As the ore train started that evening on its journey across the mountains, Maitland stood on the rear platform of the caboose, waving a farewell to the only friend he had in all the continent. My eyes followed the tall figure till the caboose disappeared around a spur of the weary brown hills.

"I shall join your American army," he had told me at parting. "At least I should have an equal chance with the others, and it may be I can win a commission."

Why did he not return to England? The question had come to my lips a score of times, only to be beaten back by respect for his silence.

A month later I had re-entered college and became once more absorbed in the daily round of undergraduate life. I had well-nigh forgotten my Englishman, when one Sunday morning toward the close of the second term I read the following cablegram in a New York newspaper:

Manila, P. I., May 18: Despatches have been received at army headquarters here, giving full details of the skirmish between American troops and natives which occurred recently at Malako settlement, in the island of Mindanao. It develops that the affair was of small consequence. A handful of natives armed with Remington rifles attacked the outposts of K company, which was encamped in the village. Private Maitland, who was on guard duty, was fatally shot in the fight. He had made a determined stand, which had evidently checked the rush of the attacking force. At the first shot the troops responded, and drove the natives back, killing ten and wounding others.

The unfortunate Maitland left no letters or other records which would aid in locating relatives. He was of English birth, and a photograph of a young woman found in his kit bore the name of a London photographer. The remains will be buried with military honors in Mindanao. The military authorities have requested that Maitland's description be published, in the hope of finding his relatives. Maitland was more than six feet in height, with gray eyes, light hair, and regular, aquiline features. He seemed a man of some education.

My heart sank as I read. Poor Maitland was never to see his English home again. Somewhere in Old England a mother's heart would be breaking if she knew. And what of the girl in the wicker chair? I felt sure that she would care.

I sent the despatch to my uncle in Denver, and six weeks later I received from him a clipping from the *London Times*. I read it eagerly:

It has developed that the man Maitland, who was killed some two months ago while serving as a private soldier with the American army in the Philippine Islands was none other than Sir Lloyd Keith Maitland, formerly Major in his Majesty's Guards.

It will be remembered that Major Maitland was among those who won the Victoria Cross for gallantry during the Boer uprising, and for a time there was no more promising figure in British military circles. His resignation from the army when his career had begun so auspiciously, and just after the announcement of his engagement to Miss Edith Longely, daughter of an official high in the counsels of the war ministry, was an eight-day sensation in military and social circles.

It was generally known that Major Maitland's downfall was due to a physical encounter with a high official in the war office, during which the lie was passed, and the official was rendered unconscious by a blow from Maitland's fist. General Maitland, father of the young man, and himself a leader in the ministry of last year, commanded his son to apologize, and upon the latter's refusal he was disinherited and compelled to resign. Major Maitland left England, and it seems that after several months of hardship in the mining camps of the United States, he enlisted as a private in the American army.

General Maitland sailed yesterday for New York, whence he will proceed to San Francisco. He will return with the body of his son, who will be buried in the family vault at Ashbury.

Several years have passed since I bade farewell to Maitland in that Utah mining camp. Some day, when the passing years have robbed memory of a little of its bitterness, I am to make a pilgrimage to a country house in old England, and to white-haired parents and a woman with a low brow and calm eyes it will be my privilege to tell how cheerfully "Lord" Maitland bore what the gods had put upon him.

Morning in the Mountains

By Mary J. Safford

Like islands from a surging sea,
The mountain peaks rise one by one,
The floating mists drift eerily,
Before the arrows of the sun.

Now rose and gold hues tinge the gray,
The Erl King's cohorts break and flee,
The birds' glad chorus greets the day,
And morning dawns o'er land and sea.

The Requiem of the Big Heart

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

Up the sun-beat hill we will carry him;
'Neath a grim, spiked yucca we'll bury him
And his grave will be hard to find;
But his pet hawse whickers the whole day long,
And the boys speak soft and the work goes wrong,
And the night don't bring neither laugh nor song,
For his heart it was big and kind.

There's never a woman to cry for him;
Just the dry range wind it will sigh for him,
And us few that he's left behind.
There's never a parson to talk and pray,
Nor a hint of a grief in the glarin' day,
But we frown while we shovel the sand away,
For his heart it was big and kind.

All his tale will go to the sand with him—
'Cept the part that showed like a brand with him—
For his mouth never bragged nor whined;
But we read on the face that is still and pale,
How his game was to lose and his luck to fail,
And his life was a night on a rain-swep' trail,
Yet his heart it was big and kind.

There is some that would see only wrong in him,
'Cause that thirst of hell was so strong in him,
And his good they would never mind;
But we all take falls from the trail we plan
And, though mebbe he slipped in the race he ran,
When he fell like a beast he'd get up like a man,
And his heart it was big and kind.

It's the last of the good, bright sun for him,
And the last, dim chance it is done for him,
And the rest of his trail is blind;
So the poor, blurred life, that we kaint see through,
With its weak and strong and its false and true,
Our God of the Open, we'll leave to You,
For Your heart it is big and kind.

Wellington Graves, Collector

By Minnie Barbour Adams

Author of 'The Pot Boiler,' 'Lady Alden Stops Off,' etc.

I FOUND it difficult to quietly and decorously mount the stone steps while every nerve and muscle incited me to clear the whole imposing flight with one bound; but I felt that I must restrain myself, for I was in full view of a hundred lace-begoggled windows, any one of which might be a screen for critical eyes.

I rang the bell and, as I waited, looked contentedly out over a rain-washed, sun-kissed world; and it was fair in my sight. The birds carolled melodiously in a near-by tree, and the water from a recent shower rippled and tinkled musically and reflected the azure.

"Miss Ruth?" I demanded of the black onyx statuette who opened the door.

"She's not at home, sah. Sorry, sah; but——"

"Where's she gone?" I asked hopefully.

"Automobeelin' with Mr. and Mrs. Van Sant. Wont be home all day; maybe not then," was his ambiguous reply.

My heart sank. Was it for this I had come all the way from Buffalo? Was it for this I had made an elaborate toilet, even adding a beautiful gardenia to my buttonhole? Of course I should have wired; but was a fellow never to plan a little surprise without running the risk of being the surprised one himself? But, hold! Possibly I had not yet reached the heart of the calamity.

"Was—ah—was there any one else along?" I faltered. Sympathy shone true in the eyes of the statuette.

"I think that young fellah from England—Any name, sah?" he asked hastily as I turned away, a green mist before my eyes.

"Silly, blundering idiot!" I groaned.

"Would you mind repeating it, sah?" he begged, scratching his head, a puzzled look on his face.

"Either—all three!" I snapped as I stumbled down the steps.

Heavens! What should I do with myself? It was confoundedly hot; the streets were flooded with dirty water from the entirely unnecessary rain we had had that morning, and the steam rising from the pavement made it almost unbearable; and the tree beneath which I paused a moment while trying to decide what to do was full of chattering, quarreling sparrows, their discordant notes making thought an impossibility. Had they stopped their fighting long enough to listen, they could have added some very effective words to their vocabulary.

I wandered on to a little park and sank wearily into a seat at its edge. I had never been so disappointed in my life. That mine that didn't pan out; that horse that didn't win; and, going back to the callow age, that prize I hadn't won, and that picnic I couldn't attend on account of an aching tooth; compared to this they were nothing. And that "fellah from England"; some monocled lordling, no doubt; and what chance had good American brain and brawn against a title!

"Confound the infernal luck!" I cried hotly, stamping my foot.

A small boy, kneeling in the water, damming the crescent-shaped opening at the edge of the walk, looked intently at me for a moment, his lips moving.

"What's the matter with yeh; mad?" he asked sociably, banking mud against

a barrel stave that he had propped up before the sewer opening.

"Yes; pretty mad," I admitted, and fell to thinking again. Why had n't I let her know I was coming? I wondered if the Van Sant household, wherever that might be, would know their destination; then I could telephone or wire—. But, what was the use, with that "fellah from England" along?

"Say! What is the matter with yeh?" demanded the boy, eyeing me curiously. "Dont yeh see that youah feet ah in my pond?"

So they were. The boy's "damming" had been more successful than mine, and I was in the middle of a rapidly widening lake.

"Say! Le's play you was on a sinking ship, an' I was a life-savin' crew; will yeh?" he coaxed, with shining eyes.

I agreed, idly curious as to the rescue. He inspected his dam, and then, sitting on the edge of the walk, began rapidly tying some pieces of string together. A child's wooden ten-pin, brought down by the flood, was tied to the end.

"Now fiah youah signal gun," he commanded; and I boomed out a deep, mournful cry for help. Instantly there was great excitement on the shore; with much running about and many orders shouted in a hoarse, gruff voice.

"Do it again!" he cried breathlessly; and, once more, the appealing cry rang over the water, seeming to redouble the frenzy on the shore. Another barrel stave, evidently the lifeboat, was run down the beach, accompanied by many orders and much exertion; and I watched the preparations for rescue, my feet drawn up on the bench beside me, my hat on the back of my head, and the keen edge of my disappointment dulled.

"Do it again, and then I 'll fiah the rocket!" he shouted. I boomed, and before the blood-congealing "o-o-o-oom" at the end died away, the wet, muddy tenpin rocket, with its tail-like life line, landed full against my white waistcoat.

The language I chose with which to express my feelings was not such as one would expect from a man facing death, and I was thankful that the rest of the crew had perished; but I held manfully to the rocket. The life saver tied the other end to a tree, sprang into the boat, and, with a lath and a small branch broken surreptitiously from a nearby shrub, commenced his perilous battle with the waves.

He scrubbed along through the dirty puddle, having great ado to keep the stave under him, and the line, to which he was supposed to be fastened, directly overhead; and shouting words of encouragement to which I faintly responded.

"Ship ahoy!" he spluttered at last; for, owing either to the choppy sea or to his inability to handle the oars, he was liberally bespattered with the "raging main."

"Life-boat ahoy!" I returned, and he drew alongside. After considerable difficulty, owing to the waves rocking his boat, he clambered up beside me, touched his scrap of a cap, and we gravely shook hands.

"The crew and passengers, sah?" he asked.

"All swept overboard," I returned, wringing my hands. "Probably sailing down yon dark and noisome sewer by this time." The captain of the life-saving crew looked his disapproval at my flippancy, but decided to overlook it.

"We 'd better be going, sah," he suggested, again touching his cap. "Ship's going to pieces very fast, sah," and he violently joggled the seat. I admitted that I had no false notions about sticking to the ship, and was ready to leave her at any time.

"Any valuables yeh want to save, sah?" he asked respectfully.

"I have them all stored about my person," I replied; "with the exception of a parrot, my mother-in-law and"—with sudden heat—"a buttinsky from England, that I have in the hold."

"Will yeh—ah—entah the life-boat?" he inquired, hesitatingly.

"Not on your tintype!" I returned promptly. "I 'll go down with the ship before I 'll mop up your muddy harbor with my new spring suit."

"The breeches-buoy?" he suggested anxiously.

What he would have done, or in what

condition I would have reached dry land, I do not know, for there came the gurgle of running water and, even while we stared, the boy in a rage, I in extravagant joy, the ocean rippled joyously around the end of the barrel stave and down in the sewer, leaving the ship and life-boat high and dry.

"Confound the infernal luck!" cried the boy, stamping his foot, his eyes moodily bent on the late ocean bed; and I recognized both words and actions with a blush of shame.

"What 'll we do now?" he whined disconsolately.

I had nothing to offer and now, that the excitement was over, my disappointment again obtruded itself.

"I know," cried the boy hopefully. "Theah 's lots of wattah comin', and le's play we ah in Holland, an' le's build a dyke?"

"All right," I agreed. "But remember, I 'm the overseer; I wont sling any mud." He looked a little disappointed, but went bravely to work, and we soon had a dyke that I was really proud of; and another ocean was slowly forming.

"I 'm a goin' to make a hole in the dyke an' stick my ahm in it, just like that othah boy did," he had just announced, when we were startled by a peremptory voice behind us.

"What in thunder are you doing?" demanded the park policeman. "Let that water out of that most mighty quick, or I 'll—"

"Not on your tintype!" declared the boy hotly, squaring his shoulders and doubling his grimy little fists.

"I 'll attract his attention and let you escape," I offered generously to the policeman.

"Oh, I 'll trust to my legs for that," he returned, laughing. And with one stroke of his big foot swept away the dyke, and Holland lay at the mercy of the sea.

I had to forcibly restrain the builder or he would have flung a large portion of both at the departing policeman; and, while thus engaged, I had to also listen to a very correct version of my remarks when the rocket struck my person.

"See here, son," I said when he had calmed down a bit, and we were sitting disconsolately side by side on the bench; "why do you continually repeat my rather—well, say doubtful—remarks, excluding all the ennobling sentiments that—"

"Huh?" interrogated the boy.

"Well, then, why do you pounce on every bit of slang, profane or otherwise?"

"I 'm getting a collection," calmly replied the boy.

"A collection!" I repeated in surprise.

"Yep! I dont hardly know any, and my—my pal is just chuck full of 'em. Now, what 'll we do?"

"What would you suggest?" I asked.

"If we had the price, I 'd say Coney Island," he returned complacently.

"What? With these clothes?" I cried, looking critically at my own; for no one could go through the perils I had encountered and bear no marks in remembrance of it.

"Oh, youah all right," he returned easily. "I 'm kindah muddy and wet, but they 'd nevah notice it in a crowd like that."

"But your folks, son? They 'd not let you go off with a stranger."

"Would n't ask 'em. No one to ask, anyway," he returned gloomily.

Poor little chap. He was pretty small to have "no one to ask." By his dress, or rather his lack of it, I judged him to be a newsboy or bootblack. My day was spoiled; why not give a little happiness to this poor little waif who had "no one to ask?" There is no balm that will soothe the wounded heart like kindness to those who are less fortunate than yourself.

"Ever been there?" I asked.

"Yep! But I did n't see much," he replied, frowning at some unpleasant remembrance.

"You are sure there is no one to worry about you if you should go?" I asked, yielding to the pleading eyes.

"Not a bloomin' soul!" he declared stoutly; then added loyally: "I got that from my chum."

"Very expressive, I am sure," I returned. "But you 've got to wash up some way, young man."

"I ought to a done that when I had the ocean," he said regretfully.

"Well, come on and we 'll find a place for that," I replied. But now that his wish was about to be granted, he seemed to have a sudden access of pride and looked apprehensively at his bare arms.

"I dont suppose I could wear my blouse," he ventured.

"Your blouse! Where is it?"

"I used it to start the dam with," he returned, nodding toward the sewer where a dirty cloth with a button on it showed above the mud.

"Well, I 'll be—" I caught the expectant look on his face, and stopped abruptly. "I wonder if any of the shops are open this late on Sunday?"

"Theah's one that stays open all day just around the cohnah."

"Well, come on!" I cried; but he stood still, digging his toes in the mud, a thoughtful frown on his little face.

"Now what 's the matter?" I asked patiently, sitting down again. "Come, out with it!" as he hesitated.

"I dont ezackly like to have you buyin' me clothes, an' payin' foah Coney, an' everything," he said, looking me straight in the eyes.

He was certainly a funny little chap. "You would n't hesitate if you knew the state of mind I was in when I met you," I hinted darkly.

"You looked awful," admitted the boy. "Was you contempalatin' suicide?"

"It 's a good thing your ocean was n't handy," I returned gloomily.

"Well, if you think—" he began, slipping his hand into mine.

"I know!" I interrupted emphatically, and we started for the little shop around the "cohnah."

"Think you not," I said as we ambled along, the boy taking five steps to my one; "think you not that some appellation less ambiguous than "say" would be conducive to a clearer understanding?" I soberly met the searching grey eyes raised to mine. What would he do with it? I wondered. Just outside the shop door he paused.

"My name is Wellington Graves," he said politely.

"I am John Deering," I returned; and his patch of a cap came off, and we shook hands.

"You had bettah get the trousahs pretty big at the top," he suggested as the officious clerk held up a pair that a snip of the scissors would have made into very fair-sized gauntlets.

"Why?" I asked.

" 'Cause I have n't had much breakfast, and if I should get anything to eat, they might be too small."

The officious clerk laughed uproariously, but I felt an unwonted mist before my eyes. Poor, thin, half-starved little mite. He 'd remember this day so long as he lived; that is, if it did n't kill him outright.

We bought a suit; a blue-and-white striped, cotton affair that the boy pronounced the correct thing, persuaded largely, no doubt, by the whistle that dangled from the blouse.

"Shoes and stockings?" I asked, as he was departing in company of the clerk, who had promised a bath.

"No, thank you," he said promptly, and I was alone with my thoughts. They were not pleasant ones, and I had forgotten the existence of Wellington Graves when a moist little hand gripped mine.

"Come on!" he cried excitedly, then paused and looked me over critically. "You do look kindah mussed," he said at length, and his eyes wandered to the cheap suits hanging about, and I saw the light of battle creep into the eyes of the officious clerk.

"They 'll never be noticed in a crowd," I reminded the boy, and we ran for a car.

Will I ever forget that day; or rather, will I ever clearly remember it? It is all a brilliant, misty kaleidoscope, out of which two things stand clearly: eating and rapid motion. We began at the entrance, at the very first refreshment vendor, and conscientiously ate our way through, slighting no one, omitting nothing.

We were dragged through a tunnel by an important, fussy little locomotive; we laboriously and perspiringly climbed our weary way to the top of a long, water-flooded inclined plane, only to be shot down it again with but little time to enjoy the beautiful panorama by the way; we were hurled, a clinging, shrieking

sleigh-load, through the infernal regions, past the Old Boy himself looking as natural as life; flung, with a great rattle and bang out into the cool air, straight up a perpendicular ladder, down the other side, thrown this way and that, until we slowed down, panting and breathless, at our starting place.

We shivered with pleasurable terror at Bostock's lions, and trembled, hand in hand, at the roar of Baltimore, the untameable. We tried all our arts on the winkless, smileless creature that graced the portals. We visited the midget city. And, throughout the whole tour, I embellished the grateful Wellington, both inside and out, with everything portable on which he rested longing eyes.

The front of the blue-and-white striped blouse was completely obscured by badges and medallions, till he had as many decorations as a Russian general. His pockets were full—so were mine—so were we. At last he wriggled and writhed about so that I asked him the cause of his discomfort; and he admitted that his trousers, though very wide at the top, now choked him. And I know he added materially to his collection. Nothing escaped the bright eyes or keen ears, and, regretfully, I many times saw his lips moving as he carefully repeated his latest.

"Wellington Graves," I said at last, "when will you cry enough?"

"Dont you want to stay and see huh lighted up, Mistah Deering?" he asked wistfully.

I groaned as I replied that it was my most ardent wish. "Let us go over to that little park and rest awhile?" I begged. "And then we 'll go at it again with renewed vigor."

"Very well," he agreed.

Dusty—dirty—sticky—and wet, for it was an intensely hot day; aching with fatigue—feeling like a boa-constrictor the day after, I threw off my coat, bringing my dirty white vest into view; dropped onto a park seat; thrust my feet straight out in front of me, and tipped my hat over my eyes.

The boy stretched himself out beside me, his head in my lap; and, such is the guilelessness of childhood, was soon fast asleep. I followed soon after, though unaware of it; for in the midst of a horrible dream in which Baltimore was the Star and Ruth the Leading Lady, I heard her dear voice declare, with a note of insistence in it:

"But, Mr. Van Sant, I am sure it is he; I cannot be mistaken!"

"Miss Ruth, I tell you the man is intoxicated! Look at his attitude—his dress."

"It *is* Mr. Deering!" she cried with conviction. I opened my eyes, shut my mouth, and sat up. A great automobile stood within a few feet of me. Two elegant, dainty women sat on the back seat, a man in front; and my heart gave a great leap as I saw the empty seat at his side. There was a puzzled look on Ruth's face; one of disdain on that of the lady beside her.

I started to speak; but there was a sudden cessation of breathing under the newspaper in my lap; an instant's silence; and the boy, very much dazed, scrambled out.

"Why, Wellington Graves; what are *you* doing here?" gasped Ruth.

Wellington Graves! Heavens! The name had been vaguely familiar all the time. Wellington Graves, son of millionaire Graves!

The boy grinned, then remembered his manners. "This is Mistah Deering, Miss Wellington," he said sweetly; then added with a little contented sigh: "O, Aunt Ruth, we 've just had a hell of a time!"

Two Sonnets

By Porter Garnett

The Door of Death

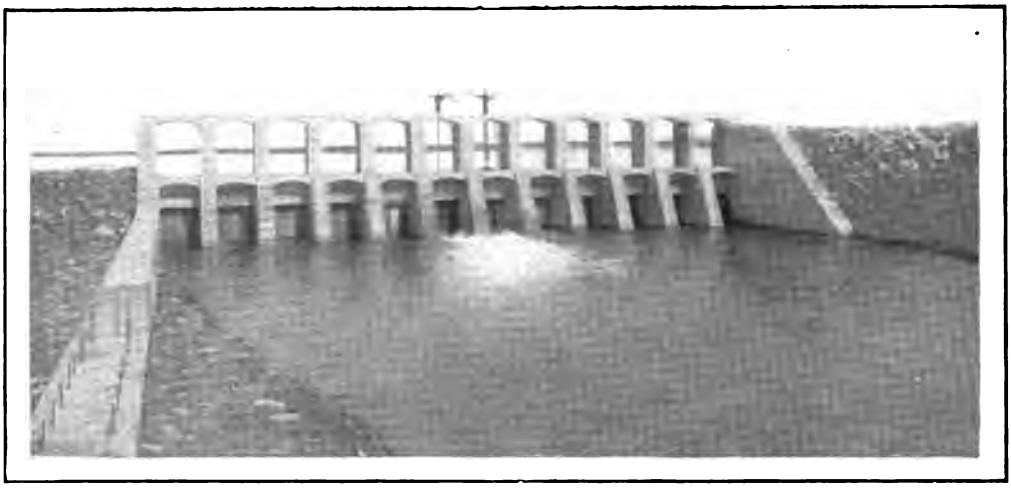
The hill lies dark beneath the sky,—one star
Burns white and still above the edge of Earth
As shone the herald star that told the birth
Of Him who died upon the cross. How far!
How very far and old it seems! No moon to mar
Its brightness shines, and all the world's unworth
Is hid since Sorrow kissed the mouth of Mirth,
And Fate hath held the door of death ajar.

Beyond the hill, in other eyes that weep,
That star may see, thro' tears, a heart in pain
That breaks with pity and that longs for rest—
For rest and love—love, wordless, boundless, deep—
Deep as my love shall be when once again,
I take the tired head upon my breast.

Felicitas

In all our past of little empty years,
No joy like this, that on its quivering wings
Has lifted up my heart until it sings,
E'er came to nourish hope and banish fears.
Yet was it born when, mid the rush of spheres,
The Earth first held the round in which it swings;
It came as comes the stream from many springs,
As love from thee, as peace from many tears.

All happiness is wonder; rapturously
I clasp it now and dream that so I strain
Fast to my heart thy body's loveliness
All happiness is magic; witchingly
It winds me as within some fairy skein—
I close my eyes and lo! thy lips I press.



THE GREAT MINIDOKA PROJECT, IDAHO.
Headworks Main South Side Canal.

National Irrigation in the Pacific Northwest

By C. J. Blanchard
Statistician U. S. Reclamation Service

VIEWED with other parts of the Great West, the Oregon country, which properly includes Oregon, Washington and Idaho, is an old new country. It had a considerable population in some of its valleys long before we began to settle the Dakotas.

Until the transcontinental railroad broke down the barriers interposed by the treeless plains on the eastern slope of the Rockies and the broad stretch of burning desert, extending from Wyoming to the Cascade Mountains, settlement was slow and confined only to the most venturesome and hardy of the pioneers. These pioneers, for the most part from the Middle West, accustomed as they were to ample rainfall, hastened across the desert and fixed their homes on the western slope. Up to a comparatively recent time that vast intermediate stretch of desert was regarded as a worthless waste, a land apart, unfit for the abode of the white man. Its potential value was never dreamed of until the Mormons in Salt Lake Valley and the first fruit growers in California had wrought a miracle through irrigation.

Living so long apart from the rest of the world, the pioneer of the Oregon country acquired a peculiar conservatism, which persisted until recently. While California and many other sections were enthusiastically exploiting the advantages of their own favored localities, the Oregon country was silent. Its many attractions, its wonderfully varied resources were unheralded. Unquestionably this explains why this region as a whole is generally classed as "the last low-priced tract of desirable land located in a white man's country, with a charm-

ing climate, left on this continent today."

We are only just beginning to appreciate that intelligent husbandry in the rainless portions of the Oregon country is rewarded by as high returns according to investment as anywhere else in the world. This is not an idle statement. It is readily substantiated by an examination of county records, of the per capita deposits in banks or by the average value per acre of farm products.

The dawn of a new era in the Oregon country began with the successful construction of a large irrigation system in Washington, which attracted a large number of intelligent farmers from the Middle West. The results which followed the efforts of fruit growers there were so remarkable that other sections profited by the example. The evolution from the old methods of farming on horseback, when the wealth of the farmer was in his flocks and herds, to the present system of intensive cultivation of the soil for special crops, came with a suddenness most surprising. A man who left Oregon ten years ago and returns today is filled with amazement at the transformation which has taken place in that interval. He can visit any number of valleys which he remembers as the free range of his friends the stockmen, in which there was then no hint of agricultural possibilities; today these valleys contain communities of small farms, and with the present income from a single orchard he could have purchased all the land in the valley ten years ago. The writer has personal knowledge of many instances where land has increased in value from $5 to $1,000 per acre in that short period of time, as the result of the unaided efforts of men who started with only a limited experience and small capital in fruit growing. These are not exceptional cases—they are a part of the history of dozens of new irrigated districts in the arid West.



WHERE THE WATER IS TAKEN OUT OF THE UMATILLA RIVER TO BE STORED IN A HUGE RESERVOIR FOR THE UMATILLA PROJECT, OREGON.

With the passage of the National Reclamation law, the Oregon country nat-



Photograph loaned by Mr. G. Stubblefield.

HUGE STORAGE DAM AND OUTLET CANAL OF THE UMATILLA PROJECT, OREGON.

urally became the objective point for the activities of the government engineers. The enormous areas of public lands which are included in the boundaries of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, amounting today to nearly 50,000,000



Photograph loaned by Mr. G. Stubblefield.

HUGE PIPE LINE WHICH DELIVERS WATER TO SOME 7000 ACRES OF THE RICH LANDS OF THE UMATILLA PROJECT, OREGON.

acres, made these states large contributors to the Reclamation fund.

Investigations of locations for feasible irrigation works were begun very soon after the organization of the Reclamation Service. At the present time the Government is actually at work on six projects, two in each of these states, and such progress has been made that water is being applied to lands under each irrigation system. It will require a number of years to complete these works as the policy of the Government is to make gradual additions to the irrigable area of each project so that settlement may follow quickly the completion of each unit.

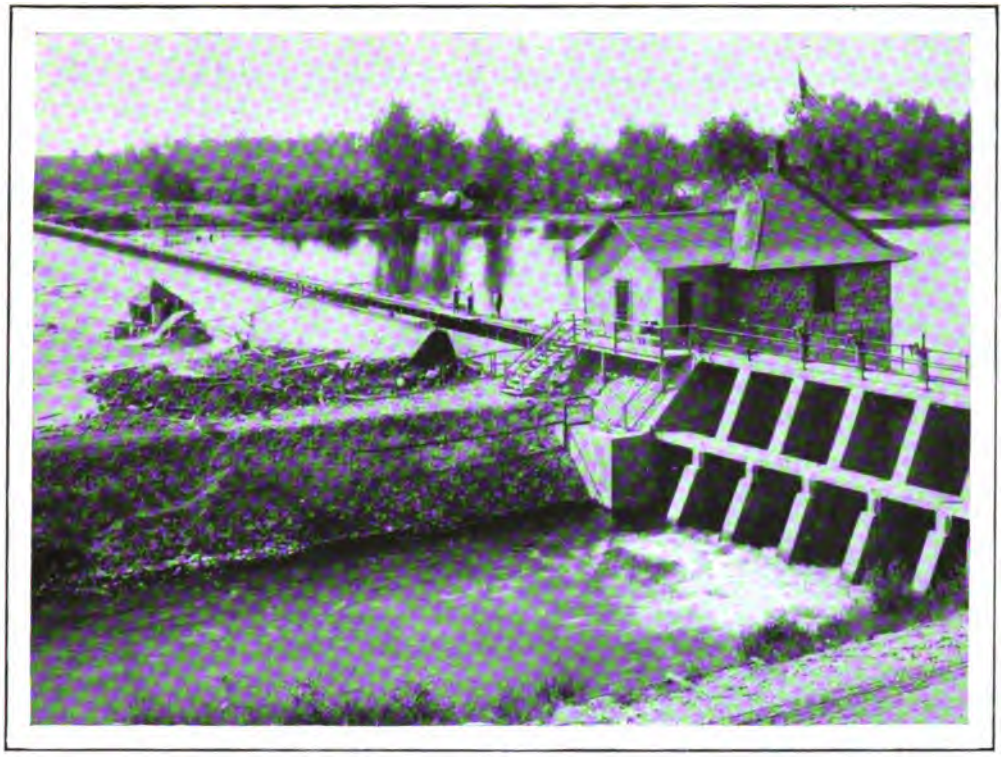
The estimated expenditures required will be not less than $50,000,000 and the land reclaimed from the desert will exceed 1,400,000 acres.

The limitations of space will permit only a brief description of these projects.

In Washington, two valleys—the Yakima in the central and the Okanogan in the northern part of the State—contain National irrigation projects. The Yakima project, by reason of the large area it embraces and the exceptional advantages it enjoys in soil, climate and in crop possibilities, is the most important of all of the National reclamation works. Its several units, when completed, will provide water for 500,000 acres. It is believed that no richer body of agricultural land of similar area can be found anywhere in the world. When the present plans of the Government are fully worked out and the reclaimed areas are brought to the proper state of cultivation, the crop returns from the valley will place it in the front rank among the agricultural districts of the world. That this is no idle boast, it will suffice



THE APPLE IS KING IN THE YAKIMA COUNTRY, WASHINGTON.
Fruit Exhibit, North Yakima Fair.



YAKIMA PROJECT, WASHINGTON. DAM AND HEADWORKS, SUNNYSIDE CANAL.



OWING TO THE LIGHT AND POROUS CHARACTER OF SOME OF THE RICH LANDS, THE GOVERNMENT PAINSTAKINGLY LINES A CANAL WITH CONCRETE TO PREVENT EROSION AND LOSS OF WATER.

to state that last year the returns from 40,000 acres of irrigated land had a value of $2,000,000, or fifty dollars per acre. The Yakima apples have won a high reputation in the markets of the East and abroad, and this product alone has given to the lands adapted to this crop, a value as high as the choicest orange lands in California. The wide variety of crops produced in this section, many of which are high priced, the favorable climate and the fertile soil, predicate a compact agricultural community possessing the advantages of both rural and urban life.

The Okanogan project in the northern part of the state embraces about 16,000 acres. This section has been called the California of the Northwest. Notwithstanding its northern latitude, the climate is eminently adapted to fruit growing. The proud boast of the valley is that in twenty years there has never been a crop failure from frost. The orchards in cultivation are models of horticultural intelligence and in quality and perfection of fruit, as well as in the yields are not excelled.

United States Senator Tillman, a farmer and fruit man himself, who recently paid a visit to this section, said: "I never saw better looking orchards or more perfect fruit in my life than in the Okanogan country."

In Oregon two irrigation projects of the Government are under way. One of these, the Umatilla in the northeastern part of the state, is especially attractive by reason of its advantageous location to transportation, its low altitude and its favorable climate. The irrigable lands, which are less than 500 feet above sea level, are bounded on the north by the Columbia River, which is navigable throughout the year. The Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company's line traverses the project, reaching the eastern, western and northern markets, and just across the Columbia a new branch of the Hill System gives direct connection with the large cities of Montana and Minnesota. Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and Spokane are each within easy shipping distance.

With a growing season in duration comparable with Southern California, with warm summers and mild winters, and a soil of great fertility, the Umatilla



TOWN OF KLAMATH FALLS, KLAMATH PROJECT, OREGON.



A CANAL OF THE KLAMATH PROJECT, OREGON.

lands are certain to prove attractive to the scientific farmer who would specialize his crops. With early vegetables and small fruits ready for market weeks in



KLAMATH PROJECT, OREGON.
Intake Gates, Gate House and Concrete-Lined Main Canal.



Photograph loaned by Mr. G. Stubblefield.

OUTLET, OR GATE, STATION OF THE STORAGE DAM, UMATILLA PROJECT, OREGON.



KLAMATH PROJECT, OREGON.

Glimpse of Lake Ewauna From Town of Klamath Falls.

advance of other valleys in the Northwest, the truck farmer is assured rich returns from small tracts. As in the Yakima and Okanogan country, the diversity of crops, heavy yields and high prices predicate the subdivision of the Umatilla land into holdings of five, ten and twenty acres. An agricultural development is promised here which in time will approach that of many sections of Southern California where the conditions of living are nearly ideal. At the present time the opportunities here for the small farmer are exceptionally good.

Oregon's second project—the Klamath, in the southern part of the state, is especially inviting to the dairyman and the stockgrower. The location is in one of the most beautiful parts of the state and appeals strongly to those who love the mountains and the forests. To the farmer accustomed to operate large areas, whose interests are in livestock, the Klamath country has decided advantages. The irrigable lands are surrounded by vast areas of public land, free commons for his stock, and the crop productions are those which go to make stock raising and dairying profitable. With the advent of the railroad, now nearly completed, land values are certain to go up, as the great markets of San Francisco will then be near at hand.

Idaho, the "Gem of the Mountains," very early claimed the attention of the Government and work has been proceeding actively on two large projects since 1904. One of these, the Minidoka, was partially completed last fall and is supplying water to 60,000 acres today. Ultimately it will embrace 300,000 acres. These lands are located on both sides of the Snake River in Cassia and Lincoln Counties in the southern part of the state.

A transformation little less than marvelous has followed the initiation of this great work, and while it has a parallel in the opening of a large irrigation system by private enterprise in that section a year previous, it is nevertheless worthy of note.



A TYPICAL RECLAMATION-PROJECT HOME.
Ranch of R. D. Young, Sunnyside Valley, Washington.

In 1904 the Minidoka tract was an uninhabited, dusty, sagebrush plain—a spot forbidding, desolate and uninviting. Today the land embraced by the lines of canals is dotted with farm houses and three towns containing 125 business houses have sprung up. A new railroad traverses the whole tract and not less than 4,000 people are now living where four years ago there was no habitation. The irrigation works when completed will supply a large amount of electric



AN 1800-FOOT TRAMWAY ON THE YAKIMA PROJECT, WASHINGTON.
Used to Transport Men and Material Out of Tieton Canyon.

power for municipal and manufacturing purposes. This power will be cheap enough so that the farmer may utilize it for lighting and for operating his farm machinery. It will undoubtedly attract manufacturers to this new field. A large area of state land, to be watered by the project, is to be sold at auction in the near future, affording opportunities for new settlers to acquire homes on very easy terms. The lands are adapted for general farming; all the products of the north temperate zone do well here.

Idaho's most important and largest irrigation project is known as the Payette-Boise and is situated in the well-settled and prosperous valleys of the Payette and Boise Rivers. The irrigable area embraces nearly 400,000 acres of the richest and most valuable agricultural lands in the state. It is an old settled community where agriculture has already become an exact science. The Government lands are practically all settled upon, but under the terms of a contract with the Secretary of the Interior many large land-owners have agreed to subdivide their holdings into small farms and to dispose of them to bona fide settlers.

These pleasant valleys offer special attractions to farmers of all classes. There are thousands of acres adapted to fruit growing. Apples, pears, peaches, prunes and cherries are profitable crops. In some parts a variety of finely flavored cantaloupes has attained a wide popularity. The dairy industry should attract those inclined to this pursuit. An attractive feature of this section to the newcomer is the very intelligent class of people who are residing there now. They come largely from the Middle West, Iowa and Minnesota being well represented. They are progressive and prosperous and there is a community of interest and a pride in everything that pertains to their locality which is most noticeable.

It is exceedingly difficult to make comparisons of the several irrigated districts of the Northwest. Each possesses advantages and attractions peculiarly its



OKANOGAN PROJECT, WASHINGTON.
A Completed Portion of the Upper Main Canal, Pogue Flats.

own. The homeseeker will do well to make a personal inspection before determining upon a location.

The attention of the prospective settler is called to a few important facts in connection with these projects. Owing to the numerous attractive features of soil and climate, the public lands embraced in the first units of the Government works were very quickly disposed of and are occupied by settlers. To acquire lands the newcomer must purchase from present owners. Prices vary from $35 per acre and up for raw land, to as high as $2,500 per acre for orchards in bearing.

The homeseeker must needs have money, the amount depending upon the location he selects and the kind of farming he chooses to engage in. The amount should not be less than $1,000 in cash and equipment, and the more he has in excess of that the greater his chance of early success. These projects cannot be regarded as offering much opportunity to the penniless. It requires money, work and time to change raw desert-land into producing orchards. The irrigated sections herein described are attracting a class of intelligent, moderately well-to-do farmers and horticulturists who are seeking homes in a region where harvests are assured, where life is free from the isolation and loneliness and the monotonous daily grind which characterizes the existence of the tiller of the soil in so many parts of the country. The Government invites this class of settlers to investigate and inquiries addressed to The Statistician, Reclamation Service, Washington, D. C., will be promptly answered.

The Case of Jim Moran

By John Richelsen



GOVERNOR HOOD made no attempt to conceal his anxiety as he turned to the last document remaining on the table before him.

"We have come to the Moran application," he informed the members of the Pardon Board, "and we must decide on it this afternoon."

These men were to be free from all outside influences as they determined where mercy might open the iron hand of the law without detriment to the safety of the Commonwealth. Yet it was impossible to eliminate all pressure. As soon as the name of Jim Moran was spoken, the Governor's advisors moved uneasily. Senator Miles was the first to break the silence, pushing back his chair and rising with gravity.

"I protest against playing havoc with the sanctity of the law," he declared with considerable feeling. "This clamor for a pardon has been manufactured by Moran's lawyers, abetted by the 'sentimental-slush' writers on several of our yellow journals.

"We do not convict Jim Moran. After a fair and impartial trial by jury, reviewed in the Supreme Court and sustained, he has been condemned. No vital reasons for reversing these decisions are to be found in this application. I shall vote against a pardon."

When Senator Miles resumed his seat, Governor Hood asked his personal friend, Dr. Long: "Have you reached a conclusion?"

"Yes; I 'm in favor of the pardon," Dr. Long promptly replied. "To me the transcript of the trial proves that the defense of insanity should have received better consideration. Jim Moran's mother testified that when her son was five years old he fell from a second-

story window, striking his head on the pavement.

"Remember the defence had no alienists to lay emphasis on this testimony. Let me assure you that if Jim Moran, or his family, had possessed the means, this evidence would have been presented with telling force. You will also recall that Jim Moran was in an epileptic fit when Watchman Hogan's friend rushed to the scene of the murder.

"It is admitted that Jim Moran was stealing lead water-pipes just previous to the tragedy of Watchman Hogan's death. But it was alleged, with sufficient evidence to create at least a reasonable doubt of sanity, that Moran had always believed red-haired people were his enemies. Seven men testified to this fact; one of whom had suffered severely from the existence of this delusion. And Hogan, the watchman, had red hair.

"Moran should have been committed to our State Institution for the Insane," Dr. Long concluded, "but the District Attorney thwarted that move and insisted on the gallows. For my part, I believe Moran saw Hogan approach menacingly, and thought his deadly enemy was about to attack him; so, in a mistaken notion of self-defence he knifed Hogan. Under the circumstances, I emphatically favor the pardon."

Governor Hood scanned the faces of the other members, to see whether Dr. Long's words had influenced them. He sincerely regretted that the argument had not been strong enough to bring conviction to his own mind.

Mr. Ferguson, a newspaper man and politician, now turned toward the Governor.

"I 'm in favor of the pardon, too," he announced, decisively. "Not that I take any stock in this insanity plea, but simply because it 's better, if there 's any doubt at all, to let ninety-nine guilty men escape rather than hang one innocent man."

He hesitated a moment; then blurted out in a censorious tone:

"You know, Governor, we have n't used up our allowance since the mistake about Bud Taylor! And—"

"What 's that?" Governor Hood flashed, overcome with anger. The stab of a knife could not have wounded him more deeply. With an effort he regained sufficient control over himself to thrust back: "You 've no business to dig up that affair, Ferguson, and I wont take it from you or anyone else, understand?"

Governor Hood had supposed that none of these men would be so discourteous as to speak of the Bud Taylor incident, even if necessarily their thoughts were occupied with it. But Ferguson, he recalled, had cast the one vote in favor of Bud Taylor. Evidently he could not resist the opportunity for emphasizing that he had been right.

"Excuse me," Governor Hood apologized to the other members of the Board, "but I can 't tolerate any reference to the subject just broached. A man is no kind of a man if he can 't do his duty today, without being cowed by something from yesterday."

As if taking up a challenge, Ferguson replied: "I dont want Moran's blood on my head. The people of this state look to us to extend this clemency. I believe in the voice of the people. *'Vox populi, vox Dei.'*"

Two sleepless nights the Governor had already passed through, trying to form a just estimate of the merits of the application. From the very beginning, this case had been gall and wormwood for him. He determined to divest himself of the exclusive responsibility.

"Before Mr. McClurkin speaks," Governor Hood explained, arising at the head of the table, "I wish to say that although the law has determined your duties on this Board as merely advisory, I will yield to the decision any three of you may agree upon this afternoon. Dr. Long and Mr. Ferguson have favored a pardon, while Senator Miles has opposed it.—Mr. McClurkin, I 'll have to put this burden on you, if you have come to a positive conclusion."

John McClurkin was a mill-owner who had worked his way up from a newsboy to his present proud position as the leading business man of the state. That he had learned to have confidence in himself, was shown in every feature of his clean-shaven face, and by every

movement of his heavy-set body. He was prompt in answering the Governor's proposal.

"If Senator Miles does n't change, there 'll never be three of us to recommend this pardon," he announced. "I refuse to be carried away by any of the nonsense we have heard outside of this room, or the special pleading that has been done here.

"I dont believe, like Editor Ferguson, that the voice of the people is the voice of God—I think that's what the Latin means. The people wanted Pilate to loose Barrabas, you remember, and Barrabas, like Moran, was guilty of murder.

"I had Moran's attorney call on me and became persuaded from my interview with him, that the plea of insanity is all farce. This business of insane delusions about red-haired people is pure invention. Those witnesses who swore about Moran's antics, all belong to that same nest of criminals, married and intermarried, from which Bud Tay—"

Everything in the room swam before the Governor's eyes. Were these men going to insist upon insulting him?

Mr. McClurkin had stopped the moment Governor Hood sprang to his feet.

"Governor Hood," he checked himself, "I had no intention of wounding your feelings. I think you are too sensitive about that affair—but that 's your business, of course. The name, just then, was merely a slip of the tongue."

Chagrined over the situation in which he found himself, and disappointed because the Board was of no real help to him, yet the Governor was relieved to understand that no intentional insult had been offered.

"My opinion is," McClurkin finished, "that these cronies of Moran's would perjure themselves any day, for their own protection. I can 't sanction a pardon."

As it was plain, from the countenances of the men, that they were hopelessly divided, Governor Hood realized that he would have to tread the wine-press alone.

"I am sorry that you could not relieve me of the burden of this decision," he confessed, as they arose to adjourn, "still I thank you for your frankness." In response to his summons, a secretary came from an adjoining room. "Send word to the Warden," Governor Hood told him, "to make all preparations for the execution on Thursday. The application for the pardon of Jim Moran is denied."

Long after the other members had departed, the Governor remained in the room. He dreaded the responsibility he was forced to assume, yet determined that, in the fulfilment of his duty, only conscience and the reasonable deductions from facts as proven should sway him. Argument and reason, he welcomed; but to permit himself to be influenced by superstition, or fear, or maudlin sentiment, would be treason to his office and his God. In coming to this frame of mind, however, he knew how great would be the weight of the burden during the eternity of time stretching from this Tuesday afternoon to the coming Thursday morning at eight o'clock—the time designated in the writ of execution. He hoped the pressure against his better judgment would not be unexpectedly increased, for—well, he knew he was human. It was dark when he folded together his papers and left the room.

In the corridor a group of men were waiting for him. Governor Hood knew them all, and usually stopped to speak; but tonight, wearied in body and soul, he motioned them away.

"No news this evening, gentlemen, except that the application for the pardon of Jim Moran is refused."

"That 's ancient history, Governor," one of the men protested. "We 've sold out a whole edition of that news."

The reporter held up a paper which announced in flaring head-line: PARDON REFUSED.

"You are getting all the blame for this refusal," the reporter urged. "It is claimed that you opposed the whole Board."

The Governor gave no reply as he passed out of the building. Not, however, until he had fought his way to his home, was he freed from annoyance. Various benevolent and religious societies had been induced to take action demanding clemency. The people expected him

to yield whether the Board recommended the pardon or not. The newspapers tried to turn criticism from themselves, for inspiring this confidence, by accusing him of duplicity, and of unreasonable and immoral stubbornness. Everywhere he found himself maligned and slandered. Moran's attorneys evidently calculated upon riding into prominence, whichever way the case terminated.

On Wednesday morning, after various attempts had been made to bring unfair pressure upon him, Governor Hood refused to see callers. But about four o'clock in the afternoon, his secretary reported that Senator Miles wished to speak to him over the telephone.

"This is Governor Hood," he replied to the inquiry, a moment later. "What can I do for you, Senator Miles?"

"I have concluded to acquiesce in the Moran matter, Governor. I change my vote so as to make it in favor of granting the pardon."

Governor Hood was nonplussed. "On what grounds have you come to this conclusion, Senator?—Do you really believe Moran was insane?"

The hesitation at the other end was noticeable. "You agreed to yield to any three of us and—well, I dont believe Moran is insane, but I have good and sufficient reasons for thinking it wise to change my position; and, as your friend, I earnestly urge you to agree with the majority of the Board."

"Do you mean to tell me you are in favor of setting a condemned murderer free, without any legal or moral reason for doing so? What am I to think of such a state of affairs? Anyway, the province of the Board is purely advisory. If you have anything helpful to offer me, I would be grateful, but—"

"Now, Governor, you are not willing to hear my reasons, that 's all. You get angry whenever it becomes necessary to mention a certain name without which several of us can 't explain ourselves."

"Very well, Senator Miles, but I 'm not going to yield my sense of duty to that kind of pressure. Good-bye."

Bitterly Governor Hood reflected that if a man ever showed a sore spot, it was the disposition of human nature to center every attack on that one place. It was not his intention, he reassured himself, to be stubborn or unreasonable, but, with the responsibility of supreme executive power resting on his shoulders, he must be honest and scrupulously maintain his own judgment Yet, on the other hand, wishing to eliminate even the faintest possibility of being mistaken, he decided, on his way home, to see Moran in his cell at the penitentiary.

An hour later, Governor Hood left his closed carriage and met the Warden. Learning that the Chaplain was with Moran, Governor Hood accompanied by the Warden, made his way through the corridor.

The Chaplain, being very near sighted, did not recognize the Governor and continued the conversation in which he was engaged with the prisoner.

"You know, Jim," he declared, "God can yet touch the conscience of the Governor and compel him to change his decision. Keep a brave heart."

"You bet I will. Thanks!"

"But it may be that you must die; and it would n't be well to go before the Great Judge with any unconfessed sins against you. If there are any such, you should now admit them."

"I never did nothin' to be ashamed of."

"In God's sight, you still say that you had no knowledge of what you were doing when you stabbed Watchman Hogan?"

As the Chaplain was finishing this question, Governor Hood stepped forward slightly, to see into the cell.

Jim Moran immediately looked up, sidewise, with a shrinking glance. He moved uneasily, quickly again letting his eyes return to the floor at his feet.

The Chaplain hesitated. Warden Havenor explained: "Go right on, Chaplain, and ask your questions; dont let us interfere with you."

"Jim," the Chaplain repeated, "you declare, in the face of death, that you did not know what you were doing?"

"Yep," the prisoner replied, not raising his head.

Governor Hood laid a hand on the Warden's arm and they both started away from the cell.

"Innocent men have been condemned and executed," the Chaplain continued. "No one knows better than you, how Governor Hood refused a pardon for poor Bud Taylor who—"

"Chaplain Clark! I 'm Governor Hood!" The harassed Executive sent the words cutting through the long, silent corridors, which in turn multiplied the angry tones until they ended in a riot of echoes. "I want to see you."

The three walked beyond ear-shot of those in death-row, and then Governor Hood turned to the Chaplain. "I appointed you to look after the spiritual welfare of the prisoners, not to encourage them against the authorities. You have no right to tell a prisoner that anyone in power made a mistake."

The Chaplain interrupted: "My resignation will be in your hands tomorrow morn—"

"It will be accepted." Governor Hood reached for his hat.

"Just one word, though," Chaplain Clark called. "I 'm your friend in saying that this is one case where it would be becoming in you to grant a pardon, no matter what might be your or my personal convictions."

The Warden accompanied Governor Hood to the door. "Not likely to be any change in plans, is there, Governor?"

"There 'll be no change, Warden."

Reaching the street, Governor Hood commanded to be driven to his home. The hours after dinner dragged slowly; it was impossible to find an interesting book. At one o'clock in the morning he retired. At half past two he again arose, being unable to sleep or find rest.

Without any fault on his part, he had once made a mistake in such a matter as this with which he was wrestling. He had never been able altogether to forget, though the wound had partly closed. The incidents since Tuesday afternoon had opened that wound afresh. He heard the city hall clock strike four, without gaining any inclination for sleep.

Bud Taylor? He thought of how he had stood firm against a pardon. Bud Taylor had been convicted and executed for killing his father in a drunken fit of rage. A few months ago, a dying scoundrel confessed that he had committed the murder and had placed the gun in Bud Taylor's hands while the latter was too stupid from drink to know what was being done.

"God knows I want to do what is right," he reflected. "I wish I could believe Moran insane. This is too much responsibility for me to carry, under the circumstances."

Stepping across the hall to the library, he telephoned the Warden to send the hourly reports of Moran's condition. He returned to the other room and penned a few words to his wife, who was staying at a nearby summer resort, promising to come to her on the following day. "She knows," he thought, "the bitterness of the cup which is being pressed to my lips."

The Warden's reports were brought in, covering Moran's condition since six o'clock on the previous evening. The first paper read:

A hearty supper served at seven o'clock, consisting of fried chicken, baked potatoes, peas—

and a long list of other victuals, ending with three kinds of desert.

Governor Hood thought of his own condition. Hardly a bite of nourishment had he taken since yesterday morning.

He turned to the next report:

At eight o'clock, No. 61 hearing Scripture read by Chaplain. Orders a special breakfast to consist of—

another long list—

To be served at seven o'clock.

Next followed this memorandum:

At nine o'clock No. 61 sleeping soundly.

There was the same report for ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock and four o'clock.

"Sleeping soundly," Governor Hood groaned in spirit. "And here am I, a nervous wreck, unable to rest a moment. Why can 't I get some sleep and then go to see Elizabeth?"

The telephone in the library rang insistently. The butler did not seem to

hear it, and mechanically Governor Hood arose and answered.

"You, Mr. McClurkin!" he cried in surprise, as he recognized the voice of the hard-headed business man on the Pardon Board.

"Are you going to grant the pardon?" McClurkin questioned.

"What are you asking that for?"

"Have you read any of the newspapers on this case, lately?"

"No."

"Well now, Governor, you understand my position, but you ought to know about the strange fatality that links Bud Taylor with—"

"Damn Bud Taylor!"

As he jammed back the receiver, a nervous chill shook him from head to foot. He felt perspiration breaking out on his face and hands, and he tore off the collar that threatened to prevent his breathing. His eyes throbbed with shooting pains. It seemed as if the bones of his legs were caving in under the weight of his body. The nervous breakdown, he realized, had at last come.

Hardly had he dropped to his chair, when the Warden was ushered into the room.

Governor Hood tried to regain a grip on himself. "You have everything prepared for the execution?" he asked, neglecting an exchange of greetings.

"Everything is waiting for Moran to wake up, Governor. You 're at work early this morning—but you dont look well."

"I 'm not feeling well," Governor Hood admitted, shuddering at the thought of Moran sleeping peacefully on the brink of eternity. "The prisoner seems the least concerned of any of us," he observed, trying to quiet himself.

"He 's sure he 'll be pardoned. His lawyers fill him with that all the time. They 're not reckoning enough on your backbone—though the better class of citizens understand this."

Governor Hood suppressed a cynical smile as he thought of his wretched condition, so close to a collapse, and contrasted it with the popular conception of his serene stubbornness.

"I hate to bother you, Governor," the Warden continued, after a moment, "and it 's no particular request of mine—but I could n't shake off Jim Moran's wife from driving to the house here with me. I had to promise her I would ask you for an interview with her. She 's outside, waiting, if you want to see her."

Governor Hood did not trust himself to make any reply beyond a negative nod of his head.

"You know who she is, dont you?" the Warden insisted.

"No, I dont know and dont want to know. It 's nearly seven, and I guess you better—"

A sharp rap at the door raised Governor Hood to his feet. "Warden," he cried, "if that woman comes in here I 'll dismiss you from office!"

The Warden had already sprung forward to intercept the entrance of any unwelcome visitor.

"You, Dr. Long!" Governor Hood exclaimed, relieved to see his friend.

"I 've just learned," Dr. Long gasped, "that you dont know Jim Moran married Bud Taylor's widow! Is that so? You ought to have been informed of this strange fatality long ago! I can 't understand why some of the other members of the Board did not tell you!"

Governor Hood tried to grasp the meaning of this frightful announcement. "What 's this?" he demanded, turning to the Warden.

"Bud Taylor's widow married Moran six months ago. The papers are full of it, but I understood you did n't read them. That 's the reason she wanted to see you. She thought that since her first husband was executed without being guilty, maybe you 'd square things by pardoning her second husband."

The woman who, by his mistake, had been robbed of her first husband, now pleading for her second husband whom indeed some men believed to be insane? What a stroke of fate!

Governor Hood realized that what he would do must be done quickly; not only because the time for the execution was near at hand, but also because his available strength was nearly exhausted.

"But the man 's guilty of murder," Governor Hood protested, "and it is n't

right for me to let a former mistake overshadow my judgment!"

"The Pardon Board is unanimous in recommending this, Governor. Even McClurkin joins us. It is most unusual for a Governor to refuse under such conditions. You ought not to insist upon taking such a responsibility again. Bud Taylor's widow would like to plead with you, not twice to—"

"Dont!" Governor Hood commanded. He dashed with his pen to the bottom of the paper before him. "Moran is pardoned!" he groaned, holding the paper toward the Warden.

"What? You dont really mean—"

"That 's all, Warden! Do your duty, and leave me alone. I want to rest."

Two months later, in the suburbs of Spring City, a fashionable summer resort, a certain house was again occupied after having stood vacant for a year.

"I hope you will be able to recuperate here, and forget your worries," Governor Hood's wife remarked, as the lights were being turned down for the night.

"Oh, I 'll be better now."

Sometime during the night the Governor was awakened by an unusual noise. He quietly opened the door, listened, and then called for a servant. He could not make himself heard, however, without taking the risk of awakening his wife.

He found the bull's-eye, dark-lantern lamp, that belonged in the house, and descended into the cellar to investigate. There he found a cat which had gotten its foot caught in a trap and then had become entangled in some rubbish in a corner.

He released the cat and was about to turn away, when through the cellar window, he saw a figure slinking along in the shadow toward him. In front of the window it stopped.

"Hist, pal! What 's yer job?" the man whispered.

Governor Hood turned the light into the man's face, keeping himself in the dark. He felt his hair rising on edge as he recognized the man he had pardoned—Jim Moran!

Should he cry out? This man had insane delusions and was dangerous. He kept himself in the dark and returned the salutation with a non-committal grunt.

"Looks like yer takin' me job on lead-pipes, pal!" the other continued. "I had me peepers on those pieces before I got pinched fer fixin' a watchman."

The Governor was spell-bound. Far away was heard the noise of some belated pedestrian, or perhaps of some officer. The man outside moved nervously.

"Go 'er easy, pal! Ef you git took and have to do any slashin', dont be a fool and blat out anythin'—jest throw yourself in a fit! Luck to yer—S'long!"



Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IT was a hard summer for Martin. Manuscript readers and editors were away on vacation, and publications that ordinarily returned a decision in three weeks now retained his manuscripts for three months or more. The consolation he drew from it was that a saving in postage was effected by the deadlock. Only the robber-publications seemed to remain actively in business, and to them Martin disposed of all his early efforts, such as "Pearl Diving," "The Sea as a Career," "Turtle-Catching," and "The Northeast Trades." For these manuscripts he never received a penny. It is true, after six months' correspondence, he effected a compromise, whereby he received a safety razor for "Turtle-Catching," and that the *Acropolis* having agreed to give him five dollars cash and five yearly subscriptions for "The Northeast Trades," fulfilled the second part of the agreement.

For a sonnet on Stevenson he managed to wring two dollars out of a Boston editor who was running a magazine with a Matthew Arnold taste and a penny-dreadful purse. "The Peri and the Pearl," a clever skit of a poem of two hundred lines, just finished, white-hot from his brain, won the heart of the editor of a San Francisco magazine published in the interest of a great railroad. When the editor wrote, offering him payment in transportation, Martin wrote back to inquire if the transportation was transferable. It was not, and so, being prevented from peddling it, he asked for the return of the poem. Back it came, with the editor's regrets, and Martin sent it to San Francisco again, this time to *The Hornet*, a pretentious monthly that had been fanned into a constellation of the first magnitude by the brilliant journalist who founded it. But *The Hornet's* light had begun to dim long before Martin was born. The editor promised Martin fifteen dollars for the poem, but when it was published seemed to forget about it. Several of his letters being ignored, Martin indited an angry one which drew a reply. It was written by a new editor, who coolly informed Martin that he declined to be held responsible for the old editor's mistakes, and that he did not think much of "The Peri and the Pearl" anyway.

But *The Globe*, a Chicago magazine, gave Martin the cruelest treatment of all. He had refrained from offering his "Sea Lyrics" for publication, until driven to it by starvation. After having been rejected by a dozen magazines, they had come to rest in *The Globe* office. There were thirty poems in the collection, and he was to receive a dollar apiece for them. The first month four were published, and he promptly received a check for four dollars; but when he looked over the magazine he was appalled at the slaughter. In some cases the titles had been altered, "Finis," for instance, being changed to "The Finish," and "The Song of the Outer Reef," to "The Song of the Coral Reef." In one case, an absolutely different title, a misappropriate title, was substituted. In place of his own, "Medusa Lights," the editor had printed "The Backward Track." But the slaughter in the body of the poems was terrifying. Martin groaned and sweated and thrust has hands through his hair. Phrases, lines, and stanzas were cut out, interchanged, or juggled

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about in most incomprehensible manner. Sometimes lines and stanzas not his own were substituted for his. He could not believe that a sane editor could be guilty of such maltreatment, and his favorite hypothesis was that his poems must have been doctored by the office boy or the stenographer. Martin wrote immediately, begging the editor to cease publishing the lyrics and to return them to him. He wrote again and again, begging, entreating, threatening, but his letters were ignored, month by month the slaughter went on till the thirty poems were published, and month by month he received a check for those which had appeared in the current number.

Despite these various misadventures, the memory of *The White Mouse* forty-dollar check sustained him, though he was driven more and more to hack-work. He discovered a bread-and-butter field in the agricultural weeklies and trade journals, though among the religious weeklies he found he could easily starve At his lowest ebb, when his black suit was in pawn, he made a ten-strike—or so it seemed to him—in a prize contest arranged by the County Committee of the Republican Party. There were three branches of the contest, and he entered them all, laughing at himself bitterly the while in that he was driven to such straits to live. His poem won the first prize of ten dollars, his campaign song the second prize of five dollars, his essay on the principles of the Republican Party the first prize of twenty-five dollars. Which was very gratifying to him until he tried to collect. Something had gone wrong in the County Committee, and, though a rich banker and a state senator were members of it, the money was not forthcoming. While this affair was hanging fire, he proved that he understood the principles of the Democratic Party by winning the first prize for his essay in a similar contest. And, moreover, he received the money, twenty-five dollars. But the forty dollars won in the first contest he never received.

Driven to shifts in order to see Ruth, and deciding that the long walk from North Oakland to her house and back again consumed too much time, he kept his black suit in pawn in place of his bicycle. The latter gave him exercise, saved him hours of time for work, and enabled him to see Ruth just the same. A pair of knee duck-trousers and an old sweater made him a presentable wheel costume so that he could go with Ruth on afternoon rides. Besides, he no longer had opportunity to see much of her in her own home, where Mrs. Morse was thoroughly prosecuting her campaign of entertainment. The exalted beings he met there and to whom he had looked up but a short time before, now bored him. They were no longer exalted. He was nervous and irritable, what of his hard times, disappointments, and close application to work, and the conversation of such people was maddening. He was not unduly egotistic. He measured the narrowness of their minds by the minds of the thinkers in the books he read. At Ruth's home he never met a large mind, with the exception of Professor Caldwell, and Caldwell he had met there only once. As for the rest, they were numb skulls, ninnies, superficial, dogmatic, and ignorant. It was their ignorance that astounded him. What was the matter with them? What had they done with their educations? They had had access to the same books he had. How did it happen that they had drawn nothing from them?

He knew that the great minds, the deep and rational thinkers, existed. He had his proofs from the books, the books that had educated him beyond the Morse standard. And he knew that higher intellects than those of the Morse circle were to be found in the world. He read English society novels, wherein he caught glimpses of men and women talking politics and philosophy. And he read of salons in great cities, even in the United States, where art and intellect congregated. Foolishly, in the past, he had conceived that all well-groomed persons above the working class were persons with power of intellect and vigor of beauty. Culture and collars had gone together, to him, and he had been deceived into believing that college educations and mastery were the same things.

Well, he would fight his way on and

up higher. And he would take Ruth with him. Her he dearly loved, and he was confident that she would shine anywhere. As it was clear to him that he had been handicapped by his early environment, so now he perceived that she was similarly handicapped. She had not had a chance to expand. The books on her father's shelves, the paintings on the walls, the music on the piano—all was just so much meretricious display. To real literature, real painting, real music, the Morses and their kind were dead. And bigger than such things was life, of which they were densely, hopelessly ignorant. In spite of their Unitarian proclivities and their masks of conservative broadmindedness, they were two generations behind interpretive science; their mental processes were medieval, while their thinking on the ultimate data of existence and of the universe struck him as the same meta-physical method that was as young as the youngest race, as old as the caveman, and older—the same that moved the first Pleiestocene ape-man to fear the dark; that moved the first hasty Hebrew savage to incarnate Eve from Adam's rib; that moved Descarte to build an idealistic system of the universe out of the projections of his own puny ego; and that moved the famous British ecclesiastic to denounce evolution in satire so scathing as to win immediate applause and leave his name a notorious scrawl on the page of history.

So Martin thought, and he thought further, till it dawned upon him that the difference between these lawyers, officers, business men, and bank-cashiers he had met and the members of the working class he had known was on a par with the difference in the food they ate, clothes they wore, neighborhoods in which they lived. Certainly in all of them was lacking the something more which he found in himself and in the books. The Morses had shown him the best their social position could produce, and he was not infatuated by it. A pauper himself, a slave to the money-lender, he knew himself the superior of those he met at the Morses'; and, when his one decent suit of clothes was out of pawn, he moved among them a lord of life, quivering with a sense of outrage akin to what a prince would suffer if condemned to live with goat-herds.

"You hate and fear the socialists," he remarked to Mr. Morse, one evening at dinner; "but why? You neither know them nor their doctrines."

The conversation had been swung in that direction by Mrs. Morse, who had been invidiously singing the praises of Mr. Hapgood. The cashier was Martin's black beast, and his temper was a trifle short where the talker of platitudes was concerned.

"Yes," he had said, "Charley Hapgood is what they call a rising young man—somebody told me as much. And it is true. He 'll make the Governor's chair before he dies, and who knows? maybe the United States Senate."

"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Morse had inquired.

"I 've heard him make a campaign speech. It was so cleverly stupid and unoriginal, and also so convincing, that the leaders cannot help but regard him as safe and sure, while his platitudes are so much like the platitudes of the average voter that—oh, well, you know you flatter any man by dressing up his own thoughts for him and presenting them to him."

"I actually think you are jealous of Mr. Hapgood," Ruth had chimed in.

"Heaven forbid!"

The look of horror on Martin's face stirred Mrs. Morse to belligerence.

"You surely dont mean to say that Mr. Hapgood is stupid?" she demanded icily.

"No more than the average republican," was the retort, "or average democrat, either. They are all stupid when they are not crafty, and very few of them are crafty. The only wise republicans are the millionaires and their conscious henchmen. They know which side their bread is buttered on, and they know why."

"I am a republican," Mr. Morse put in lightly. "Pray how do you classify me?"

"Oh, you are an unconscious henchman."

"Henchman?"

"Why, yes. You do corporation work. You have no working-class nor criminal

practice. You dont depend upon wife-beaters and pickpockets for your income. You get your livelihood from the masters of society, and whoever feeds a man is that man's master. Yes, you are a henchman. You are interested in advancing the interests of the aggregations of capital you serve."

Mr. Morse's face was a trifle red.

"I confess, sir," he said, "that you talk like a scoundrelly socialist."

Then it was that Martin remarked;

"You hate and fear the socialists; but why? You neither know them nor their doctrines."

"Your doctrine certainly sounds like socialism," Mr. Morse replied, while Ruth gazed anxiously from one to the other, and Mrs. Morse beamed happily at the opportunity afforded of rousing her liege lord's antagonism.

"Because I say republicans are stupid, and hold that liberty, equality, and fraternity are exploded bubbles, does not make me a socialist," Martin said with a smile. "Because I question Jefferson and the unscientific Frenchmen who informed his mind, does not make me a socialist. Believe me, Mr. Morse, you are far nearer socialism than I who am its avowed enemy."

"Now you please to be facetious," was all the other could say.

"Not at all. I speak in all seriousness. You still believe in equality, and yet you do the work of the corporations, and the corporations, from day to day, are busily engaged in burying equality. And you call me a socialist because I deny equality, because I affirm just what you live up to. The republicans are foes to equality, though most of them fight the battle against equality with the very word itself the slogan on their lips. In the name of equality they destroy equality. That was why I called them stupid. As for myself, I am an individualist. I believe the race is to the swift, the battle to the strong. Such is the lesson I have learned from biology, or at least think I have learned. As I said, I am an individualist, and individualism is the hereditary and eternal foe of socialism."

"But you frequent socialist meetings," Mr. Morse challenged.

"Certainly, just as spies frequent hostile camps. How else are you to learn about the enemy? Besides, I enjoy myself at their meetings. They are good fighters, and, right or wrong, they have read the books. Any one of them knows far more about sociology and all the other ologies than the average captain of industry. Yes, I have been to half a dozen of their meetings, but that does n't make me a socialist any more than hearing Charley Hapgood orate made me a republican."

"I can 't help it," Mr. Morse said feebly, "but I still believe you incline that way."

Bless me, Martin thought to himself; he does n't know what I was talking about. He has n't understood a word of it. What did he do with his education anyway?

Thus, in his development, Martin found himself face to face with economic morality or the morality of class; and soon it became to him a grisly monster. Personally, he was an intellectual moralist, and more offending to him than platitudinous pomposity was the morality of those about him, which was a curious hotch-potch of the economic, the metaphysical, the sentimental, and the imitative.

A sample of this curious, messy mixture he encountered nearer home. His sister, Marian, had been keeping company with an industrious young mechanic, of German extraction, who, after thoroughly learning the trade, had set up for himself in a bicycle-repair shop. Also, having got the agency for a low-grade make of wheel, he was prosperous. Marian had called on Martin in his room a short time before to announce her engagement, during which visit she had playfully inspected Martin's palm and told his fortune. On her next visit she brought Hermann von Schmidt along with her. Martin did the honors and congratulated both of them in language so easy and graceful as to affect disagreeably the peasant-mind of his sister's lover. This bad impression was further heightened by Martin's reading aloud the half-dozen stanzas of verse with which he had commemorated Ma-

rion's previous visit. It was a bit of society verse, airy and delicate, which he had named "The Palmist." He was surprised, when he finished reading it, to note no enjoyment in his sister's face. Instead, her eyes were fixed anxiously upon her betrothed, and Martin, following her gaze, saw spread on that worthy's assymetrical features nothing but black and sullen disapproval. The incident passed over, they made an early departure, and Martin forgot all about it, though for the moment he had been puzzled that any woman, even of the working class, should not have been flattered and delighted by having poetry written about her.

Several evenings later, Marian again visited him, this time alone. Nor did she waste time in coming to the point, upbraiding him sorrowfully for what he had done.

"Why, Marian," he chided, "you talk as though you were ashamed of your relatives, or of your brother at any rate."

"And I am, too," she blurted out.

Martin was bewildered by the tears of mortification he saw in her eyes. The mood, whatever it was, was genuine.

"But, Marian, why should your Hermann be jealous of my writing poetry about my own sister."

"He aint jealous," she sobbed. "He says it was indecent, ob—obscene."

Martin emitted a long, low whistle of incredulity, then proceeded to resurrect and read a carbon copy of "The Palmist."

"I can 't see it," he said finally, proffering the manuscript to her. "Read it yourself and show me whatever strikes you as obscene—that was the word, was n't it?"

"He says so, and he ought to know," was the answer, with a wave aside of the manuscript, accompanied by a look of loathing. "And he says you 've got to tear it up. He says he wont have no wife of his with such things written about her which anybody can read. He says it 's a disgrace, an' he wont stand for it."

"Now, look here, Marian, this is nothing but nonsense," Martin began, then abruptly changed his mind.

He saw before him an unhappy girl, knew the futility of attempting to convince her husband or her, and, though the whole situation was absurd and preposterous, he resolved to surrender.

"All right," he announced, tearing the manuscript into half a dozen pieces and throwing it into the waste-basket.

He contented himself with the knowledge that even then the original typewritten manuscript was reposing in the office of a New York magazine. Marian and her husband would never know, and neither himself nor they nor the world would lose if the pretty harmless poem ever were published.

Marian, starting to reach into the waste-basket, refrained.

"Can I?" she pleaded.

He nodded his head, regarding her thoughtfully as she gathered the torn pieces of manuscript and tucked them into the pocket of her jacket—ocular evidence of the success of her mission. She reminded him of Lizzie Connolly, though there was less of fire and gorgeous flaunting life in her than in that other girl of the working class whom he had seen twice. But they were on a par, the pair of them, in dress and carriage, and he smiled with inward amusement at the caprice of his fancy which suggested the appearance of either of them in Mrs. Morse's drawing room. The amusement faded, and he was aware of a great loneliness. This sister of his and the Morse drawing room were milestones of the road he had traveled. And he had left them behind. He glanced affectionately about him at his few books. They were all the comrades left to him.

"Hello, what 's that?" he demanded in startled surprise.

Marian repeated her question.

"Why dont I go to work?" He broke into a laugh that was only half-hearted. "That Hermann of yours has been talking to you."

She shook her head.

"Dont lie," he commanded, and the nod of her head affirmed his charge.

"Well, you tell that Hermann of yours to mind his own business. That when I write poetry about the girl he 's keeping company with it 's his business, but that

outside of that he 's got no say so. Understand?

"So you dont think I 'll succeed as a writer, eh?" he went on. "You think I 'm no good?—that I 've fallen down and am a disgrace to the family?"

"I think it would be better if you got a job," she said firmly, and he saw she was sincere. "Hermann says—"

"Damn Hermann!" he broke out good-naturedly. "What I want to know is when you 're going to get married. Also, you find out from your Hermann if he will deign to permit you to accept a wedding present from me."

He mused over the incident after she had gone, and once or twice broke out into laughter that was bitter as he saw his sister and her betrothed, all the members of his own class and the members of Ruth's class, directing their narrow little lives by narrow little formulas—herd-creatures, flocking together and patterning their lives by one another's opinions, failing of being individuals and of really living life because of the childlike formulas by which they were enslaved. He summoned them before him in apparitional procession, Bernard Higginbotham arm in arm with Mr. Butler, Hermann von Schmidt cheek by jowl with Charley Hapgood, and one by one and in pairs he judged them and dismissed them—judged them by the standards of intellect and morality he had learned from the books. Vainly he asked: Where are the great souls, the great men and women? He found them not among the careless, gross, and stupid intelligences that answered the call of vision to his narrow room. He felt a loathing for them such, as Circe must have felt for her swine. When he had dismissed the last one and thought himself alone, a late-comer entered, unexpected and unsummoned. Martin watched him and saw the stiff-rim, the square-cut, double-breasted coat, and the swaggering shoulders of the youthful hoodlum who had once been he.

"You were like all the rest, young fellow," Martin sneered. "Your morality and your knowledge were just the same as theirs. You did not think and act for yourself. Your opinions, like your clothes, were ready-made; your acts were shaped by popular approval. You were cock of your gang because others acclaimed you the real thing. You fought and ruled the gang, not because you liked to—you know you really despised it—but because the other fellows patted you on the shoulder. You licked Cheeseface because you would n't give in, and you would n't give in, partly because you were abysmal brute, and for the rest, because you believed what every one about you believed: that the measure of manhood was the carniverous ferocity displayed in injuring and marring fellow-creatures' anatomies. Why, you whelp, you even won other fellows' girls away from them, not because you wanted the girls, but because, in the marrow of those about you, those who set your moral pace, was the instinct of the wild stallion and the bull-seal. Well, the years have passed, and what do you think about it now?"

As if in reply, the vision underwent a swift metamorphosis. The stiff-rim and the square-cut vanished, being replaced by milder garments; the toughness went out of the face, the hardness out of the eyes; and the face, chastened and refined, was irradiated from an inner life of communion with beauty and knowledge. The apparition was very like his present self, and, as he regarded it, he noted the student-lamp by which it was illuminated, and the book over which it pored. He glanced at the title and read: *The Science of Aesthetics.* Next, he entered into the apparition, trimmed the student-lamp, and himself went on reading *The Science of Aesthetics.*

CHAPTER XXX.

ON a beautiful fall day, a day of similar Indian Summer to that which had seen their love declared the year before, Martin read his "Love-Cycle" to Ruth. It was in the afternoon, and, as before, they had ridden out to their favorite knoll in the hills. Now and again she had interrupted his reading with exclamations of pleasure, and now, as he laid the last sheet of manu-

script with its fellows, he waited her judgment.

She delayed to speak, and at last she spoke haltingly, hesitating to frame in words the harshness of her thought.

"I think they are beautiful, very beautiful," she said "but you can 't sell them, can you? You see what I mean," she said, almost pleaded. "This writing of yours is not practical. Something is the matter—maybe it is with the market—that prevents you from earning a living by it. And please, dear, dont misunderstand me. I am flattered, and made proud, and all that—I could not be a true woman were it otherwise—that you should write these poems to me. But they do not make our marriage possible. Dont you see, Martin? Dont think me mercenary. It is love, the thought of our future, with which I am burdened. A whole year has gone by since we learned we loved each other, and our wedding day is no nearer. Dont think me immodest in thus talking about our wedding, for really I have my heart, all that I am, at stake. Why dont you try to get work on a newspaper, if you are so bound up in your writing? Why not become a reporter?—for a while, at least?"

"It would spoil my style," was his answer, in a low, monotonous voice. "You have no idea how I 've worked for style."

"But those storiettes," she argued. "You called them hack-work. You wrote many of them. Did n't they spoil your style?"

"No, the cases are different. The storiettes were ground out, jaded, at the end of a long day of application to style. But a reporter's work is all hack from morning till night, is the one paramount thing of life. And it is a whirlwind life, the life of the moment, with neither past nor future, and certainly without thought of any style but reportorial style, and that certainly is not literature. To become a reporter now, just as my style is taking form, crystalizing, would be to commit literary suicide. As it is, every storiette, every word of every storiette, was a violation of myself, of my self-respect, of my respect for beauty. I tell you it was sickening. I was guilty of sin. And I was secretly glad when the market failed, even if my clothes did go into pawn. But the joy of writing the 'Love Cycle!' The creative joy in its noblest form! That was compensation for everything."

Martin did not know that Ruth was unsympathetic concerning the creative joy. She used the phrase—it was on her lips he had first heard it. She had read about it, studied about it, in the university in the course of earning her Bachelorship of Arts; but she was not original, not creative, and all manifestations of culture on her part were but harpings of the harpings of others.

"May not the editor have been right in his revision of your 'Sea Lyrics?'" she questioned. "Remember, an editor must have proved qualifications or else he would not be an editor."

"That 's in line with the persistence of the established," he rejoined, his heat against the editor-folk getting the better of him. "What is is not only right but is the best possible. The existence of anything is sufficient vindication of its fitness to exist—to exist, mark you, as the average person unconsciously believes, not merely in present conditions, but in all conditions. It is their ignorance, of course, that makes them believe such rot—their ignorance, which is nothing more nor less than the mental process described by Weininger. They think they think, and such thinkless creatures are the arbiters of the lives of the few who really think."

He paused, overcome by the consciousness that he had been talking over Ruth's head.

"I 'm sure I dont know who this Weininger is," she retorted, "and you are so dreadfully general that I fail to follow you. What I was speaking of was the qualification of editors—"

"And I 'll tell you," he interrupted. "The chief qualification of ninety-nine per cent of all editors is failure. They have failed as writers. Dont think they prefer the drudgery of the desk and the slavery to their circulation and to the business manager to the joy of writing. They have tried to write, and they have

failed. And right there is the cursed paradox of it. Every portal to success in literature is guarded by those watch-dogs, the failures in literature. The editors, sub-editors, associate editors, most of them, and the manuscript-readers for the magazines and book-publishers, most of them, nearly all of them, are men who wanted to write and who have failed. And yet they, of all creatures under the sun the most unfit, are the very creatures who decide what shall and what shall not find its way into print—they, who have proved themselves not original, who have demonstrated that they lack the divine fire, sit in judgment upon originality and genius. And after them come the reviewers, just so many more failures. Dont tell me that they have not dreamed the dream and attempted to write poetry or fiction; for they have and they have failed. Why, the average review is more nauseating than cod-liver oil. But you know my opinion on the reviewers and the alleged critics. There are great critics, but they are as rare as comets. If I fail as a writer I shall have proved for the career of editorship. There 's bread and butter and jam at any rate."

Ruth's mind was quick, and her disapproval of her lover's views was buttressed by the contradiction she found in his contention.

"But, Martin, if that be so, if all the doors are closed as you have shown so conclusively, how is it possible that any of the great writers ever arrived?"

"They arrived by achieving the impossible," he answered. "They did such blazing, glorious work as to burn to ashes those that opposed them. They arrived by course of miracle, by winning a thousand-to-one wager against them. They arrived because they were Carlyle's battle-scarred giants who will not be kept down. And that is what I must do; I must achieve the impossible."

"But if you fail? You must consider me as well, Martin."

"If I fail?" He regarded her for a moment as though the thought she had uttered was unthinkable. Then intelligence illumined his eyes. "If I fail, I shall become an editor, and you will be an editor's wife."

She frowned at his facetiousness—a pretty, adorable frown that made him put his arms around her and kiss it away.

"There, that 's enough," she urged, by an effort of will withdrawing herself from the fascination of his strength. "I have talked with father and mother. I never before asserted myself so against them. I demanded to be heard. I was very undutiful. They are against you, you know; but I assured them over and over of my abiding love for you, and at last father agreed, that if you wanted to, you could begin right away in his office. And then, of his own accord, he said he would pay you enough at the start so that we could get married and have a little cottage somewhere. Which I think was very fine of him—dont you?"

Martin, with the dull pain of despair at his heart, mechanically reaching for the tobacco and paper (which he no longer carried) to roll a cigarette, muttered something inarticulate, and Ruth went on:

"Frankly, though, and dont let it hurt you—I tell you to show you precisely how you stand with him—he does n't like your radical views, and he thinks you are lazy. Of course I know you are not. I know you work hard."

How hard, even she did not know, was the thought in Martin's mind.

"Well, then," he said, "how about my views? Do you think they are so radical?"

He held her eyes and waited the answer.

"I think them, well, very disconcerting," she replied.

The question was answered for him, and so oppressed was he by the grayness of life that he forgot the tentative proposition she had made for him to go to work. And she, having gone as far as she dared, was willing to wait the answer till she should bring the question up again.

She had not long to wait. Martin had a question of his own to propound to her. He wanted to ascertain the measure of her faith in him, and within the week each was answered. Martin precipitated it by reading to her his "The Shame of the Sun."

"Why dont you become a reporter?" she asked when he had finished. "You love writing so, and I am sure you would succeed. You could rise in journalism and make a name for yourself. There are a number of great special correspondents. Their salaries are large, and their field is the world. They are sent everywhere, to the heart of Africa, like Stanley, or to interview the Pope, or to explore unknown Thibet."

"Then you dont like my essay?" he rejoined. "You believe that I have some show in journalism but none in literature?"

"No, no; I do like it. It reads well. But I am afraid it 's over the heads of your readers. At least it is over mine. It sounds beautiful, but I dont understand it. Your scientific slang is beyond me. You are an extremist, you know, dear, and what may be intelligible to you may not be intelligible to the rest of us."

"I imagine it 's the philosophic slang that bothers you," was all he could say.

He was flaming from the fresh reading of the ripest thought he had expressed, and her verdict stunned him.

"No matter how poorly it is done," he persisted, "dont you see anything in it? —in the thought of it, I mean?"

She shook her head.

"No, it is so different from anything I have read. I read Materlinck and understand him——"

"His mysticism, you understand that?" Martin flashed out.

"Yes, but this of yours, which is supposed to be an attack upon him, I dont understand. Of course, if originality counts——"

He stopped her with an impatient gesture that was not followed by speech. He became suddenly aware that she was speaking and that she had been speaking for some time.

"After all, your writing has been a toy to you," she was saying. "Surely you have played with it long enough. It is time to take up life seriously—*our* life, Martin. Hitherto you have lived solely your own."

"You want me to go to work?" he asked.

"Yes. Father has offered—"

"I understand all that," he broke in; "but what I want to know is whether or not you have lost faith in me?"

She pressed his hand mutely, her eyes dim.

"In your writing, dear," she admitted in a half-whisper.

"You 've read lots of my stuff," he went on brutally. "What do you think of it? Is it utterly hopeless? How does it compare with other men's work?"

"But they sell theirs, and you—dont."

"That does n't answer my question. Do you think that literature is not at all my vocation?"

"Then I will answer." She steeled herself to do it. "I dont think you were made to write. Forgive me, dear. You compel me to say it; and you know I know more about literature than you do."

"Yes, you are a Bachelor of Arts," he said meditatively; "and you ought to know.

"But there is more to be said," he continued, after a pause painful to both. "I know what I have in me. No one knows that so well as I. I know I shall succeed. I will not be kept down. I am afire with what I have to say in verse, and fiction, and essay. I do not ask you to have faith in that, though. I do not ask you to have faith in me, nor in my writing. What I do ask of you is to love me and have faith in love.

"A year ago I begged for two years. One of those years is yet to run. And I do believe, upon my honor and my soul, that before that year is run I shall have succeeded. You remember what you told me long ago, that I must serve my apprenticeship to writing. Well, I have served it. I have crammed it and telescoped it. With you at the end awaiting me, I have never shirked. Do you know, I have forgotten what it is to fall peacefully asleep. A few million years ago I knew what it was to sleep my fill and to wake naturally from very glut of sleep. I am awakened always now by an alarm clock. If I fall asleep early or late, I set the alarm accordingly; and this, and the putting out of the lamp, are my last conscious actions.

"When I begin to feel drowsy, I

change the heavy book I am reading for a lighter one. And when I doze over that I beat my head with my knuckles in order to drive sleep away. Somewhere I read of a man who was afraid to sleep. Kipling wrote the story. This man arranged a spur so that when unconsciousness came his naked body pressed against the iron teeth. Well, I've done the same. I look at the time, and I resolve that not until midnight, or not until one o'clock, or two o'clock, or three o'clock, shall the spur be removed. And so it rowells me awake until the appointed time. That spur has been my bed-mate for months. I have grown so desperate that five and a half hours of sleep is an extravagance. I sleep four hours, now. I am starved for sleep. There are times when I am light-headed from want of sleep; times when death, with its rest and sleep, is a positive lure to me; times when I am haunted by Longfellow's lines:

> " 'The sea is still and deep;
> All things within its bosom sleep;
> A single step and all is o'er,
> A plunge, a bubble, and no more.'

"Of course, this is sheer nonsense. It comes from nervousness, from an overwrought mind. But the point is: Why have I done this? For you. To shorten my apprenticeship. To compel Success to hasten. And my apprenticeship is now served. I know my equipment. I swear that I learn more each month than the average college man learns in a year. I know it, I tell you. But were my need for you to understand not so desperate I should not tell you. It is not boasting. I measure the results by the books. Your brothers, today, are ignorant barbarians compared with me and the knowledge I have wrung from the books in the hours they were sleeping. Long ago I wanted to be famous. I care very little for fame now. What I want is you; I am more hungry for you than for food, or clothing, or recognition. I have a dream of laying my head on your breast and sleeping an aeon or so, and the dream will come true ere another year is gone."

His power beat against her, wave upon wave; and in the moment his will opposed hers most she felt herself most strongly drawn toward him. The strength that had always poured out from him to her was now flowering in his impassioned voice, his flashing eyes, and the vigor of life and intellect surging in him. And in that moment, and for the moment, she was aware of a rift that showed in her certitude—a rift through which she caught sight of the real Martin Eden, splendid and invincible; and as animal-trainers have their moments of doubt, so she, for the instant, seemed to doubt her power to tame this wild spirit of a man.

"And another thing," he swept on. "You love me. But why do you love me? The thing in me that compels me to write is the very thing that draws your love. You love me because I am somehow different from the men you have known and might have loved. I was not made for the desk and counting-house, for petty business squabbling and legal jangling. Make me do such things, make me like those other men, doing the work they do, breathing the air they breathe, developing the point of view they have developed, and you have destroyed the difference, destroyed me, destroyed the thing you love. My desire to write is the most vital thing in me. Had I been a mere clod, neither would I have desired to write, nor would you have desired me for a husband."

"But you forget," she interrupted, the quick surface of her mind glimpsing a parallel. "There have been eccentric inventors, starving their families while they sought such chimeras as perpetual motion. Doubtless their wives loved them, and suffered with them and for them, not because of, but in spite of, their infatuation for perpetual motion."

"True," was the reply. "But there have been inventors who were not eccentric and who starved while they sought to invent practical things; and sometimes, it is recorded, they succeeded. Certainly I do not seek impossibilities—"

"You have called it 'achieving the impossible,' " she interpolated.

"I spoke figuratively. I seek to do what men have done before me—to write and to live by my writing."

Her silence spurred him on.

"To you, then, my goal is as much a chimera as perpetual motion?" he demanded.

He read her answer in the pressure of her hand on his—the pitying mother-hand for the hurt child. And to her, just then, he was the hurt child, the infatuated man striving to achieve the impossible.

Toward the close of their talk she warned him again of the antagonism of her father and mother.

"But you love me?" he asked.

"I do! I do!" she cried.

"And I love you, not them, and nothing they do can hurt me." Triumph sounded in his voice. "For I have faith in your love, not fear of their enmity. All things may go astray in this world, but not love. Love cannot go wrong unless it be a weakling that faints and stumbles by the way."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARTIN had encountered his sister Gertrude by chance on Broadway —as it proved, a most propitious yet disconcerting chance. Waiting on the corner for a car, she had seen him first, and noted the eager, hungry lines of his face and the desperate, worried look of his eyes. In truth, he was desperate and worried. He had just come from a fruitless interview with the pawnbroker, from whom he had tried to wring an additional loan on his wheel. The muddy fall weather having come on, Martin had pledged his wheel some time since and retained his black suit.

"There 's the black suit," the pawnbroker, who knew his every asset, had answered. "You need n't tell me you 've gone and pledged it with that Jew, Lipka. Because if you have—"

The man looked the threat, and Martin hastened to cry:

"No, no; I 've got it. But I want to wear it on a matter of business."

"All right," the mollified usurer had replied. "And I want it on a matter of business before I can let you have any more money. You dont think I 'm in it for my health?"

"But it 's a forty-dollar wheel, in good condition," Martin had argued. "And you 've only let me have seven dollars on it. No, not even seven. Six and a quarter; you took the interest in advance."

"If you want some more, bring the suit," had been the reply that sent Martin out of the stuffy little den, so desperate at heart as to reflect it in his face and touch his sister to pity.

Scarcely had they met when the Telegraph Avenue car came along and stopped to take on a crowd of afternoon shoppers. Mrs. Higginbotham divined from the grip on her arm as he helped her on, that he was not going to follow her. She turned on the step and looked down upon him. His haggard face smote her to the heart again.

"Ain't you comin'?" she asked.

The next moment she had descended to his side.

"I 'm walking—exercise, you know," he explained.

"Then I 'll go along for a few blocks," she announced. "Mebbe it 'll do me good. I ain't ben feelin' any too spry these last few days."

Martin glanced at her and verified her statement in her general slovenly appearance, in the unhealthy fat, in the drooping shoulders, the tired face with the sagging lines, and in the heavy fall of her feet, without elasticity—a very caricature of the walk that belongs to a free and happy body.

"You 'd better stop here," he said, though she had already come to a halt at the first corner; "and take the next car."

"My goodness!—if I ain't all tired a'ready!" she panted. "But I 'm just as able to walk as you in them soles. They 're that thin they 'll bust long before you git out to North Oakland."

"I 've a better pair at home," was the answer.

"Come out to dinner tomorrow!" she invited irrelevantly. "Mr. Higginbotham wont be there. He 's goin' to San Leandro on business."

Martin shook his head, but he had failed to keep back the wolfish, hungry look that leapt into his eyes at the suggestion of dinner.

"You haven't a penny, Mart, and that's why you're walkin'. Exercise!" she tried to sniff contemptuously, but succeeded in producing only a sniffle. "Here, lemme see."

And, fumbling in her satchel, she pressed a five-dollar piece into his hand. "I guess I forgot your last birthday, Mart," she mumbled lamely.

Martin's hand instinctively closed on the piece of gold. In the same instant he knew he ought not to accept, and found himself struggling in the throes of indecision. That bit of gold meant food, life and light in his body and brain, power to go on writing, and—who was to say?—maybe to write something that would bring in many pieces of gold. Clear on his vision burned the manuscripts of two essays he had just completed. He saw them under the table on top the heap of returned manuscripts for which he had no stamps, and he saw their titles, just as he had typed them—"The High Priests of Mystery," and "The Cradle of Beauty." He had never submitted them anywhere. They were as good as anything he had done in that line. If only he had stamps for them! Then the certitude of his ultimate success rose up in him, an able ally of hunger, and with a quick movement he slipped the coin into his pocket.

"I'll pay you back, Gertrude, a hundred times over," he gulped out, his throat painfully contracted and in his eyes a swift hint of moisture.

"Mark my words!" he cried with abrupt positiveness. "Before the year is out I'll put an even hundred of those little yellow-boys into your hand. I dont ask you to believe me. All you have to do is to wait and see."

Nor did she believe. Her incredulity made her uncomfortable, and, failing of other expedient, she said:

"I know you're hungry, Mart. It's stickin' out all over you. Come in to meals any time. I'll send one of the children to tell you when Mr. Higginbotham aint to be there. An' Mart—"

He waited, though he knew in his secret heart what she was about to say, so visible was her thought process to him.

"Dont you think it's about time you got a job?"

"You dont think I'll win out?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Nobody has faith in me, Gertrude, except myself." His voice was passionately rebellious. "I've done good work already, plenty of it, and sooner or later it will sell."

"How do you know it is good?"

"Because—" He faltered as the whole vast field of literature and the history of literature stirred in his brain and pointed the futility of his attempting to convey to her the reasons for his steadfast faith.

"Well, because it's better than ninety-nine per cent of what is published in the magazines."

"I wisht you'd listen to reason," she answered feebly, but with unwavering belief in the correctness of her diagnosis of what was ailing him. "I wisht you'd listen to reason," she repeated, "an' come to dinner tomorrow."

After Martin had helped her on the car, he hurried to the post office and invested three of the five dollars in stamps; and when, later in the day, on the way to the Morse home, he stopped in at the post office to weigh a large number of long, bulky envelopes, he affixed to them all the stamps save three of the two-cent denomination.

It proved a momentous night for Martin, for after dinner he met Russ Brissenden. How he chanced to come there, whose friend he was or what acquaintance brought him, Martin did not know. Nor had he the curiosity to inquire about him of Ruth. In short, Brissenden struck Martin as anaemic and feather-brained, and was promptly dismissed from his mind. An hour later he decided that Brissenden was a boor as well, what of the way he prowled about from one room to another, staring at the pictures or poking his nose into books and magazines he picked up from the table or drew from the shelves. Though a stranger in the house, he finally isolated himself in the midst of the company, huddling into a capacious Morris chair and reading steadily from a thin volume he had drawn from his pocket. As he read, he abstractedly ran his fingers, with a caressing movement, through his

hair. Martin noticed him no more that evening, except once when he observed him chaffing with great apparent success with several of the young women.

It chanced that when Martin was leaving, he overtook Brissenden already half down the walk to the street.

"Hello, is that you?" Martin said.

The other replied with an ungracious grunt, but swung alongside. Martin made no further attempt at conversation, and for several blocks unbroken silence lay upon them.

"Pompous old ass!"

The suddenness and the virulence of the exclamation startled Martin. He felt amused, and at the same time was aware of a growing dislike for the other.

"What do you go to such a place for?" was abruptly flung at him after another block of silence.

"Why do you?" Martin countered.

"Bless me, I dont know," came back. "At least this is my first indiscretion. There are twenty-four hours in each day, and I must spend them somehow. Come and have a drink."

"All right," Martin answered.

The next moment he was nonplussed by the readiness of his acceptance. At home was several hours' hack-work waiting for him before he went to bed and after he went to bed there was a volume of *Weismann* waiting for him, to say nothing of *Herbert Spencer's Autobiography,* which was as replete for him with romance as any thrilling novel. Why should he waste any time with this man he did not like? was his thought. And yet, it was not so much the man nor the drink as was it what was associated with the drink—the bright lights, the mirrors and dazzling array of glasses, the warm and glowing faces, and the resonant hum of the voices of men. That was it, it was the voices of men, optimistic men, men who breathed success and spent their money for drinks like men. He was lonely, that was what was the matter with him; that was why he had snapped at the invitation as a bonita strikes at a white rag on a hook. Not since with Joe, at Shelley Hot Springs, with the one exception of the wine he took with the Portuguese grocer, had Martin had a drink at a public bar. Mental exhaustion did not produce a craving for liquor such as physical exhaustion did, and he had felt no need for it. But just now he felt desire for the drink, or rather, for the atmosphere wherein drinks were dispensed and disposed of. Such a place was the Grotto, where Brissenden and he lounged in capacious leather chairs and drank Scotch and soda.

They talked. They talked about many things, and now Brissenden and now Martin took turn in ordering Scotch and soda. Martin, who was extremely strong-headed, marveled at the other's capacity for liquor, and ever and anon broke off to marvel at the other's conversation. He was not long in assuming that Brissenden knew everything, and in deciding that here was the second intellectual man he had met. But he noted that Brissenden had what Professor Caldwell lacked—namely, fire, the flashing insight and perception, the flaming uncontrol of genius. Living language flowed from him. His thin lips, like the dies of a machine, stamped out phrases that cut and stung; or again, pursing caressingly about the inchoate sound they articulated, the thin lips shaped soft and velvety things, mellow phrases of glow and glory, of haunting beauty, reverberant of the mystery and inscrutableness of life; and yet again the thin lips were like a bugle, from which rang the crash and tumult of cosmic strife, phrases that sounded clear as silver, that were luminous as starry spaces, that epitomized the final word of science and yet said something more—the poet's word, the transcendental truth, elusive and without words which could express, and which none the less found expression in the subtle and all but ungraspable connotations of common words. He, by some wonder of vision, saw beyond the farthest outpost of empiricism, where was no language for narration, and yet, by some golden miracle of speech, investing known words with unknown significance, he conveyed to Martin's consciousness messages that were incommunicable to ordinary souls.

Martin forgot his first impression of

dislike. Here was the best the books had to offer coming true. Here was an intelligence, a living man for him to look up to. "I am down in the dirt at your feet," Martin repeated to himself again and again.

"You 've studied biology," he said aloud, in significant allusion.

To his surprise Brissenden shook his head.

"But you are stating truths that are substantiated only by biology," Martin insisted, and was rewarded by a blank stare. "Your conclusions are in line with the books which you must have read."

"I am glad to hear it," was the answer. "That my smattering of knowledge should enable me to short-cut my way to truth is most reassuring. As for myself, I never bother to find out if I am right or not. It is all valueless anyway. Man can never know the ultimate verities."

"You are a disciple of Spencer!" Martin cried triumphantly.

"I have n't read him since adolescence, and all I read then was his *Education*."

"I wish I could gather knowledge as carelessly," Martin broke out half an hour later. He had been closely analyzing Brissenden's mental equipment. "You are a sheer dogmatist, and that 's what makes it so marvelous. You state dogmatically the latest facts which science has been able to establish only by *a posteriori* reasoning. You jump at correct conclusions. You certainly short-cut with a vengeance. You feel your way with the speed of light, by some hyperrational process, to truth."

"Yes, that was what used to bother Father Joseph, and Brother Dutton," Brissenden replied. "Oh, no," he added; "I am not anything. It was a lucky trick of fate that sent me to a Catholic college for my education. Where did you pick up what you know?"

And while Martin told him, he was busy studying Brissenden, ranging from his long, lean, aristocratic face and his drooping shoulders to the overcoat on a neighboring chair, its pockets sagged and bulged by the freightage of many books. Brissenden's face and long, slender hands were browned by the sun—excessively browned, Martin thought. This sunburn bothered Martin. It was patent that Brissenden was no out-door man. Then how had he been ravaged by the sun? Something morbid and significant attached to that sunburn, was Martin's thought as he returned to study of the face, narrow, with high cheek-bones and cavernous hollows, and graced with as delicate and fine an aquiline nose as Martin had ever seen. There was nothing remarkable about the size of the eyes. They were neither large nor small, while their color was a nondescript brown; but in them smouldered a fire, or, rather, lurked an expression dual and strangely contradictory. Defiant, indomitable, even harsh to excess, they at the same time aroused pity. Martin found himself pitying him, he knew not why, though he was soon to learn.

"Oh, I 'm a lunger," Brissenden announced off-hand a little later, having already stated that he came from Arizona. "I 've been down there a couple of years living on the climate."

"Are n't you afraid to venture it up in this climate?"

"Afraid?"

There was no special emphasis of his repetition of Martin's word. But Martin saw in that ascetic face the advertisement that there was nothing of which it was afraid. The eyes had narrowed till they were eagle-like, and Martin almost caught his breath as he noted the eagle beak with its dilated nostrils, defiant, assertive, aggressive. Magnificent, was what he commented to himself, his blood thrilling at the sight. Aloud, he quoted:

> " 'Under the bludgeoning of Chance
> My head is bloody but unbowed.' "

"You like Henley," Brissenden said, his expression changing swiftly to large graciousness and tenderness. "Of course, I could n't have expected anything else of you. Ah, Henley! A brave soul. He stands out among contemporary rhymesters—magazine rhymesters—as a gladiator stands out in the midst of a band of eunuchs."

"You dont like the magazines," Martin softly impeached.

"Do you?" was snarled back at him so savagely as to startle him.

"I——I write, or rather, try to write, for the magazines," Martin faltered.

"That 's better," was the mollified rejoinder. "You try to write, but you dont succeed. I respect and admire your failure. I know what you write. I can see it with half an eye, and there 's one ingredient in it that shuts it out of the magazines. It 's red meat, and magazines have no use for that particular commodity. What they want is wish-wash and slush, and God knows they get it, but not from you."

"I 'm not above hack-work," Martin contended.

"On the contrary—" Brissenden paused and ran an insolent eye over Martin's objective poverty, passing from the well-worn tie and the saw-edged collar to the shiny sleeves of the coat and on to the slight fray of one cuff, winding up and dwelling upon Martin's sunken cheeks. "On the contrary, hack-work is above you, so far above that you can never hope to rise to it. Why, man, I could insult you by asking you to have something to eat."

Martin felt the heat in his face of the involuntary blood, and Brissenden laughed triumphantly.

"A full man is not insulted by such an invitation," he concluded.

"You are a devil," Martin cried irritably.

"Anyway, I did n't ask you."

"You did n't dare."

"Oh, I dont know about that. I invite you now."

Brissenden half rose from his chair as he spoke, as if with the intention of departing to the restaurant forthwith. He paused.

Martin's fists were tight-clenched, and his blood was drumming in his temples.

"Bosco! He eats 'em alive! Eats 'em alive!" Brissenden exclaimed, imitating the *spieler* of a locally famous snake-eater.

"I could certainly eat you alive," Martin said, in turn running insolent eyes over the other's disease-ravaged frame.

"Only I 'm not worthy of it?"

"On the contrary," Martin considered, "because the incident is not worthy." He broke into a laugh, hearty and wholesome. "I confess you made a fool of me, Brissenden. That I am hungry and you are aware of it, are only ordinary phenomena, and there 's no disgrace. You see, I laugh at the conventional little moralities of the herd; then you drift by, say a sharp, true word, and immediately I am the slave of the same little moralities."

"You were insulted," Brissenden affirmed.

"I certainly was, a moment ago. The prejudice of early youth, you know. I learned such things then, and they cheapen what I have since learned. They are the skeletons in my particular closet."

"But you 've got the door shut on them now?"

"I certainly have."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

"Then let 's go and get something to eat."

"I 'll go you," Martin answered, attempting to pay for the current Scotch and soda with the last change from his two dollars and seeing the waiter bullied by Brissenden into putting that change back on the table.

Martin pocketed it with a grimace, and felt for a moment the kindly weight of Brissenden's hand upon his shoulder.

To be continued.



THE ACT OF HARIKARI.
The Group Is Garbed in Samurai Costume of Old Japan, the Victim Being in White. Behind the Victim Stands a Friend Holding a Heavy Sword With Which He Will Decapitate the Victim As Soon As the Latter Shall Have Finished the Act.

Harikari

Illustrated from photograph loaned by W. D. B. Dodson

THE following is an account of the *harikari* of a Japanese Samurai, ordered as a result of the Samurai having permitted his men to fire upon the foreigners who had but recently entered Kobe, after the opening of that port to commerce. The narrative is from *Tales of Old Japan,* by Mitford, a very interesting and valuable work.

"We seven foreign representatives were invited to follow the Japanese witness into the *hondo* or main hall of the temple, where the ceremony was to be performed. It was an imposing scene. A large hall with a high roof supported by dark pillars of wood. From the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles placed at regular intervals gave out a dim mysterious light, just sufficient to let all of the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese took their places on the left of the raised floor, the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present.

"After the interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zanzaburo, a stalwart man of thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall, attired in his dress of ceremony, with

the peculiar hempen cloth wings which are worn on great occasions. He was accompanied by a *kaishaku* and three officers, who wore the *jimbaori* or war surcoat with gold tissue facings. The word *kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one to which our word executioner is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman; in many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned and the relation between them is rather that of principal and second than that of victim and executioner. In this instance the *kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zanzaburo, and was selected by friends of the latter from among their own number for his skill in swordsmanship.

"With the *kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zanzaburo advanced slowly towards the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them, then drawing nearer to the foreigners, they saluted us in the same manner, perhaps with even more deference; in each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly and with great dignity the condemned man mounted onto the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar twice, and seated himself on the felt carpet with his back to the altar, the *kaishaku* crouching on his left-hand side. In seating himself is meant that his knees and toes were touching the mat and his body was resting on his heels. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death. One of the three attendant officers came forward as soon as Taki was seated, bearing a stand of the kind used in the temple for offerings, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the *wakizashi*, the short sword or dirk of the Japanese, nine inches and a half in length, with a point and an edge as sharp as a razor. This he handed, prostrating himself, to the condemned man, who received it reverently, raising it to his head with both hands, next placing it in front of himself.

"After another profound obeisance, Taki Zanzaburo, in a voice which betrayed just so much emotion and hesitation as might be expected from a man who is making a painful confession, but with no sign of either in his face or manner, spoke as follows:

"'I, and I alone, unwarrantedly gave the order to fire on the foreigners at Kobe, and again as they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honor of witnessing the act.'

"Bowing once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, and remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees, to prevent himself from falling backward; for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forwards. Deliberately, with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then stabbing himself deeply below the waist in the left-hand side, he drew the dirk slowly across to his right side, and turning it in the wound, gave a slight cut upwards. During this sickeningly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk, he leaned forward and stretched out his neck; an expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment, the *kaishaku* who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall; with one blow the head had been severed from the body.

"A dead silence followed, broken only by the sound of the blood throbbing out of the inert thing before us, which but a moment before had been a brave and chivalrous man.

"The *kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword with a piece of paper which which he had ready for the purpose, and retired from the raised floor, and the stained dirk was solemnly borne away, a bloody proof of the execution.

"The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and crossing to where the foreign witnesses sat, called to us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zanzaburo had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple."



Oregon's Festival of Roses

By Fred Lockley

JUNE has always been known as the month of blushing brides and sweet girl graduates. In Portland we add one more charming feature to the month of roses—the Rose Festival. In years past Portland has been so occupied with the development of her material resources that she has not taken time to devote thought to the aesthetic side of life.

Possibly nowhere else has nature done more for a city than in Portland. The day is not far distant when the tourist and sightseer will no more miss Portland's feast of roses during her Rose Carnival week than he would the wonderful pageant and the gaiety of New Orleans at the time of the Mardi Gras. We have come to realize that life is too short to spend entirely in the pursuit of the elusive dollar. We are beginning to pay more attention to out-of-doors. We are beginning to realize that we will be healthier and happier when we get back to nature.

The Feast of Roses, which is annually held in Portland serves a double purpose. It brings anew to those of us who live in the land of out-of-doors, the charm of our surroundings, the exquisite beauty





MISS LOUISE HOYT, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT R. W. HOYT, OF THE PORTLAND ROSE FESTIVAL, PLANTING THE LUTHER BURBANK ROSE; ROSE-PLANTING DAY, FEBRUARY 22, (WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY), 1909.

and the vast profusion of our Oregon roses. It brings the tourist here as a sightseer, and having once come, he cannot resist the charm of Oregon, and though he may return to his Eastern home, he will never be content until he returns to make his home with us.

There is a charm about Oregon which is hard to analyze, hard to describe. It is hard to put in black and white the witchery of a spring or summer day in Oregon. One cannot pen-picture the velvety hills which gradually merge into the distant mountains, the soft air fragrant with the mingled odor of roses and fir trees, and of all the growing, pulsating life of early summer, the hazy white clouds drifting across the brilliant azure sky, the opalescent gleam of the Willamette and Columbia as they glide gently toward the sea, the beauty and the majesty of Hood and St. Helens, of Jefferson and the Three Sisters, silhouetted against the skyline like cameos against a background of turquois. One must be cold indeed who would not fall in love with Oregon after visiting our Rose Festival. The hundreds of school children marching and countermarching, the rose-strewn streets, the flower-decked floats by day and the illuminated processions by night, which make one think that he has gotten away from the work-a-day world into the fairy-land of childhood; the grotesque Chinese dragons, the spectacular, mythological creatures, the historical incidents portrayed make you rub your eyes to see if you are not traveling through dreamland.

Later when you wander down to the river-side and see, for miles, barges and



row-boats weaving back and forth like exaggerated fire-flies across the face of the waters; when to your senses come the perfume of roses innumerable and softened by distance, the musical plash of the oar, the soft strumming of the guitar, and the rollicking chorus of some college song; when you see the water with its multitudinous laughter, a-quiver with the reflected lights, you realize that Oregon is the place you have always been looking for.

One can readily understand and sympathize with the attitude of the man at a revival meeting. The exhorter asked all who wished to go to Heaven to rise. A few remained seated. He then asked all who wished to go to Hell to rise. Several irreverent ones arose. He noticed one man, however, who had not risen at either invitation. "How is it my friend," he asked, "that you do not rise? Dont you want to go either to Heaven or Hell?" The man shook his head and responded, "No, old Yamhill is good enough for me." And, in truth, to the New Englander who has worked hard for a scanty living on some barren New England hillside, this land does seem like Heaven. Nature is so prodigal, so profuse in her bounties.

One cannot forget in Oregon the vast commercial possibilities of the State. Our coast is to see the commercial metropolis of the future. The Pacific Ocean lies before us—the pathway to the Orient. Mysterious and densely populated China, Japan with its charm, India with its untold riches, are the future fields for our enterprise; yet for Rose Carnival week all thought of commercialism is laid aside. Love and laughter and beauty reign. Have you seen the Cherry Blosson parades in the "Land of the Rising Sun?" Have you taken part in the Floral Carnival of Florence, of Nice, of Venice? Then you will all the more appreciate the charm and beauty of Oregon's Feast of Roses, which takes place from June 7 to June 12. It is a pleasure you cannot afford to miss. Its memory will be fragrant in years to come.



Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

Compiled by Randall R. Howard.

"The individual and the race are always moving; and as we drift into new latitudes new lights open in the heavens more immediately over us."—E. H. Chapin.

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments, are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the states and territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective Eastern homeseekers or investors. Address, Editor, Progress Department.

COMMENT AND GENERAL ITEMS.

The "Boosting" Spirit of the West.

Everybody in the West is a "booster." The knocker is rarely ever seen, and moreover not wanted. It is interesting to note the change that comes over the average Easterner that arrives. Many times he is in a critical mood. He has heard; now he will see. But where there is so much smoke there must be some fire. If the Easterner is not convinced that the country has come up to the boosts that he has heard, then, of course, he merely packs up and goes back to live and die as has his fathers. And the real booster sighs a sigh of relief, and goes on boosting, and shouting to other Easterners. But the Easterner is usually convinced, or rather does not need to be. All the booster asks is that he come. The country and the general atmosphere of do and make and acquire and be will do the rest. Many things of the West will appear crude and wastefully treated to the Easterner on arriving. The farmer, he will observe, does not have time to cultivate the fence corners, and perhaps half of his farm has never felt the touch of the plow. In the towns they dont have time to make change to the penny; if the article is n't worth a dime, or at least a nickel, then it is n't worth bothering with. The most common of the larger currency is gold, and one might live for ten years in the West without even seeing the dollar bill that is so common in the East.

But the Westerner has come by his boosting spirit naturally. It was born in him. His grandfather came West. Perhaps it was only Pennsylvania or Ohio then, but it was "West." His father was fed on the spirit of individualism and freedom, and not seeing any chance to get free or cheap land, he too went West—perhaps to Kansas or Nebraska, maybe to the Coast. The son also went West, or into the Interior, and here he is today—a true Westerner and a booster. He is a booster and his parents have been boosters for several reasons. In the early day they wanted companionship, comradeship. Later they wanted civilization, schools, churches, cities, railroads. These would follow the people, therefore "boost" for people. Later he wanted development; he wanted the country to look like it had in the East, as he had described it to his children a thousand times. People would do it; therefore getting people became his religion. And now comes the last period, the entrance of the land agent—the professional booster, and let us admit sometimes a boaster. But he is a natural product, too. The test of the success of an institution is its commercialization. The professional booster is just like the pioneer booster, only more so—a thousand times more so. He talks, talks big and loud and long and he gets other people to talking. He asks the school children to write letters to their cousins and the older folks to send pamphlets to their nephews. He welcomes the Fleet because "it 's coming will advertise the West." He sends fine apples to the President and the Supreme Judges—all for the West. He is hired to get the eyes of the nation turned toward his community, and to get them to come and stay and to invest. He has bargains; that 's his inspiration. He can prove these bargains to the visitor and the homeseeker; that 's his justification. Putting all of the qualities of the booster together, to generalize and broaden the term, we have a tally something like this: An open, approachable, companionable, prosperous, independent man; maybe a little material, not having much time for

the cultural things of life, but still an honest, intelligent, vigorous, growing, inspiring man.

An Alleged Western Water-Power Monopoly.

It is reported from Washington, D. C., that there has been discovered an organized attempt to monopolize the water-power of the whole West, and particularly of the States of California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana. It is said that this attempt is being made on the part of some of the transcontinental railroad interests who will soon electrify the Western extensions of their transcontinental lines. This is supposed to have been one of the chief reasons why almost the last official act of Ex-President Roosevelt was the signing of proclamations which added nearly five million acres to the National Forests of the West. One of the particular cases in which startling evidence of a monopoly trend is said to exist, is the 300,000 acres that were added to the Tahoe National Forest of Northern California and Nevada. This section has been withdrawn, temporarily, for the purpose of investigating whether it would not help in preserving the water flow of the American and Yuba Rivers. This temporary withdrawal led to protests from parties that were thought not to be affected in any way. The curious and critical spirit inspired further investigation, which led to the discovery of the alleged power monopoly. Furthermore, it was discovered that these same interests had been quietly gaining water-power options in all of the Coast States and in Idaho and Montana. Whether we credit the water-monopoly story or not, at any rate this particular forest area and others, bringing the total up to nearly five million acres were withdrawn by Mr. Roosevelt on the last day of his presidency. With the last addition, 195,013,980 acres of forest area in the United States are now under the control of Government forestry principles.

Conservation Movement Becomes World-wide.

The so-called "conservation movement" seems to have taken in earnest, judging from the number of organizations that have resulted. The movement is as yet very young, but even two months ago there were thirty-seven different States of the Union with official conservation commissions, and nearly fifty national organizations had named conservation committees to work in conjunction with the National Conservation Commission. A recent meeting of these various commissions was held in Washington, D. C., for the purpose of welding all of the scattered arms into a single working body. A joint committee has been selected from the membership of the different organizations and this joint executive committee held its first meeting early in March at the national capital. The various suggestions that had been gathered for methods of work, were then compared and the most promising of these suggestions for the actual conservation of our national resources will be issued to all of the ninety different bodies and committees. Thus will harmony be preserved and effectiveness promoted. The general chairman of the National Conservation Commission is Gifford Pinchot, the National Forester. The whole movement is subdivided into four different departments, relating to the four great resources of water, forests, lands and minerals. These four departments will collect material relating to the extent of these four great resources and try to devise means for their preservation.

That the conservation movement is not the passing fancy of a few enthusiasts or a national hypnosis seems to be abundantly proved from another source. It has been said that both Canada and Mexico, as our nearest neighbors, felt appreciably slighted in not being invited to at least attend the Governors' Conservation Congress. Now that the North American Conservation Congress is a matter of history, the story comes that some of the other nations of the world are in exactly the same mood as were Canada and Mexico. Reparation may be made, however, in the World's Conservation Congress that has been called to meet at The Hague next September. The North American conference has been pronounced a success in every phase, though, of course, it was largely a feeler and nothing very material could be expected. To the World's conference will be invited all of the forty-five nations that took part in the last peace conference at The Hague. As a single point illustrating the necessity of conservation, even of a world-wide scope, it is told that there is barely enough timber in the whole world to maintain the supply, at the present rate of consumption, for a bare generation. Should all nations agree to take concerted action and strictly apply forestry principles, it is said that even then the timber will not grow half fast enough to counterbalance the annual drain.

Will Not Test Artesian-Water Possibilities.

A petition was sent to the Secretary of Interior by one of the commercial clubs of interior Oregon asking him to appropriate funds for the testing of artesian possibilities of that section. This was the only possible means, it was explained, for the reclamation and irrigation of a very large promising body of land. It was thought that if it was shown by the Reclamation Service that water could be secured

at all, individual settlers and private companies would then reclaim their own land. It may be added that the Geological Survey had previously reported that a strong flow of artesian water was extremely probable in the section. The reply of the Secretary was discouraging to the would-be developers, but it presents a principle that is interesting to note. As early as 1903 this same question came up and it was then decided that the service was not at liberty to expend any of its funds for artesian development unless it could be shown in advance that such an expenditure would be gradually returned. The first principle of the reclamation scheme is that its fund should be self-perpetuating and should continue undiminished.

May Live Fifty Miles Away From Reclamation Claims.

According to a recent ruling made by the Reclamation Service, it is now possible for a person to live fifty miles from his homestead on a reclamation project and still be within the residence limit. Formerly, the interpretation of the rule that "occupants must live in the neighborhood of said lands" allowed them to live not more than twenty miles away. This new ruling greatly broadens the local appeal of the reclamation project, since many persons can now continue their former vocation in nearby towns until their lands come into paying productivity, which in many cases will not be for two or three years.

Systematizing the Dry-Farming Movement.

At the last Dry Farming Congress held in Cheyenne, Wyoming, resolutions were passed providing for the establishment of permanent headquarters for the dry-farming movement, at Denver, Colorado. From this place will be spread dry-farming information, and it will also be made headquarters for the collection of new information from all parts of the world. The Government has been petitioned to aid in the latter project. In keeping with the world-wide nature of the movement which seeks methods of profitable cultivation for such arid and semi-arid land that is not within reach of a water-supply for irrigation, those with the larger vision, attempted to change the name of the organization to "International Dry Farming Congress." The old name was retained, however. Besides the assistance that is hoped for on the part of the Government, in the broad study of the dry-farming problem, the various State Legislatures of Western States have been asked to establish dry-farming experiment stations. The promoters of the movement will go still further and attempt to secure the co-operation of the Boards of County Commissioners in the collection and scattering of information. As indicating the possibilities of the dry-farming movement, it is reported that 10,000 acres of arid land within a radius of ten miles of a small town within the wheat belt of Eastern Oregon have been placed under profitable cultivation during the past eighteen months. This land was formerly thought to be totally unproductive. Nearly every community of the West could recite like instances.

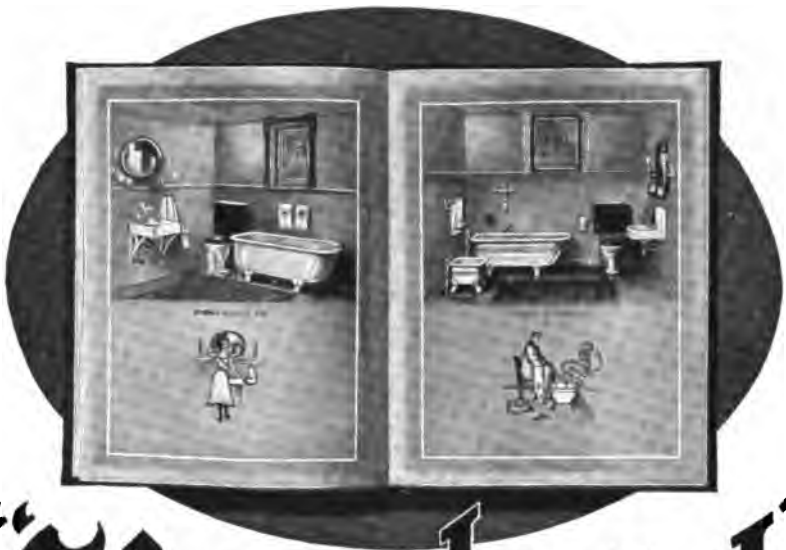
The Case Against the Absentee Landlord.

One of the hindrances to the development of the West is what has been termed the "absentee landlord." This individual dates back, at least, to the time when the imperative demand of the West was railroads. The Government and the various Western states were willing to pay almost any price for the civilization-bringing railroad. Accordingly, great grants of land were made to corporations and companies as bonuses for the construction of these roads. After the railroad came, some of the Western States were willing to make almost as large grants to those who would build mere wagon roads, leading to the railroads. Take, for example, one particular case in the State of Oregon. The railroads were built along three sides of the State, and in order to secure an outlet for the interior of the surrounding section, a Wagon Road Company was granted every other section of land three miles on either side of the road which they would build. The company might go six miles to one side of the road only, if it chose. This six-mile checkered strip of land was something like three hundred miles long, extending east and west through the center of the State, for the company decided that the bargain was worth the longest possible road. The road was built and has been of immense value to the section served, even though the company charges, even today, a heavy toll for keeping up the road. A small part of the land grant was sold from time to time, but the larger part of it is still retained in a body and owned by an "absentee landlord." He is satisfied with the investment and for all that is publicly known will continue to refuse to sell or develop, and will continue to hamper the natural growth of the country until such a time that the taxes become greater than the increase in value. It is roughly estimated that one-tenth of the unreserved area of the State of Oregon is held by such persons or by corporations dominated apparently by the same spirit. Other Western States could tell like tales, all of which proves, perhaps, more than anything else that there is still much room for their development and that property values are by no means declining.

Reclamation Schemes Create, Also Preserve Wealth.

It is interesting to note that the usefulness of the large reclamation systems of

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the West is not limited to the supplying of water for irrigation. The great dam on the lower Colorado River that is to supply water for the Yuma project, will also be of immense value in checking the flood flows of the Colorado, or the American Nile, as it is called. In previous years the spring waters of this river have destroyed millions of dollars' worth of property values, but now the great storage reservoir will depend upon this very flood water for its summer irrigation supply. Even if more water should come than needed to fill the great tank, it can be more or less regulated by the manipulation of the headgates.

The Carey Act Versus the Reclamation Act.

There has been considerable contrasting of the relative merits of the Carey and Reclamation Acts. The one, as State controlled, has been said to depend too much upon relating State laws and at times does not fully protect the settler. The other has been condemned as paternalistic and too rigid and slow, the contender adding that it is better for the people to govern themselves. As specific points, the reclamation advocates say, that the Government can undertake larger enterprises than could private capital; that the work will be done in a more permanent and pains-taking manner; that the settler has more certainty of the fulfillment of Government promises than those of individuals. The Carey Act defenders reply to these three points, saying: first, that the amount of money available for the reclamation fund is really very limited since it amounted to only $30,000,000 at the beginning of the year, and this amount was to be divided between ten different States and a large number of separate projects. Secondly, it is charged that many of the Government reclamation engineers knew nothing about irrigation and its problems before they were assigned to their duties, and that private capital, having its all at stake, could not afford to take this chance and must secure the best experience possible. Little is said about the third point —regarding fulfillment of promises made to settlers—for it is well known that settlers have already lost thousands of dollars through their faith in the advertisements of Carey Act companies "guaranteed by State laws." When all is said, however, on both sides, we will perhaps decide that neither method of reclamation excels the other. Like the two hats presented to Lincoln by rival hatters, "they mutually excel each other." They are complementary and together furnish a safe balance

between individualism and paternalism. The Reclamation Service has in notable cases refused to invest in an otherwise promising project that might be hampered by bad State laws. This very fact will be the biggest possible argument for better laws, notably water laws, and the correction of the greatest weakness in the Carey Act. More States will follow the recent example of Oregon and make the titles to water as safe and sure as those to the land to which it gives value. Also as a strengthening of the Reclamation Act, engineers can either be trained or replaced, and stability of structure is a great asset even at the cost of snaillishness. We need both a wise paternalism and a controlled individualism and the defects of both laws are minor.

A Commission for Conserving Surplus Waters.

The Conservation Movement and the Reclamation Age does not need to depend entirely upon the West for advocates and spokesmen. Witness the suggestion of Representative Lever of South Carolina. He outlined a scheme, in a bill placed before the last session of Congress, for the co-operation of the various States and the United States, to conserve flood flows of rivers for times of drought, and the general protection of watersheds of navigable streams. A commission of persons, known as the National Forest Reservation Commission, is suggested. It would be the duty of this commission to select those lands that have a vital relationship to water flow, and recommend their purchase by the Secretary of Agriculture.

Warns Settlers Against "Locating Firms."

That certain persons in North Yakima are acting fraudulently in their attempt to "locate" persons on the Tieton reclamation project, is the announcement and warning of the Reclamation Service. The parties in question offer to locate the applicant for the sum of fifty dollars, but further stipulate that it will "cost five hundred dollars in addition," as soon as the parties secure title from the Government for their selection of land. The Service has announced that these persons have no "inside" on homesteads and can't secure them for any one. It also charges, according to press reports, that the claims of these persons amount to a fraudulent use of the mails.

Washington Not Compelled to Obey Oregon Laws.

The recent interstate controversy between Oregon and Washington over their



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fishery question, began as a result of Oregon's claim that she could enforce her salmon laws in what was essentially Washington territory. Oregon, becoming alarmed by the fast disappearance of the finest salmon in the world from the Columbia River, initiated and passed restrictive fishing laws. She claimed the right to enforce these laws over the whole Columbia River, since her Supreme Court had, in a decision, specifically given her this right of concurrent jurisdiction. Washington objected, claiming that the act by which she became a State, had extended her line and her authority at least to the center of the river. The States mixed. The Governors parleyed, the newspapers talked militia, the small boy became excited. A test case was started towards the United States Supreme Court, and it has just come back. The opinion is that Oregon can enforce her law on the whole Columbia only when such a law is exactly similar to that of Washington. If the laws of the two States are not similar, then each State can enforce its own law only on its side of the center of the river. The effect of this decision will most likely be in the direction of the further destruction of the great salmon industry of the Columbia, since both States must agree on restrictive fishing regulations, and compromise measures are necessarily liberal. The great hope for the preservation of the finest salmon in the world thus would seem to be through some sort of Federal supervision of the Columbia River fisheries.

OREGON.

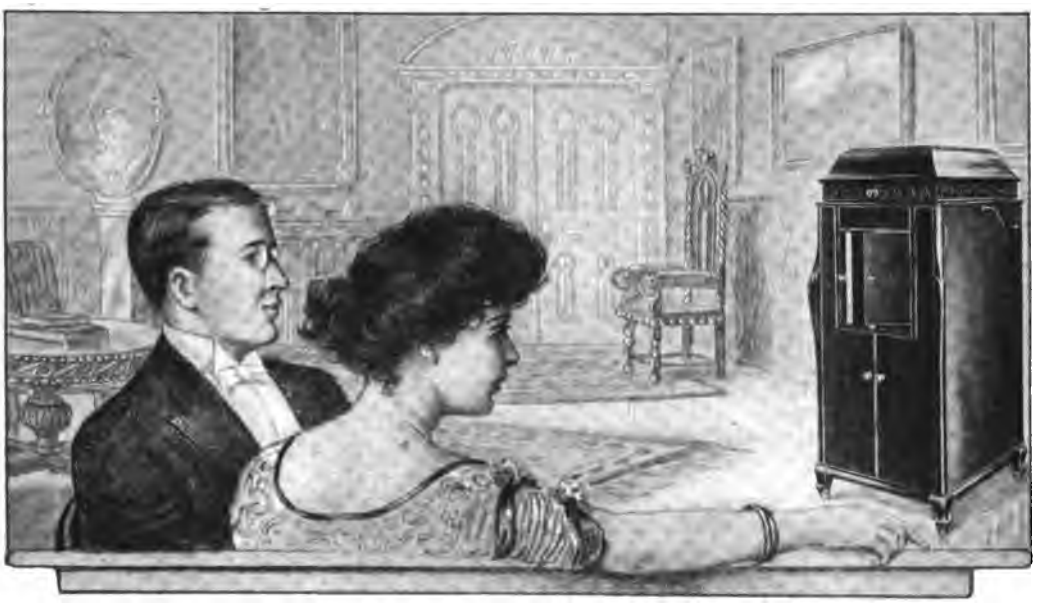
Water Titles in Oregon Now As Sound As Land Titles.

The last legislature of Oregon made itself memorable by passing what has been called the best State water code to be found in the United States. In a word a water title in Oregon is now as secure and definite as a title to land, or at least such will be the case as soon as adjudications are made that are provided for under the new law. Previous to the passage of this law there was no such thing as a definite title to water. The State was completely under bonds to an out-of-date and childish water law. A large part of the land of the State depended in value almost exclusively upon the water that was used for its irrigation. Yet no man was certain as to his title to this water. No title was so secure that it could not be contested. One little community had been fighting for thirty years over titles to its water. The profits from the valuable fruit land, which should have gone into further development, were mostly needed to pay the fees of the score of lawyers which it supported. Another such water litigation was before the Supreme Court for nine years and one side of the controversy alone employed fourteen lawyers. Further than this, the condition was a great hindrance to development. The Reclamation Service was forced, because of Oregon's poor water laws, to abandon some of its otherwise best reclamation projects. For example, it could build a storage reservoir at the headwaters of a stream to supplement the summer flow of the stream, and it could turn this water into the channel of the stream, but if it attempted to again divert the water from the stream, then it was subject to litigation from all of the thousand persons who held even a fancied right to any part of the water flow of the stream, even though that right may have been "acquired" merely by the sticking of a little penciled notice on some obscure tree or fence wire along the stream at some previous time. The effects of the law went still further—even making the State a party to unconscious fraud. Irrigation companies were permitted, under law, to advertise and sell to a homeseeker a water right "that was guaranteed by the State." The settler paid his money and got his right, but it might insure water or it might be a "waterless" water right. That depended entirely upon the honesty of the company, for the State had no way of knowing.

But the new water code of Oregon, if it stands in the courts, will change all of this, and its passage is a worthy victory for economic advancement and civic honesty. Its influence upon State development will be immeasurable. The new law provides for a central place for the filing of water rights, the State Engineer's office, and a cheap adjudication of these rights. A commission is provided for the settlement of all controversies relating to water rights, the opinion of this commission to be based upon actual water measurements and tests. The water title thus becomes definite, and the water is irrevocably attached to the land which it reclaims.

A supplementary law passed by the session, provides that rights to water power be granted only for a fixed period of years—not perpetually—and that private companies pay to the State an annual horsepower charge for the use of the water utilized. The charge is nominal at present but in future years it is expected that this will be an important source of State revenue. This law is based upon the theory that the water-power of the State belongs to the whole people and as such should not be donated in perpetuity to individuals or corporations.

It is to be hoped that Oregon's example will appeal to some of the other Western



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States that have water laws fully as lax and childish and out-of-date as were Oregon's, and that purely as a selfish matter of development and the appeal to the settler and the capitalist, they will begin the fight for modern water laws. Several of the States already have good water laws, at least approaching to the Oregon law, notably, Idaho and Wyoming. Others have some of the minor good features of these three.

Making an Asset of Scenery.

The West has its scenic world-wonders, but, as yet, few people know anything about some of the greatest of them. One of these wonders is the famous Crater Lake region in the heart of the Cascade Mountains in Southern Oregon. To make the description of Crater Lake brief, the upper half of a great volcanic crater has broken off and dropped back into its orifice. This orifice now contains an unfathomed lake several miles in width, in the center of which the point of the former crater mountain still projects as a ragged pinnacle. The section has lately been created a National Park. To reach this, Oregon's greatest natural wonder, at present requires a tedious and expensive trip which must largely be made by packhorse or on foot. Now comes the story. The last Oregon Legislature passed a bill providing for a sum of $100,000 which will be used in the building of a wagon road through the National Forest, past Crater Lake. Some money is expected from other sources and the Government, through the Secretary of Interior, has promised to expend a sum equal to that provided by the State for such a road. It is estimated that the total sum available will be $250,000. There is in Oregon, however, many a slip between the voting and the spending of money, for by the provision of the referendum, a bare five per cent of the voters of the state can refer the bill to a vote of the people and if this is done there may possibly be enough people who look upon life and the State in such a narrow sectionally-biased way as to endanger the appropriation. Considered from the purely selfish viewpoint of scenery as an asset, however, the measure ought to be sustained. Of course it may never be referred, and in that case Oregon's world-wonder will soon make many new friends.

The Timber Wealth of Oregon.

It has been estimated that Oregon contains one-sixth of the standing timber of the nation. It is said also that the timber lands of Oregon are attracting more capital for investment than all other forms of investment that the State offers. The estimates of the capital called to the State during the past two years for this form of investment vary between the sums of seventy-five and a hundred million dollars. Curiously enough, this capital is largely coming from the East and the Middle West. Those who have been under the shadow of the pine and the fir since their earliest breaths, most often see in this nature's product, not wealth, not even beauty. It is not the beauty that is calling the Eastern dollars, but the man who has seen the forests of Michigan and Minnesota eaten away and pushed to a stumpage value of twelve to fifteen dollars, takes a second look and thought when he rides through the almost untouched Oregon forests and is told that its acres are his for $1.50 a thousand or less. Due most largely to its better railroad facilities, the forests of Washington have been developed, or rather exploited, much further than those of Oregon, the traffic from which has given the Washington roads a tonnage said to be beyond anything before known in the history of the nation's or the world's railroading. This great Oregon resource is both an unrivaled asset and an obligation. That the timber should be developed and used is natural and necessary, but that it should be conserved and cultivated is sensible and pressing.

Portland Called the Chicago of the Northwest.

Seeing ourselves as others see us is always enlightening, if not always inspiring. The following expressed opinion of Russell H. Conwell, the well-known Philadelphia lecturer, author and divine, is not, however, without its inspiration. In a recent Portland interview he said in part:

"Portland can be another Chicago if she desires to be. What has impressed me most in my stay here, brief as that stay is, has been the lesson of wasted opportunity. The entire Northwest is a history of wasted opportunities, and right here the examples are striking to a degree. Think of rafting timber out to the coast. Why, that is to sacrifice nearly eighty per cent of the possibilities of the product.

"Manufactories, and then more manufactories are needed. The chances are unlimited. Piano manufactories, furniture manufactories, paper mills, match manufactories, tooth-pick manufactories, paper-pulp manufactories, paper-box mills, tanneries, woodenware manufactories—the list is a long one, and their absence spells unlimited waste of wealth to Portland and the state.

"Why should the prune-raisers pack and ship their yield in the large boxes they now use? We pay about twenty-four cents



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¶ Grandmother's gravy—how smooth it was—how good it tasted! That was because she thickened it with Kingsford's Corn Starch and *not* with flour. Flour makes lumpy gravy and that raw taste.

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¶ Remember one thing—you can't make perfect pie-crust without it—one part Kingsford's to two parts flour is the recipe. Also, it makes a puff-paste that melts in the mouth.

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a pound for prunes in Philadelphia. The shippers ought to pack them in the small, glass-covered boxes which the Eastern purchaser pays for. The prunegrowers get about four cents a pound for their yield. They are letting the profits slip away from them by not having manufactories to dispose of their crop.

"It is the same in many other branches. And think of the water-power going to waste that could run manufactories cheaply. Millions of tons of horse-power going out to sea every year. The Northwest is the millennium of apparent opportunity and the Nirvana of neglected chances."

Will Irrigate 10,000 Acres in Umatilla County.

To irrigate 10,000 acres of land in the west end of Umatilla County and erect a model town to be known as Stanfield, is the promise of the promoters of a new project, with headquarters at Pendleton, Oregon. With the exception of the Government project at Hermiston, this will be one of the largest promised reclamation schemes of this part of the State. It is announced that the water will be secured from a storage reservoir on the Umatilla River created by the building of a large dam which will store 10,000 acre feet of water. The land to be reclaimed is very similar to that of the Government project at Hermiston, where it is said that ten acres will insure a comfortable income for a family and with the intensive farming of which it is capable, provide sufficient work for the average family. The large storage dam will be further used for the development of water-power and it is announced that work on the scheme will begin at once.

Colonize 5,000 Acres in Lane County.

A company of capitalists from Minneapolis and Fargo, North Dakota, have purchased more than 5,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Creswell, near Eugene, in Lane County, which they announce they will plant to fruit and then divide into small tracts for Eastern settlers. It is the dream of these men to some day have a second Hood River in the heart of the Willamette Valley, one of the most wonderful valleys in the world in many respects. Eight hundred acres of the tract will be at once set to apples and cherries. A bank has been organized and every preparation is being made for the expected Eastern colonists who are ambitious for the ownership of a modest little Oregon orchard.

Possible Government Projects Near the Deschutes.

The Deschutes River, flowing north to the Columbia River from Central Oregon, has long been considered one of the great irrigation and power streams of the West. Indeed it has been pronounced by experts to be the "most ideal" irrigation stream in the world. It carries a very large volume of water, has a remarkably even flow throughout the year, and flows through an arid and semi-arid country of great promise. This river has been brought into recent prominence through the Central Oregon railroad agitation. The Harriman lines have promised to extend a branch road into this, the largest section in the United States without a railroad, and they have apparently been trying to secure a right-of-way through the Deschutes River Canyon, since this is by far the most feasible route into Central Oregon. In order to preserve a water-grade road and give the cheapest construction, they would follow the bank of the stream. But to do this would hamper, if not entirely prevent, the natural irrigation and power development of the stream. The Reclamation Service several years ago withdrew certain sections of this stream with the view of developing power for the pumping of water to the fertile plains along the river, and a recent rumor says that they have been considering the reclamation of 200,000 acres of land at a considerable distance by the pumping of water from the Columbia River through the use of the Deschutes River power. The situation is a delicate one. The railroad threatens to abandon the route unless they get their right-of-way up the Deschutes—and the route is the most natural one into Central Oregon. The Reclamation Service does n't propose to give away perpetual rights that would mortgage the future development of a large country. Central Oregon people are demanding railroads—even to the point of building State roads if Harriman does not fulfill his promises. Also the Reclamation Service must have railroads. It has been proved that a reclamation project is destined to ultimate failure without transportation for its products. Furthermore, the Reclamation Service must have a railroad up or near the Deschutes in order to develop the power and irrigation possibilities of the stream. Harriman, in his diplomatic way, says to the Reclamation Service: "It 's up to you." As a solution it is to be hoped that the matter may be compromised and that the Deschutes may be saved to its greatest irrigation and power usefulness and still furnish a natural railroad outlet.

Crook County May Have a German Colony.

A Portland capitalist is said to have purchased a two-thousand-acre tract of land in Crook County, just west of the Tetherow Bridge on the Deschutes River, and will develop an irrigation system for its reclamation. The water will be taken



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The pocket-case is of gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly engraved in floral and Empire designs. Inside the pocket-case are *handle* and *blade box*—triple silver-plated or 14 K. gold plated. Prices, $5 to $7.50, on sale everywhere.

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from the Deschutes River, and the power developed will further be used for the running of a sawmill. It is the announced plan of the promoter of the project to establish a colony of thrifty Germans on the land as soon as it is sufficiently reclaimed. At present, this land is a long distance from the railroad, but the promised line into Central Oregon will pass very near the land.

Small Irrigation Project in Union County.

It is announced that a company from La Grande will irrigate a tract of 575 acres of land eighteen miles from La Grande and sell it in small tracts to investors and homeseekers. The land is in a promising fruit and vegetable producing section.

Miscellaneous Oregon Progress Notes.

It is very probable that the suit of the Government against the Oregon & California Railroad Company will be contested for years. The suit involves the ownership of 2,300,000 acres of the finest timber land of the state, estimated to have a present valuation of $40,000,000. The terms of the original grant required the railroad to sell the land to actual settlers at a flat price of $2.50 an acre. The railroad has refused to sell a large part of this land at any price, and other parts have been sold at prices far in advance of the fixed limit. The Government is suing to compel the sale of the land according to the original agreement. Third parties have entered into the controversy as innocent purchasers, and it is probable that the United States Supreme Court will have the deciding voice in the suit.

Tests being made at Ontario, in Eastern Oregon, to determine the presence of oil, have gone far enough to show the presence of large quantities of illuminating gas with strong oil indications. At the same time comes reports that the counties of Washington, Yamhill and Polk, in the Willamette Valley, have strong oil indications.

It is said that the three states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho have this year planted the largest acreage of wheat ever known in the history of the Inland Empire. A rough estimate places the total at 4,000,000 acres. Should prices remain high and the season continue as favorable as is promised at the present time, the yield will be by far the greatest in the history of the Northwest.

When the promised railroad reaches Central Oregon, Harney County will, itself, become a small empire of possibilities. The county is said to contain, at the present time, over a million acres of unsurveyed vacant land subject to homestead entry; a million and a half acres of surveyed land; besides twenty townships, or nearly half a million acres of forest reserve. The per capita wealth of the county is the greatest of the State. It leads in the number of cattle owned, and its death rate is the lowest of the various sections of the State. Further, it is said that there is not a hobo in the county and that the jails and lockups contain not a single prisoner.

Salem, the capital city of Oregon, has just begun a movement for the establishment of a gravity water system that will bring mountain water from the Cascades and thus place Salem almost, if not entirely, on a par with Portland, with its world-famous Bull Run water. The matter was taken in hand about three months ago when the Governor of the State headed a commission of fifteen prominent persons to promote these plans. The system will bear an estimated cost of a million dollars. Pipes are expected to be laid in the fall. Besides the city of Salem, all of the State institutions in the neighborhood will be furnished with mountain water.

That The Dalles, on the Columbia, in Eastern Oregon, is a fast growing place is proved by the fact that its postal receipts have doubled during the last eight years, or since the time of the last census. This means at least fifty per cent more people, it is estimated. But, of course, this is not so especially remarkable, for the Western town is dead indeed that doesn't double itself every two decades at least.

WASHINGTON.

Increasing Interest in the Northwest and Washington.

We are, and always have been, a colonizing nation. Hence it is natural that the ambitious, freedom-loving, and bolder spirits should always be looking to the West—the expanding West, the land of opportunities. Each man has his own view of the West, and his own limits for that term. It is always profitable, however, to know what others think of the "far land," and especially to know what the Easterner himself thinks and knows about this, the richest in natural resources and least developed of the various sections of the United States. The testimony which follows bears special reference to the State of Washington—maybe because the man from whom it comes, himself knew this section best. Here is a bit of his opinion, as reported in a Western paper:

"I believe that eighty per cent of the people with whom I talked during my stay in the East expect to come West, either



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now or as soon as they can," said H. L. Moody, who has just returned from an extended trip to Chicago, Washington, New York and through the southwest in the interest of the National Irrigation Congress to be held in Spokane in August.

"The desire among Eastern people to come out to this land of opportunity is not confined to any one class," continued Mr. Moody. "The same eagerness was shown by the bank president and the railroad magnate to learn about our country as by the farmer, the clerk, the merchant or the manufacturer. I made a special effort to talk with men in all walks of life, men I met in hotels, in offices and on street corners, and it is remarkable how much interest they took in getting information about this country.

"Max Bass, general immigration agent for the Great Northern, told me that he is now answering 50,000 inquiries received in the last few weeks regarding rates to the Northwest this year. Immigration agents of all roads are agreed that more inquiries are being received relative to Washington than of all the rest of the country west of the Rocky Mountains. There never was such an opportune time for the distribution of literature in the East. The tide of immigration is indeed set toward the Northwest. This year, in point of newcomers, will far exceed anything we have seen.

"Why are Eastern people, particularly big men, interested in the development of the West? That question was answered by an amazing statement made to me by W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad. 'This country will face a famine within twenty or thirty years unless our agricultural development is carried on more rapidly and extensively than at present,' said President Brown. 'Last year we exported only eight per cent of our total agricultural products. At the rate our population is increasing it is only a few years until this surplus will vanish and we will be compelled to buy food in the world's markets. We must bring uncultivated land under the plow, and make land now cultivated produce more, or we will starve. That is why Eastern men are interested in the development of the West.' "

First Conservation Congress for All the Northwest.

What promises to be the greatest conservation congress yet held in the United States, with the exception of that of the Governors at Washington, D. C., when the movement was first launched, is scheduled for the city of Seattle, August 16-18 of this year. The call has been issued by the Washington Conservation Association, one of the most ambitious and best organized of the State associations. One thousand delegates are expected. The Governors of all of the States have been asked to be present, and such men as Andrew Carnegie, Gifford Pinchot, and others who helped to make the Governors' conference at Washington successful, and even possible, will not be forgotten. As a special feature, an effort will be made to have the men in attendance who actually own and control a large part of the natural wealth of the Northwest. For example, the conference has invited such men as Frederick Weyerhauser, the timber monopolist, whose feelings on the question of conservation will affect perhaps a larger body of timber than that under Government control in the West. It is hardly to be expected that these men will be ruled in any degree by sentiment, in supporting the conservation movement, since the control of vast areas of land is purely a business matter with them. And it is well known, of course, that in the past they have set the pace in the matter of exploitation and destruction in contrast to development and conservation. But business is always open to reason, and the change that is to its interest does not wait upon the point as to whether or not it is a radical one. If it can be shown to the business man and the capitalist that restricted use and development pays a higher total dividend than the old method of slash and rush, why he will shout as loud as any one for the change—and louder, because he has more at stake. One of the great hopes of the conservation movement lies just here. Convince the magnate. And he is being convinced. Witness the adoption of forestry methods by some of the great railroads purely from the selfish standpoint—to get cheaper railroad ties. Some of the lumber companies foresee, too, that the scientific way of logging will insure a perpetual forest, while if the old way is followed, there can only be one result, another barren Michigan waste within a generation or two at the most.

As a wise supplement to the conservation congress in Seattle, the Washington Association has engaged a man to go through the State and secure a series of photographs of irrigation, forestry, fisheries, and other subjects relating to conservation. It is expected that these will be the best ever assembled, as practically illustrating the possible scope and present needs of the movement that has been with us such a short time and has been so enthusiastically received.

Railroad Activities in Washington.

Washington owes much to her railroads; more than to any one other modern force. Fortunately situated, she has had abundant railroad competition, and best of all has had the kind of railroads, to a



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large degree at least, that believe in the Hill policy of development rather than the Harriman policy of exploitation. Development and population follow the railroad almost absolutely in the West, where distances are great and markets must necessarily depend upon transportation. As a new promise, the announcement has just been made that the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad will follow the example set by the Hill roads, and extend feeders in all directions from their new transcontinental line that has been building westward for some time. The reward will be two-fold. The railroad will develop its own and exclusive traffic, and the State will add wealth and population. Not the least point will be the opportunities furnished thousands of settlers for homesites, and capitalists for investment. There is also great activity at the terminal points. Five million dollars will be expended in Tacoma during the next two years. Seattle is also seeing a period of railroad building activity. New lines are being constructed that will more closely connect Portland and the Sound section. Harriman is trying to outrun all competition to the Coast in the southern part of the state. Four transcontinental lines are each trying to get first choice in a new section in the eastern part of the State. Traction companies have caught the spirit and are going to network the Walla Walla section. People are becoming impatient even with all of this activity, and the farmers in the southeastern part of the state will build their own traction line. The results of Washington's railroad era are already evident. The railroads themselves have been hauling out the greatest traffic, during the past few years, that the history of railroading has ever known. The population and wealth of the State has been almost leaping over itself. Contrast Washington with Oregon. Oregon is the older state, almost a third larger, had railroads years sooner, and her square-mile wealth is fully as great as that of her sister, Washington. Yet the State of Washington today has almost three times as many people as Oregon, and, according to all calculation, is growing much more rapidly. The only great difference between the two States is their railroad development. Wasnington has railroad competition and is touched by nearly all of the transcontinental lines, while Oregon is practically in the control of one railway system.

Will Irrigate 150,000 Acres of Columbia River Valley.

The first section of the promised reclamation of 150,000 acres of land in the Columbia River Valley, near Priest Rapids, has been completed. The original plan as announced by the projectors was the irrigation of this large body of land by means of utilizing power from the Columbia for the pumping of water to the level land just above its banks. That this method of reclamation is practical may be inferred from the report that the Reclamation Service is considering such a method for the irrigation of a large area of land to the south of the Columbia in Oregon. In this latter case, however, the water power is to be furnished by another stream and transferred as electrical energy. A large part of the Priest Rapids land to be irrigated is owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad as a part of their original land grant in Washington.

Washington Irrigation and Reclamation Reports.

Work is said to have already begun on a scheme for the irrigation of a 3,000-acre tract on Alameda Flats, on the Columbia River, nine miles from the postoffice of Rex. The plan is to build an eighty-foot concrete dam several hundred feet long, for the storage of the flood water of China Creek. Thus a gravity system will be formed. Engineers are reported already at the site of the proposed dam.

Just across from the Trent Station in the Spokane Valley is to be the scene of a new irrigation project. A tract of 300 acres is to be set to orchard and irrigated from a deep well which is being bored. The water, for the present at least, will be lifted by a 1500-gallon pump. Other pumping systems for irrigation and domestic supply will be added as needed. With all modern conveniences near at hand the land is held to be worth $500 an acre when set to a four-year-old orchard, or $350 an acre when in a raw state.

A colony of forty or fifty families is said to have arrived and become settlers on a tract in the Wenatchee district, near Rock Island. This is a famous fruit section. Water is to be provided for the new district that is just being opened up. Several years ago a colony of Dunkards were induced to settle on a similar tract, then in a raw sagebrush state, and today this land is reported worth $1,000 an acre or more.

As an index to property values in the vicinity of Wenatchee, may be taken a recent sale of forty acres of land for the sum of $40,000. The land is as yet unimproved and the purchasers will immediately plant it to orchards and place it on the market in small tracts. It will be made a new addition to the town of Wenatchee.

A complete section of land has been added to the suburbs of Spokane. A private irrigation system will furnish water for the acreage tracts into which it will be divided. The city is beneficiary in the deal to the extent of the donation to it of a

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The average six-cylinder automobile is ponderous and heavy—the whole advantage of the six-cylinder principle is missed.

A six-cylinder engine gives steady torque—an explosion every one-third of a revolution. Steady torque, since it reduces the stress on all the working and supporting members, allows lighter construction throughout the automobile—there can be more power to the weight than with a less number of cylinders. This means greater speed and ability without a corresponding increase in upkeep. And that is what you want.

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The Six-cylinder Franklin, now in its fourth year, holds the San Francisco-New York record of 15 days, the most severe test of strength and endurance ever made. The 1909 Model H also made a perfect score in the Glidden Tour and covered the 2000 miles without tire trouble—not even a puncture.

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forty-acre park from the new promising fruit tract.

Boosters of the Spokane Valley say that this section is to have the largest commercial apple orchard in the Inland Empire. The facts for this statement are based on the recent purchase of 300 acres of land in the heart of Spokane Valley, near Spokane Bridge, which will be entirely planted to winter apples during the present year and next. An expert horticulturist is to oversee the setting out of the 300,000 trees that will be used this year.

The new irrigated section of Moses Lake, near Ephrata, is reported to be especially prosperous and welcoming new settlers. Two newcomers, one from Kansas and the other from North Dakota, will plant new orchards this year. Water will be pumped from eighty-foot wells and will supply ample, and not expensive irrigation, considering the productive value of the fruit land to be thus reclaimed.

Several novel features are to be included with the new 460-acre tract, just outside of the east city limits of Spokane, that is to be reclaimed by a private irrigation scheme. This large section of land will be platted into a villa and acreage suburb, with model parkage and many community conveniences, such as, for example, a boathouse on the banks of the river that bounds the tract. Another feature is the promised establishment of a preparatory school, forty acres of land to be donated for this purpose. One part of this academy acreage will be used as an agricultural experiment station. Those who locate on the tracts, to engage in the fruit industry, are promised the free advice of an expert horticulturist in setting out and caring for their orchards.

North Yakima reports the transfer of a thousand-acre tract of land under the Tieton Canal. It is the plan of the new company to complete the canal already under construction, and then plat the land into small orchard sections.

The promoters of the Otis Orchards tract, in the Spokane Valley in a recent meeting increased their capital stock from one hundred thousand to a million dollars. The increased stock will be devoted to the further development of their irrigation schemes. They already have 4,000 acres under water and promise to add several thousand additional acres this year. Water is taken by a gravity system from Newman Lake and carried through twenty miles of ditch and laterals, some parts of which are very expensive of construction.

General Progress and Opportunity Notes.

A spring sale of land in the Wenatchee section will give a good index to the trend of property values in this part of Washington. Twelve years ago a thirty-two-acre farm was purchased near the town of Malaga for the sum of $700. Twenty-five acres of this farm was later set to fruit anl another sale of the farm was recorded recently. This time the owner asked and secured the sum of $30,000. The buy is considered a good one.

One of the latest schemes for the publicity of the Northwest has had recent advocates among the more active commercial bodies of the section. The plan is advocated by a New York company that seeks a contribution from the various communities for the maintenance of an exhibit in the heart of the business section of New York City. From this center will go display advertising and descriptive pamphlets, even personal workers. The company argues that there is much idle capital in the city which is seeking some place to work, clinching the argument by telling the local boosters what they already know. namely, that they have an ideal place for such capital to work. The scheme is so promising that several of the Washington communities of ambition are said to have pledged the initial sum for trying it out.

It is the ambition of the Washington society, Sons of the American Revolution, to erect on the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition grounds the longest single-piece flag-pole in the world. The contract has already been let for the record-breaking timber, which is to be at least two hundred feet above the ground, or twenty feet higher than the flag-pole erected during the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland, which is said to hold the world's record to the present time. It will require five flat-cars to haul the staff from the woods near Buckley, and "Old Glory" should feel proud when she overlooks the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition from its top.

Ten thousand acres of raw land in the vicinity of Ephrata have been purchased by Chicago capitalists for the sum of $60,000. It is presumed that the purchase merely indicates what the Easterners consider a good investment for speculative purposes.

Beet raising is said to be taking on new life in the Walla Walla section of Washington, due to the fact that prices are fifty per cent above any previously known price offered in the Valley. Thirty business men have just organized a Beet Growers' Association and have, to the date of the report, secured pledges for the planting of 400 acres.

Relatives of prominent officials of the Northern Pacific Railroad are supervising the clearing of a large acreage of land near the town of Prosser. Two hundred and twenty acres of land, it is said, is to be planted to fruit trees, thus becoming the largest orchard in the Yakima Valley. It is believed that the farm is to become



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the model of the Northern Pacific, conducted largely for the worthy purpose of demonstrating to prospective settlers the productive possibilities of the land and the district.

A 4,775-acre tract of land six miles from Goldendale, in the Columbus neighborhood, has been purchased by the Samuel Hill interests. It is thought that this land, together with other lands already owned in this section, are to be set to a large vineyard overlooking the Columbia. Grapes are known to grow to perfection in this section, and it is probable that the little town of Columbus will see the establishment of a large grape industry, including a wine factory, within the next few years.

The fruit acreage of the State of Washington at the first of the year was 206,617 acres.

IDAHO.

Irrigation of Large Tract Near Caldwell.

Residents of a section in Southwest Idaho have created an irrigation district for the purpose of irrigating 32,000 acres of land near the town of Caldwell. The land lies on the south bank of the Snake River and extends from the Oregon boundary line a distance of twelve miles east along the Snake River. It has been realized for some time that this district was a promising one for the construction of a reclamation scheme. As early as 1904 the United States Reclamation Service had the section under close investigation, and even at one time included this body of land under the Boise-Payette project. Due to the lack of funds the project was postponed indefinitely by the Reclamation Service. Some of the residents of this promising section grew impatient and decided to themselves reclaim it. Accordingly, they have just applied to the State to be created into an irrigation district, as provided under the Idaho law of 1907. Of the 32,000 acres to be irrigated under the proposal, all but about 10,000 acres are under private ownership, and this amount is yet owned by the State. The State has made provision, however, that this land also be included in the irrigation district and the preliminary expense has been approved.

The water for this scheme is to be pumped from the Snake River and the present proposal is that this be done by means of electrical power. Three canals of a total length of over fifty-one miles will be needed in the system, and the water will need to be lifted distances of fifty-five, ninety and one hundred and sixty feet respectively. The land is all in one body and in the form of a crescent and about three miles wide at the widest point.

Largest Paper and Pulp Mill in the West.

An Eastern syndicate composed of representatives of the Marshall Field est... of Chicago, and a part owner of a paper and pulp mill of Newaygo, Michigan, has announced its intention of building the largest paper and pulp mill of its kind in the West. The mill will be located in the timber belt surrounding the town of Koosla, Idaho, and the estimated cost of the completed structure is two million dollars. Work on the plant is to begin within four months and it is promised to be in operation before the close of 1910. Power for the immense paper mill will be provided by a dam on the middle fork of the Clearwater River which will develop 10,000 horse-power of electrical energy, and also provide ponds for the handling of the pulp logs. The owning company controls some 2,000 acres of fir and spruce timber in the vicinity of the mills, but most of the material used will be taken from the Clearwater forest reserve. The plant when under operation will give employment to 350 people or more. An interesting feature of the new industry is that a special brick and cement plant will be constructed to provide building material. Expert chemists have proved that a very high grade of cement can be made from the deposits of lime and shale found near Koosla.

Boise-Payette Project Formally Opened.

The people of Southern Idaho recently declared a gala day on the occasion of the formal opening of the Boise-Payette project by the Reclamation Service. This immense project in the southwestern part of the State almost bordering the Oregon line has been under construction for over two years. The twenty-six mile canal and the various dams and reservoirs of the system will supply water for about 175,000 acres. The unit of land has been limited to eighty acres, and it is prophesied that half of this amount, or less, will be the ultimate natural division. Enthusiasts generally assert, however, that ten acres will easily provide a living for the average family, as soon as the land has been brought into intensive cultivation.

The opening of this project is regarded as a turning point in the history of the State. At the celebration of the opening, o...asion was taken to remark that this was only one of the formal openings that would mark the bringing of over three million acres of Government land under irrigation and almost an equal amount of State land under the Carey Act—a total area said to be larger than the irrigated area of both Colorado and California. The land is practically in one large body centering about the new town of Twin Falls. The canals are as great as those of ancient Egypt and are a fitting tribute to our new irrigation age in America. They are


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also a tribute to the wise paternalism of the Government. Our national change of front in this latter regard was well expressed in the speech of Governor Brady of Idaho when he remarked: "If, ten years ago, we had asked the National Government for $10,000,000 for ten years with no interest, for reclaiming the desert, we would have been thought fit subjects for the insane asylum."

General Progress Notes For Idaho.

Idaho produces more lead than any other State of the Union. Its standing timber represents a total of 25,000,000 acres, a large part of which is in the National Forests, which will insure its conservation and wise use. About twenty million pounds of wool are taken from the sheep of the State, and the value of this product varies from three to four million dollars. Manufacturing is a newer industry, but already the State can boast of over four hundred plants with a capital of almost ten million dollars and using about four million dollars' worth of the raw products of the State. Idaho produces 61,000,000 pounds of beet sugar annually, and she already ranks as the seventh State of the Union in the production of dried fruits and twenty-fourth in the production of canned vegetables. This relative rank must be changed within a few years, or as soon as the vast irrigated districts of the southern part of the State come into their natural productiveness. Idaho has over a thousand separate irrigation canals, with a total length of about nine thousand miles. Three million acres of land are already under ditch and the combined cost of these irrigation systems is over twenty million dollars. Lastly the rivers of the State are generating over 300,000 horsepower capable of utilization.

One of the promising new industries of the Snake River Valley region of Idaho, near Weiser, is the raising of cantaloupes. The crop, unlike fruit, comes to maturity in a single season, in fact cash returns begin to come in ninety days after the seed has been placed in the ground. There is also absence of the pruning, spraying, excessive cultivation and handling necessary to the fruit industry. It is said that this land with proper care can easily be made to produce three hundred dollars an acre.

Claims have been made that the Emmett fruit belt of Southern Idaho excels the famous $4,000-per-acre fruit lands of the Grand Valley of Colorado. This is the announced opinion of the one hundred and fifty or more Colorado fruit growers who have recently removed from the Grand Valley to the Emmett region. The first of these Colorado settlers came only a year ago, one of them buying a 900-acre tract at an average of thirty-five dollars an acre. Today similar raw land in this neighborhood is worth on the market from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars an acre. The Emmett fruit belt is said to consist of approximately 35,000 acres.

CALIFORNIA.

Plan for the Irrigation of 900,000 Acres of Land.

The commercial clubs of Redding and Anderson, of the Upper Sacramento River Valley, are active in the promotion of a reclamation scheme which they claim will irrigate nearly a million acres of rich land. Strangely enough the adoption of their scheme would mean the abandonment of the proposed Iron Canyon Project centering about Red Bluff. The Iron Canyon Project, costing $4,000,000 and irrigating 90,000 acres was thought to have been almost, if not entirely decided on by the Government, surveys having been made several months ago, and the officials of the Service having personally inspected the proposed site. But some big objections have arisen. The commercial clubs further up the valley claim that the Iron Canyon Project dam would flood 30,000 acres of the richest land in their section, having a present valuation of $2,000,000 —all for the irrigation of 90,000 acres of land far less valuable per acre. But they are not knockers; they have a substitute. They say that by building a larger dam further up the Valley all of this valuable 30,000 acres may be saved, and in addition ten times as much land may be reclaimed. Their plea is for a 900,000-acre reclamation scheme instead of the 90,000,-acre one. The system would, necessarily, be expensive, meaning the building of a 200-foot dam on the Pit River at a point where it is 800 feet wide. This dam, however, would not be as expensive as the 280-foot Roosevelt dam or the 325-foot Shoshone dam, and the land reclaimed would be some of the richest in Northern California.

Reclaiming Overflow Lands of the Lower Sacramento.

The greatest present problem of the people of the Lower Sacramento River Valley relates to reclamation. The term reclamation is interpreted to mean, in this case, drainage and the prevention of flood overflow. It has been the great problem for more than a generation. Laws have been attempted, and solutions offered but as yet the problem is far from being solved, although considerable has been accomplished. Just below the city of Sacramento private capital has drained an area of 200,000 acres of land at an average estimated cost of twenty-five dollars per acre. This land worth practically nothing before being reclaimed is now valued at between

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If you want the most for your money you must see that you get "Holeproof."

This guarantee comes in each box of six pairs: "If any or all of these hose come to holes or need darning within six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

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The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. On request we will tell you the dealers' names. Or we will ship direct, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance.

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Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—Made entirely of Sea Island cotton. 6 pairs, $2.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

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Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906.

fifty and a thousand dollars per acre. Other irrigation districts have accomplished almost as much. There is now before the people of the State an agitation for the like reclamation of a great body of the Sacramento River Valley totaling a million acres or more, the scheme to cost probably between twenty and thirty million dollars. Various methods of procedure have been suggested. There are advocates of a Federal-aid scheme, a State-aid scheme, a joint Federal-State scheme, and still others say that the land to be reclaimed should be made to stand the total cost, and that bonds should be sold to provide funds. The reward for the reclamation of this great area will be worth all of the cost, and it is the hope of the progressive that it will not be another generation before a working method is found.

A California man, J. W. Philippi of Acampo, has originated a new fruit known as the "peacherine." It combines the solidity and flavor of the nectarine with all of the good qualities of the peach. It is becoming so well known and liked that calls are coming from all parts of the world for it. Incidentally proving the value of California land, it is said that the originator of the peacherine has made an annual profit of $2,000 from a single acre, notwithstanding that his residence and other buildings are on the same tract.

MONTANA.

Agitate the Opening of the Crow Indian Reservation.

At the last session of the Montana Legislature, a joint resolution was introduced, petitioning Congress to open the Crow Indian Reservation to public settlement. This reservation is located in the southern part of the State, bordering on Wyoming on the north, and is the largest among the several reservations of the State. An announcement was recently made by the Department of Interior, listing the reservations which would be opened to settlement during the next two years, but the Crow Reservation was not included in the list. Possibly there are good reasons for the delay of the opening of the Crow Reservation. In the first place, the reservation is very large, one of the largest in the West, and the surveying would require considerable time. It is understood the lands have already been allotted to nearly all of the Indians, however. Also a part of the reservation is being considered for a public park, somewhat similar to the Yellowstone, which is only a short distance west and in almost the same latitude. A considerable portion of the land is, without irrigation, chiefly fitted only for grazing, and much of it is now under grazing leases, which will not expire for several years to come. A tract of 40,000 acres of the reservation has recently been set aside by the Government for the establishment of a horse farm where the Indians will be taught horse culture, and the adjoining 40,000 acres include the proposed new National Park. Much of the two million acres of the reservation is capable of irrigation, and another large share is profitable dry-farming land. It is certain that if the reservation were ordered thrown open, a few years would see thousands of persons provided with homes on land that at present is worth only a few cents per acre annually for grazing purposes.

Notes From Different Parts of the State.

That Montana has some fruit-producing lands of which she may rightfully feel proud, is proved by the fact that at the National Apple Show held recently in Spokane, Washington, she was awarded third prize for her apple display. The fruit lands of the Bitter Root Valley have been selling for $500 and more per acre, for some time past, and many sections of the Yellowstone Valley, near Billings, have been pronounced just as favorable in every way for the production of marketable and prize fruits.

At a mass meeting the citizens of Whitefish have decided that their section of the State is worthy of a little boosting on its own account. There are numerous activities to which settlers will be welcomed, it is announced. One of the most promising fields for the capitalization of energy, and a sure return on the very small investment of money required, is in the improvement of the logged-off lands in the immediate neighborhood. The lumber companies have left vast tracts, with only a present growth of lodgepole pine timber, which, with the clearing away of the not numerous stumps, would be very valuable agricultural land. It is said that this land can be purchased at very reasonable prices.

Authoritative announcements are said to have been made for the immediate beginning of the construction of a 155-mile railroad in Montana. The new road will connect Sheridan, Wyoming, with Miles City, Montana, and will mean the opening up of a large area of promising country. Work will begin at once. It is thought that the road is being constructed as a branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

NEW MEXICO.

Propose to Build the Largest Dam in the World.

If the reclamation project now under way becomes a reality, New Mexico will have by far the largest diverting water dam in the world. It will be more than three times the size of the great Assouan dam of Egypt which is world famous. The

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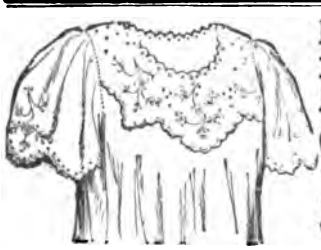
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dam of the Elephant Butte project of the Reclamation Service on the Rio Grande will be only half the size of the proposed New Mexico dam; and when we remember that the Elephant Butte dam will be much larger than the famous Roosevelt dam, we will begin to appreciate the magnitude of the new proposed world wonder. This new irrigation scheme will be developed by a company recently incorporated at Santa Fe. The dam will be located in Western New Mexico and will take water from the Gila River. The dam itself will be a massive 500-feet high structure of steel and concrete, the remaining sides of the great impounding reservoir to be formed by the perpendicular sides of the Gila River Canyon. The Gila River has a very large freshet flow which will be stored for the irrigation of an estimated 500,000 acres of land, 10,000 of which is in Arizona and the remainder in New Mexico. With the application of water, it is said that the land to be reclaimed cannot be excelled in the Southwest in agricultural promise.

Here and There in New Mexico.

In common with the condition in most of the Western States many of the counties of New Mexico are entirely too large for convenience. Before the last Legislature of the Territory there was agitated the formation of a new county to be known by the significant name of Taft. It is another interesting fact that Taft would owe its existence in a large share to Roosevelt, for it is proposed to take the western end of Roosevelt to form the eastern end of Taft. The proposed new Taft is the center of a rich territory that has been opened up by the branch of the New Mexican Eastern Railroad, and the proposed county seat of Taiban, while still less than thirty months of age, can number between three and four thousand residents who hail from all States of the Union and call all lands their former home.

ARIZONA.

Government May Reclaim Indian Reservations.

The Secretary of Interior has recently instructed the United States Geological Survey to investigate the possibility of reclaiming the reservations of the Moki and Navajo Indians just east of the Canyon of the Colorado. These two tribes of Indians are among the best known of the West, the Navajo being especially noted for their blankets of artistic design which are laboriously but almost perfectly made, and in great demand by tourists and relic seekers. Both of these tribes are peaceful, and pastoral in their present form of living. Many of them own vast herds of cattle and sheep which are herded within the Reserve; and a few of them have turned farmer and gardener and raise melons, Indian corn and vegetables, on the

land that can be irrigated. The land occupied by these peoples includes the total northeast corner of the State of Arizona and a small part of New Mexico. It is for the most part arid and semi-arid, and in its present form fitted only for grazing or risky dry-farming. The present action of the Government authorities is for the purpose of determining whether water exists on this large reservation in sufficiently large quantities to permit its reclamation and development. If suitable locations can be found, it is the plan to construct reservoirs and canals. This land is rarely visited by the white man, though it contains some of the grandest scenery to be found anywhere in the historic and rugged Southwest.

Population of the Territory Increasing.

In his late annual message to the Legislature, Territorial Governor Kibbey estimates that the present population of Arizona is 200,000, and that there is a steady increase in newcomers. The immigrants, he adds, have been of a highly desirable class. The people have been prosperous in the past and there is a promised continued development of the mining, agricultural and livestock industries, and of those trades and industries based primarily on these three chief ones. At the present rate of increase in the wealth of the Territory, it is estimated that the property valuation will have reached $120,000,000 during the next two decades.

ALASKA.

Railroads For Alaska.

About five millions of dollars will be expended in railroad construction into Interior Alaska during the present year, and a like amount during the year 1910, if the promises and plans of the Morgan, Guggenheim and allied capitalists do not change. The chief work of construction as projected will include the extension of the Copper River & Northwestern, and the Copper River roads, from Cordova on the Western coast to the rich Kennicott mines far to the interior. It is also said that experts are already in the field to determine whether the prospective tonnage will justify the extension of the Morgan road into the Tanana Valley and from there into the Valley of the Yukon. A part of the projected line is already completed, but over one hundred and fifty miles are yet to be constructed at a heavy expense, due to the cost of labor and the long freighting necessary for the construction material. That the company of allied railroad builders have complete faith in the mining future of Alaska is abundantly proved by their willingness to expend the ten million dollars necessary to bring these roads into use early next year.

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Alaska Has Largest Copper Nugget Ever Found.

Fifteen hundred dollars is the announced sum that is to be paid to the local freighter to sled out from Nugget Creek to Valdez the largest native copper nugget ever found in the world. The contract was let during January for the transportation of this three-ton lump of pure copper, from its native spot to civilization. The sledger is allowed until July to accomplish the task, though he thinks it will be completed early in April. This piece of metal is large enough for five men to stand on at once, and is valued at a small fortune. It was discovered several years ago and is being now taken from its native setting, that it may speak in its mute but eloquent way of the mineral wealth of our most northern territory, to the visitors at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition to be held soon in Seattle.

Alaska Has Farms For Three Million People.

The experiments recently conducted by the Department of Agriculture seem to prove that Alaska has a greater agricultural future than the average person has knowledge of, or, perhaps, would even believe unless confronted by scientific evidence of the indisputable kind. These experiments have proved that wheat, oats, barley, rye, and all kinds of the more hardy vegetables can be profitably grown in Alaska. Even such small fruits as the blackberry, gooseberry, strawberry, cranberry, raspberry, currant and others, have been demonstrated to be adaptable to a large number of the valleys that were formerly thought to be only noted for their cold monotonous scenery and as the perpetual resting place of the iceberg. Thus it is, that the territory that originally cost Uncle Sam two cents an acre, is said to contain over 200,000 good homesteads of 320 acres eacn suitable for diversified agriculture.

HAWAII.

Hawaii Wants American Homeseekers.

For the past year, a movement looking to the further agricultural development of the Hawaiian Islands, has been shaping itself. The point has just been reached when a direct appeal to the American homeseeker is being made. The first tract of homestead lands to be thrown open consists of 1,800 acres and it is figured that this amount of land will be sufficient to provide homesites and a comfortable livelihood for at least fifty families. That this land has not been settled long ago is due to a popular fallacy as to its intrinsic value. Many years ago it was discovered that the lowlands of the Island were valuable for the production of sugar, and since that time, this industry has been highly developed and sugar has long been the chief

production of the Territory. All of the available sugar lands have long ago passed into private ownership. So profitable has the sugar growing proved to white capital and energy that all other attempts at agriculture, with the exception of some rice and taro growing, has been left to the primitive and desultory efforts of Chinese and Japanese. The results from their unscientific efforts were so poor that the popular impression grew that the land of the Islands was not fitted for diversified agriculture. So strong was this impression that the people of the Islands have been willing to purchase nearly all of their foodstuffs from the mainland, and at present about $3,000,000 is paid annually for products that could nearly all be raised as easily and much cheaper at home than on the continent. So far has this importation gone that even citrus fruits, for which Hawaii is especially adapted, have been shipped in to the extent of at least $50,000 worth a year.

A few years ago some farsighted men came in from California and bought up some land and announced their intention of going into the pineapple-raising industry. They were met with much prejudice but were firm. Today Hawaii is also noted for its pineapples and the industry is very profitable. Experiments have recently been made by the United States Agricultural Experiment Station which prove that the general prejudice against the agricultural value of the land is entirely without foundation. The land to be opened at the present time is on the Island of Maui and is especially adapted for the production of pineapples. The land is high and the climatic conditions are said to be ideal. A railroad is near, and a pineapple canning factory handy.

Of a total of about four million acres in the Hawaiian Islands, about a million and a half acres are still in the hands of the Government. It is estimated that about a quarter-million acres of this amount can, in time, be brought into a high state of cultivation, and it is the plan of the Government to open these lands to settlement as fast as seems practicable.

Agricultural Contrasts Between Hawaii and the Mainland.

A recent report of the Director of the Hawaiian Experiment Station contains some interesting statements regarding climate, and soil possibilities of the Islands. Rainfall is extremely irregular, hence there is necessarily much dependence upon irrigation. There is an absence of distinctive seasons, and this fact carries both an asset and a problem. Crop can be made to follow crop almost without interruption, hence when Hawaii decides to go into truck gardening and diversified fruit rais-



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ing she will be almost without a competitor with her opportunity to make crops almost to order and with a ready market on the mainland. The maintenance of soil fertility will be her problem. The report adds that there is no limit to the variety of fruits that may be grown and there is an especial field for some new Burbank to create new and superior varieties. Coffee, tobacco, rubber, sisal, cotton, sugar and rice are especially adapted, and livestock and bee-keeping promise good returns.

FASHION NOTES.

The Summer Glove and Sleeve Question.

In summer time, quite as much as in the frosty season, gloves are an indispensable item of the smart woman's toilette. Bare hands are, in fact, almost as impossible as bare feet with the costume for street wear, and bare forearms, a la washerwoman style, are of course out of the question for a woman of refinement. So with the approach of warmer weather the "cool yet correct" glove question comes up again.

Fashion dictators tell us with a fine disdain for comfort that sleeves will continue uncompromisingly long all through the heated term, and that—shades of a mercury at 90!—the long glove will be pulled up over the long sleeve to "give a more dressy look." But one imagines that all the time old Sol smiles to himself and keeps right on toward summer time and humidity; and the crafty glove makers smile knowingly too—and keep well prepared for the visitor who will be sure to enter with the first real sizzling days, the elbow sleeve.

These new long gloves of silk, whether they will be pulled up, as the mode makers predict, over net or lingerie sleeves, or over bare arms, will surely be pulled up somehow, for the new embroidered wrists are far too pretty to hide. On the fine thread silk of the gloves are wrought all manner of charming embroideries; tiny flower effects such as are worked by hand on silk stockings, and bolder, conventional designs. The Niagara gloves, among the daintiest of these new embroidered silk styles, come in all the soft, subdued colors to match spring fabrics and are shown in self tone and two tone effects as well as in black with dashing white patterns and in pure white embroidered in white or black.

These embroidered gloves seem at first thought rather an extravagance, for prices are as high as those asked for French kid gloves of the same length; but one is charmed to find that when the fingertips go the glove may be "re-handed," the embroidered upper part which is really the expensive portion, lasting through an entire season.

The Pacific Monthly

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PORTLAND, OREGON

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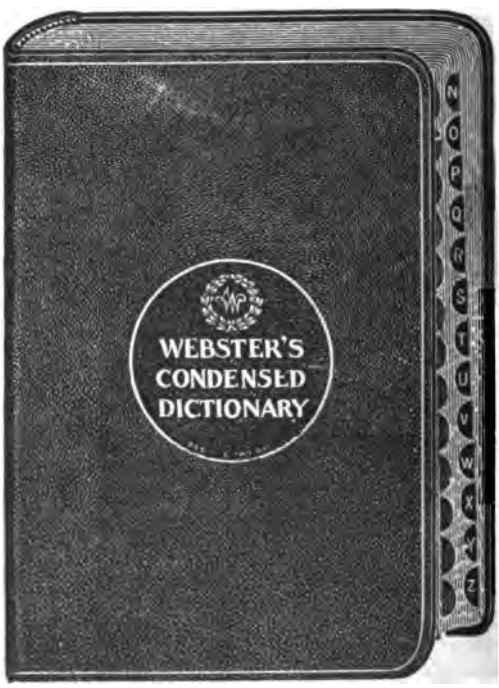
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SHORE STUDIES



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W. S. RICE


A
ROCK
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COAST


THE
REST-
LESS
DEEP

SUNSET
ON
THE
DUNES




STORM
ON
THE
DUNES


HOME
OF
THE
CYPRESS


A
BOLD
HEAD-
LAND

ROCKS AND SURF



The PACIFIC MONTHLY



VOL. XXI JUNE, 1909 No. 6

In the Days of the Deadwood Treasure Coach

A Chapter from the Personal Recollections of W. H. Taylor

Drawings by C. S. Price

A NOTABLE event in the annals of the frontier was the robbery at Cold Springs of the Deadwood Treasure Coach, carrying bullion, gold dust, expressage and United States mail from the Black Hills mines in South Dakota to Cheyenne, Wyoming. The few statements appearing in print at different times have seemed, to a person knowing somewhat of the circumstances at first hand, to be either sensational or inaccurate, and generally both. Hence, it is essayed herein to put down such statements only as will properly line up with the facts.

The robbery took place on the twenty-sixth of September, 1878, the second season of the noted gold excitement, by which time there had been drawn to the region from both near and abroad a horde of outlaws that rivalled in numerical strength anything of the particular kind ever collected together in this country. Well organized and mounted, they seemed to have a roving commission to operate as a piratical land force, as it were, under letters of marque. Taken by and large, they met all requirements and represented the standard article of highway robber; human life counted with them no more than did the weight of a feather. There were particular gangs under leaders answering to the cognomens: Charley Price, Frank Toll, Doug Goodale, Big-Nosed George, Bill Bivens, McLaughlin, and McDonald—the latter was probably Frank James. Additional to these were the Wall and Blackburn gangs. This list implies no disparagement to others who were operating in such a manner as to be less well known.

Along the three hundred miles of stage line there were numerous scenes of vio-

lence, and it is said that over a hundred lives were lost on this trail in one season. The Sioux Indians were also in the field, more or less, and played their part with their usual skill; albeit there were placed to their credit numerous dastardly acts of which they were not guilty.

On the Cut-Off Trail that led to the mines through Custer City was what was known as Red Cañon. This was a fatal place to many an unfortunate gold-seeker. Any small party stood about an equal chance of being attacked in passing through there, and in many places along this cañon were raised mounds, with headboards or without, that indicated the last resting places of ambitious mortals who there had met an untimely end. One fellow of a classical turn of mind had placed up at the entrance a sign on which he had written:

ABANDON HOPE
ALL YE WHO ENTER
HERE



W. H. TAYLOR, THE AUTHOR, ABOUT 1879.

On my way to the Hills in the early part of the season of '78 I met W. M. Ward, of the company's employes, who invited me to take passage with him in a light rig in which he was about to embark for Deadwood. Between Fort Laramie and Jenny's Stockade he pointed out to me eleven places where stages had been robbed that season. In September, when reaching Fort Laramie again on my return trip, I met General Adams, a special agent of the Postal Department, and joined him and a posse of five or six men that he had collected with a view to preventing interference with the United States mails. Equipped with Government horses from the Fort we started back in the direction of the Hills intending to make a camp near the Stockade on Beaver Creek, and reconnoitre the country around there. We traveled mostly at night to avoid observation, and when riding along Lance Creek, a little before sundown, we came to the scene of a hold-up that had taken place two nights before, when Boone May, who was in our outfit, had fired a heavy charge of buckshot into one of the robbers at close range. He stoutly asserted that he must have killed him, and there were signs there that bore out his statement, although some searching done the day before had not revealed much but an abandoned saddle with some leathers missing, but after passing on a little distance we looked back and could make out two or three vultures on dusky wings fanning their way in a direct line towards something with which we thought they might have already made themselves familiar. They were not going at random, as was evident in the following spring, when the skeleton of Frank Toll was found in a deep gulch, and partly covered with sagebrush, about a fourth of a mile from the trail.

After reaching Jenny's Stockade we scouted around there for several days, and at one camp in the mountains, vacated temporarily, we found several hams hanging in storage, and a pile of discarded horseshoes, showing they were putting themselves on an Indian footing, for obvious reasons. Things were very quiet for several days following our arrival, yet occasional vague rumors in the air indicated trouble. In about a week

General Adams took a trip over to Deadwood, and on the twenty-sixth, the coach not appearing about the usual time—six P. M.—we all got into saddle and on general principles started up the line. It was thought they might be in some slight difficulty only; a hold-up had not, with one or two exceptions, occurred in that direction at any time theretofore, the general policy being to operate in a more open country, away from the mountains, where fewer obstacles were in the way of escape. Five or six miles up we met a horseman coming at break-neck speed.



A LIGHT LOAD.

He was from what was called the Milk Ranch, and urged us to hurry, as the coach had been held up just as it reached the stable at Cold Springs. We crowded on all steam at once and at the ranch met Scott Davis, who had been in charge of the guards and had made his escape after resistance had become a hopeless affair. He swore they were just as hard a lot as he ever met up with.

"They killed Campbell," said he, "at the first fire, and then I think all the rest as well, but we can probably get there before they open the safe."

We here picked up an old hunter named Phillips, and reinforced by Davis also, pushed ahead again. From the Stockade to the Springs was about twenty miles up grade, so when we pulled up in proximity to the place, the unfortunate horses were punished to about their limit.

We stopped quite a distance short of the stable, *cached* our horses and guided by Phillips made a little circuit so as to approach the place from the rear. As we reached there, we were, in the darkness, at a loss to understand the situation properly. We could hear more or less banging and noise of some kind, and as any of our people could hardly be alive after all the shooting Davis had seen and heard, it only remained to suppose that the enemy were yet in possession of the place; hence we had to proceed with some caution. Then followed a night of uncertainty and cross purposes seldom equalled.

We took positions on all sides and then hailed the place repeatedly, calling our people by name, but got no response. Then Davis, Pache and myself came

around to the stage road on the west side and were lying in a short cover about forty feet from the trail when we heard two horsemen coming up. Knowing that no friendly or sane person would ride boldly along from that direction, we thought it was some of their scouts sent out a little way to watch the approaches.

By that time the moon had arisen, and a break in the tree-tops that loomed up over in front of us, gave a clear view for thirty feet or more. As they approached this space we drew down on them, intending to put an end to their careers right then and there, but suddenly an impulse came over me to make *sure* who they were, and I said to Scott, "Let 's halt them," but by that time he was getting impatient and at the same instant cut loose. Pache did likewise and *ahoom! ahoom!* went booming and rolling over across the cañon, giving things in the stillness of the night, a rattling shake-up. One horse, riderless, bolted and went straight ahead, and the other whirled on the back trail, got tangled in the bridle reins and was thrashing around in the cover all night.



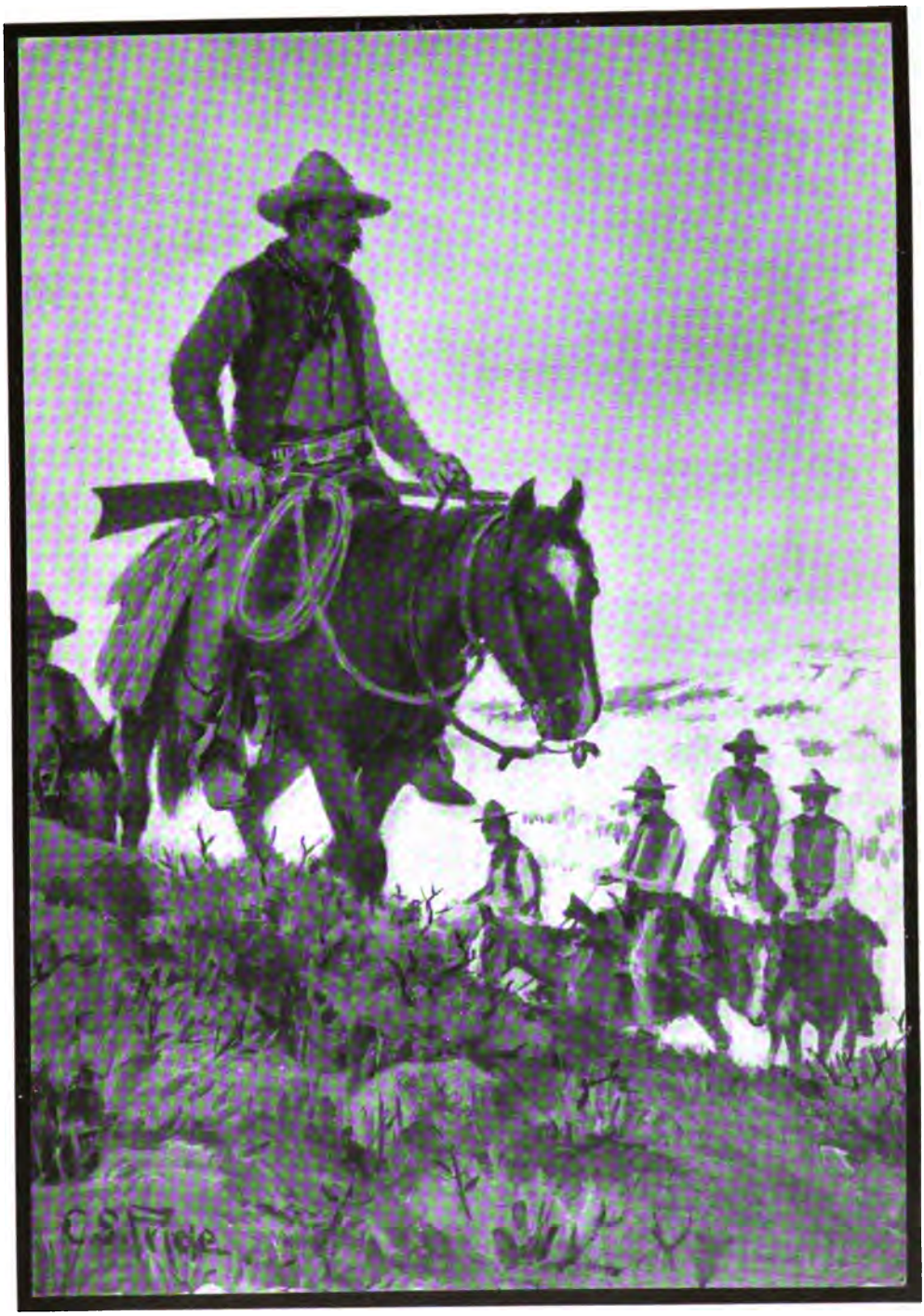
GALE E. HILL, WHO WAS "ALL SHOT UP."

Shortly we turned our attention again to the stable, but the possession of the veriest modicum of horse sense forbade our rushing the place, unless willing to be like Falstaff's soldiery, "mere food for powder." So we decided to shoot up the place, and did so, pouring in round after round. Even this produced nothing definite, and it was not until broad daylight that we could get anybody smoked out, or even obtain a tail hold of the situation proper. "Big Gene," the stage driver, then showed himself, and very frankly allowed that standing off road agents was no part of his vocation; he was all broke up.

"Boys, we were too much rattled to say anything. We thought it was the gang come back to murder us and take the horses," said he. One of these latter, crazy with hunger, had got into some predicament and helped in the noises we had heard during the night, and the luck that attends all fools and crazy men had stood the two mounted *hombres* in good stead, for the boys had missed them only by the margin of a hair, and they were not the right parties at all.

Just here it is well to hark back a little and explain the movements of the road agents up to this point. As a matter of fact, learned from captured parties later on, the whole outfit had for some time previously included at least ten men, and the arrangements were made to rob the coach at a point a mile or two further down the line to the west, where some big rocks were located right close to the road.

Several of the gang were in ambush there as already agreed upon, and wondering what had become of their leader and something like half their band. They told that when we passed there on the way up they could have nearly touched us with their guns, and regretted not having taken us in, as it was evident that in some way their plans had miscarried; the reason being that on the evening previous, these several worthies, to include at least Spear, Bill Mansfield, McBride, Charley Carey and



THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

Goodale, happened together a little off by themselves, and in giving directions the leader said: "We will blaze away and do them all up the first thing, then we will have no bother and can open the safe and get away lively." One then suggested that if that was to be the method they could easily operate alone and thus take all the plunder, and this was the plan they carried out. Coming to the stable a little before the coach was due, they captured Miner, the stock tender, and also Zimmers, one of the guards, who happened there in some way. These they bucked and gagged and placed in the granary, out of the way; then they punched out the adobe from the spaces between the logs, to give loopholes for their guns.

General Adams, who was already booked at the Deadwood office to come back on the coach that morning, appeared at the last moment and stated that something had turned up to delay him another day or so. Right there his guiding star was in the ascendant, for every outlaw in the district had been aware of his activity in trying to carry out plans for their capture, and it was particularly intended to make sure of him when they loosed off the first volley fired in the attack; but another was killed in his stead. Campbell, an operator in the stage company's employ, had been waiting a chance to get down the line to one of the stations and was then told to get aboard. He was a tall, fine-looking man, and of course a non-combatant in the company's affairs; but his days were already numbered.



SCOTT W. DAVIS.
Captain of the Treasure Coach, Deadwood to Cheyenne, Wyoming.

The treasure coach left with Scott Davis, Gale Hill and Capt. (?) Smith as guards, and Campbell, as aforesaid. They reached the stable at Cold Springs at about three P. M., and as there was a slight declivity in front, the driver remained on the box, while Hill, who was also on the outside, got down to block the wheel. He was bent over in the act of doing so, with his Winchester retained in one hand, when there was the roar of a volley from all the robbers' guns, and at a frightfully close range. Probably the coach was no more than twenty feet from the stable door. Campbell was mortally struck and Hill got one ball through the wrist and another entirely through his body, entering rather close to the backbone, piercing his left lung and tearing a big hole out through his breast.

This supposedly would have killed any man, afloat or ashore, yet it did nothing of the kind to Hill, for he instantly whirled and brought up his rifle. The first thing that he could realize was that Carey, who had stepped out of the stable door to see clear of the smoke, had a gun almost in his face, so close in fact, as he told me later, he could feel the hot air on the side of his neck as it came from the gun barrel. Simultaneously they blazed away, and both missed. Carey then fell back into the stable, and Hill made a dash for the corner of the building, then on along the side to the rear, crossed the end and then looked back up the side opposite to that he had just traversed. A rattling fusillade was still going on and he saw a man up in front who was down on one knee and pumping a Winchester for all he was worth. I am stating this just as he told

it to me. He was beginning to feel a little weak then, and so thought he would take no chances, but laid his gun over the cross logs of the stable for a rest, and deliberately cut loose. The man seemed paralyzed to feel and hear any shot from the rear and he incontinently dropped his weapon and took a header through the square hole out of which refuse was cast. Hill said he noticed his resemblance to a frog and had to smile, badly as he felt. This was McBride, at whom he had taken a pot shot, striking him in the groin and putting him among the sick and disabled to the effect that he was a big burden to them in their flight. Hill was then hardly able to stand, so he sat down with his back against the building, but it occurred to him that they might easily slip up and take a shot at him there, and so he started for a large tree some fifty yards away, and this was the last he remembered.

In reality Hill became insane and deliberately walked back among the robbers. They saw that he was unarmed and talking at random and so paid no further attention to him. They said he was actually "babbling of green fields" and things he had seen when a boy.

When the row opened, Scott Davis jumped out of the coach on the opposite side, to get a chance to swing his gun, but the firing became so hot in a short time that he took shelter behind a tree on the bank of the cañon about forty yards away. He fired for a while at any loose fish he could distinguish through the smoke, but as he was the only one then making any resistance and they were all having a go at him, he dropped over the bank and made his way down the mountain to the ranch, as stated. This left the enemy a clear swing, and they started into see what booty they had taken. Campbell had fallen with nine ball holes in his body, and in his death struggles kept calling for water; the driver was anxious to get this for him, but Carey said, "Stay where you are. He dont need anything." The bold Captain (?) they found dormant in the bottom of the coach, and although he had a sawed-off shotgun in his grasp, it did not appear that he had cut any figure in the scrimmage. They tied him up and placed him back in the coach, told Gene to drive on, and taking the outfit back into the cover, a little off the trail, went at the safe hammer and tongs. It was a chilled steel affair, sent out from Cincinnati to the company, under guarantee to resist all burglars operating *al fresco*. They, however, had stolen a big striking hammer out of some mine, and with this implement knocked the thing into smithereens in less than twenty minutes. They were also other-



Dooley, Photographer.

THE OLD DEADWOOD TREASURE COACH WHICH, AFTER MANY ADVENTURES WITH "BAD MEN," CROSSED THE ATLANTIC AND WAS "RIDDEN IN BY FOUR KINGS."

wise prepared with a coil of fuse and about ten pounds of giant powder. They made a haul of twenty-six thousand dollars in gold bullion, and from Adams' Express and Registered United States mail, some three thousand dollars more. The Adams Company offered a reward of $5,000 for the capture of the robbers.

Fixing up McBride as well as they could, they struck out south and east, in the general direction of the Missouri River. Bill Mansfield, who was wounded in the fight, died that night and they buried him about five miles down the creek from the station. Once they were well out of the way, the survivors took stock of themselves and found they were in a sorry plight. Miner and Zimmers, on being released, started to Deadwood to raise an alarm. The others dragged the body of Campbell inside, made a rough kind of resting place for Hill, piled up sacks around the room for a sort of breastworks, and exhausted and terrified, crouched down to spend the night.



COLONEL LUKE VOORHEES, OF CHEYENNE, WYOMING.
Manager of the Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage Line.

When, as stated, we approached in the morning, the place resembled shambles more than otherwise. In the dust in front, not far from where the coach stopped, there was a space three or four feet across, completely saturated with blood where Campbell had been struggling and calling, though vainly, for a mouthful of water. There were actually crimson trails leading about the place in all directions. Hill appeared so near death that nothing much could be done for him, yet we broke open Miner's cabin, took him in there, and piling up all the robes and blankets available for a bed, did what we could for his comfort. At every expiration the air could be heard coming out of his back as well as the wound in his breast. That a man shot in such a frightful manner could be kept alive was, at that time, a revelation to me, yet it was a matter of ten years thereafter before the Grim Ferryman actually got him as a passenger aboard his craft, and I believe it was conceded that no braver man had preceded him. Doubtless great credit was due to Doctor L. V. Babcock, who came from Deadwood to his aid; and I know it was even said that but two or three cases were then known of recovery under just the same conditions. The notorious Frank Howard, however, who was a member of the posse of which I had charge in the January following, was shot in a very similar manner as we were returning from the Big Horn country, yet he lived to put in more than fifteen years to the good (or bad) before being eventually and properly hanged, at a point somewhere in Idaho. That is another story, though, but the arrival of the old time Sheriff of Deadwood, Seth Bullock, and his taking up the trail of the successful robbers while our own outfit hit off that of the less important half-dozen or so who were fleeing the country on general principles, might be referred to here.

By nightfall a number of horsemen, including the doctor, Sheriff's posse, and others had come up over the trail from Deadwood, and as they went about with lanterns examining the dead man and looking over the situation, the scene appeared rather weird. One suspicious character had been taken in custody offhand, and a grim discussion was going

on as to the propriety of making everything tight and sure by hanging him. We had spent a good part of the day in difficult efforts to trace the robbers, for they had separated like a band of quail. Two days in saddle and one strenuous night without sleep brought us to a point where nature rebelled, and we rolled into our blankets vaguely wondering whose arguments would prevail, but too much exhausted to take active interest in the proceedings.

In the morning we started to return for a pack animal and a week's rations from the stockade. A mile or so short of there was the cabin of the notorious "Mother Ogden," who was well understood to be keeping a rendezvous for road agents and such of that ilk as had scruples against appearing anywhere in person for their supplies. In appearance she was simply tall, masculine and fierce, yet in the face of these disqualifications her blandishments had cast a spell over one Boris, whom from the first we had wanted to arrest. There was a thick cover along the stream conveniently near, and from prudential motives, Boris had been "lying out" since our advent in the neighborhood.

As we came along about noon, we noticed a dense smoke going out the chimney of Mother Ogden's abode, and rightly conjecturing that our man might chance to be there, awaiting luncheon, came up on the blind side of the cabin and around to the door in time to see him make a frantic grab for a rifle he had standing against the wall; in an instant, though, he saw that two guns were drawn on him, and assumed the most unconcerned air in the world. That this gaunt female just aforesaid kept a fence for thieves and industrious chevaliers, was about as certain as anything need be, yet at first glance the place seemed bare and destitute of anything like plunder. She, however, had an immense bed, standing well up on its legs, and draped around with a suitable curtain. Our official zeal prompted inspection of this concern, in spite of a verbal protest that was forcible, but not worded in fine phrases. It proved a combined magazine and arsenal that carried a surprising stock; between the mattresses, and in the hold, it was just bulging with hams, flour, saddles, ammunition, whole bolts of cloth, silk and what not. Of course it was no particular business of ours to declare the stuff contraband, so we went on into camp. General Adams also reached there directly, and that evening we all collected in the stage stable to hold a kind of drum-head court martial on Boris.

I remember the old General getting out his note book and pencil with quite an air of authority, but he had reckoned without the defendant; that worthy was the most reticent man possible; he simply knew nothing detrimental to the accused. After a while Boone May reached down from the bunk he was sitting on and picked up a lariat, which he threw across to the General, saying:

"What 's the use of fooling with him? He 's the biggest liar in the world."

At the time I thought this was simply a ruse, but really there were plans for serious harm to him, offered in deadly earnest. The effect of the move was that he speedily changed his mind, and stated that he had been in three hold-ups that season, but was then in bad repute with the gang through having squandered the money for a band of stolen horses entrusted to him for sale. Their plans were, he said, to go from the Hills to Medicine Bow, Wyoming, to rob the store of Trabing Brothers, a branch of which concern, located on the Crazy Woman's fork of Powder River, had already been looted earlier in the season.

The next morning it was in order to resume search for the trail. Also it dawned on us that in the person of Boris we had a doggone questionable asset—a white elephant, not to be let go, nor held on to, very easily. We finally made shift to requisition an extra horse on which we placed him, and underneath the belly of which we lashed him firmly by the heels, and then set out; at night we slept with him handcuffed to one of us.

Finding marks of the fugitives was hard work, but at last we saw where they had come out into the open, nearly as far north as the Inyan Kara, and thence had taken a line westward. Of

course we were not aware of being in pursuit of the inferior wing of the combination until later. We made rather slow progress, but managed to hold the trail until one night when there came up a terrific rain storm that obliterated every hoof-mark, or possible trace of them. We then set a compass course for Fort Fetterman, this country being at the time an unbroken wilderness; roads or any kind of traveled trails there were none. At the Fort we disbanded for the time, to resume operations later on.

The posse brought over by the Sheriff from Deadwood was naturally composed of the best material available, and included Stocking, a noted trailer and gunman, afterward captain of the Stipendary Fighters employed at the Iron Mine in Leadville. They, however, found their work cut out for them, although by a lucky fluke they got wind of the right parties almost from the first. The latter, for one thing, had quite a start, and were familiar with every twist and turn in the mountains, besides they were going for their lives.

The morning after the robbery I found, under the tree where McBride had been lying when they tried to care for him, a black leather cartridge belt saturated with blood. We were wondering how they could make headway with such a handicap as a badly wounded man must be, but Pache, who used to know Carey, declared that he in particular would never bother very much with him, but would kill him to get him safely out of the way. Now, quite to the contrary of this, we learned later, it was Goodale, the son of respectable parents and all that, that proposed this very thing, while Carey declared that as long as the trip lasted, if alive himself, he would stick by McBride, and he did. When they were passing near some fellow's ranch he, by some hook or crook, laid hold of a light wagon, and by gearing up a broncho to it, hauled the wounded man over fifty miles.

Sheriff Bullock at last crowded them so close that one night their campfire was seen off to one side of the trail and they were heard talking. In the night time it is mighty hard to break through a cover in such a case in a way to surprise anybody, so when they closed in on the place everyone had fled—"to the devil with the hindmost." They were flushed so suddenly that they lost quite a lot of stuff. One sack that they had partly buried contained about a fourth of the plunder. Pursuit was given up after a while and for a time they went clear.

Spear, of this gang, next attracted attention over at Plum Creek, Nebraska, by spending money too freely to square with his general make-up, and when arrested much of his holding was recovered also. I believe that his confession gave the clew to Goodale, and detectives were sent to Atlantic City, Iowa, where he was found posing as a rich prospector returned from the mines. His people were living over a bank and he had placed a hatful of so of the loot, gold watches, jewelry, nuggets, etc., in the safe. It was late in the day when he was arrested. McBride was seen on the street and in sight at the same time, and pursued, but he reached cover in one of those immense cornfields they have there, and as night came on directly, he was lost.

Much satisfaction was expressed at the capture of Goodale, and the stage company sent on an employe deputized expressly to bring him and his plunder back to their headquarters in Wyoming, but when the train arrived in Cheyenne he was not aboard. Very naturally different views of the matter were held at the time. It was claimed that as they were coming up somewhere a little west of Grand Island, in the night, he had bolted headlong through a lavatory window, with the train running at full speed, and although handcuffed and shackled, made his escape. The remarks and comments made on the subject by Voorhees, Hill and some of those most interested were edifying, but difficult to sort out for printing. They were not poetry by any means, and were too lurid even for blank verse. But there was no Goodale, and as far as I know, none of the lot, outside of Spear, was ever again heard of.

Colonel Luke Voorhees, of Cheyenne, is the only one living of the old frontier stage company of Gilmer, Saulsbury and Patrick. The iron horse is now steaming over much of their former territory, and their occupation gone, but they were an important feature in their day.

The old Treasure Coach itself was built in Concord, New Hampshire, and was eventually presented by Colonel Voorhees, superintendent of the line, to Buffalo Bill, and for the last twenty years or more has been shown at his "Wild West" exhibitions. According to Cody's assertion it is the only vehicle that, as it were, ever deliberately crossed the Atlantic Ocean to be ridden in by four kings.

The Tragedy

By Horace H. Herr

They came upon his prostrate body there at dusk,
Three riders covered gray with dust
And having held the trail since early dawn
Nor slacked the anxious pace;
They knew the hurry was in vain
When a coyote sly
Sneaked by in silhouette
Along the rim of the near ridge,
Mocking them with laughter loud and grim.
They found his prostrate body there at dusk,
His mute lips black with thirst,
His hands still gripped about the saddle-bag
Heavy with the glistening ore.
And there—beyond the ridge
A rod or so, no more—
The water hole which would have succored him.
They found his prostrate body there at dusk
For when the sun spread ruby ruin o'er the west
Fate made unto herself the somber jest.

The Chant of El Dorado

By William Maxwell

In my ears a song is singing
Of the lusty days of old,
When the blood ran hot and stinging
In the yellow camps of gold;
O, the days were all of glory
And the nights were wild and free,
And the pulsing of the story
Is like surges of the sea.

'Twas the blood of three and twenty
And it fired the veins like wine;
All the world was wide and plenty,
There was music in the pine.
There was music in the river,
There was gladness in the breath,
And we shook the leaden quiver
Of the silent archer—Death.

Then a tent was more than palace
There the stars in splendor shone,
And the red drops from the chalice
By a spendthrift hand were thrown;
Then we smote the hills with laughter,
And we reck'd not life a span,
With no dream of a hereafter,
And no care for God or man.

Those were days when, like the thistle,
Love came floating down the wind,
And with lilting lure and whistle
We beguiled him—Love is blind.
In the cabin in the canyon,
With the tall pines sighing down,
Lay my love, my doe, my Manon,
With the eyes so tender brown.

Soft her lips, as crimson roses,
And her soul was like the dew
When the morning mist discloses
The bright day-dawn showing through.
And I kissed her nightly, kneeling
To her crucifix in prayer;
All her loveliness revealing,
And I swore that she was fair.

By the love of God and human,
She made beautiful the spot.
O, the love of loving woman
Is the love which changeth not.
And we laughed and loved together
To the sobbing of the pines,
In the days of summer weather,
At the El Dorado Mines.

'Tis a boy will crush a sparrow
And throw wide the broken nest.
'Tis a man will drive an arrow
Through a loving, throbbing breast.
And I left her, though she loved me,
And I left her and I lied.
By the living God above me,
For the love of me she died!

Give me back my days of madness
When we made the golden quest;
Give me back the brimming gladness
In that canyon of the West.
Where the breezes fell to sighing
Through the tufted, tasseled pine,
And her kisses were replying
To the every kiss of mine.

Give me back the days of wonder
When young life was on the wing,
When our hearts beat deep as thunder
And a man was all a king;
When the days were full of glory
And the nights were wild and free.
O, the pulsing of the story
Is like surging of the sea!

The Captain of the *Manitoupama*

By William Davenport Hulbert



HE storm flag was flying from the signal station as the *Manitoupama* pulled out from Two Harbors and headed east, three-quarters north, for Devil's Island Light. It was not yet half-past four in the afternoon, but it was December, and the arc-lamps were flaming along the ore-docks and up and down the village streets; the lighthouse had lit up for the night, and the deep red eye of the breakwater light was winking tirelessly three times a minute. Behind the town the hills stood up ghostly white in the gathering dusk, save where the stunted pines afforded them a scanty covering, or where the wind had blown the snow away and left great black patches of bare rock. Ahead there was nothing but the dark grey sky and the darker water.

It was cold on the roof of the pilot-house. The captain felt it, for he was strangely tired tonight. The light easterly wind, made twice as strong by the motion of the boat, seemed to go through and through him. Now that the *Manitoupama* was fairly on her course, with forty-odd miles of straight road ahead of her, he was free to go down into his state-room or his office, if he wanted to, and leave the mate to look after her. Yet the captain stayed, tramping up and down till it was very dark and against the blackness the lights of Two Harbors twinkled and sparkled, far astern, like a little cluster of diamonds. He had sailed for twenty years, but Lake Superior had never seemed so lonely as it did tonight.

By and by the supper bell rang, and he made his way aft to the dining-room and took his place at the head of the table, with the mate's empty chair opposite. Down one side sat the engineers and oilers of the first watch, and down the other the second mate, a wheelsman, and a watchman. The first engineer was telling a story, and the knives and forks and spoons were rattling cheerfully. But the captain did not hear them. Suddenly he became aware that the second mate was watching him out of the corner of his eye, and that he himself was staring vacantly at a dish of potatoes and leaving his supper untouched. He had little appetite, but he set to work and ate a hearty meal.

Later he went to his office and sat down before the narrow, sloping shelf that he used for a writing table. The room was small and stuffy, little more than a closet opening into his stateroom, and he thought envyingly of Jim Brady's big, pleasant quarters on the *Adjidaumo*, with the electric lights and the handsome roll-top desk, the chart-cases and easy-chairs, the rug on the polished hardwood floor, the large, comfortable stateroom on one side, and the bathroom on the other. The captain was tired of the *Manitoupama* and he wanted another boat—wanted it very badly. Three months before he had asked the company to give him one, and the manager had told him, very blandly, that as long as the *Manitoupama* lasted they would like to have him sail her. When she was gone they meant to replace her with as large and fine a steamer as any on the lakes, and it was very likely that that new boat would be given to him. Just when that would be, of course, they could not tell. Perhaps soon, perhaps not. The captain had come away from that interview with a strong impression that the company was as tired of the *Manitoupama* as he was, and with a certainty that she was insured for all she was worth and probably more.

One thing that the manager had said had rung in his ears ever since.

"There 'll be fine quarters for you on that new boat, if she ever does come out, and I suppose some day you 'll be taking your wife for a trip. Why aren't you married, skipper?"

There had been a girl, once, whom the captain had thought a good deal of, and she had gone away with another man. It had hit him pretty hard. But all that was years ago. There was another girl now, and he knew that she was ten times better than the first one. She was so good, so true, so fine, so beautiful, that sometimes the captain was afraid. There had been passages in his own life that he did not like to think of, now that he had come to know her and to want her. It had been a hard life, with a rough start, and he had taken things very much as he had found them. Now he wished he had left some of them alone. Sometimes, when he got to thinking about it, he told himself that no one was good enough for her, that men were all alike, and that it might as well be he as any one. Yet he was not quite sure of that—not quite sure that there were not men who—well—who were better than he had been. Sometimes he wondered if Jim Brady was one of them. Jim, like himself, had knocked about the world a good deal, yet there was something about him that was different from most of the men he knew. And he had never heard of Jim's—

There was a knock at the door.

"Come," he called, and the second mate put his head in and said, "Devil's Island's in sight, sir."

"All right," said the captain, "I 'll be up pretty soon."

The door closed, but he did not move. Devil's Island could not be very near. He would sit still a little longer and try to think things out.

Jim wanted her, too; and sometimes the captain was afraid he had the inside track. She liked Jim. The captain knew she did. But she liked the captain, too. At any rate she was always cordial and friendly, and she liked to hear him tell of his adventures on the lakes, and of how he had risen from deck-hand to the command of a good-sized steamer. For the *Manitoupama*, in spite of all that could be said against her, was still reckoned one of the best of the wooden boats, and it was not very many years since she had been a crack freighter. The captain's rise was a brave tale, and it lost nothing in the telling. And now, suppose that in a little while—perhaps within a few days— he could go to her and tell her of the splendid new boat that he was to sail next season—one of the biggest and most powerful that had ever floated on fresh water. And suppose he could also tell her a new story of shipwreck and danger which would make all his former ones seem dull and tame. The captain knew just how she would look as she listened. He was not a man given to dreaming, but he did a little now. There was no one else in all the world, he verily believed, whose face could light up as hers did when she was pleased. He could see it as plainly as if she were sitting here beside him—the smile on her lips, the quick, eager, friendly sympathy in her eyes. He could feel the warm, cordial clasp of her hand, and hear the very sound of her voice as she congratulated him and told him how glad she was that he was alive and had come to see her again. His own face set in a happy, foolish grin as he thought of it. And perhaps next summer, when the new boat came out, she would go sailing with him. He would show her how to take a big steamer through the St. Clair Flats and up the Middle Neebish. He would show her the great locks at the Sault, the strange new aerial bridge over the harbor entrance at Duluth, and the wonderful unloading wharves at Conneaut, with the monster machines that reached down into a vessel's hold and picked up ten tons of ore at a time. He would teach her the lights, and how to run on a range, and the meaning of the passing signals. On the splendid moonlit nights on the open lake they would be alone together on the roof of the pilot-house; or, if it was too stormy for her, too wet and cold, then she would be waiting for him in the office—curled up in one of the big easy-chairs, perhaps—when he came in from a long siege with the wind and rain and the spray.

But that reminded him that it was time to go on deck, and the light died out of his face as he rose and pulled on his big fur coat, and the worry and trouble came back. He wished some one would tell him what he was going to do. He had never before known what it was to be in suspense over his own course. His decisions had always been quick and sharp, and he had seldom had to repent them. Tonight he was all at sea.

The wind had fallen a little when he stepped outside, and there was less sea running than when they left Two Harbors. Perhaps there would n't be any storm, and all this fussing and worrying was useless. But in that case the dreams were useless, too—so much of them, at least, as related to the new boat. It was the last trip of the season, and if the *Manitoupama* made it safely and got into winter quarters he would have to sail her another year. Well, if there was n't going to be any storm, then there certainly was n't any reason why they should n't go outside, around Keweenaw Point. He hated the inner passage, through the Portage Lake Canal. All the captains did. It was safer, probably, in very bad weather, but a man liked to be out in the open lake, where he had elbow-room. So that question was settled. They would go outside.

He went up to the roof of the pilot-house, and opening the little sliding door on the top of the jaw-box he glanced down at the wheelsmen. There were two of them, for the *Manitoupama* steered by hand, and it was often more than one man could do to hold her.

"Bet you the cigars we 'll be in the canal by seven o'clock tomorrow morning," one of them was saying.

"Bet you we wont."

The captain turned away in deeper trouble than ever. They thought they were going inside, and in the bottom of his heart he knew they had a right to think it. The storm was coming, in spite of the moment's calm, and the *Manitoupama* was heavily laden. The open lake was no place for her tonight. Suppose things went wrong and she foundered—foundered too soon, before she could reach the land? He did n't think she would. He knew the *Manitoupama* pretty well, and he was quite sure she would n't. But suppose she did?

It was very, very dark, but just off the starboard bow Devil's Island Light glowed a dull red against the horizon—or where the horizon should have been. There was no line tonight between the sky and the water, nothing but thick, inky blackness above and below. Slowly the light drew nearer, and the captain wondered, dully, what he would do when it was right abeam and the time had come to change the course. He had thought and thought till he could think no more, and he had quit trying to make up his mind, and was only waiting to see what would happen.

Now two white lights appeared, one a little above the other, just outside the lighthouse. A steamer was coming up from Portage Lake, bound for Duluth or Two Harbors. She and the *Manitoupama* would meet a little the other side of Devil's Island, and if the *Manitoupama* headed for the canal they would pass very close to each other. Probably each would have to turn a little to the right, according to the rules of the road, to avoid a collision. But if the *Manitoupama* took the outer course, then they would keep to the left. And again the captain wondered which it would be.

A little longer and the lighthouse was abeam, a mile and a half to the south. The white lights were much nearer, and below them he could see the red and green signal-lamps. It was time to turn, one way or the other, and the captain stepped to the jaw-box. Still he did not know which way the *Manitoupama* was going. But before he could speak there came from the other steamer one deep, short blast of the whistle—"Keep to the right."

The captain caught at his own whistle-rope and gave it two quick jerks—"No. Keep to the left."

"Port a little," he called into the jaw-box.

The second mate gave him a quick, questioning glance, and there was the briefest appreciable pause before one of the wheelsmen answered, "Port a little."

In a moment the other boat's reply came back—two blasts this time—"All right. Just as you say. We 'll keep to the left."

The *Manitoupama* was already swinging, and the compass card swung with her till the needle pointed to the mark for east, northeast, half east.

"Steady," said the captain.

"Steady," answered the wheelsman.

A minute or two more and the boats swept past each other, a scant two hundred yards apart. The red and green signal-lamps and one of the white mast-lights disappeared, the other mast-light fled away into the darkness, the light-house dropped astern, and the *Manitoupama* was alone, heading for the middle of Lake Superior. The thing had happened and the captain knew.

A little after daylight the next morning the heavy, grayish-white curtain of flying snow parted long enough for him to make out the great dark bulk of Keweenaw, fifteen miles away to the southeast. Then it closed in again thicker than ever—not falling, but driving straight across the lake before a forty-mile gale—not in soft flakes, but in hard, sharp, dry particles that cut and stung and blinded. It had been coming that way since midnight, and the faces of the captain and the mate were almost raw. Their ears were frozen, their fingers were stiff and numb, and neither of them was quite sure whether he had any feet or not.

Out of the white gloom ahead a great gray wave came staggering forth, with its front hanging over like the brow of a precipice, and the *Manitoupama* met it head on, with a crash and a bang, as if she had struck something solid. It broke, and for a moment her bows were buried in a smother of foam. A sheet of water went clean over her pilot-house, and a river a foot deep ran aft along the bulwarks and poured out of the scuppers. She lifted gallantly and shook herself free, but only to meet another—and another—and another. Her whole forward portion was weighted down with ice. Icicles hung from the stairs and the railings, and the captain's coat crackled as he tramped back and forth and beat his arms upon his breast. But so far the *Manitoupama* had stood it bravely, and in spite of himself, the captain could not help feeling proud of the way her stout old wooden hull was fighting the storm. She was fully justifying his faith that she would not founder too soon. In fact, thus far, there did n't seem to be much likelihood of her foundering at all, or even giving a man an excuse for beaching her.

At nine o'clock he changed the course to east, southeast, one-eighth east. If his reckoning was right they were off the northernmost point of Keweenaw, and it was time to run for Whitefish Point.

The snow-squalls came and went. Sometimes it was so thick that from the pilot-house one could hardly see the smokestack, and sometimes one could look off three or four miles across the angry water. But even then the curtain was still there, though a little farther away, and it was not till noon that they saw anything but the big gray waves and the *Manitoupama's* own smoke-cloud streaming down to leeward. Then the wind fell; the sea, for a time, was less violent; the snow almost ceased, and off to the right they caught a glimpse of Manitou Island. The captain's reckoning had been perfect, and in ten hours more, if nothing happened, they would be off Whitefish.

A little later the wind began to shift, and within an hour it had circled rapidly to the south, the southwest, the west and at last to the northwest.

"Now it 'll blow," the captain said.

And it did blow. It struck the waves full in the face, and tearing their heads off it whirled them away in volleys of spray that rattled like shot against the *Manitoupama's* deck-houses. Soon it had beaten them flat, and then, almost before one knew what had happened, they were running from the west, bigger and stronger than ever. One after another they came up behind the *Manitoupama,* lifted her on their broad shoulders, and swept her forward like a feather till she slipped from their grasp and fell back into the hollow, only to be picked up by the next one and borne

onward again. They did not hit her as hard as when they came from in front, but they were twisting and wracking her horribly. She was steering very wild, and again and again the captain heard the wheelsmen curse her as they tried in vain to hold her on her course. Next year, he said to himself, he would have a boat with steam steering-gear.

As the afternoon wore away it blew still harder, in fiercer, angrier gusts, till the waves lay down again, fairly ground flat by the force and fury of the gale. It still snowed, at times, and it was growing very cold. Yet the captain and the mate found it, on the whole, a little more endurable than in the morning. There was less spray flying over the pilothouse, and they could turn their backs to the wind and still keep watch ahead.

About the middle of the afternoon the *Manitoupama's* wake began to show red, as if with blood. The twisting and wracking were telling on her she had had to start her pumps, and every drop of water that they forced overboard was stained with iron ore. Like a wounded animal she was leaving the story of her misfortunes written all along her trail, for any one to read who passed that way. And by and by some one came along and read it.

Ever since midnight, save in the brief intervals between the snow-squalls, the whistle had sounded once a minute, as if she were in a fog, and now for several hours another steamer, behind her, had been whistling in reply. The other boat must have been faster than she, for the blasts had come steadily nearer, and just before dark she loomed out of the flying snow and ranged up alongside. It was the *Adjidaumo,* and beside her huge black steel hull, forging so swiftly and quietly through the storm, the *Manitoupama* seemed small and weak and insignificant. Jim Brady was on her pilothouse, and he lifted his megaphone and shouted something across the narrow space between them. It was not far, and Jim's voice was big and powerful, but the wind whirled it away as it left his lips, and he had to call three times before the captain of the *Manitoupama* could hear him.

"I see you 're leaking pretty badly. Shall we stand by?"

The captain caught up his trumpet and shouted angrily, "No! Go ahead! We 'll take care of ourselves."

The *Adjidaumo* went.

Things were worse after nightfall, for the wind slackened just enough to let the waves rise again, and every little while one of them broke over the quarter. She was steering wilder than ever, and the wrenching and straining made her old hull groan. The pumps were hard put to it. But still, with their help, she held her own, and with the wind and waves behind her she was making famous time.

The captain was cold—cold through and through—and tired almost to death. As the hours went by it sometimes seemed to him that he could not stand it a moment longer. Then he would have the steward bring him some coffee, and the scalding hot stuff would put new life into him for a little while. He wished he had gone below for a part of the day and rested and got warmed through, as the mate had. He would have done it, only he wanted to tell that girl how he had stuck to the pilothouse roof for twenty-four hours on end in a gale and a blinding snowstorm. Now and then, between the cups of coffee, he found himself thinking longingly of the moment when the *Manitoupama* should strike the beach—if she ever did strike it. He was n't sure yet whether she would or not, but if she did he could quit. They would have to stay aboard till daylight, of course, and it was likely that the fires would be put out and there would be no more heat, but at least he could go down into the pilot-house and get out of the wind, and perhaps he could rest a little. By morning the life-savers would be on hand. There were four stations along that shore. And the bottom was sandy for a long distance out. It would not be like putting her on the rocks, where she might go to pieces at once.

Three or four hours after dark something happened—something that he was not expecting just yet, though he had known that the *Manitoupama* was running faster than usual. The snow had

ceased for a little while, and of a sudden, straight ahead, he saw a light flash for an instant against the darkness. It was very faint and very far away, and it showed for only a moment and then was gone, but he was sure he had seen it. He glanced around to see if the mate had seen it too, but the mate, like himself, was tramping round and round the roof in a vain endeavor to keep warm, and happened just then to be facing the other way. The wheelsmen made no sign. Doubtless they were too busy with the compass to watch for lights. The captain counted ten, and again he saw that quick flash. And again the mate missed it. A second time he counted, and a third time he—and he alone—caught that faint white gleam. Then the snow came down and he saw it no more. But there could be no mistake about it. It was the lighthouse on Whitefish Point, and behind Whitefish there was shelter and good anchorage. Once there, the *Manitoupama* would be safe. Whatever he did must be done quickly.

"Bob," he said to the mate, "I 'm going down to see how much water there is in the hold. I wont be long."

In a few minutes he was back. "It 's gaining on us," he said.

"Very fast?" asked the mate.

The captain wanted to say "Yes," but he did not quite dare. "Faster than I like," he replied.

For several minutes they stood staring into the thick gloom ahead, seeing nothing but the snow driving through faint circles of light thrown by the lamps. A big sea hit the *Manitoupama* on her port quarter and she staggered heavily. They heard the water falling on her deck.

"Bob," said the captain, gently and soberly, "I guess we 'll make for the beach. The sea 's getting worse all the time, and she 's liable to go down with us most any minute."

There was silence.

"Well," he said, sharply, "if you 've got anything to say, now 's the time to say it."

The mate hesitated. He was a good sailor and a good man, but he had never had to decide a question like this.

"Seems to me we could probably make Whitefish," he said at last, "but you know best."

"You 're the captain," he added, after a little pause.

The skipper straightened up and his lips tightened. He was to take all the responsibility, was he? Very well, he would take it.

"Yes," he said, "I'm the captain. I brought you out here, and now I 'm going to take you ashore."

He stepped to the jaw-box and spoke to the wheelsmen. "Starboard, hard."

Half an hour later the snow ceased again, and of a sudden the clouds broke and the stars looked down. They saw dimly, the dark, angry lake, heaving and tossing in great billows, and all streaked and spotted with whitecaps. They saw the pines twisting and writhing in the gale, or torn up by the roots and lying prostrate on the ground. They saw the brown sand beach, with the breakers storming all over it. They saw a life-saving station, and men patrolling the shore. And they saw an old wooden steamer, covered with ice and rolling her heart out in the trough of the sea, with every wave sweeping clean across her deck, flying full speed for the land.

One of the patrolmen stopped in the lee of a clump of spruces and stared with all his eyes. Out there beyond the breakers were two white mast-lights and a pair of red and green signal-lamps, and the mast-lights showed one right above the other, and the signal-lamps flanked them evenly, at equal distances. She was coming straight at him. He jerked out his Coston light, and for a moment the trees, the snow, the beach, and the charging breakers stood out in the brilliant glare. She could not have helped seeing it, but she never swerved. Straight on she came, till of a sudden the higher white light fell and went out.

"She 's struck!" cried the patrolman, and started for the station on a dead run.

Just then the tail of the snow-squall passed Whitefish Point, and the lighthouse blazed out in plain sight.

At daylight the captain and his crew were gathered in the *Manitoupama's* pilothouse. She was breaking up faster than he had thought she would. Already

the stern was gone, and half the midship section. But, so far, no one was hurt, and for the last three hours a great bonfire had been blazing on the beach to tell them that the life-savers were there. There was no more snow, and the dawn broke clear and bright, with the wind still blowing a gale and the sea running as high as ever. The big, white surf-boat lay far up on the beach, and presently the captain, watching through his glasses, saw the eight men gather around her and rush her toward the water. A little later he caught sight of her riding a big breaker, but in a moment she had dropped down into a hollow and he could not find her again. Five minutes went by without a sign of her. Then he saw a single man moving about on the beach—then another, and another, till all the eight men were in sight. And now he saw the boat, and they were dragging her up out of reach of the breakers. Now they gathered around the fire and seemed to be warming themselves, and now they went back to the boat and tried again. But this time, as far as he could tell, they did not even get her off the beach.

Four times they tried and failed. Then they seemed to be busy with something else, and presently there came a puff of smoke, and a big, pointed projectile leaped into the air and came flying out toward the wreck. The captain could see it plainly, and as it rose higher and higher against the sky he thought, for just a moment, that it would reach them. Then it began to dip, and a little more than halfway out it dropped into the water. Just as it fell there came a crashing sound from behind, and he looked out through the rear windows and saw another section of the hull sink out of sight.

A little cry, half groan, half sob, broke from one of the men, and the captain's face went white, and he leaned against the wall, weak and trembling. Till that shot fell short he had not doubted that the life-savers would reach them, or that, in some way or other, they would make land in safety. Now it came over him like a flash that he had probably killed himself and all his crew, and that he had done it for the sake of something which could never by any possibility be his. In that moment of clear vision he saw things as the girl would see them, and as he looked around at his frightened men, and thought of what would almost certainly come to them within another hour, and of the wives and children that some of them had left ashore, he knew that even if by some miracle they should still be saved, and even though the company should give him the finest steamer afloat, he could never look her in the face again.

Four hours went by, and the pilothouse was still there, though behind it nearly everything was gone. A hundred times the captain had thought that it, too, was going. Yet it stood. Perhaps the great weight of ice that had accumulated over and around it helped to hold it steady. And the wind was falling, and the waves were not quite so heavy. If it could hold together an hour or two longer there was a chance that it might outlive the storm. But the captain knew it could not, for even now, little by little, it was settling beneath their feet. Once more he leveled his glasses on the land. The wild stretch of angry, heaving water that lay between was all green and gold in the sunshine, and in spite of himself he could not help thinking that he had never seen it more glorious. Beyond, just under the dark wall of the woods, was the beach where the life-savers were waiting, and now, as he watched, he saw them leave their fire and gather once more around the surf-boat.

"They 're going to try it again, boys!" he cried. "They ought to make it this time."

The crew crowded about him and he talked a steady stream of words, telling them every move of the men on the beach, and doing his best to hearten them. For their sakes he was glad. For his own he did not greatly care whether the life-savers reached the *Manitoupama* or not.

Again the boat shot out into the breakers, and for a time the captain saw nothing more of her. By and by he caught a glimpse of something white that hung poised for a moment on the

crest of a wave and then dipped out of sight. Presently he saw it again, and it seemed to him that it was a very little nearer. Once more it appeared, and this time he was sure. Half an hour later she pulled up under the *Manitoupama's* bow.

The doors of the pilothouse were blocked with ice, but the men had broken the windows and were out on deck. The captain caught the painter and made it fast, and one by one they climbed over the rail and leaped into the boat, watching their chance as she rose and fell on the waves.

"Got about enough, have n't you?" he asked, when it seemed to him that she had about as heavy a load as she could carry.

The captain of the life-saving crew looked the wreck over critically.

"Pretty near," said he. "Think you 'll last till we can get back?"

"Dont know."

"Come on, then. We 'll take a few more. But you 'll have to lie down in the bottom."

Man after man leaped, till only the captain and the mate were left. And now the captain of the life-savers shook his head. "Cant take any more," said he. "We 'll have to come back for you."

The captain of the *Manitoupama* cast off the line, and he and the mate watched the boat as she moved heavily away. Her gunwales were almost awash, and again and again the waves went over her, but she was a self-bailer and she floated. The wind was fair, and every sea swept her onward toward the land.

"They 'll make it all right," said the mate.

"Yes," said the captain, soberly.

"I dont care much about myself, Bob," he added, "but I wish there 'd been room for you."

"Guess we can hang on till they get back," said the mate, cheerfully.

But even as he spoke there was a tearing, rending sound, and they turned just in time to see the pilothouse disappear. There was left only the small piece of bow on which they were standing.

The surf-boat was out of sight and they thought she must have reached the beach.

"She ought to be starting back pretty soon," said the captain.

He still had his glasses, and he leveled them once more on the land and looked long and hungrily.

"There they are," he said at last. "I can see some of the men on the shore."

"Look out!" shouted the mate, and he lifted his head and saw the biggest, heaviest sea that had rolled in for an hour advancing upon them. It struck the wreck with a crash, and the *Manitoupama* was gone.

The captain's cork jacket brought him to the surface and he looked about him. The mate was close by, and all around were broken planks and fragments of the vessel.

"Hello, Bob!" he called. "How are you making it?"

There was no answer, and he looked again and saw that the blood was running from a wound in the mate's forehead. The captain swam to him, caught him by the coat, and towed him to the largest piece of wreckage within reach—part of the starboard side of the bow, with a heaving-line still hanging from the peg in the railing. Long afterward the mate thought, but was not quite sure, that he had a hazy recollection of some one working fiercely over him, hauling him aboard the little raft, and lashing him fast.

With the other end of the line fastened about his own waist the captain crouched upon the planks, half lying and half sitting, and he tried in vain to make himself comfortable and secure. The raft was floating very low, so low that every wave washed over his feet and legs and slapped the mate in the face. Bob would drown if that kept on, and to stop it the captain took his head upon his knee and held it there. Thus they drifted for a little while. Suddenly the raft gave a lurch, and the captain caught at it to save himself from sliding off. The mate's head slipped back into the water, and when he tried to lift it again he could not. His hands were frozen.

He looked for the surf-boat, but it was nowhere in sight. He lifted up his voice and shouted and yelled and screamed, but no answer came. There was no help —no hope. And he was cold—cold—

cold. He had never dreamed a man could suffer so. And Bob was dying—drowning and freezing—and he could not help him, and it was all his fault. The captain's voice failed him, his face twitched, and he broke down and cried like a little child.

Then, as his eyes fell once more upon the mate's face, an idea came to him. There was still one thing he could do—one last chance to set himself right—and without stopping to think about it he rolled over the side, into the water.

The heaving-line kept him from drifting away, and he managed to pull himself up to the edge of the raft to see what the effect had been. It was good. The planks were floating higher, and the waves were no longer washing the mate's face. Bob might freeze, but there was at least a chance that he would not drown.

As for himself, he was more comfortable here than on the raft. The water was warmer than the air, and he did not suffer quite so much. Only it was hard to keep his face out. He was so numb, so weak, so drowsy. But it was good to be out of pain—and—and— Anyhow, he had done what he could for Bob.

The bright blue sky grew dark, the sunshine faded, the voice of the wind and the lapping of the waves died into stillness, and the captain was asleep.

The new boat was launched in June. They say she is a money-maker.



A Ranger

By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.

He never makes parade of tooth or claw;
He's as plain as us that nurse the bawlin' herds;
He has got a rather meanin'-lookin' jaw,
But he's shy of exercisin' it with words.
As a circuit-ridin' preacher of the law
All his arguments are short but seldom fail—
He is just a common Ranger, just a quick-eyed
pilgrim stranger,
And he labors with the sinners of the trail.

Once a man he knifed a woman, jealous mad;
Then hit southward with the old, old killer's plan,
And nobody missed the woman very bad
And they'd just a little rather missed the man.
But the ranger crossed his trail and sniffed it glad,
And he loped away to bring him back again.
'Cause he stood for peace and order 'long the sunny,
lonesome Border,
And his business was to hunt for sinful men.

And the trail it led him southward all the day
Thro' the dead, bright country of the thorn and snake,
Where the sun had drove the very swifts from play
To the shade of rock and bush and yucca stake;
And the mountains heaved and rippled far away,
And the desert broiled as on the devils' prong,
But he didn't mind the devil, if his head kep' clear
and level,
And the hoofs beat out a clear and steady song.

Came the yellow west and on a far-off rise,
Somethin' black crawled up and dropped beyond the rim,
And he reached his rifle out and rubbed his eyes,
While he cussed the southern hills for growin' dim.
Down a hazy *'royo* came the coyote cries
Like they laughed at him because he lost his mark;
And the smile that brands a fighter pulled his mouth a little tighter
As he set his spurs and rode on through the dark.

Came the moonlight and a trail that wriggled higher
Through the mountains that looked into Mexico,
Where the shadows strung his nerves like banjo wire
And the miles and minutes dragged unearthly slow,—
Till a black mesquite spit out a thread of fire
And the cañon rocks flung thunder back again,
And he caught himse'f and fumbled with his rifle while he grumbled
That his bridle arm had weight enough for ten.

Then his rifle pointed wavylike and slack,
And he grabbed for leather at his hawse's shy,
Yet he sent a soft-nosed exhortation back
That convinced the sinner—just above the eye.
So the sinner sprawled among the shadows black
And the Ranger drifted north beneath the moon,
Wobblin' crazy in his saddle, workin' hard to stay astraddle,
While the hoofs beat out a sorry, stumblin' tune.

And the sheriff rose up early out of bed,
And he stared and vowed his soul a total loss
When he saw the droopy thing all blotched with red
That was ridin' in aboard a tremblin' hawse.
But "I got 'im," was the most of what he said.
And you couldn't hire him now to tell the tale
For he's just a humble ranger, just a bashful pilgrim stranger,
And he labors with the sinners of the trail.



OUR TEMPLE HOME.

Housekeeping in a Japanese Buddhist Temple

By Aline Shane Devin

FROM the time we left America, it was a foregone conclusion with Elizabeth and me that we should signalize our stay in Japan by establishing ourselves in a Japanese house and regulating our uprisings, and downsittings, particularly the latter, in as proper Japanese fashion as our western limitations would allow.

"For," as my friend was fond of saying in her serious-minded way, "if we put ourselves into the real native environment, it will make it so much easier to get close to the people and learn to understand them."

Subsequently, we found that the difficulty was not in getting close to our new neighbors, but rather in keeping them a breathing-space away, for, if there is one thing more than another that the average Japanese seems to love it is, quite literally, "getting in touch" with the stranger from the West.

Later, it was decided to postpone the learning-to-understand part of the program to another, and more leisurely, incarnation.

We had supposed that, of course, our new domestic experiment would be carried on in an ordinary Japanese house, but when the dazzling possibility of becoming temporary tenants of a temple was offered us, we accepted the amendment with enthusiasm, not pausing to inquire, until later, how so picturesque and unexpected an opportunity could occur.

The explanation when it came was quite simple, for it appears that the materialistic tendencies of the age have combined with the dis-establishment of Buddhism as a state religion to so reduce the revenues of the temples of that faith that its priests are often glad to rent such of their buildings as they can dispense with, for the sake of the much-needed addition to their income.

So it came about, easily and pleasantly enough, that we presently found ourselves living within the sacred precincts of the ancient temple of Tofukuji, in the midst of a beautiful old park whose high walls run for many a *cho,* enclosing a domain which, though much curtailed in these later years, is still very extensive.

During the slow-passing of the centuries its trees have grown tall, close and lichen-painted and scattered among them, with a picturesque gate showing here, a tile - covered roof there, a lantern-hung porch yonder, stands what remains of this venerable, ecclesiastical foundation that was in the plenitude of its glory and power when Columbus started on his adventurous voyage.



"A SMALL SUNKEN COURT WITH A CAMELLIA TREE AND SPIREA IN THE CENTER."

To the occidental mind there is so great an incongruity between the idea of a temple and that of a home, that a reconcilement of the two seems impossible, but once familiar with the plan of the usual Oriental temple and the metamorphosis becomes extremely simple.

In this far Eastern country a temple, whether Buddhist or Shinto, is not a single structure, but a collection of buildings of which the main one only is devoted to purely religious purposes, the others containing the Treasury, the Library, a Hall of Meditation, and the Living Apartments of the Priests.

It is in one of these latter, formerly occupied by the abbots themselves, that we have set up our household gods who seem to fraternize harmoniously enough with the placid-faced, serene-eyed image that still looks forth from its dusky shrine in the Budda-room.

The architectural design of our temple - home is very simple. It is built around a small, sunken court which is surrounded by a narrow, open corridor that gives access to most of the rooms. In the center of the court stands a spirea and a camellia - tree, the light and feathery foliage of the one mingling with the dark, glossy leaves of the other along the edges of whose close, folded buds, when we first took possession, a crimson line was just beginning to show. The ground is covered with a thick carpet of delicate-hued mosses and all around the outer edge, tall ferns droop their graceful fronds.

The building has fifteen rooms, straggles over considerable ground, and is surrounded on all sides by an open gallery which can be closed by slipping some movable screens into their grooves.

The rooms are all of very comfortable size—the monks of old evidently liked plenty of space around them—the partitions being composed of the universal,



HALL OF MEDITATION.

and convenient *shoji* with which, in recent times, the Western world has become so familiar.

Contrary to all expectation, we found cupboards galore in our new home, some so high we tip-toed to reach even the lower shelves, some so low they could only be explored on hands and knees.

The Buddha, sitting so quietly, and with so detached an air, in the soft twilight of his shrine, had two beautiful cabinets all to himself, which was felt to



A PICTURESQUE GATE.

be so manifestly unjust that both were promptly confiscated, one for the pure convenience of the intrusive worldlings, the other as a tacit rebuke to the god of things as they used to be.

There are also two spacious clothes-presses large enough to contain the wardrobe of a woman of fashion. In former days one held the reigning abbot's robes of ceremony, the other his every-day garments.



GOING TO THE INARI FESTIVAL.

High walls enclose the outer court which is shut off from a large inner one by another line of wall running at right angles. Both are pierced by single gateways the doors of which can be secured only from within, so it is always necessary that some member of the family shall remain at home to keep out intruders.

The same peculiarity holds good for the house itself, its doors fastening from the inside only, and even then after a most ineffectual fashion, which, so far as I was able to learn, is the case with all Japanese buildings.

From the main gateway a path, the stones of which are inserted on the "hit-or-miss" pattern, leads into the *'rickshaw* room, which is on a level with the ground. From here two low, broad steps where, theoretically, we always exchange our outdoor shoes for soft, heelless slippers, take us up to an anteroom, thence to a tiny reception-room, and so on to the living part of the house.

The fine, wadded matting, called *tatami,* made in a single, prescribed and uniform size, covers all the floors except those of the corridors; a pampered western taste has added sundry rugs, a table and some chairs which, though we feel mutely apologetic for them when a Japanese friend calls, we are unable to entirely relinquish.

For a few nights we went bravely to bed on the floor, *a la Japonaise,* between *futuns,* thickly-wadded quilts that make very comfortable sleeping couches, but when we discovered, as we speedily did, that we were not the only tenants of the temple, and that a large family of bright-eyed, long-tailed natives had squatter rights in it which they were determined to maintain, first one, then another of us quietly, almost stealthily, acquired cot-beds, thus adding another incongruity to our Japanese home.

We have two kitchens; one, level with the ground, has an earth floor, and contains a charcoal range with three holes of graduated size, also a movable tin oven which we suspect to be of foreign origin. The second one, several feet higher, is used mainly as a storeroom, though always called the upper kitchen, and here the men-servants, when luxuriously inclined, sit down to eat, smoke and chat, functions

generally performed on the wing, as it were.

Besides its foreign chatelaines, our household consists of a young Japanese student who acts as interpreter and general buffer between us and a frankly amused public; Nakamura, who combines in his one most efficient little body so many offices that it is difficult to classify him, since he is cook, butler, dish-washer, and *'ricksha*-man; his mother, who is always called *O Ba San*, or Honorable Old Woman, which she certainly is, and whose duties are almost as many and varied as those of her son. Then there is the wife of Nakamura, Kiri, or The Mist, though anything less mist-like than her plump young person it would be difficult to imagine, and who, seldom seen, never heard, slips quietly about the house humbly doing the work that no one else wishes to do, apologizing with every sibilant breath for presuming to exist at all.

Nakamura was already married when he entered our service, but Wife Number One proving a crown of thorns instead of one of joy, he divorced her and O Ba San selected Kiri for the vacant place.

It was only after much persuasion. almost indeed a command, that our factotum consented to properly present his new bride to the heads of the household, and when he made his reluctant entrance, with The Mist creeping timidly behind, he announced briefly, and most truthfully: "She is very awkward."

Looking at her we concluded that she must have been chosen for some more enduring qualities than that of mere beauty, which was conspicuously absent; later we learned that she was considered an adept in the art of arranging the hair, but she certainly never exercised her skill on her own behalf as her tresses always hung about her face in a most untidy fashion.

In addition to these four, who live under the same roof with us, there is Nishao, the second *'ricksha*-man, who reports for duty each morning.

Now, Nishao is Elizabeth's special property, or, more accurately speaking, she is his, and nothing can exceed the care and attention he bestows upon her. When she steps out of the *'risksha*, he gathers up everything that could be stolen and coming promptly to heel, follows her closely wherever she goes.

Does she shop? Lo, the deeply-interested Nishao is at her side, examining what she examines, and frankly approving, or disapproving, style or material according to the dictates of his own untrammeled judgment. Does she go to the dress-maker? He follows her into the fitting-room and is obviously surprised and hurt when requested to withdraw. Does she bathe? Ah! here Nishao feels is the work for which he is specially engaged and adapted, but on the first, and only occasion, when he



A HAUGHTY SAMURAI OF OLDEN DAYS RIDING OUT OF THE PAST TO TAKE PART IN THE FESTIVAL OF SPRING.



"NO ONE IS EVER TOO BUSY TO BECOME PART OF OUR AUDIENCE."

undertook to put his confident theory into practice, he met with a rebuff of so astonishing and stinging a character that it was enough to discourage the most willing and optimistic of Japanese servants.

Later, when telling how her too-zealous attendant had made his appearance in the bath-room just as she was on the point of stepping into the altogether, Elizabeth, whose one failing is a lack of humor, was still so angry that she almost wept; Nishao's expression for the rest of the day, however, was that of bewildered and injured innocence, with now and then a gleam of indignation when he thoughtfully fingered a weather-beaten cheek.

Usually we are awakened early by an ecstatic chorus of birds trilling, chirping, twittering, cooing; but our day properly begins about seven o'clock when Nakamura appears, bringing tea, toast and eggs. With him we exchange morning greetings in Japanese which, being simply the familiar name of that one of our states which seems to have formed the confirmed habit of turning out presidents, is safer than most remarks we attempt in that language, and leaves comparatively little opportunity for misunderstandings. A half-hour later, O Ba San, bent almost double with age, hard work and politeness, trots in with hot water, smiling a cheerful, toothless smile and bowing an incredible number of times. To her also we cry, "*O-hi-o!*" a salutation she returns with a manner in which deference and friendliness are perfectly blended.

Between early tea and tiffin, the latter a movable feast occurring any time from ten to twelve that happens to suit Nakamura's convenience, we potter about the house or wander through the grounds armed with camera and phrase-book, preparing to snap the first, or throw random selections from the second, at anyone coming within convenient distance.

Our efforts to acquire, and, above all, our attempts to use, the Japanese language are a source of great amusement to all our servants as well as to the temple dependents who evidently regard us as a holy show and, being very much children of nature, see no reason why they should conceal their opinions.

Tiffin, when it finally appears is usually a compromise between American

and Japanese food with, however, strong leanings toward the latter for, though it begins with a cereal, it invariably progresses to fish, continues with fish, and, if Nakamura has been given a free hand with the menu, is apt to conclude with more fish.

She-who-must-be-obeyed, naturally occupies the head of the table—it is only on occasions of great ceremony that we can bring ourselves to sit on the floor at our meals—and it is one of her chiefest pleasures to summon the cook from his kitchen, three rooms away, by tapping on a quaint, old temple-bell, recognized by the family to be as the apple of her eye. To this call Nakamura always replies with a cheerful, informal whoop, not following in person until he is quite ready, as we know beforehand will be the case.

After tiffin, if the weather be pleasant, we go out in our *'rickshas,* sometimes on regular sight-seeing excursions, ourselves speedily becoming the cynosure of all eyes.

If the time be May, we are pretty sure to fall in with one of the many great religious festivals with which that month is thickly sprinkled.

One day, we will meet, and be swept along with, a crowd of sturdy coolies eagerly rushing up to the temple of the great Inari whence they will presently return dancing, singing and tossing aloft the ponderous cars in which that most popular goddess and her colleagues take their annual outing.

Or, we may help swell the triumphal procession that celebrates the ancient, but never-forgotten victories of the famous Hideyoshi over the Koreans; or join those who wander among the stately groves of the Kamo Garo, gazing in awed admiration at a haughty *samurai* of olden days as he rides out of the past to take part in the Festival of Spring, or watch the many worshipers as they bow before the venerable Shinto shrine.

Perhaps we go to see the annual parade of the "painted women" of Kyoto, or stop at a temple-entrance while smug-faced priests pace slowly by, some in sober black, some like Solomon in his glory.

But, oftenest of all, we go for the mere pleasure of a drive through the narrow, busy streets, full to us of unending interest, and of visiting the tiny shops whose novel and beautiful contents make such irresistible appeals to our purses.

But whenever and wherever we appear in public, we are left in no manner of doubt as to the emotions we inspire in the native population. As we pass through the streets they regard us with undisguised curiosity, pointing amused fingers in our very faces, and calling all their neighbors to hurry out and have a look at these strange creatures.

When we stop at a shop, a crowd collects instantly and, as the excitement spreads, we can hear the clatter of the wooden *getas** far up the street while additional spectators come dashing up breathlessly inquiring:

"What is it? Where is it? Let me see, too!"

No one ever seems too busy to become a part of our audience, and the comprehensive stare they, each and all, bestow upon us, a stare that embraces and ridicules our persons, our garments and our manners, the swift exchange of remarks, and the frequent bursts of laughter, all serve to convince us that if there ever was a more con-



"WHICH HE FONDLY SUPPOSES TO BE ENGLISH."

*Getas are the high, wooden pattens used by the Japanese for streetwear.

sumedly funny sight than that which a foreign woman presents, no son of Nippon, at least, has as yet seen it.

It is not, however, until we begin to air our Japanese vocabulary that we fully realize how much we are really adding to the mirth of the nation. Of course, the exact phrase needed is seldom to be found at the crucial moment but, Murray having thoughtfully provided us with a glossary, it is our habit, in times of stress, to turn to it and compile our own sentences.

guage through study of a phrase-book, throws considerable light upon the idiomatic construction of that language, and one soon ceases to be surprised at the fearful and wonderful sentences composed by a native in writing what he fondly supposes to be pure English.

To illustrate, for example, the constructive peculiarities of Japanese, the proper greeting, after ten o'clock A. M., to an acquaintance would, in that language, be *"Konnichi wa!"* the literal rendering of which into English is "To-day as for!" If you should further de-



AN IMPROMPTU SERVICE IN THE BUDDHA-ROOM.

Not unnaturally, the results are, to put it mildly, more than astonishing, a fact of which we are speedily apprised by the shrieks of laughter with which they are greeted.

Our one consolation under these somewhat trying circumstances, is that nothing we can say can possibly be any funnier than the free and unfettered English in which the Japanese so often revel; the sole drawback to this comfort being that our convulsed audiences do not, and never will, know it.

Even the very superficial acquaintance to be gained of the Japanese lan-

sire to convey some agreeable assurances concerning the weather, you add, if courage and vocabulary hold out, *"yoi tenki de gozaimasu,"* which translates into "good weather by is."

Desirous of information, you must say, *"Shirashite kudaisai,"* that is "Informing condescend," and, if doubting the accuracy of that which you have been told, you are rude enough to say so, the correct form is *"So ja nai!"* or "So by isn't."

The caution, "You must n't touch it," is, literally, "As for touching, is no go." To ask the porter concerning your lug-

gage, you say, "Luggage of preparation as for good?" Wishing to inquire as to the objects of interest in a new neighborhood, you will say, "Here as see things as for, what are?" and if that sentence leaves you perfectly sane and collected, you may be sure that yours is an unusually strong mind.

The two sentences that I learned earliest, and which stood my firm and useful friends from first to last were, *"Sore wa takai!"* and *"Sukoshi o make nasai!"* both quite as necessary in shopping as one's purse, the one, freely rendered, meaning: "That is too dear"; the other, "You must reduce the price"; the Japanese construction, however, would make the first read: "That as for dear," and the second, "Little honorably cheapening deign."

Our neighbors, the monks, are disposed to be very friendly, and it was no uncommon occurrence for them when making a call, to endeavor to give us, at the same time, a little spiritual uplift by an impromptu religious service in the Buddha-room.

Hospitality, however, is by no means, entirely on our side, for never do the monks of Tofukuji give a feast but that we, their friends and tenants, are cordially bidden to it, and, if we are unable to attend, a generous portion of most appetizing Buddhist food is sent over to us.

What matters it if, when we do accept their invitation, a table is standing by the door through which we enter with suggestive little piles of money heaped upon it here and there? What claim have we on this impoverished priesthood that it should give us of its substance without money or price?

So we add our offerings to those of the other guests, are conducted to the chamber of honor, where everything is served on red-lacquered ware, instead of on the black as is the case in the room where those of lesser degree are entertained, and arranging our reluctant western legs under us, proceed to make ourselves as comfortable and agreeable as a constrained position, and a very limited vocabulary, will permit.

At night, into my dreamland, there often pulses a deep, musical note and, rousing momentarily, I recognize the vibrant tones of the great temple-bell, and know that a sleepy-eyed young priest stands below it, swinging the huge beam that frees the hidden music from its prison of bronze.

Sometimes we enter the main temple at service-time and stand with quiet reverence while the procession of priests circle round and round the altar.

Clad in the gorgeous robes that have served so many generations of the priests of Tofukuji, they go through the imposing ritual of Buddhism, now bending low before the altar, now sweeping slowly to the rear with beseeching hands lifted high, and always chanting a low, monotonous refrain while, from swinging censers, fragrant incense clouds rise to the darkened ceilings and curl around the bowed head, and benignant face, of the great image of Buddha.

The walks through Tofukuji's broad, winding avenues are many, varied and all beautiful. Whether we linger where the sunlight sifts through the leaves of the wide-spreading maples that are one of the old monastery's chief beauties; or, leaning over the Sacred Bridge, watch the swift passing of the mountain stream that, far below, hurries between the greenest of banks to join the shallow waters of the Kamo River; or pause to look, half-fearfully, into the tangled depths of the dark grove popularly supposed to be the immemorial home of the Spirit of the Woods, the one-time friend, and original patron, of the Brotherhood of Tofukuji, we love it all and, to the very marrow of our bones, feel that it is good for us to be here.

But the walk that gives the completest satisfaction leads up the wooded slope of the hill, past a perfect labyrinth of Shinto arches that gleam darkly red amid the surrounding sea of green; past a stone-enclosed space where, each in his turn, the abbots of Tofukuji are laid to rest, up to the summit's rounded crest from which we can look out over leagues of country, can see miles of fertile valley, scores of scattered villages, the broken gleam of Kamo's pebbly stream, and many hundred pointed temple roofs.

Over man's work, as over God's a deep peace broods, both seeming sunk in that holy meditation for the practice of which the great monastery was established.

We know what pleasures and interests await us below; we know that Nakamura has brewed the tea, that O Ba San prepared the toast, and that both will lose flavor by our delay, yet it is always reluctantly that we leave the heights and come down to the everyday life of the lower levels.

In the Wheat Pit

By Alan Brackinreed

"These men are wanting o' the courage of the Green Cloth. Too far from brave enough to face Society across a faro table or behind a roulette wheel, but gamblers all of them, they take refuge in the conventional reputability of the wheat pit, and daily juggle with the price of bread. And what a field their rake-off comes from! Not for them the few pikers and plungers who of their own volition seek the green baize, but the World's Hunger pays them tribute in every mouthful, and starving men beyond the farthest seas, who never know the croupiers whom they feed out of their leanness make these others fat!"

Do I exaggerate, my masters? You say I do?
Look, then, to India!
This year Famine 's there, Famine and Death,
But still the bull campaign draws wheat from India;
Not so much in bushels as before, but more in lives than ever.
Aye, lives!
For every counter in your Game of Chance you draw from India
Some wretched Hindu must lay down his life!
A life for ev'ry bushel!

And do you reck o' this in the market place?
Hardly, my masters!
Search all the lore of gainful market news,
And you will search in vain
For brother-feeling in the poor ryot's plight.
All regret is for your own non-getting;
All expression runs that way,
And ne'er a word for pity, nor a pound for help.
You play your game,
And lives and bushels thrown upon the tables now
You count no more than bushels all alone
In ordinary times.

'Tis true, this week, e'en as you say, or that,
There were no bushels drawn from India—
'Tis a small mercy, masters, and not yours!
'Twas not for pity done, but that none offered in the market place,
That you went empty-handed thence of heathen bushels and of heathen lives.

Aye, heathen!
There is no Christian famine even now in India!
"The hand that Governs first dips in the pot,
"The hand that Fills may empty bear away!"
No famine stays their errand who assess
Their tithes and your adventures on the Poor
Of India.
Well-fed they go—'Tis easy being Christian and well-fed—
Well-fed they go among the farmers' lean and leaner crops,
The Twins of Alien Rule,
Tax Gatherer one, and the other Grain Grabber yclept—
And Death and Famine glean where'er these others reap!

Spin the ball, my masters, spin the ball!
Play your game! On with your riot!
The world will call it still reputable enow,
God wot!

Nor let a thought of hunger-riven souls disturb your play,
They die but once, and they are far away!

Play up the game! 'Tis reputable.
Play up, play up!
On the black! On the red!
Well-spun, masters, well-spun!

Donna Pilar's Other Lover

By Jennie Pritchett Banks

DONNA PILAR was happy. She loved the warm summer night, sweet with roses. She loved the starlight. And she loved to coquette with Don Rodrigo de Gusman. Donna Pilar was young.

"Rodrigo!"

"Yes."

"Dont go. I wish I could come down and sit with you in the rose garden!"

"I would not let you. These are profligate times, Pilar. But are you sure you would come down if you might?"

"Yes. I love the roses."

"Say: 'And Rodrigo!'"

"And Rodrigo loves the roses."

"Pilar, say: 'I love you, Rodrigo.' Please!"

"Whether I do or not?"

"Say it and mean it."

The girl thrust a beautiful little face with a cloud of fine-spun hair into the moonlight. "Rodrigo," she whispered, "I thought I saw a shadow over against the arbor. Perhaps you are watched. Go!"

"Not until you say you love me."

"Rodrigo!"

"Yes."

"Did you know that the King comes to see me?"

"Yes!"

"Rodrigo, I am afraid!"

"For yourself?" The man spoke quickly.

"No; for you. Suppose he is setting a spy to watch you!"

"The spy will have something to report, for I am going to stand here until you say that you love me."

Donna Pilar leaned far out of the window, stretching her small hands down as far as they would go. "I love you, Rodrigo!" she said clearly.

Her surrender was so unexpected that the man was almost stunned by it. He had only one word with which to answer her. "Pilar, Pilar!" she heard him say "Pilar!"

"Go!"

"Pilar, I feel as though life could never be quite so sweet again as it is tonight. It would be a good time to die with your 'I love you, Rodrigo!' ringing in my ears."

"Oh, Rodrigo, go, go!"

It was in the reign of Peter the Cruel, and the girl's fears were not groundless. She pulled herself inside the window hastily and shut the casement lest the man should linger. A dread possessed her that he would be followed and perhaps harmed. His family was one of the most influential in Seville, but the King was the King, and Cruel.

The sound of smothered voices aroused her from her thoughts, and she hastily opened the window, noiselessly.

"So it 's well met, Don Rodrigo de Gusman!"

"You have the advantage of me."

"The friends of Donna Pilar should not be strangers."

"The friends of Donna Pilar do not wear masks nor skulk about like one of the King's bravos!"

"Nor," returned the masked man, making each word clear-cut and sharp as a sword's thrust, "do the King's courtiers visit with impunity the King's mistress."

If Don de Gusman had not drawn his sword at the word the girl would have flown down the stairs, dragged it from him, and thrust at the man herself. She was almost of royal blood and as proud as a queen.

But the blades flashed in the half-light. Rodrigo was at a disadvantage, for the other man was cool and prepared,

while the lover was enervated with the excitement of the interview with Donna Pilar and furious at the term which had been applied to her.

The girl had watched but a moment when it became evident to her that the stranger would wound the other. She ran across the corridor. "Father!" she called. "Father, Rodrigo and another man are fighting in the street, and Rodrigo is weakening! Quick!"

She waited only to hear that her father was awake and dressing to return to the window. The masked man stood with his disguise partly awry gazing down at the ground. At his feet lay de Gusman.

Donna Pilar was about to rush into the street when her father's hand put her firmly, if gently, aside. "Stay where you are, Pilar," he said, quietly. "The servants are coming. The street is no place for women."

And so she had to wait within until the little crowd of men came back, bearing the form of the man who had so ardently wooed her a half-hour before. Even then she stood quietly aside until her father called her.

"Come!"

Pilar knelt down and put her arms timidly about the carefully bandaged body. Her lips only brushed the man's lest they should stop his feeble breathing. "I love you," she said. "Oh, Rodrigo, I love you, I love you, I love you!"

The man smiled. "I said it would be good—"

And so Rodrigo de Gusman, descendant of a hundred heroes, died for the honor of his beloved.

All day Donna Pilar sat in her room, her brown eyes fixed and beautiful. Toward evening, Rodrigo's mother came to her. She also was a beautiful woman with the beauty which comes from sorrow. She had lived twenty years in the reign of Peter the Cruel.

The two women held each other silently and without tears. After a while the mother spoke. "You loved my boy, Pilar?"

"Most deeply."

"Do you know who stabbed him?"

"I do."

The eyes of the two women met and then dropped.

"There is no vengeance for Rodrigo de Gusman," the mother said quietly.

Toward evening the Governor came. He had known the girl from babyhood, and she did not refuse to see him.

"Pilar, your father says you know the name of the man who stabbed Rodrigo. Will you tell it to me?"

The girl was silent.

"I know you must shrink from talking about this," the man went on gently, "but you know that there is a law that no duel shall be fought in the kingdom, and I am responsible for its being enforced."

Still the girl was silent.

"Do you know who was the other man?"

"Yes, Sir Governor."

"Will you tell me his name?"

"I cannot." The girl's voice was very low.

The Governor knew men and he knew women. He went over and sat down near the girl. "Listen, Pilar," he said quietly, "and then decide for yourself what you may do:

"Last night very late the King summoned me. 'Sir Alcaide,' he began, 'I am informed that a duel was fought in Seville this evening and one of the men was killed. Duelling is against the law. I demand from you the name of the surviving combatant.' "

" 'Believe me, your Majesty,' I replied, 'I had no knowledge of this affair. Perhaps the man has already escaped and crossed into the Moorish frontier.'

" 'Then I will hang the Governor in his place,' the King made answer. 'I will make an example of you for negligent Governors. Unless in three days you produce the survivor and hang him before my eyes, you swing from the gibbet. The death of such a man as Don Rodrigo de Gusman shall not go unavenged.' "

The Governor paused.

"It is not possible!"

"My wife went to him and kneeled to him, begging him to at least give me more time, and he walked away, leaving her kneeling by his chair."

Donna Pilar, the coquette, the woman who had laughed with many a handsome and noble lover, who had even dared to smile and frown, as fancy dictated, at King Peter the Cruel, stood gazing at the Governor with her small hands clasped tight behind her. Her brown eyes were dark and beautiful with the intensity of her thoughts. The black robes she had donned trailed about her slim figure. The Governor looked at her with pity.

"Pilar, you know I would n't bring you into danger even to save my own head." He paused. "But my brave wife is half mad with sorrow, and my girl and boy—"

With her hands still clenched behind her, Donna Pilar leaned forward and put her lips to the Governor's ear.

On the morning of the third day Donna Pilar sat quietly by her father when the crowd gathered to hear the Governor's report. The crowd, too, was quiet, for the Governor was well loved, and there was no hope entertained that his life would be saved. The usual whispering and jesting which was wont to accompany an execution was missing. Then the Governor came in and stood aside until the King should appear to occupy the royal chair.

Donna Pilar looked at the erect, noble figure of her Governor and her pulse quickened with pride in him. And then she saw the King enter. Neither of the men had glanced her way, but she knew that each had satisfied himself where she sat and that in the thoughts of each she was uppermost. Then Peter spoke.

"Well, Sir Alcaide, have you found the offender?" The tone was not that which an appreciative sovereign uses to his loyal Governor.

"I have, your Majesty."

The King paused, whether in surprise or anger, Donna Pilar could not tell. Then he spoke again.

"There must be no deception practised here, Sir Governor. Unless you can produce ample proof that the man you have found is the real criminal the Court is seeking, you hang in his stead."

"The gibbet is ready," the Governor replied, clearly. "The criminal has been found. Will your Majesty precede us to the place of execution?"

The King rose and, followed by his courtiers, he moved rapidly to the spot where, dangling in the air, hung the rope from which the duellist was to swing. All the preparations were complete.

Again the King spoke. "One profligate the less will do the kingdom no harm, Sir Alcaide. Let the execution proceed. But, remember, that should the wrong man hang from yonder gibbet you will quickly take his place."

Promptly and with perfect serenity the Governor gave the order for the trap door in the scaffold to be opened; the rope had disappeared. The crowd gazed fascinated. Only Donna Pilar kept her eyes fixed upon the King.

It seemed to the girl that the crowd suddenly gave one frightened, sobbing breath, and then she allowed her eyes to travel to the scaffold. The noose again dangled in the air, and hanging by the neck was an effigy of the King.

Never before had such absolute, terrible silence reigned in Seville.. Donna Pilar felt no fear. The hands she had stretched out in surrender to her lover lay clasped together in her lap.

Slowly, and as one turns his gaze from one unimportant object to another equally so, Donna Pilar let her glance travel from the effigy of her sovereign to the sovereign himself. Her lovely dark eyes, so different from the bright orbs with which the careless little coquette had been wont to regard the King met his. For one half-second Peter the Cruel, and Donna Pilar looked full at each other. The crowd held its breath.

The King's hand groped for a support and then steadied itself against a pillar. His voice was not loud, but in that intense stillness it carried to the farthest limits of the assembly.

"I am satisfied, Sir Alcaide. Justice has been done."

DRAMA



After the Play

The Season in New York

By William Winter

THE theatrical season of 1908-1909, in New York, now ended, was signalized, toward its close, by a surprising access of moral indignation,—several of the prominent theatrical managers suddenly discovering that various obnoxious plays were visible in the city, and that decisive action against immoral influences proceeding from the stage had become essential, in the interest of public decency. Three Rabbis,—the Reverend Mr. Wise, the Reverend Mr. Harrison and the Reverend Mr. Shulman,—one Archbishop, the Right Reverend John M. Farley, and several minor clerics, speaking from the pulpit, likewise became vocal on that subject, and, for a week or two, it actually seemed possible that a reactionary movement, in favor of a pure stage, had begun. That noble spasm of virtuous fervor did not, however, cause any perceptible effect, nor did it long continue. The perturbed managers soon became calm: the ecclesiastical fulminations were, in general, forgotten; and the corrupt plays went on, as smoothly as ever, with some increase in the number of them. The law takes cognizance of exhibitions of open, physical indecency, and provides for the suppression of them; but there is no law, apparently, and consequently no practical means (lacking sustained public opposition), for preventing the diffusion of vicious influence through the display of harlotry and the minute exposition of carnal propensities and loathsome debauchery. The Garbage Bucket is a fact, and being a fact, it is "Nature"; and, of course, the chief purpose of the stage and the chief need of society is that "Nature," as exemplified in the Garbage Bucket, should be shown and studiously contemplated. On that adamantine ground the sapient theatrical manager entrenches himself, declaring, as he unveils a manifest public nuisance, that he is only showing "things as they are!"

Protest and warning from the Church and the Synagogue might have been expected. It comes naturally; it comes in good time; and, possibly, to a small extent, it will be heeded. But those great powers could do much toward correcting the evil against which they protest, if they would pursue a more rational course in their treatment of it. When Archbishop Farley declares that the theatre of today is more corrupt than it was in the era of Paganism, he allows righteous resentment of evil to overbear judgment: for the art of acting, for the use and display of which the stage was instituted,

and by which, after all, it mainly lives, is a noble art, entirely worthy of the approbation and practical support of intellectual persons, and therefore of the princes and other leaders of the Church; and various examples of the noble art of acting are visible, even in this period of frivolity and muck. If the Roman Catholic clergy in New York were not,—as they are,—interdicted from attending the Theatre, though allowed to attend baseball games and kindred exhibitions of "sport," the Theatre would derive benefit from their presence, because of their influence over their parishioners. Wholesale condemnation of the Theatre, however natural to a thoughtful observer who sees what it has become, in New York, at this time, does no good. You cannot dispense with the Theatre, nor would it be desirable to do so if you could. If the Archbishop would inform himself of the character of every play that is produced, and would sanction the attendance of his clergy and his flock at plays that are decent and beneficial, he would accomplish a good result; for, practically, such action on his part would establish a censorship of the stage, operant upon at least a million and a quarter of persons, thousands of whom are frequenters of the Theatre.

Rabbi Wise has expressed the wish "that *our* skirts were clean,"—meaning that the presentment of dirty plays could not truly be charged against theatrical managers who are Jews. The Jewish skirts are *not* altogether clean, but Rabbi Wise, and all other Jewish clergymen, should take comfort in the reflection that, in several cases, the "Jewish" managers who are responsible for the production of dirty plays, are Jewish only in racial origin, not in religion. The *Hebrew News*, the leading Hebrew paper of New York, long ago said: "We doubt whether certain of them" (meaning certain local theatrical managers), "who attempt to shelter themselves beneath the folds of Judea's standard, would come under the category of even Kaddish Jews,—so far away are they from all things Jewish." The better class of Jews in New York is as free from reproach in this matter as is the better class of any other race or religious sect, and it would be judicious to keep all thought of religious sectarianism out of the contention for a pure Theatre.

It is not, however, surprising that Hebrew clergymen and gentlemen should feel aggrieved because of the reproach brought upon the Hebrew name by persons of Jewish origin who have, of late years, made themselves notorious by their misuse of the stage,—in the production, for example, of such vicious plays as "Zaza" and "The Conquerors"—and by their known acts of injustice and tyranny, in the monopolization of the Theatre. Nor is it surprising that clergymen in general should denounce with vehemence those influences, procedent from the stage, which they see to be pernicious. Moral resentment, however, which utters itself in mere denunciation, is apt to run into excess, and thus to weaken its effect and defeat its purpose. The public cannot be driven, but, by appeal to its better feelings and impulses, it can be persuaded and led. Various contemporary clerical exhortations, Gentile as well as Jew, have savored more of bigotry than of reason. The Stage is an institution too powerful to stand in need of the Church: the united opposition of every denomination in this country today could not suppress the Theatre; and the Church is unwise when it assumes an attitude of hostility to the Stage. The forces that foster civilization should fraternize and work together.

The Stage in New York—and, therefore, to a considerable extent, the Stage throughout the United States—is under the control, not of Actors, who ought to control it, but of Shop-Keepers, persons who designate themselves as such, but who bitterly resent being so designated by others, and who feel the same interest in the Theatre that they would feel in cotton or pork—namely, "what is there in it for *ME?*" That is a principal cause of such deplorable conditions as exist. Mr. Charles Burnham, manager of Wallack's Theatre and President of the Theatrical Managers' Association, was the first theatrical manager in New York to denounce present conditions, incidentally declaring that, if he could have his way,

he would close five of the theatres in Broadway, because of their exhibition of indecent plays. Yet that same sapient critic, about one year ago, in a speech before the Managers' Association, had proclaimed the doctrine that: "If you look out for the financial end of the Drama—*which is the main thing*—the public can always be trusted to *enforce a high standard!*" The fact is that, in a vast population, there is always an audience for vulgarity; that most of the shop-keepers who manage our theatres care not at all what they produce, if only their productions attract the remunerative crowd; and that frivolous, vulgar, nasty "shows" are the things most easy to obtain and to exploit.

The feeling, on the other hand, that prevails among actors (unless it be among those actors whose sensibility has been blunted, or destroyed, by long continued association with vile plays), the feeling that should predominate, and that formerly did predominate, to a great extent, in the administration of our theatre, is that which was so well expressed by Edwin Booth, when replying to the request of a clergyman who had asked to be admitted at a private door, so that he might gain access to the theatre without being seen and recognized as a Minister: "There is no door in my theatre," said the great actor and good man, "through which God cannot see!" In the same spirit another great actor and good man, Joseph Jefferson, replied to a clergyman,—who had asked him to come and read "Rip Van Winkle" in his church, for the reason that he "could not patronize the Theatre,"—"The Church is a place for the worship of God, not for the acting of plays." That same actor likewise said, and said truly, when one of his associates, the famous actor, W. R. Blake, had called him "the Sunday school comedian," because he expunged coarse lines from old comedies: "You have no more right to be offensive in what you say on the stage than you have to be offensive in what you say in the drawing-room." Administered in such a spirit as is thus denoted, the Theatre becomes one of the benefactors and blessings of society.

When our Theatre passes from under an unworthy control, then, and not till then, will our Theatre be what it ought to be. In the meantime the over-ready clerical censors of the Stage would do a more useful service, by ascertainment and publication of the records of some of the persons who lead in the business of theatrical administration, together with trustworthy statement of the views entertained by those persons as to their moral and intellectual responsibility, the province of dramatic art, and the status of actors who are employed to provide illustration of it, than they can possibly perform by hysterical fulminations of virtuous wrath. An interesting avenue of investigation would thus be opened, and beneficial results might reasonably be expected. Much more good, certainly, would be done, than can result from the vociferations of such blatant dunces as the New York parson who recently evinced his *Christian* spirit by exclaiming, in his pulpit: "If Hell has a mouth on earth, it opens into the Theatre!" Hell would require a larger mouth than even that of Gargantua, if it were to open into all the iniquities of society, —not merely those of the Theatre, but those of the Church, the Press, the Home, the Department Store, the Business World, and the Human Heart in general—which latter repository, according to the words of the old Bible (only too well authenticated), is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

Meanwhile the abuses largely prevalent in our Theatre awaken solicitude, and are not for a moment to be defended or extenuated. The season recently closed has exhibited some good features, a few splendid achievements, and a few auspicious signs,—in almost every case sequent on the exertions of *Actors*,—but, as a whole, the record of it is melancholy. Indeed, no fact relative to the New York stage of today is so distressing and deplorable as the fact that consideration of it must, to a large extent, be concentrated on themes and actions unfit for public display or public discussion,—themes and actions that ought to be relegated to the hospital

clinic or the moral reformatory. It would be agreeable to omit mention of all such matters; but there is no effective means of opposition to abuse of our Theatre other than public denunciation of iniquity, accompanied by appeal to the public sense of decency. The stage has advanced in power, and that power should be made influential for the public good, and not yielded to sordid speculators, craftily intent on a financial profit which involves the degradation of the public taste and consequently of the public morals.

Criticism is neither hostility nor scorn. Study and analysis of the things shown in our Theatre are essential for the welfare of the community. If criticism is to fulfill its duty, it must oppose wrong as well as support right, and, in thus fulfilling its duty, it is creative and not destructive. The fact that an indecent play sometimes, or frequently, brings a large pecuniary profit to its producer is not a justification for producing it. Such a melancholy result of wrong-doing only shows that the vicious propensities in human nature are ever ready to respond to vicious appeal. Iniquity is not justifiable merely because it happens to be practicable and profitable. Responsibility, moral and intellectual, never ceases. The progress of civilization does not consist in material prosperity. The acquisition of Wealth is not the obtainment of Success: yet, everywhere, not only in the Theatre of To-day, but in every other institution among men, Money has been made the test of achievement, and all means are approved for the obtainment of it, so that the schemer for opulence only manages to keep out of jail.

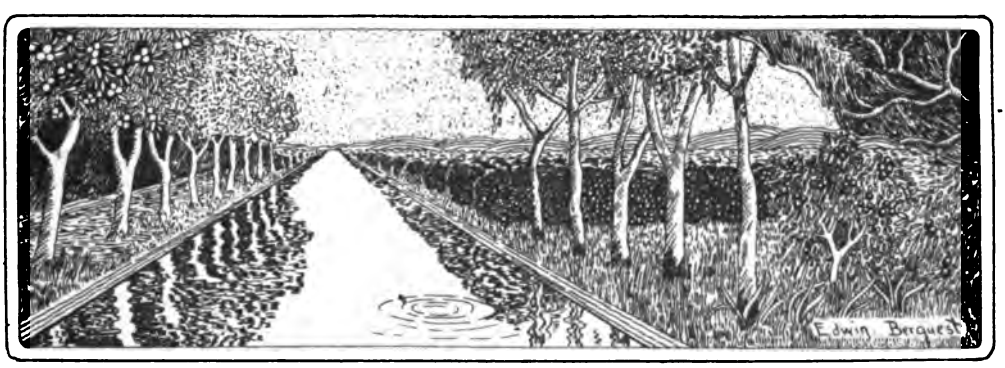
Some of the plays that have been produced in New York this season—always with the insolent pretense that they *teach a good moral lesson*—are more foul than words can say in print. It is not meant that an honest, legitimate pursuit of riches is, in any way, reprehensible. Every toiler is entitled to earn as much as he can,—doing no injustice to others. The theatrical manager is entitled to his rightful profit; but, primarily, the theatre is not a shop, and no manager is entitled to gain his profit by corrupting the stage and by ministering to the depraved appetites of mankind. The Theatre, primarily, is the temple of a noble art, the minister of beauty, and a means of imparting happiness; and it seems strange that appeal for a proper conduct of such a wonderful power for the general welfare—meaning for control vested in good hands and sustained by righteous public opinion—should be so often needed. Our Drama is no more the property of individuals who happen to speculate in it than is our Literature. Our Drama is the property of our People; one of our national assets; and, as such, a treasure to be sacredly preserved. How different the Shop-Keeper's view of it is can be inferred from many facts, but from no fact more significant than that Mr. A. L. Erlanger (one of those bumptious persons, mentioned by Dr. Johnson, "who make themselves public without making themselves known"), not long since,—with what would be astonishing effrontery, coming from any other managerial source,—publicly objected to an institution called "The New Theatre," in New York, manifesting resentment against its establishment as an *interference* "with *our* business,"—the "our," in that impudent deliverance, meaning, of course, the "business" of theatrical managers to whom he was speaking, a group which comprised members of the well-known New York Theatrical Syndicate, and other speculators. Things have come to an amazing pass, indeed, when a theatrical booking agency can assert, and seemingly maintain, absolute supremacy over the national theatre of America!

The specially obnoxious play that stimulated so much ecclesiastical eloquence, and so sadly afflicted the managerial conscience, was a composition called "The Easiest Way," produced by Mr. David Belasco, at his Stuyvesant Theatre, on January 19. That odoriferous fabric, succinctly revealing the proceedings and experiences of a couple of libertines and a couple of harlots, had, indeed, been preceded by several other specimens of theatrical disease—including Mr. Bernstein's "Samson," produced

by Mr. Charles Frohman; "The Devil," and "Salvation Nell," produced by that intrepid champion of the "virile, the vigorous and the true," Mr. H. G. Fiske; "The Blue Mouse," produced by the Messrs. Shubert; "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," and various other concoctions of sensuality and murder, set forth by a company of generally commonplace players, imported from Sicily. The hideously carnal "Salomé," likewise, had been revived, and an offensive dance, incident to that bestial affair, had been conspicuously obtruded upon public attention.

It was no wonder that a revulsion of feeling ensued and made itself manifest; but, as already noticed, it seems to have been evanescent; and its ineffective character has since been emphasized by the production of additional abominations, called "The Girl From Rector's," "A Fool There Was," and a nasty German farce called "Gretchen." Those plays, and others of their kindred, will soon be taken "on the road," or already have been taken there, for further exploitation. It remains for the public to suppress them (that "public which can always be trusted to enforce a high standard!"), by the most decisive of all measures, abstention from all theatres in which they are presented. That is one reason for mention of them: incidentally it may be worth while to note that the advertisement of one of them, an advertisement which was admitted into New York newspapers most pretentious of respectability, was embellished with a picture of a semi-nude ballet-girl, perched on a lobster, and labeled "A spicy salad with very little dressing." Incidentally, also, it may be worth while to note that the distinguished manager, Mr. Lee Shubert, who has been chosen to preside over "The New Theatre,"—that Noah's Ark of Intellect, which, according to "the Sisters Three and such branches of learning," is to be the salvation of the Drama in America,—is the purveyor of "The Blue Mouse," long current at his Lyric Theatre, and singularly illustrative of the desire he has so earnestly proclaimed of suppressing all impropriety in the Theatre. These virtuous managerial aspirations are obviously touching, but they do not seem to be always convincing; for the Mayor of Richmond, Virginia, when one of Mr. Shubert's companies had once performed that play in that city, forbade its repetition, as contrary to law and in violation of morality.

One good result of the moral upheaval should, however, be recorded; it caused such bad business, for a while, in some quarters, and occasioned so much alarm in others, that it opened the way to a prosperous engagement in New York for the best tragic actor now on the American stage; and Mr. Robert Mantell, beginning with a great performance of "King John," and proceeding with other great plays,—all of which shall, in due season, be considered,—has crowned the season with some of the best acting that New York has seen.





For a Dove-Faced Woman

By Stonewall Brown

Drawings by C. S. Price

TOMMY BUTT was a bow-legged man. His being bow-legged was not a deformity, it was merely an adaptation to environment, for Tommy had spent many years of his life in the saddle. He was slow-minded. When a person talked to him he took the speech with open mouth and wide eyes, as though the combined effort of all his faculties was needed in the understanding. When he spoke, words came out one at a time with a pause between, so that the listener easily remembered just what he had said.

Every person has some sort of hobby which he or she cherishes to some extent, but Tommy Butt had one which had not been restrained and it became an obsession. Some scientist has said that every human being has a facial resemblance to some lower animal; the likeness is always there and a close observer can always see it. Tommy did not know that this peculiar homology had been a subject for scientific observation—he thought that he was the first and only person to see it, and as he was never enlightened to the contrary he took a secret, slow-minded delight in nursing his discovery and proving its truth at every opportunity, until it became almost a monomania. Maybe the solitude and loneliness helped.

Tommy Butt was a suspect in the land. He had a hobby like everyone else, only his was a fascinating, compelling, original, self-discovered hobby. He had already named those whom he knew, but he was given to eyeing and even following strangers until he had found what he was looking for: a facial resemblance to some of the lower animals. The other cowmen, who also had hobbies, didn't understand, and in time Tommy became known as "Crazy Butt." His former associates left him and other persons saw him always at a respectable distance. Men refused to be with him and as an inevitable consequence he was alone; and because he was alone so much he was the more a suspect. And as Tommy became more and more lonely, more and more did he dwell upon his discovery until it *was* a monomania and he found solace in it for the poignant loneliness which came to him because of his ostracism. It is not hard for a simple-minded, unimaginative person to become a mono-

maniac in the great, wide, heated desert, especially if he be ostracized.

Above Crazy Butt's little ranch, which was located in a wide cañon, was a sheep herder, the Wolf-Faced Man, and his wife, the Rabbit-Faced Woman, and also two children, one of which resembled a badger and the other a squirrel. And all the people of Cañon City—in each one he had discovered a facial resemblance to some animal and had straightway named that person accordingly. Every day and many times a day, and always in the same order, he reviewed their homologous characteristics, all the while gloating over his discovery and its infallibility. For a long period of time Crazy Butt searched for corroboration, but now, slowly and surely, his point of view was changing, and he began to hunt more industriously than ever for the *exception*. He had always wanted to verify, now he wanted to disprove.

On a fine spring morning Crazy Butt swung himself perfectly into the saddle and moved off down the cañon toward Cañon City. The turquoise sky was as pure and clear as the eyes of a girl; rich, green bunch-grass grew thick and tall, wild flowers—orange, purple and white—grew in untamed riot. The sides of the cañon were madder and crimson and ochre and looked as though the color had been put on thick, as with a palette-knife. For the joys of these things Tommy had located in the cañon, but he had n't seen them for a long time and did n't now, though the scene changed with the variety and swiftness of a kaleidoscope. He was thinking; would he ever find a face to which he could n't give a name?

Crazy Butt wanted companionship. He was not old and he was amiable, and he knew that a poignant something was causing him to wither inwardly. He wanted to talk to some one, he wanted some one to speak to him—to say anything at all—and to lay a hand on his shoulder. He named some of the steers in the cañon for his old associates, but when he would try to draw near and converse, the steers would stare, then run away.

Arrived at the mouth of the cañon, he stopped his horse and shaded his eyes with his arm and looked long in every direction. No person was in sight. He moved on again. The heat was steady and as the sun went higher it became flagellatous, things danced in it like fiends. He spurred his horse to a faster pace. Some prairie dogs watched him without moving, then at his nearer approach they ran down holes as though he were crazy, something to be avoided. Behind some bunch-grass and hidden by it was a hole into which the horse stepped, throwing the man over its head. Crazy Butt heard something snap and felt sand being ground into his face. He got up slowly and saw his horse struggling and plunging on three legs, the other was broken at the knee and was flopping about.

Crazy Butt was a kind-hearted man and his sight became blurred as he saw the dumb animal's pain. Slowly he drew his Colt's, for he was a slow-minded man, and slowly he took aim between two pain-crazed eyes. The report went bellowing up the cañon and the horse's eyes took on a grateful look as the light went out of them.

Tommy was alone. He was doubly alone, for he had no horse within twenty miles. Even the prairie dogs remained out of sight. The man shaded his eyes with his arm and looked in all directions. The great, heated, desert loneliness had him by the throat and he was looking for something, somebody, *anything* who would speak to him. Ahead in the dancing heat, away off toward Cañon City, was a cloud of dust. It came closer and after a long, long gaze, Crazy Butt saw that it was caused by two mules and a covered wagon; the mules looked small as rabbits. He continued to gaze and presently he knew that it was a strange outfit. He ran toward the outfit, swiftly, kicking up billows of dust in his going. The sweat streamed into his eyes and the heat caused explosions in his head, but he ran on till the outfit was two hundred yards away, then fifty. He saw a strange man dragging at a Winchester and a woman behind trying to restrain him. Crazy Butt seized hold

of the mules' bridles and stood panting.

"What 's your game, stranger?" called out the man, who was still struggling with the woman for possession of the Winchester. Crazy Butt stood with receptive senses, without replying. Then as the man gained possession of the Winchester a light came slowly into his dirty, open face and he said softly and slowly as he loosed his hold of the mules: "You 're the *Hawk-faced Man.*"

"What the hell 's up, anyhow, stranger?" said the man with the Winchester.

"I had to kill my hoss—I live twenty mile up the cañon—I need meal and meat—got any?—I got money."

"No, have n't got any to spare, but you can ride if you can keep from throwin' fits."

Crazy Butt climbed up beside the newcomer. He was a young man, clean and intelligent looking, but Tommy saw that he bore the unmistakable signs of a "lunger" in his hollow cheeks and sunken chest. The woman had retired to the rear of the wagon and sat with her back turned, and Crazy Butt was wondering. He could wait, she might be the "exception"; anyway he would wait, would save her, would enjoy the anticipation, for rarely could he feast his hobby on two strangers in one day, and he would save one of them, just as some people will hesitate to eat an edible that is fine and savory. Here was a man to talk to.

Crazy Butt learned that Gene Tracy had given up a comfortable life in the East and had come to the desert to "rough it" for his health; he was newly married, was the Hawk-faced man. Also he was looking for a location where he could start a small ranch. He had money to buy a few cattle. Crazy Butt listened with all his faculties open wide and he answered questions slowly and delightedly. Here was some one to talk to. Crazy Butt moved gradually along the seat until he could feel the pressure of the Hawk-faced man's body, then he sat content, feasting on *companionship* and gloating over this last shrewd move which gave him still more companionship.

When they arrived at the place where the horse lay dead with one leg awry, Gene Tracy waited while Crazy Butt secured the saddle and bridle and put them into the rear of the wagon. There sat the woman. She was young and fair-skinned and the prettiest little woman that Crazy Butt had ever seen. She was looking at the stricken horse with a tender light in her large eyes. Her hair was combed back smooth showing the round contour of her head, and hung down her back in two heavy, black braids.

"She is the Dove-faced woman," said Crazy Butt, reverently, as he climbed back into the wagon.

After much talk, Gene Tracy decided to locate at the mouth of the cañon. There was water and grass, the two essentials. Tommy was happy. He would have neighbors now and the loneliness would n't drive him crazy. Butt was to help with the "doby," he insisted upon it.

Night came on and Tommy started to walk up the cañon to his ranch-house. Tracy had refused him meal and meat and the use of a mule, but that did n't matter to Tommy, though such a refusal was unprecedented in all the land about. It did n't matter for he had someone to talk to, he had *companionship*.

"Why, Gene," said the little woman, "what a shame to let our friend go that way. We 've two sacks of meal and a plenty of meat and we wont need the mule before morning. Here, Mr. Butt, take the dun mule, he 's the better saddler, and here 's some meal and meat."

Tracy growled something into the camp-fire and Tommy stared. His wonderment was boundless. Here was a *woman,* a fine, beautiful woman, with big, tender, patient eyes just like those of a dove, being kind to *him* whom people suspected, called crazy and shunned. He took the mule and the meal and the meat without a word and started. Then he stopped and went back to the woman:

"I 'd fight — for — the—Dove-faced woman," he said.

And from that time Crazy Butt worshiped the Dove-faced woman. She somehow had touched the deep, heretofore unknown wells of his nature and he

began to be very happy. He began again to take note of the painted cañon walls, the polished turquoise sky and the varied beauty of the wild flowers. The hobby began to suffer neglect; something larger, finer, deeper, more filling, was taking its place. He knew nothing of psychological processes, he knew only that he worshiped the Dove-faced woman.

Crazy Butt helped with the "doby" and with the corrals and in many other ways saw that the Tracys were established. He sold Tracy cows and steers at half their value and went away up into the mountains after vines for the Dove-faced woman to plant at her window. He taught Tracy to rope and brand and half a hundred other arts of ranch life. And all the while he was worshiping the Dove-faced woman. With a woman's understanding, the little lady knew that she was being worshiped by the lonely man, loved with a dog-like devotion.

Then one day came the crash for Crazy Butt. Tracy had heard. He had talked to other ranch-men and they had all told him that Butt was crazy, a suspect, a being to be avoided. He told the Dove-faced woman and woman-like she disbelieved. She said that the man was good and honest, and the Hawk-faced man, man-like, put what he had heard up against a woman's intuitive understanding and vowed that Butt was crazy, a man to be shunned, and that he must stay off the place.

Worship must find an outlet in some way and Tommy, while going down the cañon, picked a great armful of California poppies for the Dove-faced woman. He knew that she loved them.

The Hawk-faced man went out to meet him and when he was close enough to draw rein he said:

"Butt, you must stop coming onto this place. I dont want to give you any offense and I dont say that anything is wrong, but you 're too free with my wife. You 've got no right to bring her flowers and be all the time comin' around my place."

Tommy's eyes widened, and slowly an anguish settled over his face as his dull understanding grasped the man's meaning.

"You dont mean that for shore, do you, Tracy? I wont take flowers to the Dove-faced woman if you says no,—but you ain't shorely goin' to stop me from comin' at all, are you?"

"We might as well have it settled, Butt,—you have got to stop coming onto the place. You 're a suspect, no one will associate with you, you 're *crazy*. Go on back."

Tommy sat very quiet on his horse; slowly the full meaning came to him. He was to be stopped from coming. The loneliness was to come again, the bitter, poignant, implacable loneliness which had almost crushed his life out—his worship was to be stopped. A great, white anger slowly crept over his face. He spoke slowly:

"Tracy,—you—go—to—hell." Then he rode on to the "doby," where was his shrine. He gave the poppies to the Dove-faced woman, who took them and put her hands on Tommy's shoulders.

"Mr. Butt," she said, "you are a good man, *I* know that you are a good man, and you have been kind and good to me —to us, and have helped us, but Gene is headstrong and you must avoid trouble with him for my sake. Wont you, Mr. Butt?" The expression on the man's face brought tears to the eyes of the Dove-faced woman. "I shall consider you as my friend and if at any time I need you I will send for you. Good-bye, Mr. Butt."

The man departed from his shrine, and a great, choking something blotted out the flowers and the painted walls of the cañon and left him without light. As he passed the corral, the Hawk-faced man met him again. He held a Smith and Wesson .38 in his hand. The anger was coming over Crazy Butt again, but he remembered and controlled himself.

"Listen here, Tracy," he said slowly, "you 're a Hawk-faced man and I hate you. I 'm lonely now—I 've always been, seems like—you 're a hawk and I 'd kill you if it warn't for the Dove-faced woman there in the 'doby.' I hate you. If you 're expectin' to kill me you 'd better throw that there purty away and get a Colt's and learn to shoot a lot——now you—go—to—hell."

Crazy Butt rode away. He was like one who is made to see for a few moments and then blinded again.

Always he worshiped the Dove-faced woman from afar. His worship had no way of expression now and it reacted, accentuating his misery. He hated the Hawk-faced man. He had caused the blindness, he had stopped the worship. He hated him with the silent, wordless hate of a monomaniac. When he was compelled to pass the little ranch at the mouth of the cañon he would sometimes get a far-away glimpse of the Dove-faced woman, and sometimes he would see the Hawk-faced man shooting at a board the size of a man, with a gun that had the "bark" of a Colt's. But most of the time he remained at his small ranch, a recluse, a man shut up with an anguish.

He became morose and no longer took a secret pride in his infallible discovery. He cast it aside and did n't care about finding the "exception."

On one of his infrequent trips to Cañon City for meat and meal he heard talk of "rustlers" and he saw that people avoided him and looked at him with strange suspicion in their eyes. On his return that day he saw a thread of smoke tenuous against the blue sky. It rose straight for hundreds of feet and then became blended with the blue. Smoke off the trail means something in a cattle country, and without any conscious determination to do so, Crazy Butt turned his horse and rode toward the smoke. He rode close enough to see a man kneeling over a yearling with a fire beside. He recognized the Hawk-faced man. He rode back to the trail without having been seen.

That night he thought a long time alone in his cabin. He reasoned with painful slowness. The Hawk-faced man was "rustling." The penalty for "rustling" was hanging. He had seen the Hawk-faced man branding another man's calf —he could tell the sheriff—the sheriff would then hang the Hawk-faced man— he hated the Hawk-faced man— but he was the husband of the Dove-faced woman and she loved him—if her husband were hung she would be left *alone*. God! God! he didn 't want her to be lonely like he was—no, he would n't tell.

Two weeks after Crazy Butt had seen Tracy branding another man's calf he was again returning from Cañon City. When he had ridden twenty miles he saw a cloud of dust issue from the mouth of the cañon. Four horsemen were inside the cloud of dust. After a while he saw that it was the sheriff and two deputies and the Hawk-faced man. The latter rode in the center and his arms were tied behind him at the elbows. So they had finally caught the Hawk-faced man and he would be hung as soon as the sheriff had found a tree large enough for the purpose. Butt saw a little white "doby" nestling in the cañon just over the Hawk-faced man's shoulder. The Dove-faced woman was *alone*. Crazy Butt thought hard and slowly. Then he drew rein in front of the sheriff:

"Sheriff," he said slowly with his eyes on the "doby," "you-all have got the wrong man—I reckon *I 'm* the man you 're lookin' for."

"I guess not, Butt," said the sheriff, "we found the cattle in his corral."

"It 's my old brand—the one I sold Tracy—and it 's me what got the cattle. I 've been sellin' 'em to him and makin' out like they had been runnin' on my range."

"Ain't that what I been tellin' you all the time?" said the Hawk-faced man in a loud voice.

"Let 's have your gun, Butt, I reckon you *are* the man. I 've suspected you for a long time and I 'd got you anyhow. This here tenderfoot ain't got sense enough to brand no cows, turn him loose."

The deputies unbound the Hawk-faced man and he rode away. Then Butt's arms were tied together behind at the elbows and the four rode slowly ahead to a yucca tree. A *riata* was adjusted around Crazy Butt's neck and passed over a limb—he kept his eyes fastened on the little "doby" at the mouth of the cañon. At a motion from the sheriff the horse which Crazy Butt was sitting on was led from under.



SANDPIPERS AND SURF AT LA PUSH.

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The Night Shift

By William Leon Dawson

THE sun is master of the land, but the moon is mistress of the sea. Now, upon land all proper bird folk, save the police force, Owls, Nighthawks, and the like, tuck head under wing at sundown and commend themselves to sleep. Not so upon the ocean. Those who venture farthest on its bosom are most deeply loyal to the queen of night. It is for this reason, or for some other as whimsical, that the Petrels, the Shearwaters, and some of the Auklets belong to the night shift. They are by no means idle by day, but whatever the activities of the bright hours have been, the birds are stirred to new life when the shades of evening fall.

This is especially true of the nesting season, when these birds resort to land, or to the waif islands which are still called land by courtesy. Under cover of the night these children of the sea hold high carnival about their chosen fastnesses, but as dawn approaches, the terms of some ancient compact hurry them off to sea again, and the sun never knows them save as specks upon the vasty deep.

There is something uncanny about this secret traffic. We are plain people of the day and it gives us an eerie feeling when we learn that these pixies make free with our domain nightly and are off again without "by your leave" or "thank you." Let us see if we cannot spy upon them and learn the nature of their mysteries. Or, perchance we may weave a counter spell and catch a fairy in the flesh.

The Cave Dwellers of Destruction.

Destruction Island, unlike most of the Olympiades, is not a stubborn remnant of some rocky headland, but is rather a detached fragment of a valley floor; in fact, a chip of the prosy mainland block four miles distant. It owes its preservation to a series of outlying reefs, grim bones from which the sea has stripped the flesh, and is itself a phase of dissolution. On this account the top is level while its sides are fresh-cut and steep, although a brave luxuriance of vegetation serves to retard, as it disguises, the progress of decay.



LIGHTHOUSE AND SIREN FROM REEFS WEST, DESTRUCTION ISLAND.

About this island of sixty acres gather a few memories of the human; a tragedy of discovery; a shipwreck or two; and latterly, the brave, lonesome life of light-keepers. But these are matters of two centuries, a mere yesterday. Drop down behind the sea wall, out of sight of the friendly lighthouse, and you could forget that men ever lived. Nor would you suspect what is the real interest, the historically continuous interest of this spot—by day. It is the home of ten thousand Rhinoceros Auklets (*Cerorhinca monocerata*). They are the cave-dwellers of Destruction.



A TYPICAL ENTRANCE TO RHINOCEROS AUKLET BURROW.

Late in April the Auklets, stirred by a common impulse, muster from the wide seas and move upon Destruction by night. If there has been any scouting, or premature development work, it has been carried on by night only and has escaped observation. In fact, it is a point of honor among the Auklets never to appear in the vicinity of the great colony by day. At the tribal home-coming, the keepers tell us, there is a great hubbub. If the location be a brushy hillside, the birds upon arrival crash into the bushes like meteors and take chances of a braining. Upon the ground, they first argue with old neighbors about boundaries. If growls and barks and parrot-like shrieks mean anything, there are some differences of opinion discovered. Perhaps also the details of matrimony have not all been arranged, and

there is much questioning followed by screaming avowal.

Gradually, however, order emerges from chaos and the birds set to work with a will, renovating the old home or driving new tunnels in the loam, sand, clay, or even "hardpan." The burrows are usually five to eight feet in length and about five inches in diameter, terminating in a dome-shaped chamber a foot or more across and seven or eight inches high. Each tunnel has a branch, or blind alley, which, presumably, is occupied by the male during the honeymoon. For lining the nuptial chamber boasts nothing more pretentious than a few dead sallal leaves or a handful of dried grasses.

The amount of labor involved in this home-delving is very considerable. My guide once took an egg from a tunnel driven ten feet straight into a clay bank; and I followed another through sand to a depth of fifteen feet only to find it empty. This last, I take it, was the work of a jilted suitor, venting his feeling by showing her what a fine house she might have had.

When the female begins to brood her single egg, the male spends his days at sea, returning after nightfall to feed his



MOTHER RHINO AT HOME.

mate, and, it may be, to exchange places with her. The Indians take advantage of this habit to catch the birds, which they account good eating. Having first selected a populous neighborhood, they thrust grass into a set of contiguous burrows, pressing it in to arm's length, for the purpose of detaining the returning bird later in the evening. At nine o'clock, or such a matter, they post themselves in the gathering gloom to watch



BAD TEMPER.



THE QUILEUTE NEEDLES, INCLUDING DHUOYUATZACHTAHL.

their traps, secreting themselves, if need be, in the bushes. The colony is silent now, but presently there is a whirr of wings, a dark object strikes the bank and disappears. Instantly the watchful native closes the entrance of the burrow and seizes the confused Auklet from behind. It is creepy business; and not less so now that the whole scene is lit up by the accusingly benignant eye of the lighthouse. However, one may be pardoned a strictly psychological study, even in robbing a hen-roost.

An Auklet hen discovered upon her nest has all the defiant virtue of her sex and calling. The one figured herewith was sitting upon nothing at all, not even a clam-shell; but neither is that original with the Auklet. She is quite ready to peck, too, and a glove is to be recommended for these "psychological studies." When given her freedom, the Auklet invariably pitches headlong down the declivity, barely clearing the vegetation, until she reaches the level of the water; whereupon, she flees away with swift, even stroke, about a foot above the surface, until lost to sight.



VIEW SOUTH FROM THE PETREL ROCK.

In June the chick hatches, a child of night; and he is appropriately clad in a suit of slaty-black down. He has no desire to see the light, least of all as prepared for him by pick and shovel. He feels quite ill at ease when exposed and spends his entire time shifting about restlessly in the end of a burrow remaining to him, and searching in his soul why he may not find greater privacy.

The children of the night shift are all alike in this: that they love darkness rather than light. That this was not always true of the Rhinoceros Auklet we have curious evidence, in the shape of still persisting in faint lines of umber, and in subdued shell-markings, or under tints, of lavender and lilac. These, to the ornithologist, are eloquent of a time ages ago before the race went moon mad.

A Buried City.

But if we guess truly that once the Auklet mother was not ashamed to nurse in public, what shall we say of the Kaeding Petrel, whose eggs of crystalline whiteness boast only occasionally a ring of tiny chestnut specks about the larger end? We shall decline to answer for the degree of their antiquity.



THE MITERED SPHINX, ROCK OFF TEALWHIT HEAD.

the coloring of the egg. Viewed in the large, the purpose of pigmentation is protective. The egg of the gull, exposed to the full glare of day, is dark colored, and so splashed and blotched with brownish blacks that it blends admirably with its surroundings of dead grasses and dun rocks, and is thus lost to hostile view. But when a species begins to forsake the open, and there is no longer need of heavy pigmentation, the egg tends to revert to the primitive white; that is, to unpigmented calcium carbonate. Now, in the case of the Rhinoceros Auklet's egg, we find traces of an ancient color pattern, undoubtedly heavy,

A nesting colony of these strange night birds exists on Dhuoyuatzachtahl, one of the Quileute Needles, a group of picturesque rocks lying to southward from La Push. This rock is about a hundred feet high, precipitous upon three sides, but sloping and climbable from the south. The top has an area of something over an acre and is rather unique for the abundance and uniformity of a rank grass which occupies the greater portion centrally. This grass has a triangular blade; *i. e.*, one with a stout, projecting midrib; and grows to a height of two and a half feet, its roots being imbedded in a covering of its own



ADULT KAEDING PETRELS.
Very Difficult to Photograph Because of Their Excessive Dread of Exposure.

waste to a depth of six or eight inches more. Circling all around this central area of "saw grass" is a broad border of turf; while a narrow stretch of dwarfed salmon-berry bushes occupies the extreme crest of the islet upon the north.

Upon the occasion of a visit one July day our attention was immediately called to the tiny entrances of the Petrel burrows in the turf. Not unlike gopher holes they were, save that, betwixt the heavy rains and the luxuriant wire grass, nearly all trace of excavated material had been removed. The tunnels, moreover, did not drive straight in, but sought only to pierce through the turf, whence they proceeded to a distance of two or three feet under the stout protection of the interlacing grass roots. One could thus insert an arm and rip up the turf far enough to make inventory of the contents.



AN UNUSUALLY ELABORATE PETREL NEST.

Most of the nests at this season contained a single fluffy black youngster, but whatever its age one parent was invariably found in the burrow with it. When seized, the adult bird appears sick with fear, and hastens to eject a thimbleful of an ill-smelling, oily fluid. The bird dreads being dragged forth to the light, and will thrust its head, ostrich fashion, into some promising nook of the hand rather than attempt flight. If placed upon the ground it will usually poke about the grass in a near-sighted way looking for a hole, and it does not scruple to invade the home of a neighbor rather than remain under surveillance. When released in the air the Petrel appears dazed, but manages to make off with a flickering, bat-like flight over the rock side and seaward, always seaward.

After having waded through the heavily grassed portion of the island once or twice, the thought occurred to us that there might possibly be Petrels there. Judge of our surprise, however, when we found the vegetable mold a perfect labyrinth of Petrel burrows. So light was the accumulation in density (once the growing blades were penetrated), and so abundant the birds, that one had only to dig with the hands, dog-fashion, and birds and eggs and young were the invariable result. The whole half-acre of grass proper seemed a seething mass of Petrels. Yet from all that host not a sound to betray their presence. The sun shone calmly and the breeze breathed benignly. Nothing disturbed the serenity of the day, save the restless quaverings of the always hostile gulls. There was nothing to indicate that beneath our feet lay a buried city; not once populous and now deserted, but at that very moment teeming with life—a city of storm waifs, gathered from an expanse of a thousand watery leagues; a city perhaps more populous than any other colony of the class *Aves* within the limits of Washing-



THE LANDING-PLACE ON ALEXANDER. CASSIN AUKLETS NEST ON THIS ISLAND.

ton, sitting silent where the eye saw only waving grass. The promise of the situation so wrought upon us that we determined to return at evening some time later, and did so on the twenty-third of the month.

We arrived, a party of three, at a little after nine o'clock, provided with matches, bedding and drinking water, and prepared to spend the night. We found the island still silent. But we used the remaining moments of the twilight to further determine the limits of the colony; and we found that the Petrels occupied even the brush patch at the crest of the island, with their burrows ramifying through the maze of stubborn roots. At about ten o'clock the first note was sounded—from the ground. In quality like a tiny cockerell, in accent like a glib paroquet, came the cry, *"Petteretteretterell, etteretteretterell."* The second phrase is slightly fainter than the first, and is therefore, just suggestively, an echo of it. After ten minutes, or such a matter, one sounded in the air. By-and-by came another and another. And so the matter grew, until by eleven p. m. the air was a-flutter with sable wings



A CASSIN AUKLET BURROW ON CARROLL. This Tunnel Ran Seven Feet Through a Maze of Roots.

and the island a-hum with t's and r's and l's.

This hour may be taken as being as nearly typical as any, although the pace was more furious at one o'clock when we roused for another observation. We had spread our blankets in the center of the grass field, regretful of the fact that the portion of the population *under* us must go supperless for that night. The air was full at all times of circling birds, at least several hundred, probably several thousand. They flew about excitedly, time to time the rolling cackle which is the accompaniment of activity; while from the ground itself came an attendant chorus of cries. Taken altogether there were certainly thousands, possibly tens of thousands, of birds in motion, and the total effect of the rustling and the cackling, or crowing, was a dainty uproar of huge proportions, a never-to-be-forgotten babel of strange sounds. And in this fairy tumult not the least element was the peeping and whining of chicks, both tended and untended.



A FIND ON ALEXANDER.
Cassin Auklets, Adult and Young. The Cassin' Auklet, Like the Petrel, Will Have Nothing to Do With Her Chick in the Open.

much more nimbly than in the day time, but still erratically, for they incessantly clashed wings with their fellows, and now and then succeeded in knocking each other down into the grass. Again and again they grazed our heads or collided with us outright; for we seemed to pass unnoticed in that giddy whirl. Those which flew about uttered from time to time the characteristic cry, but those a-wing were a small proportion of the total number in evidence. The grass swarmed with birds, some working their way down through to the burrows, the others struggling out, all giving from

While the characteristic cry is as given above, it was not infrequently abbreviated to "*Petteretterell, etteretterell,*" shorter by four syllables. This was the only adult sound heard, except a rolling call rendered staccato in r's and l's, and coming apparently from some absurd little corporal strutting and challenging at the mouth of his burrow. These *p, t, r, l* notes are instantly suggestive of the bird's name, and if the notes of other Petrels resemble this one, I should unhesitatingly say that the name is imitative, and that the classical explanation of "Little Peter walking upon the

waves" (Lat. *Petrellus*) is ingenious but improbable.

At four o'clock the volume of sound had subsided, and not above a dozen flitting forms were seen; while by six o'clock the last of these bread winners of the night shift had passed to sea, leaving their wives and babies to another day of rest.

Kwoahl-la, the Hungry One.

Returning early in June of the following summer, we found that the Petrels were just beginning to lay. But in every burrow which lacked an egg we found two Petrels. This benedict, then, is no roysterer, spending his nights (days) out and leaving his young wife to the cold consolation of bare walls; not he. Day by day, rather, he comforts her, and awaits patiently and hopefully the coming of that crystalling miracle whose appearance means to him henceforth busy days and still more strenuous nights.

We were taking the oological temperature of the island and had repaired to the saw-grass area, when the professor held up an egg three times larger than ordinary, and modestly asked if that were a Petrel's. "I should say not," the bird-man cried; whereupon the professor returned to the burrow and drew forth the owner of the egg, a strange, foreign-looking bird with leaden plumage above, white under-parts, and a gray-green eye, which blinked and stared like that of a Czech caught smuggling. It was a Cassin Auklet (*Ptychoramphus aleuticus*), the Kwoahl-la, of which the Quileutes had been telling me; and it was only in this random fashion that the bird was added to the list of breeding sea-fowl along the coast of Washington.

The reason for previous oversight was not far to seek, for Cassin's is an early bird and most of the burrows held young while the Petrels were only beginning to lay. They are, moreover, desultory breeders, for fresh eggs may be found in burrows alongside of those containing young two-thirds grown. We afterward found them under widely varying conditions upon Alexander Island and Habaaht-aylch, but gleaned scant information as to their habits, by day. On this account, therefore, it was determined to visit Dhuoyuatzachtahl upon the evening of June 17.

The wind had been blowing hard all day and at evening the white-maned seneschals which guard the rock, still shook their heads ominously. But we landed without other mishap than the loss of our drinking water. We swarmed up the rock like schoolboys, spread blankets, dismissed the Indians, and settled down to the enjoyment of another long night with the birds.

Settling to the blankets with eyes which abjured sleep was like sinking upon the cushions at Grand Opera, box A. To be sure we are a little early, but no matter. The performance is sure to begin on time. Meanwhile we will look at the lights. The night is moonless, but so clear as to permit a rare companionship of signals, grateful on that lonesome coast. To the southward gleams the Destruction Island light, as bright as the lamp of a near neighbor. To the north some twenty miles the twinkling masts of the Umatilla lightship appear, while, *mirabile dictu,* as far again may be seen the intermittent flash of old Tatoosh, the welcome Pharos of the Northwest. To eastward the lights of the Indian village blinked sleepily. To westward and barely discernible, a passing steamer. Above—but I may not tell the stars. Beneath—ah, yes beneath, lay a sea of potential fire, lightless when unhindered, but flashing into a sudden fury of phosphorescence wherever the reefs opposed it. All about us and below lay rocks and reefs uncounted, black and somber save as kindled momentarily by the lucent flickerings of the surf.

The stage setting is perfect, down to the footlights. Now for the orchestra: *Petteretteretterell, etteretteretterell* — it is the tap-tap of the conductor calling the island to attention. Soon ghostly forms steal about as on that other night. Voice answers voice as each moment flies. The flitting shadows become a throng and the chorus a tumult.

But in the grand *melange* there is a new note. A quaint, burring croak wells up from the ground—elfish, grewsome, portentious. The Cassin Auklets are waking up. Heard alone, the Auklet

chorus reminds one of a frog pond in full cry. As one gives attention to an individual performer, however, and seeks to locate him in his burrow, the mystery and strangeness of it grows. The vocalist is complaining bitterly of we know not what wrongs. We must be within three feet of the noise as we stoop at the burrow's mouth. The volume of it is ear-filling, yet its source seems furlongs off. Now it is like the squealing of a pig in a distant slaughter-pen. We lift our heads and the stockyards are reeling with the prayers and cries of a thousand victims. And now the complaint falls into a cadence: *"Let meee out, let me-e-e out, let me out."* A thousand dolorous voices take up the chorus. The uproar gets upon the nerves. Is this a bird lunatic asylum? Have we stumbled upon an avian mad house here in the lone Pacific? And are these, the inmates, appealing to the moon, their absent mistress?

Nay, rather, it is the eternal infant. It is the voice of the elemental hunger we hear; and we are powerless to answer. Oh, the unwearying importunity of the hungry child! Earth nor heaven shall forget him while he draws the breath of want. Listen, ocean, and hearken ye still spaces, *"Let me eat, let me eat, let me eat!"* Anxious fathers and distraught mothers hurry to and fro under the lash of the myriad hunger cry. There are some sounds of satisfaction here and there, but they are drowned in the universal shout. Hour after hour goes by and still the fury of demand increases. Fast and faster whirls the ministering host. High and higher rolls the tumult—

Meester Dawson! Hello! Meester Dawson! Why—why—it's California down there in the canoe—and the sun is an hour high. A lone Puffin quits his post and the Gulls begin to quaver—but Kwoahl-la, where is he?

A Summer Dawn in Oregon

By Camilla Ringhouse

Slow perishes the night; pale comes the day,
Dim dies the shadow deepest, splendid Hood
Responds to shafts of gold—where lately stood
Stern night—a pilgrim, since released, in grey.
A thousand sweets from rose and new mown hay
Revive the sleeping heart; if Heaven should
Restore fair Eden—lost, breathes none who could
Exclude yon lark, to sing his soul away.

Faint Heart! See, day has come across the fields,
Let sodden yesterdays, devoid of Hope,
Dissolve their aching pangs, converted tears
Flush brow inspired; rise up where yields
Despair to eager Life, brace self to cope
A brave, new world—the West!—down through the years.

A Humorist in Business

By Elwood S. Brown

BLACKDON BRENT was a rising humorist. Editors of distinction sought his work with avidity and he commanded a price averaging nearly ten cents per word. He wrote with remarkable facility and spontaneous naturalness and his humor was of the popular kind. Occasional touches of biting satire mixed with a lively irrepressible wit of the side-splitting sort gave him a large and enthusiastic following. His writing was of the positive on-the-surface kind that fairly strikes a person and compels ready response.

Brent suggested a wide-awake business man rather than a genius of wit. He was comfortably stout and gave forth an air of intense prosperity. Bright, snapping, dark eyes, jovial mouth and an air of the happy-go-lucky good fellow gave him a most welcome and engaging appearance. Brent looked and talked as he wrote. His personality was as striking as his work.

In time, as is often the case with active, creative writers, Brent threatened to exhaust his field of knowledge and experience. With ten books published and innumerable short stories, articles and satires to his credit, he decided to stop for a period and get new material for still keener work. The game of business appealed to him strongly and he determined to plunge in. The popular method would be incognito.

The first thing to be done was to decide upon the occupation. Here was a chance, glorious in possibilities, to test that beautifully treated situation of a man seeking work. Blackdon Brent, full well knowing his abilities, felt that he could easily qualify in any branch of business he might endeavor to master. After much thought he decided his maiden attempt should be something in connection with the printing business. Accordingly he decided to call upon the Consolidated Printing House.

He was met at the door by that shrewd ferreter of "undesirables," the head clerk.

"What can I do for you?" asked the clerk, attentively.

"I wish to speak with the manager of the place."

"About some printing?" the clerk asked smilingly.

"No, I am seeking a position, and wish very much to become connected with you people."

"I am very sorry, but we are letting go, rather than taking on men at present. There is no vacancy."

Blackdon Brent, humorist, felt a surge of indignation. He was used to being sought after and the dismissal by a mere clerk, an understrapper, would not do for a single instant. Accordingly he spoke in a quick, irritated tone:

"I want to speak to the manager about it, and at once."

"The manager cannot see you. Good day," and the clerk turned on his heel, leaving the humorist in a state of irritated mortification. His search for material in the business field was beginning with an auspicious opening.

Next he tried the firm of Bond & Bond, bookbinders. His good appearance secured him admission into the manager's office, where Mr. Bond, Sr., a crusty, abrupt, but kind-hearted man, held forth in regal bluntness. He was moderately rich; he cared not a jot for good appearances; his time was the vital point to him and he valued it at so many dollars per minute.

"What do you want?" he asked shortly.

"I desire very much to become con-

nected with your firm in a responsible—"

"What can you do?" the rich man shot out quickly. Bond was worth perhaps a third of a million.

Blackdon Brent had not carefully gone over this point. He had vaguely thought the employer would suggest things for him to do. He was out, moreover, for experiences, and they were rapidly flocking to him.

"I believe I can read proof in a satisfactory way." He was thinking quickly.

"Believe?—dont you know?"

"Yes, I know."

"Well, I dont need any proof-readers right now. What else can you do?"

It was a simple little question, but more tragic than humorous. Brent was forced to think rapidly. His keen mind was so absorbed in the literary possibilities of the situation that it took him slightly longer than the imperative Mr. Bond desired.

"Can't you talk?" he thundered. "Dont act like a mummy. My time is worth five dollars a minute. You have taken three minutes already."

Brent was considering drawing fifteen dollars from his pocket to pay for the consumption, when Mr. Bond cannoned out six sharp suggestions.

"Bookkeep, collect, estimate, sell, foreman, manage, what—?"

The humor of the situation struck Brent very forcibly and he decided upon a perilous course.

"I can manage your business for you," he said calmly.

"You — can—manage—my—business, can you? Well, let's see. I'll give you ten minutes to make this estimate. Take down these notes: 2,000 books, 160 pages, 70 lb. Antique, 10 point, cloth vellum, gold stamping. Run in 16s. Figure stock at seven cents, make ready at four dollars a form, and press work at $1.50 per m. Now get busy." And the rich bookbinder plunged into his work.

Blackdon Brent felt that he was getting experiences "right off the reel." He had a slight knowledge of the practical side of book-making, but the mechanical details of figuring it out were completely foreign to him. He studied the best method to surmount the difficulty.

"Give me the figure itemized—" Bond fired in.

The knowledge of rising prominence did not obliterate the embarrassing features of the situation. Brent could see no way for graceful retreat. Bond was imperious; beyond a doubt he was not above kicking the masquerader through the door. The humor had its pathos. Brent decided upon a quick reverse.

"Mr. Bond," he said in business-like, energetic tones, "before assuming the position of manager—"

"Who said you were going to assume any such position?" interrupted Bond wrathfully.

"I beg your pardon; before applying for the position—" Brent endeavored to correct.

"You have already applied. Also you have taken five minutes of my time."

"This man has lost twenty-five dollars through me," thought Brent. My negative valuation, in a business way, is certainly very high. If I take an hour he loses $300."

"I wish first," continued Brent in an aggressive way, "to undertake the selling end of the business. I can bring you in new work in abundance, I am sure."

This seemed to please the dictatorial Mr. Bond. Evidently it struck him as having a real business value. And Brent could see that the bookbinder rather liked the audacity of his applicant.

"What basis do you want to work upon?" asked Bond, unrhetorically.

"A salary of $250 a week," replied the humorist, coolly. He thought this mild. Often he received $1,000 a week from his writing and royalties.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a week? You are insane! A thousand dollars a month? The best salesman I ever had earned only $125 a week."

"Well, I would be willing to start in at $175, to be raised within a month if I justify."

"What is your name?" Bond asked.

Blackdon Brent presented a card on which was engraved the gracious alias, "J. Carsey Vermillion."

"Rather a vivid name," remarked Bond, doubtfully.

"I come from a family of distinction. Doubtless you recall the famous Kentucky feud of the Vermillions."

Bond did n't. He did understand that time was being lost.

"Young man, you are a profligate of time; twelve minutes gone."

"Sixty dollars," thought Brent. "I am a beautiful spender."

"Now to get down to business. We will drop this fanciful view of yours; this $175 per week inflation. I will pay you twenty dollars a week and seven per cent commission. I like you. Do you want the job?"

"You bet I do. I can earn more than $175 on the percentage basis and will have the twenty dollars as pin money. I am deeply indebted to you."

So far the humorist felt that he had vindicated himself with extreme credit. Already he had acquired a new field of life, rich in local color and fairly spiked with humorous possibilities. In his new position lay the groundwork for the keenest satire of his career. Glancing around the room he noted a number of books lying on the table. The top one had a most familiar cover. Jumping up hastily he stepped to the table. There he saw his latest and best book, *The Wit of Society*. Turning to Mr. Bond he said:

"I have read portions of this book. How do you like it?"

Bond turned abruptly. "That—the author is an ass—" he paused. "An engaging ass, though. Except in spots where he is a damned idiot."

"Do the spots occur frequently?"

"Yes, they occur on every page. But what do you mean by taking my time? Go and see Roberts; he will post you. You have taken twenty-two minutes of my time."

Blackdon Brent left the office of Mr. Bond feeling a robber to the extent of one hundred and ten dollars. He was keenly anxious to get to work. This meeting the world next to its business heart he felt would give him the experience of his life. After all, he thought, business was the one great, dominating, live thing of the masses. Love, drama, art, literature, all were but secondary to the every-day driving, compelling game of business—it lasted the full lifetime for nearly every one.

Brent's experience relative to prices for bookbinding was extremely slim. He knew, from his career with the publishers, the difference between cloth, roan and morocco; he had heard them tell of the approximate cost of publishing an edition of 10,000, but beyond a few such facts he was crudely ignorant. Also he knew little of the art of salesmanship, and at times his temper was a trifle tart—a quality not permissible in a salesman. But Roberts posted him pretty thoroughly, and, eager to learn, he soon mastered the essential points. He was instructed, as a first day's experience, to visit the lawyers, doctors, professional men and such others as owned small libraries. He was told to secure as many orders for re-binding as possible.

Blackdon Brent's first call as a solicitor gave him a new sensation. The feeling was far from being a witty one. The humorist felt a slight sagging of the knees. He was on the other man's ground and very likely an undesirable trespasser. The humor was there to be sure, but it was completely shadowed by sickly sensations. Brent first called on Dr. J. D. Trent.

"Is Dr. Trent in?"

Yes, Dr. Trent was in, but he was engaged with a patient.

"All right, I will wait."

J. Carsey Vermillion, salesman, sat thirty-five minutes by the watch waiting for Dr. Trent's patient to be operated upon. He was most seriously cursing the said patient for his unknown (to him) malady, when the door opened and Dr. Trent stepped out briskly.

"Dr. Trent, I believe," he said as the bushy-eyed doctor confronted him.

"Yes—you have an appointment with me?"

"I wish to see you about your library, doctor. We are expert re-binders—"

"Thank you, thank you, but I have everything I need."

"But, my dear sir—"

"Not today. I am extremely busy," and the doctor hustled back into the

inner room. Blackdon could not see a ghost of humor in the situation. Neither was it pathos. The correct phrase, as he uttered it was "unmitigated irritation combined with miserable exasperation."

For three hours the author worked getting a variety of adventures, one small order for fifteen dollars and a vast insight into a dozen new brands of human nature. Finally he met with a climax that afforded him the supreme state of wrathful indignation.

J. R. Whitney, rich banker, held a reputation among those who dared, for cold-blooded, supercilious egotism. It was the misfortune of the disguised humorist to happen across his path when in the maximum of his irritation. Blackdon Brent wanted to get re-binding from the wealthy banker, and as he did not want to wait he decided to run the gauntlet of clerks by strategic methods.

"I wish to see Mr. Whitney on a matter of importance," he said to one of the head guardians.

"Mr. Whitney has three men awaiting him ahead of you."

Brent was tired of waiting for people; he felt it was not justly due him; he adopted the bold and dangerous course.

"I cannot wait that long. My business is short, imperative and can be quickly decided."

"Give me your card and I will see what can be done for you."

Brent handed forth the bogus name with a slight feeling of qualm. The clerk returned shortly.

Mr. Whitney says that he does not know you, but if your business is very urgent he can see you in five minutes."

"It is very urgent," said Brent. He felt that anything with which he was connected was at least moderately important. Mr. Whitney sat at his desk, an icicle of business.

"Well, Mr. Vermillion, you have business with me; what is it?"

J. R. Whitney surveyed him with a cold stare. Blackdon Brent felt most uncomfortable; the knowledge of his real worth hardly could uphold him in the threatened catastrophe. Again he recalled that he was courting experiences of any nature that might befall. And certainly something was soon due to befall—and not very distant. Overcoming a slight choking sensation, he answered:

"Mr. Whitney, I represent Bond & Bond, book-binders."

J. R. Whitney thawed not a particle.

"Well," he said icily.

"I am visiting men with libraries."

"Well?" came the frigid note.

"I believe you have a library of value to you. Perhaps it may have some volumes in need of repair."

"Well?" still came the frosty interrogation.

"I would like to get a chance to do this work for you."

The rich banker gave the temporary salesman a long, quizzical contemptuous look—a look that read "you crawling worm." In an instant the blood boiled in Brent's veins—all the hot wrath of his quick temper leaped to the surface. A man of his position to be given such an outrageous, humiliating look. It took every grain of his will power to hold him in check.

"Young man," came the measured tones of contemptuous reprimand, "you apparently have no conception of the value of the time of a man in my position. Here you have forced yourself ahead of two of my most important clients to harass me with your petty, small outside matter. If you are a specimen of Bond & Bond's salesmen, I have deep sympathy for them."

Blackdon Brent forgot all about humor—all about his disguised position—everything except that he was a full-blooded, vital man being subjected to a severe reprimand by a person whom he considered his inferior. His answer came back as from his larger self, his command of sarcasm rising to a supremacy.

"Mr. J. R. Whitney," he said evenly, but returning the contemptuous glance in full, "Bond & Bond, bookbinders, are sufficiently satisfied with their salesman to entrust their interests to his keeping. The magnified value of the importance of your time to you—and the tremendous and vast interests which are kept in abeyance thereby—is exquisitely affecting to

me—it charms me with its realistic touch—and above all, the refined iciness of your face and manner, and I have not a doubt, of your dealings with helpless debtors, is most keenly appreciated. I trust you comprehend me?"

The banker was struck dumb. A red flush slowly mantled his cheek; his anger also was capable of being inflamed.

"You audacious young scoundrel," he spoke in rising accents. "You, a solicitor, dare to talk to me in my office in so offensive a manner. I never have experienced such abuse in my life."

"I regret that your experiences have been so short of giving you fitting deserts. Let me give you a little quotation, which I think may happily fit your case: 'If the frozen touch of the powerful man of wealth today could but be pressed upon his own heart with the chill it is laid upon—'"

"Dont quote that. I know the rest. It is from that satirical Blackdon Brent's book. I 'd like to meet that blackmailer face to face. He 's done more damage with his pen—"

"Some day you may have the chance. Pardon my taking so much of your time, Mr. Whitney. I trust you are collecting your full interest off the widow's mite with due regularity."

Mr. Whitney's face turned purple with anger.

"I 'll do everything in my power to get Bond & Bond to dismiss you. I have a mortgage on them—"

Brent felt ill at ease. For his own dismissal he did not care, but to involve Bond in trouble was not a trifle.

"You say you have a mortgage—"

"You get out of my office, you impudent whelp."

Brent clenched his fists. He was fighting mad. The animal was strong within him and the insult was most too great.

"But for Bond & Bond I 'd thrash you, You do one thing to injure them—I do not care for myself—and I will make you remember it as long as you live."

At that moment Brent could not have discovered a jot of humor with a microscope. But he was living and it did him good.

He said no more, but left the room with a rush, slamming the door after him.

After his adventure with Mr. Whitney the humorist spent several hours reducing himself to normal. And then he again went to work. As the afternoon wore on the realization was forced upon him that some things pertaining to business were as difficult to perform as an expert piece of writing. Soliciting would do only as a preference to starvation. Still he plugged the day through and succeeded in closing a total business of forty dollars. On this basis, including his salary, his pay reached the sum of $6.13. The amount looked very small indeed, especially when he thought of his experiences in getting it. Then he cast his mind back to the time when he wrote 4,000-word stories for five dollars and was contented to starve for literature.

The following morning Mr. Bond, coming excitedly from his private office, bumped into the humorist. As his eyes fell upon the masquerading author he became convulsed with anger and he clenched and unclenched his fists as he exploded:

"You crazy, insane, idiotic fool of an imbecile. Look at what you have done."

Here was a refreshingly new collection of humor, but one not altogether to be relished in close proximity to its source, which source was perilously near and threatening. A letter was thrust into Brent's hands and he was compelled to read the following:

Mr. Horatio Bond, Dear Sir. We have decided not to extend your mortgage, as per your application. At first we were inclined to do so, but, after the insulting treatment afforded me by your salesman, J. Carsey Vermillion, I do not feel disposed to grant any favors to any one in any way connected with him. Your representative forced himself upon me at an unseasonable hour, and in a most reprehensive and unpardonable manner upbraided me in my office. I am surprised that your firm carries such men in its employ. I want nothing further to do with you in a financial way. Very respectfully,

J. R. Whitney.

"Now, what will we do?" thundered Mr. Bond. "The damage is done. Con-

sider yourself dismissed at this moment, you audacious, self-sufficient idiot!"

Blackdon Brent felt the spirit of tragedy. Tragedy, black tragedy, without a suggestion of silver lining to its sable cloud, was threatening to crush him. The masquerade had gone too far. He determined on quick action.

"Mr. Bond, if I have injured you, I think I can in a measure repair it."

"No, you cannot. It takes more money than you 've ever had or will have. I am fairly well-to-do, but I am tied up by the financial stringency for ready money. They will foreclose and I lose about $60,000. You are rather an expensive business experiment. Whitney is a crabby old skinflint, but he was coming my way until you unmercilessly butted in with your gabbing propensity."

"How much is your mortgage for?"

"Dont ask me. I dont care to discuss this matter with you further. Get out."

"I will not get out until I have pulled you through your difficulty."

"Dont waste my time, you can do nothing."

"I can pay off and take over your mortgage."

"Please dont pass any more of your funny, imbecillic jests on me."

"Tell me the amount of your mortgage and I will take it over at a less rate of interest than the bank charges you."

"The amount is $50,000."

"I shall bring you that amount in gold in less than three days. Good bye."

Brent chuckled to himself. His desired adventures were coming fast and thick, and laden to the overflow with material for humorous treatment. Very fortunately he had a large sum of money on hand, acquired from a recent cash sale and awaiting investment. It was not a very profitable undertaking to accept a smaller interest than the bank paid, but Brent felt that his honor was at stake. He secured a grip from the bank and weighted it down with gold coin. He did not care to reveal his name by check.

"Here you are, Mr. Bond," he said, laboriously. "I wish you needed a further sum, for money is burdensome to me."

Bond nearly swooned.

"Who and what are you?" he gasped.

* * * * *

Brent's short novel went direct to the publishers and was rushed through in rapid time. Critics pronounced it too caustic, but the public fed upon it to the hundreds of thousands. Such is the way of the public. The humor was peppery and the cutting sarcasm hit a popular vein. The character of Bond was treated in kindly way and was somewhat an improvement on the pattern. But J. R. Whitney was drawn in a block of ice; frozen-blooded and pitiless.

Blackdon Brent mailed one copy to Horatio Bond, with the inscription, "From your Salesman and Friend, the Damned Idiot."

To J. R. Whitney he went in person. He did not risk sending in a card this time. He awaited his turn and finally secured an entrance unannounced.

"Mr. Whitney, I am back again."

For an instant Whitney endeavored to recall his visitor.

"You Vermillion rascal," he then burst out. "You masquerader—"

"Doubtless you have read the latest book of Blackdon Brent's," interposed the author quickly. "Do you recognize one of the central figures?"

"You libeler. Just wait—"

"Want to sue me? I 'll take chances on it. I have heard a number of people in this city who have said it s an excellent delineation of you at your best. You understand I did not touch your worst side. Charity to all is my motto." Brent spoke very rapidly.

J. R. Whitney was on the point of apoplexy. He was struggling to express himself as Brent, smiling his blandest, said:

"My time is too valuable for further discussion. Good day."

The Devil and Larry Greeley

By J. W. McKenzie

PATRICK GRATTAN NOLAN, proprietor of the corner grocery, went to the door, opened it, letting in a swirl of snow, looked up and down the nearly deserted street, now tight in the grasp of a sweeping northeaster, and then with a sigh more suggestive of contentment than sorrow, returned to his seat by the stove; said stove being then white-hot—due to the skillful manipulation of shovel and poker by Mr. McGuire, who had been a stoker in the days of yore.

" 'Tis a wild night—God be good to us. 'Tis a wild night for th' tinth o' Daycimber—glory-be how time flies—Dan be aisy with th' coal—an' it thirty years th' night since Larry Greely fought th' divil."

So saying, Mr. Nolan lit his T. D. and puffed in silent retrospection, the while glancing slyly out of the corner of his eye at O'Brien in the shadow quietly munching his third handful of dried prunes.

The wind roared and whistled and rattled the shutters and dashed the sleet against the window-panes with a fury that caused the three old men to snuggle closer to the cheery blaze.

" 'Tis a wild night for th' tinth o' Daycimber," reiterated Mr. Nolan.

"As you have ra-marked before this evenin'," said O'Brien.

"Yes, an' as I 'll *ra-mark* again an' be danged to ye," returned Mr. Nolan.

" 'Twas a night like this—barrin' th' snow—an' th' tinth o' Daycimber that a company av us—an' divil a better crowd in all th' West for fun an' frolic—were gathered in Jimmie Quinn's tavern on th' Loughrea road.

"What with lashins of good whisky, an' ould blind Keefe playin' th' fiddle, an' us dancin' an' singin', we put in an elegant night of it.

"Now this was of a Saturday night—bad scran to ye, O'Brien, av I liked prunes so well I 'd buy tin cints worth an' ate them like a man—this was of a Saturday night, an' Mollie Hinnissey, who I was kapin' company with at th' time, had give me a special invite to have dinner at her mother's place th' nixt day. So about four o'clock—an' divil a much fun was left in th' by's be then, for what were n't asleep on th' floor were talkin' to thimselves like a lot of broody hins—thinks I, it 's time to be goin' home an' gettin' th' sleep out o' me eyes before callin' on Mollie, or it 's that dam peeler Scanlin that 'll get th' nixt Sunda' dinner. With that I rose, an' puttin' on me storm coat, made ready to go.

" 'Where are ye off to, Pat?' says Larry Greely from th' corner where he was sharin' th' straw with Quinn's old sow an' her litter.

" 'Home,' says I.

" 'Wait,' says he, 'till I git me hat, an' I 'll be with you. I promised Father Kiley to attend mass this mornin', and be hivins, I will if all th' divils bechune hell an' Connaught was in me way.'

"It was only me affection for Mollie that made me leave a warm shelter that mornin', for it was blowin' an' rainin' like all possessed, an' as black as the cha-racter of Bloody Billy. But love 'll timpt a man to many a thing which common sinse forbids him doin'. However, Larry found his hat, and takin' a gallon jug of whisky in his hand was ready to accompany me.

"Th' walkin' would have been bad enough for two sober min; but with us limber in th' legs an' topheavy in th' head it was worse. We floundered an' walloped around like a blind horse in a bog; an' as poor Larry—th' Lord rist

his soul—said, 'when we was n't fallin' we were down.' But we got along somehow till we reached th' byway at th' smith's forge, an' here, after drinkin' a partin' sup from Larry's jug, we separated.

"I arose about eight o'clock, an' after dressin' in me best, I thought I would stroll around be Larry's an' get a dram to loosen me tongue—for there was hardly room for it in me mouth—an' then attend mass an' walk home with Mollie.

"When I drew near to Larry's cabin what do I see but all th' neighbors flittin' around like a flock of chickens with a hawk in sight, and Father Kiley come trottin' up on his ould bay mare.

"Bedad, thinks I, Larry's fell in th' ditch an' been drowned; an' with that I began to dam' meself for not seein' him safe home that mornin'.

" 'Is Larry dead?' says I to Jack Fagin, who came runnin' with two holy candles in his fist an' his face as white as a sheet.

" 'No,' says he in a whisper; 'no, Pat, he's not dead,' says he, 'but it 's worse. Larry met ould Nick last night down be th' stone bridge, where th' robbers killed th' miller,' says he, 'an' they had th' divil's own fight. An' if it was n't that me b'y Ned went down there this mornin' to luk at some snares, Larry 'd be dead be now. But come in an' se for yourself.'

"So in I went; an' if I live a thousand years more I 'll never forget th' sight that met me gaze.

"Larry was propped up with pillows an' his woife was houldin' a big bowl of hot punch to his lips, while all around th' bed was a row av blessed candles—to kape th' divil from attackin' Larry again, Fagin said.

"Larry's face was all skint an' black an' blue, an' he had a welt on th' side av his head as wide as me hand.

" 'Now, Larry, avick,' said Father Kiley, as th' patient finished th' bowl of punch an' lay back with a satisfied grunt, 'tell us how it happened'—an' pon me soul I thought I saw a twinkle in his eye as he spoke. 'Take your time, agra, an' tell us all you can remember of th' dreadful occurrence.'

" 'Yes, Father,' began Larry. 'Yes, I 'll tell ye all about it; for me recollections av th' matter—except whin I had n't me sinses—are as clear as yon blue sky. You see, your riverance, a few of us were down at Quinn's, near Loughrea, last night, an' maybe we had a few drops of th' creeter—though nothin' out of th' way, your riverance—an' a little singin' an' dancin' to pass th' time.

" 'An' you know, Father, I promised you that I would attind mass this mornin', an' pursuant to me promise, I left th' tavern *early* in company with Pat Nolan, who stands there an' can prove me words.

" 'Well, after Pat left me at the ould forge, I jogged on until I got a stone in me shoe, an' sat down be th' side of th' road to remove it; an' I may have taken a small draw from th' jug, for it was a woeful stormy night.

" 'I was about to move on again when I saw a light a short distance away. It crossed th' road in advance of me, then through th' hedge, an' into Malloy's field.

" 'Troth, thinks I, that 's Barney comin' home from th' kilns, an' I 'll go with him across th' fields—which 'd shorten me way a good bit.

" 'So with that I scrambled over the hedge and sung out: "Ho, Barney, wait an' I 'll be with ye." An' be hivens—savin' your presence—av th' light did n't stop until I was near up to it, when it started on again.

" 'Hould a bit, Barney, I cried again. But divil a hould. The light kept just a little before me, an' me stumblin' along in th' dark.

" 'Dang it, Barney, says I—for I still thought the light was carried by Malloy—dang it, says I, this is no way to leave a neighbor to waller in th' mud like a lame pig an' av ye dont wait there 'll be more about it when we two meet on solid ground, says I. But no answer did I get; an' walk or run, I could get no nearer th' light.

" 'All to once th' thought came to me mind that I was followin' a will-o'-th'-wisp, an' I stopped in me tracks. May I never use salt av th' light did n't stop too. Be this time every hair on me head

was standin' straight up. I made th' sign of the cross an' tried to remember where I was, but what with me anger at what I thought was Barney's meanness an' me runnin' an' jumpin, the divil a bit I knew where I was.

" 'The light now moved on again, but I was resolved to follow it no more; and after startin' an' stoppin' several times, as though to tempt me to follow, it disappeared.

" 'Be this time a bit o' day was breakin' in th' east, an' judgin' that I must still be in Malloy's field, I struck out in th' direction I thought his house lay.

" 'I had n't made tin steps when a thing about eight feet tall with a face like a live coal, rose up before me.

" 'Come with me, says the Thing in a voice louder than the roar of my black bull.

" 'Who are ye? says I, in the name o' God.

" 'The devil, says the Thing, an' I want you to come with me, Larry Greely, for speakin' disrespectful of me down at Quinn's last night. With that he reached out a hand with claws on it like an agle's.

" 'But before he reached me, I whirled me blackthorn an' gave him a clip that brought a howl.

" 'Dang ye, Larry Greeley, says th' Thing, you 've bruk me arm.

" 'Yes, says I, gettin' bolder when I saw that th' divil cud be hurt—though if me stick had n't been cut from a bush that was planted be St. Patrick's own hand it cud never be done—yes, says I, an' I 'll break yer ould head av ye try any tricks with me, says I.

" 'Well, says th' Thing, two can play at that game, me bucko, an' with that he produced a stick an' came at me.

" 'Now, as all of ye know, I 'm no ould biddy when it comes to handlin' th' stick, but, to give th' divil his due, he was just as handy; an' it was give and take for a while, till at last with a howl of rage he laped at me, strikin' me on th' side of th' head with his horn, an' then seizin' me jug, which I held in me left hand, he disappeared in a flame.

"An' that," concluded Mr. Nolan, "occurred thirty years ago."

"An' did they ever find trace of th' jug?" asked O'Brien.

"They did," was the reply. "They found th' handle av it fast on wan of th' horns av Barney Malloy's ram."

Wind-Song of the Roses

By Jessie Davies Willdy

Blow light, and sway, the rose-blooms spray,
  Sweet lingering, fragrant, June-time breeze.
Breathe warm and slow, and faint and low;
  Soft winds from sun-lit Southern seas.

O'er mission walls, the south wind falls,
  Where straying petals drifted lie.
And roses dream—where moon-mists gleam
  And whispering winds go wandering by.

The Code of the Primitive

By Ernestine Winchell

Drawings by C. S. Price

FOR three days the men had followed the herd along the mountain trails and down the steep grades from the Sierra summer range. The easier foothill road was reached at last, and as the cattle plowed its yellow dust into a cloud reverberant with their incessant bawls, Compton Bray lounged in his saddle and gazed over his home hills in unconscious adoration.

"Gee, what a picture! What a *girl!*"

Startled by his companion's explosive exclamation, Compton's eyes dropped swiftly to the steep road-bank to take instant impression of a slight figure crouched in the shade of a live oak, a big mongrel dog posted at either hand—an impression that was chiefly red calico gown and great, wide black eyes. Unmoved, his glance shifted from her to the lumbering, bellowing beasts, and then back to the autumn-browned hills. But the other man turned on his horse and looked again.

"Who is she, Comp? I never in my life saw such a pair of eyes!—and such a mouth! Say, old man, but she's a beauty, whoever she is!"

Compton returned to the level with an indulgent smile. "Think so?" he said, indifferently. "You 're a funny feller, ain 't you? Why that 's only an Injun. One of Ole Man Raney's half-breed kids. It takes you city guys to git excited."

"And it takes you foothillers to be blind!" retorted Eugene Layton indignantly. Then he went on with the energy of conviction: "An Indian! What if she is, with a face like that, and those eyes? What 's the matter with you, anyway—that you cant see for yourself?"

"Well, my eyes is full of this dust, I guess, and your insides will be full of it, too, if you dont shut up."

As they rode on in silence, half-smothered by the rolling cloud, Compton Bray felt his slow imagination stirred, not so much by the vision on the bank—that was familiar enough—as by this new interpretation of it. To his untaught mind, beauty had never been as abstract as religion or political economy, and that it was here made concrete—for to question the college man's verdict did not occur to him—strangely interested him somehow, in spite of his assumption of disdain. He was still turning the idea over in his indefinite thoughts when the two prepared their smokes on the front porch after supper, and he was glad when his guest reopened the subject without confusing prelude.

"Now, Comp, tell me about that girl."

"Why, they ain't much to tell," demurred Compton, hampered by an unexpected diffidence. "Seth Raney, he 's her pa, he settled up at the head of this creek before I was born. He 's white, of course, but he married a girl from the Joaquin *rancharee;* they had six or seven children and this here little girl is the youngest. 'Bout sixteen, I guess she is now."

"Pretty decent sort of a man?"

"Yeah. All right ole feller. Ole army man."

"And he married the mother, you say? Then what makes you so scornful of the girl?"

"Why, she 's a half-breed!"

"What of that? She 's honestly born, and she 's beautiful. And certainly that countenance spells goodness. What more can a man ask?"

Compton was silent in astonishment

and Layton went on with the complacent accent of one who discourses on a favorite theme:

"Now, look here, Comp! Here you are, owner of all these fields and forests and hills. Owner of this comfortable house and of those fat cattle out there. You are twenty-four years old and you 'll be wanting a wife one of these days. It is no better for man to be alone now than it was in Scripture days. Now I ask you, is there in all this region a girl who would make you a prouder, happier, more comfortable man than that lovely, soft-eyed maid we saw today?"

"Marry *her*, 'Gene! Aw, what yer givin' us?" Compton flushed with resentful embarrassment. "You dont know what yer talkin' about. You dont live here! Gee! Say, talk sense awhile, if you have n't forgot how!"



"HE'S WHITE, BUT HE MARRIED A GIRL FROM JOAQUIN RANCHAREE."

After his guest's departure for the city the young ranchman resumed the familiar routine of foothill life as readily as his cattle took to their winter range, and on the first Sunday, arrayed in the local mode of Stetson, new overalls, soft shirt and flowing tie, he rode his best horse to the store, there to talk and smoke in the cordial company of the fellows with whom he had grown up. And quite naturally he went home to dinner with Charlie Murphy; for to Charlie's sister Eva, Compton had carried pine-nuts and gum in school days.

But in some mysterious way Eva had changed during these months of his absence. Something in her manner now made him feel both elated and unwontedly bashful, and as he rode home in the evening he found himself thinking of her from a new and attractive standpoint.

He was still thinking of Eva and making indefinite plans involving new paint and wall-paper when, on Monday morning, he rode out to look after the herd which for five days had wandered over the unfenced hills. Late in the afternoon he had made the circuit and was headed for home on the Raney trail, when a commotion of crashing brush and yelping dogs prompted him to halt and back his horse out of the way. In a moment a bell-cow scrambled up the creek-bank, started at sight of him, then trotted along the trail followed hurriedly by several others with two noisy cattle-dogs at their heels.

Compton waited for the driver to appear, which she did at once, panting, glowing, and with great eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Hello, Kitty Raney!" he called. "Havin' trouble with yer cows?"

He watched her effort to control the bubbling laughter and to recover her breath—and there was something very pleasantly disturbing in the way her big black eyes flashed up at him, and then

hid under their thick long lashes as she answered in a shy little falter:

"No, sir!"

Compton laughed and flung himself from the saddle. "I thought you was," he pretended with assurance. "I 'll help you a piece, anyway."

She was not so little after all, when he stood beside her; and now Layton's words rushed back to his mind as he regarded her from the corner of his eye. She *was* pretty, with that rich color blooming under the soft brown of her skin, and the blue-black braid she twisted uneasily in her slender fingers was thick and shining. Of course it was not in the foothill way, but his faith in foothill standards had been shaken.

As they walked along together a strange tumult within him tied the man's tongue, and the girl was as dumb as himself. His every constrained essay of conversation fell flat and he soon gave up the effort, baffled and chagrined. Shucks! She was only an Indian anyway, so what did it matter?

"Well, so-long, Kitty!" he decided impatiently, and swiftly slipping an arm about her waist he kissed the smooth dark cheek so near.

Immediate and convincing came her response—for in a breath a blazing pair of black eyes had seared his, a stinging little hand had burned his face and the girl was running up the trail like a wild thing.

"Gee!" he exclaimed in admiring amazement. "Now would n't that jolt you?" Half ruefully grinning, his eyes followed the flying young figure out of sight. Then he felt tenderly of his hot cheek and slowly shook his head. "You need n't be in such a hurry, sweetness! They 's other days a comin'. You *are* a little sport, you betcherlife!" And still smiling he mounted and rode toward home. Soon he laughed delightedly and began to whistle.

Every day that week Compton Bray rode the range. He saw Kitty Raney often, but not once did he get near enough to speak, for she knew better than he every trail and ravine of the hills.

When he dismounted at the Murphy gate for his Sunday visit he paused for a wrathful look up the cañon that sheltered the Raney cabin.

"You doggone little Injun," he growled, "I 'm done with you!" And swinging on his heel he went into the house.

The welcome that Eva Murphy lavished upon the young man should have soothed his temper and established her unquestioned reign in his heart, but in spite of her animated and devoted entertainment he made ungrateful comparisons all day. When he looked at Eva's blonde pompadour he thought of Kitty's shining black braids; when Eva lifted her soft blue eyes to his he remembered the sparkling darkness of Kitty's; when Eva left a plump white hand where he could cover it with his own, he pictured the slender brown one that had left its print on his cheek.

That night Compton Bray did the hardest thinking of his life; and the next day when his ride over the range brought him near the Raney home, he hitched his horse to the rickety palings and went in. He talked with Seth Raney for an hour, of stock and crops and neighborhood gossip, and though he caught no glimpse of Kitty, he knew she would understand his change of attitude.

Two days later he met her in the trail, and though she dimpled and flashed her big eyes at him in one forgiving glance, he was dumb again—for he had come to the staggering realization that with his whole being he wanted her, this graceful brown girl of the hills.

In the happy days that followed he wooed her as the elemental man has ever wooed the elemental woman—with no thought but of today, no care but for themselves.

A bit of hillside girdled entrancingly by *manzanita* and *ceanothus* was their place of meeting, and one day Compton tramped impatiently about the space grudging every moment spent there alone. Stirred by fitful gusts of autumn breeze the white-oak at the edge sprinkled its tiny brown leaves in sibilant showers upon the ground and upon the log at its foot; but there was no other

sound, for steps were noiseless on the sod.

Suddenly a girl's voice trilled a bird-note into the clear air. Moved by a sudden impulse of mischief Compton hid behind the tree, and the next instant Kitty sprang through the *chaparral.* She was flushed with running, but with her hasty glance about the empty nook the color faded and grief and dismay, swept over her face. Uttering a soft cry of regret she turned to look back down the trail—and then in one leap he had reached her, and his arms clasped round her slight body he held her fast. Her head went back in surprise and he kissed her full on the mouth.

"Comp! Oh, *Compton!"* she sobbed, struggling for freedom. "I—I did n't think you 'd be so mean!"

"I ain't mean, sweetness," he whispered. "I jest had to, Kitty. Dont you know I like you better than anything in the world?"

She had turned in his arms and ceased to struggle, but she stood quite straight and still.

"I guess," he went on in a moment, "that you an' me 'll git married after a while. What do you say?"

"I dont mind!" With the murmured words she nestled against him in a tender confidence that made him gasp. But presently she spoke with a new humility.

"But, Comp, I 'm only an Injun. Did you think of that?"

"An Injun!" he repeated—denial in his tone—"no you ain't! You 're only jest the sweetest, prettiest thing in the State—that 's what you are!" And he pushed her to arm's length, his strong hands on her shoulders, for the joy of snatching her back.

"I 've got to go, Comp," Kitty declared as the sun's rays grew longer. "Pa'll git after me if I 'm late with the cows."

"Oh, damn yer pa!" said Compton, carelessly, and kissed the white part in her hair again. Presently he offered in a different tone: "Say, Kitty, we wont let on—fer a while."

"Why?" she asked in wonder.

"Well, you see, people has to do so much joshin', a feller dont like it. An' it 'll be fun to su'prise yer folks!"

"But I got to make my clo'es!" the girl protested.

"Oh, you need n't to bother about them. When we git ready I 'll buy you all you want in the latest style."

"All right," she agreed. "Whatever you say, Comp, honey. Now let me go."

Compton stood and watched her go springing off along the hillside, soon lost among the bushes, and whistling to her dogs as she disappeared. Dexterously rolling a *cigarrito,* he lingered. The match burned up to his fingers and he crushed it absently while his narrowed gray eyes demanded her of the *chaparral.* He called his horse, tightened the cinch, sprang into the saddle, and turned again to look for the girl.

On a point of rocks he saw her, her slim body outlined dark against the crimson of the western sky. He flung out his hand—glowing *cigarrito* between the fingers—in a parting gesture.

"Adios!" his clear voice rang.

As at a signal she dropped over the rocky bank after the barking, carousing dogs. For another moment he waited, then wheeling his horse in the narrow trail he galloped off down the valley exulting in a compact which he lacked courage to declare.

With the new day Compton took up his neglected farm work in a manner that earned his hired man's surprised and profane approval. But once or twice a week, on sunny days, he saddled his horse and rode over the hills, circling inevitably to the trysting place and Kitty.

"Seems to me," remarked Jim, "that them cattle takes a sight a herdin' this winter!"

Compton looked for suggestion in the man's face, but found no sign; so in happy security he went his way. And he attended all the dances and visited the Murphy house on frequent Sundays, for the companionship and admiration of his kind were dear to him.

It was when the *manzanita* bloomed that he first realized the change in his social world—a change so subtle and baffling that its very nature denied him satisfaction or defense. Instinctively he traced the cause to the discovery of his love affair, and its judgment according

to the local code. Accustomed all his life to the tacit approval of his associates, he brooded over the change with an exasperated resentment that made no allowance for the natural jealousy of the women, nor the equally natural hostility of the men.

"I 'll be doggoned if I dont marry her anyhow, an' settle the whole fool bunch!" was his stubborn self-assurance after a new prick.

Compton went his usual way among the people, making no sign, but ever on the alert for an unveiled word or an overt act for which he could definitely demand account; for he was not a physical coward and he had no mind to live under a cloud.

The warm California spring hurried into April and the time for the *rodeo* was at hand—an occasion for exhibition and fun and frolic among the younger men, as well as for hard work and endurance.

Upon a sparsely wooded tract were gathered all the range cattle of the district with their owners and their helpers —a score of hardy cattlemen in all—and here and there a looker-on. Within a circle of steaming horses and surging, bawling cows the marking and branding went on, the shouts and laughter of the men adding to the uproar.

Since Compton Bray had been big enough to handle a calf with a *riata* the *rodeo* had been his field of glory. But this year his best throws were greeted with that faint applause more maddening than silence, and worst of all, his failures received none of the good-natured jibes and banter that prove the sympathy of the audience. Burning with anger and indignation he hid his wounds with the instinct of the primitive, and waited hopefully for open provocation.

It was the last day of the *rodeo* and the herds had mostly scattered upon the hills. Compton had brought a husky yearling to its side with a skillful turn of his horse, when around a bend in the trail rode a denizen of the *rancherias*. She was an old, old squaw, as well known in the region as the hills themselves, sociable and ready of tongue beyond her race, and as her old mustang hobbled by she grinned genially at the crowd from under her thatch of gray hair.

"Hello, *muckchaw!*" saluted one of the young fellows with an exaggerated gesture of courtesy.

"Min-a-hoo, muchacho bonito!" the squaw retorted, her grin widening at the appreciative roar of laughter that followed her.

"What did she say?" questioned a looker-on after the shouts had died out.

"Ask Comp Bray," sneered Charlie Murphy, speaking with deliberation. "He knows a good bit about Injuns!"

Compton swung from his horse and reached the expectant Charlie with a terrible, panther-like spring. Then they fought. Silently, coldly, implacably they struck and parried, clinched and finally fell to the ground writhing and snarling like wildcats.

Critical and alert the others gathered round, for they knew no quarter would be asked nor given. They pulled Compton off while there was yet life in Charlie and held by two strong men he swore and raved in his unbridled fury.

"Blast you, let me go!" he blared. "I want to fix him fer good! An' if they 's any more fellers here that 's thinkin' what they dassent say, I want to lick 'em till they fergits it!—Lemme go, 'r I 'll smash yer face!—I 'll pack a gun after this, an' I 'll lay out the first feller that looks at me crooked!—Lemme go. I say!"

They held him patiently till he wore himself to exhaustion; then one of them brought his horse. "Go on home, ole man. We 'll see you git a square deal in the windup."

For several days Compton sulked at his ranch, healing his bruises and nursing his unappeased wrath. Huddled by the fireplace he ignored Mrs. Jim's attempts at consolation till she let him alone, and, half-forgetting his presence, resumed her old habit of talking to herself as she moved from one room to the other about her work, and the scraps of sentences reminded him of the delirium of an old illness. She came in from the kitchen absorbed in her energetic phrasing—"An' I says to her: 'You 're sure



"TWO DAYS LATER HE MET HER IN THE TRAIL."

right! *All* half-breeds ain't Injuns!'"—she stopped with a gasp as her eyes met his. Then she straightened the table cover sharply as she concluded with decision: "An' they ain't, neither!"

Instantly he knew that the woman had given him the explanation—an explanation that now but fanned the flame of his rage.

He strode to the stable and began to saddle his horse. "By the Lord!" he swore, jerking the straps into place. "Do they think they can run *me?* I 'll show 'em I do as I damn please." He reined the animal viciously into the creek trail and spurred him to a lope.

He had been thinking of Kitty—fleetingly, and in a dozen different moods—for today she would be waiting for him, and as he approached the dearly familiar glen, tenderness won dominion over all and he was ready to hold out his arms to the sweet brown girl he loved. But when his impatient eyes had swept the sun-drenched place his blood went cold—then hot again. For it was not Kitty who awaited him there, but old Seth Raney, his thin hands locked upon the head of his stick and supporting his bearded chin, while the deep eyes welcomed him gravely.

"Howdy, Compton!" the old man greeted him. "Set down, an' le's have a little talk." He hitched over on the log with an air of hospitality that added exasperation to the young man's rising anger.

A negative gesture vibrant of insolence stood for the word, and with trembling fingers Compton began the making of a *cigarrito* while waiting for the other to speak.

"Compton," began Raney presently, "I ain't got a thing ag'ins' yuh. I know young folks is foolish an' thoughtless mighty often, without meanin' any harm. But you been gittin' my girl talked about, an' I 'm yere to ask what yer goin' to do about it?"

The match Compton was rasping across his leg snapped in two; he tried another, then swore.

"Now, Comp," protested the old man, gently, "dont yuh go an' git all het up an' excited."

"Good Lord—excited!" roared Compton, grinding the broken *cigarrito* under his heel. He took a quick turn the width of the glen and back, bringing up sharply before the man on the log.

"Well," he challenged, "what am I goin' to do about what?"

"About marryin' Kitty," explained Raney, mildly.

The young man steadied his voice with an effort. "What the devil put such a blame fool notion as that into yer blame ole head?"

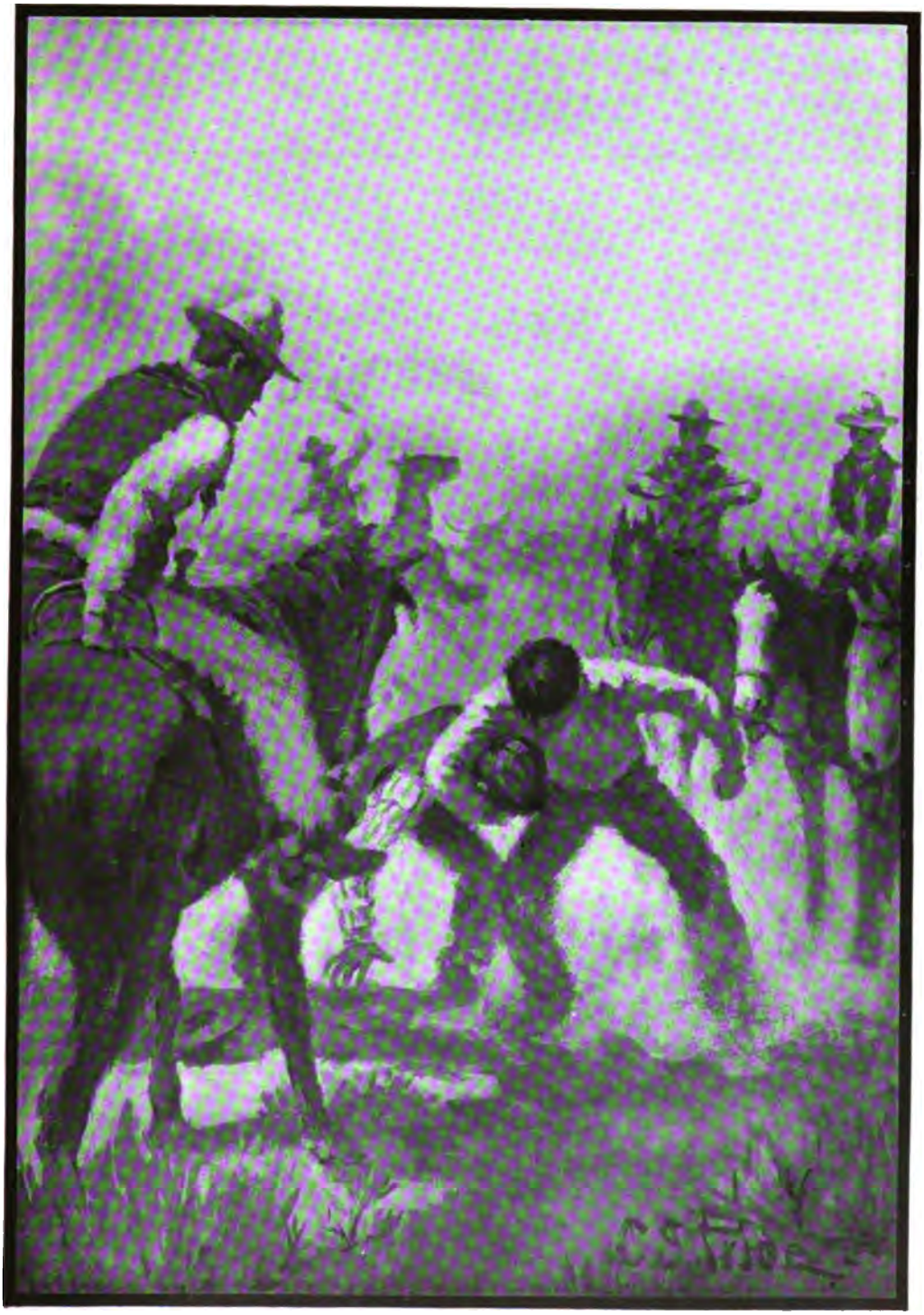
"Well," said Raney, still quietly, "Kitty tole me yuh ast her to marry yuh las' fall. Yuh ain't been comin' to see her at her home like you oughta, but been meetin' her out yere in a way that 's made folks talk about her. She 's a good little girl, but she did n't know no better; but you did—an' I 'm yere to tell you that if yer any excuse of a man you 'll up an' set the day!"

Compton kicked the log at the old man's side. "Git up, you ole houn', 'fore I kick the stuffin' outa you!" he shouted, suddenly abandoning reason and self-control. "I 've a mind to smash you to kin'lin'—a damned ole squawman like you to come an' tell me what I got to do!—Let me tell you, Raney, I 'll git married when I git ready. An' when I do"—the words boiled together—"it wont be no Injun!"

He shook a furious fist at the slight old man standing calm, steady and watchful, leaped to his saddle and tore down the hill like a landslide, plowing up grass and wildflowers in the headlong rush.

In a storm of conflicting emotions, Compton Bray rode the hills till dark. Finally dismounting at the stable door he slammed the steaming saddle and blankets to the ground, kicked the tired horse into a stall and tossed him down some food. Then at full length in the dry, fragrant hay, his fair head on his arms, he lay and suffered as the dumbly obstinate must suffer. Slowly his fury cooled and soon the old fight was raging between his love of a girl and his pride of race and autonomy.

In the early morning he heard the rattle of wheels in the road, and glanc-



"THEN THEY FOUGHT."

ing listlessly from the barn-window, a startled exclamation parted his lips. It was the Raney spring-wagon, and on the cushionless seat was old Seth Raney humped forward till his grizzled beard swept his knees, the reins dangling loosely from his bony fingers as the shaggy little nags trotted smartly along. By his side sat his young daughter, Kitty, decked out in all the family finery, her buoyant attitude eloquent of maiden dignity and joy. Her uplifted gaze lingered on the window of Compton's vacant room.

"She 's thinkin' of me, the little chunk a sweetness!" and he swore helplessly at the tears that brimmed. "What the devil they goin' to town fer?" he wondered in aimless speculation, and then drifted back to the hopeless battle of forces old as man.

It was a hard, hard fight, but by afternoon of the following day, pride was at her last ditch.

Flooded in brilliant spring sunshine hinting joyously of summer, Compton tinkered indifferently at a broken wagon, while a courageous hen scratched about his feet for her dozen twittering fluffballs, and the pale-tinted barley stalks, ready for the mower, hissed faintly together.

The hen hurried her brood before her and marched off with backward craning of her neck; the barley rustled, and steel rang against stone. Compton lifted his head and flinched to see Seth Raney ride up on his rawboned old sorrel.

"Howdy, Comp! Fixin' yer wagin?" He spoke with the utmost affability.

The young man straightened, and pushed back his hat, but he did not meet the other's eyes. "Yeah. Jim busted her ag'inst a tree th' other day. Will you git down?"

"No;" Raney slouched negligently in his saddle, "I jes' thought I 'd come in an' chaw the rag with yuh a spell. Goin' to have a right good crop a hay, ain't yuh?"

Compton picked up a stick to whittle and seated himself on the wagon-tongue. "Yeah," he slowly answered, reaching for his knife. "I guess it 'll turn out pretty good. Looks like it might." Conversation seemed difficult and he cast about for a promising subject. "You got a right stiff price fer that bunch a steers you sold to Hines, I heard?"

"Yes; kinda good, considerin'."

"Uh-huh."

Silence again—a silence that had begun to take on a strange, portentious quality when it was broken by the old man saying—

"I jes' come in to tell yuh, Compton, that we'd like to have yuh come over to our house this evenin'. They 's goin' to be a weddin' at fo' a'clock."

"Is they?" Compton nervously brushed the shavings from his overalls. "Who 's goin' to git married?"

"We-ell," drawled Raney, softly, "*you* air, fer one!"

With a start the young man looked up into a pair of fierce blue eyes that blazed along the barrel of Raney's true old Navy revolver.

"You can holler to Jim to git yer hoss; the preacher is waitin' fer us!"

Compton shut his knife and rose promptly to his feet, but stood for a moment looking down at his grimy hands and rough, untidy garments. Then he squared his shoulders and turned, smiling, oddly softened eyes to the old man's guarded face.

"I guess I 'll fix up a little first," he suggested shyly. "You can come along, if you want to—gun an' all!"



Copyright Photograph by H. Kight.

A POTLATCH HELD BY THE SNOQUALMOOK INDIANS AT THEIR RESERVATION NEAR TACOMA, WASHINGTON.

Alice Jacobson, of This Tribe, Gave Away Over $1,000 in Money and Drygoods in Honor of Her Dead Husband. In Giving Away This Money She Made Herself Very Famous Among Her People. Each Indian Man Received $1.50 As His Share, and the Women Received Dry Goods. Alice Is Seated In the Foreground.



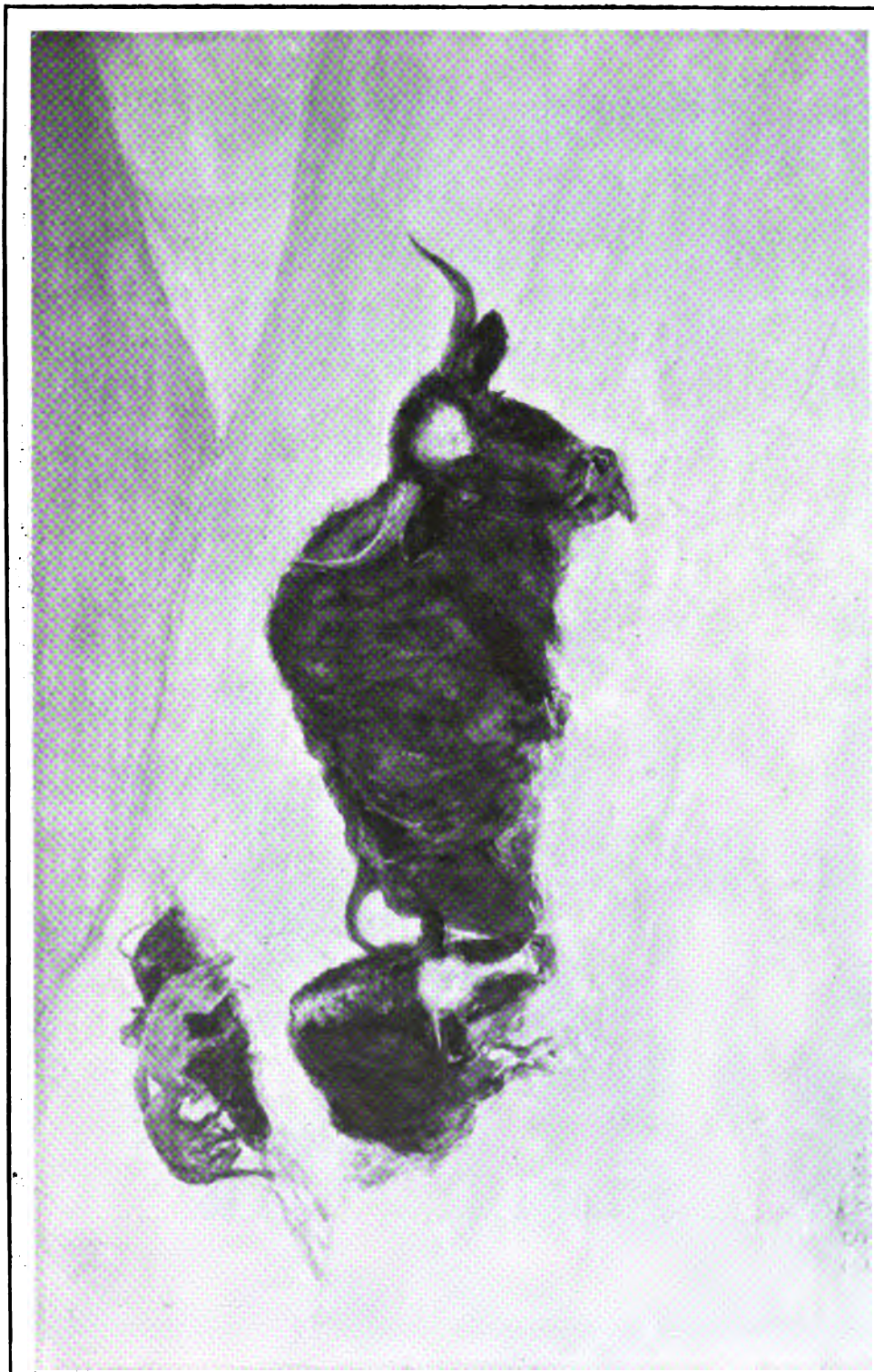
"WE'LL HAVE RABBIT STEW FER A DAY OR TEW." ALASKA.

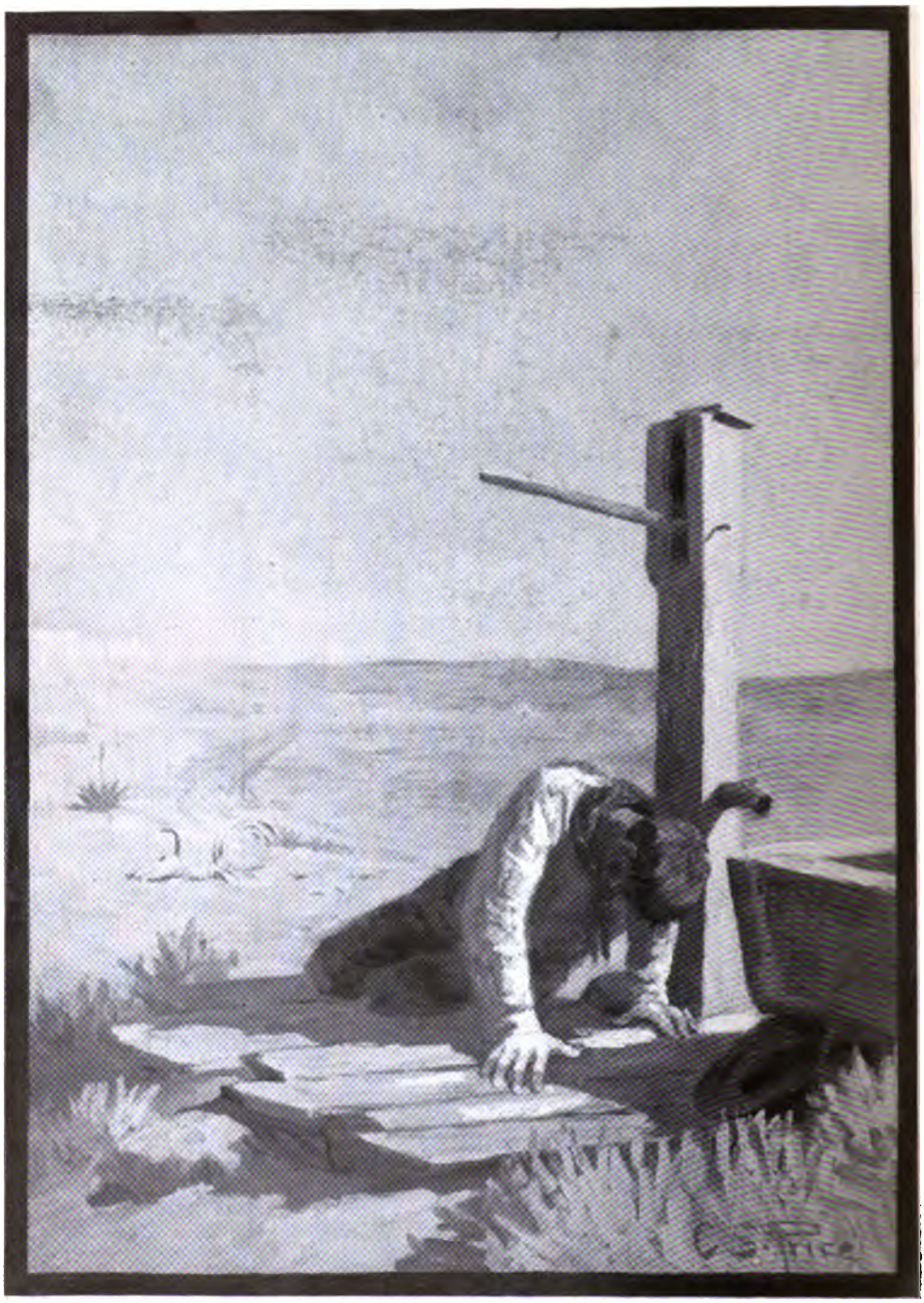


HAULING FORAGE FROM AN IRRIGATED RANCH, ARIZONA.



VALUABLE ORCHARD LAND ON COLUMBIA RIVER RECLAIMED FROM SAND DUNES.





BY THE LONE WELL.

By the Lone Well

By Percy Turner

Drawing by C. S. Price

IT was three o'clock in the morning and quite dark when Lane started, equipped with a canteen, two "salt horse" sandwiches and half a dozen sour pickles.

Briskly he picked his way down the canyon, sensing the route like a trailwise mule. On either side of the defile, somber, mysterious, awesome, loomed towering cliffs of lava and stone and earth—rent asunder in some prehistoric paroxysm of nature. It was even chilly at that hour and Lane made the most of it, knowing that the respite would be but short.

Perhaps an hour he walked thus, the grit, grit, grit, of his hob-nailed shoes striking cleanly in the silence. The first false vigor of the morning passed and the compensating false faintness followed; he was just getting his second wind when in one step, his feet left the hard, gravelly floor of the canyon and sank deep into the yielding sand which filled its jaws—blown there by the winds of untold ages from the level chaos which lay before. The day's toil had begun.

As the hour of daybreak approached, the darkness grew intense. The earth spread before him one flat, opaque void. It was not an ordinary darkness, but dead black, like a coffin, the concentrated, soul-depressing gloom which precedes dawn in the desert. Overhead, not opaque, yet impenetrable, and even more potent with mystery than the earth, gloomed the heavens, an immense, inverted bowl of the deepest blued steel.

No man can traverse the arid wastes at that hour without feeling the clutch of its spell; it is the age-long accumulation of all the brooding, the melancholy, the mystery and the awful beauty which have been the desert's heritage since time began. It is God's own country, but not man's.

Presently, to the eastward, Lane noted with a sigh of relief, the faintest lightening in the blue, as when steel first feels the heat of the blacksmith's forge. This, in turn, changed swiftly to pink and from pink to an incomparable rose color. Hotter and hotter grew the fire, till the horizon became one measureless expanse of molten gold.

Under the necromancy of dawn, objects began to take form; distant hills appeared and shapeless blotches of shadow transformed into graceful sprays of sagebrush and greasewood; chuckawallas and horned toads ran here and there, and a tarantula proceeded on his travels with awkward dignity.

Then, over the skyline leaped the glorious, living sun, calling the dead earth back to life and dazzling the whole creation with his presence. "God said, Let there be light: and there was light." Small wonder that savages worshiped the sun.

Lane found himself walking hat in hand. Often as he had seen it, he could never outgrow the start of fresh surprise awakened by the tremendous spectacle of a desert sunrise. The contrivances of man—work brought to near perfection by centuries of accumulated wisdom, the petty display of an emperor's power, grow stale with the seeing, but this—this was God's own; it was the concentrated essence of Life itself, the Life which causes the universe to be and to live and to work in its matchless perfection of movement. It was here, in this land of enchantment, that Nature had sung her finest songs of melancholy and painted in her most inimitable

colors. It was God's own demesne, yet, withal, a demesne upon which man, lured by the forbidden, ever seeks to trespass. Punishment is exacted in the thousand agonies incident to the long trail—the heart-breaking labor, the torments of thirst, or the giving up of life itself.

The ecstasy of daybreak was but fleeting. Barely had the sun cleared the horizon when Lane shrank instinctively, like a kitten whose corner in the oven suddenly grows too warm. From the wisdom born of long experience, he knew that this was to be an off day with him. He was in no-wise ill, yet, for some unaccountable reason, it was one of the times when the body is robbed of its wonted vitality—when the reserve is low. Then it is that the man on the trail sweats blood.

Forty miles is a fair day's tramp under the best of circumstances. To walk forty miles over the yielding desert sand is the achievement of a giant; but to attempt two score miles of desert sand in mid-August—that is a task attempted only by the hardiest frontiersman, or a fool. Yet such was the day's work Lane had mapped out, and he was no fool—else he would not have survived ten fruitless years of prospecting—the frosts of the Northland, the shriveling heat of the desert, or the disease of pestilential river bottoms.

Also, but Lane could not know it, this was the day on which even people of the sheltered walks of life would pant and stifle and die, some of them, under the heat wave which was to pass like a curse over the prostrate land.

Steadily and with awful dignity, the sun rose straight into the heavens like an avenging god. Even the sparse foliage of the greasewood curled and shriveled. Heat waves rose from the tortured earth with dizzying monotony. Every living thing native to the land disappeared.

Lane plodded on, every step an effort. In traversing sand, one gains no momentum, as when walking over a hard surface. It is like eternally starting from a dead standstill.

Midway on his journey was a pump over a deep well—all that remained of some one-time mining enterprise. This should be reached by noon and, moreover, Lane resolved to reach The Lone Well, as it was called, with half his supply of water untouched—for when life hangs in the balance, one does not take things for granted. There *had* been a well there the year before. Lane knew only this and he presumed nothing.

With the first heat he had been assailed by an abnormal thirst—hot coppers some call it, which comes from many causes, not the least among which is frontier whiskey. But in Lane's case the cause was unavoidable — simply the warning of his stomach that the limit of endurance was approaching—too many seasons of camp grub, too much grease, too few green things.

His throat parched from the fever which burned within, yet, wise in the way of the trail, he made no attempt to slake his thirst; only, from time to time, as the dryness of throat became unbearable, he would carefully chew a bit of pickle, then take a mouthful of water. rinse his mouth and divide the precious liquid into as many swallows as he might. But always the dryness returned.

Provoking memories of iced delicacies rose in his mind to mock him. Mint julep, with its cone of shaved ice, its seductive color, its beautiful frost crystals clinging to the glass; Shasta-water lemonade, with plenty of lemon and no sugar—the kind that cuts the dust from one's throat; sweating pitchers of ice water, all came and went with tantalizing persistence, beyond his power to put by.

Presently, from behind the nose of a sand dune, Lane discerned the dilapidated corral which marked the Lone Well—as yet miles distant.

This produced a momentary stimulus. The visions of iced impossibilities gave way to visions of clear, sparkling water which the pump would belch forth. Lane would drink his fill. He would cool his blistering feet and he would rinse his loathsome garments, now sweat-sodden, now salt-incrusted, as the moisture was sucked from his body or dried by the sun.

All too soon, however, the false

strength passed and the burning demand for water which it engendered, followed, making alarming inroads on his canteen. Half his pickles were gone and in the grim phrase of the frontier, the worst was yet to come.

Ere long he found himself hurrying, which is a bad sign in the open country where strength should be used sparingly. Half a dozen times in the next hour he was obliged to pull himself up. Then he stumbled and fell and he was frightened at the uncanny croak which came from his parched throat—for the hot sand had burned him on knee and elbow. This was but the beginning. His self-control was going and he knew it. Subconsciously he figured his chances of covering the few remaining miles before his strength failed entirely. Memories no longer vexed him. By force of training, all his remaining vitality concentrated itself in one last, desperate struggle against the forces of nature. His was the breed that die fighting.

The heat was like that of a blast furnace. It seemed that the earth must presently burst into flame and perish. The sagebrush, the mournful yuccas, all the scant vegetation of the heat-cursed land, writhed and twisted in the shimmering air like things in torment. When the sun, mid-heaven high, glared down, all his merciless energy concentrated into a supreme effort of hate, a disheveled, horrible figure, crawling on all fours, like a beast, traversed painfully and with many halts, the few remaining rods which separated it from the Lone Well.

The skin was a greenish yellow, the eyes, irritated and inflamed by the hot sand, bulged from their sockets; the blackened tongue protruded from the lips—it was Lane, nearly done, but fighting his fight against overwhelming odds with the stubbornness of the brave. With each movement, a rhythmical sloshing told that he had arrived at the Lone Well, as planned, with water in his canteen.

Now that the object which had drawn his pain-racked body across the scorching miles, was within his reach, Lane regarded it with superstitious awe. Horror seized him lest the pump prove to be a hallucination and vanish with his touch. Stealthily he advanced one hand, then grabbed the pump handle suddenly, as a cat pounces upon its prey—only to release it with a gasp of pain, for the iron was very hot. But Lane whimpered his gratitude. It was no fantasy. The thing was real, else it would not have burned him.

Wrapping the handle with his felt hat, he raised it and plunged downward—but there was no resisting suction. The handle clattered noisily against the cylinder—the pump had lost its priming.

This was the calamity which Lane had subconsciously feared, yet dared not think of—but it was for this possible emergency that he had suffered untold tortures rather than exhaust his scanty supply of water. He would stake all on priming the pump with his remaining pint. Indeed, he felt no temptation to drink what little remained. His only fear was that it might not be sufficient to bribe the pump to give forth its treasure. Death itself held no terrors—he had suffered a hundred deaths in the last hours, and it was not for mere life that he had goaded himself far past the seeming limit of endurance. It was (cunning precaution of nature) the protest which is deep down in every man, against dying hungry or thirsty. What he wanted was water. He wanted to drink barrels of it and then drown in it.

Lane had not forgotten that men nearly spent from thirst should not be allowed to drink freely at first, but should be revived slowly, with tantalizing spoonfuls. He, himself, had so treated other men whom he had rescued —ah, how they had fought and screamed for the water they might not have. Well, there was no one to hold him down.

Carefully Lane unscrewed the cap from his canteen, elevated the handle, and as the water began to trickle into the cylinder, he pumped with the last ounce of strength in him.

There was no resistance at first, then the faintest wheezing as the air, following the law of nature, rushed into the cylinder to forbid the vacuum. It was no time for half measures; it was all or

nothing. Lane daringly inverted the canteen, sending the remainder of his pint of water into the cylinder with a dash. Then for two awful minutes he pumped with the desperation of a fiend. The wheezing became more labored and the resistance stronger. Once the suction nearly caught. But it was no use. The valve leathers were hopelessly dry and the supply of priming wholly insufficient. With a derisive hiss, the air sifted into the leaky cylinder, and the rude handle banged lifelessly against the empty belly of the pump.

Exhausted by his exertion, Lane reeled and fell into a swoon. Presently the scorching sand burned into his consciousness. He opened his eyes and as the disabled pump filled his gaze, memory came back to him.

He uttered no sound. Slowly and painfully he rose to his feet and with open eyes deliberately faced the blazing sun—but before the curse against God could form in his mind he drifted off into delirium.

For ages he seemed crawling over an eternity of live coals. The universe seemed made of fire. All around him, volcanoes of it belched from the earth; dry watercourses ran with it and liquid fire coursed through his veins instead of blood. Over the hellish spectacle, the exultant sun raged like a demon triumphant.

Then behold a miracle! Slowly, ever so slowly, the sun began to lose its awful brilliance. Its fury seemed to have spent itself. The disk grew plainer and the intense whiteness changed to a deeper hue approaching rose color.

The earth, too, seemed to have in some degree burned itself out. Gradually the heat paled, leaving the face of nature a hideous blackening cinder. One small spurt of flame only, seemed to persist in passing and repassing Lane's consciousness at irregular intervals.

Then behold a second miracle! The silence was broken by a trickling of water accompanied by a dull sound throbbing at regular intervals like a pulse—evidently it was the throbbing of his brain. But the trickle persisted and grew till it became a waterfall. The world was slowly filling with water. It touched Lane's body—ah, how good it felt—and it crept up and up. If it would but come a little nearer he might taste it. But at his shoulder it stopped. Try as he would, he could not plunge under it. His body seemed to have lost its power to move. But presently, by bending his head ever so far, he could just touch it with his tongue and was enabled to moisten his lips ever so little. It was heavenly. Again he strained his head forward. This time he was enabled to touch the water, but instead of water, a liquid fire sucked into his mouth, and in spite of himself, he swallowed a little. Lane whimpered feebly; he had had quite enough of fire. But somehow the fire seemed to give him strength. Sounds began to force themselves into his consciousness and an unfelt hand seemed rocking him gently to and fro.

Lane opened his eyes and looked into the smiling face of a man who bent over him and who supported him with one arm. In his free hand he held an uncorked whiskey flask. Beside him was a lighted lantern, and a few feet away a small campfire merrily spat defiant sparks into the darkness. Packs and cooking utensils lay here and there, and farther away, Lane could make out the shadowy forms of a pair of burros.

"Well, old man, how do you feel?" asked the stranger. But Lane's tongue was swollen and he could not reply.

"Kind of weak, eh? Well, your fever 's most gone now. I 've had you packed in wet barley sacks for the last hour. Guess I 'll give you another little swig, now, and put you to bed."

With a delightful feeling of relaxation, Lane watched him mix a spoonful of whiskey with a small cup of water, which the stranger held to his lips.

"Had a devil of a time priming the pump," the man went on as Lane swallowed painfully. "Used up half my keg of water and then had to take the cussed thing apart and soak the valve leather for twenty minutes. Then you ought to have seen her come."

But Lane already had sunk into a peaceful slumber.

Martin Eden

By Jack London

Author of "The Call of the Wild," "Sea Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "White Fang," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.



ROMPTLY, the next afternoon, Maria was excited by Martin's second visitor. But she did not lose her head this time, for she seated Brissenden in her parlor's grandeur of respectability.

"Hope you dont mind my coming?" Brissenden began.

"No, no, not at all," Martin answered, shaking hands and waving him to the solitary chair, himself taking to the bed. "But how did you know where I lived?"

"Called up the Morses. Miss Morse answered the 'phone. And here I am." He tugged at his coat pocket and flung a thin volume on the table. "There 's a book, by a poet. Read it and keep it." And then, in reply to Martin's protest. "What have I to do with books? I had another hemorrhage this morning. Got any whisky? No, of course not. Wait a minute."

He was off and away. Martin watched his long figure go down the outside steps, and, on turning to close the gate, noted with a pang the shoulders, which had once been broad, drawn in now over the collapsed ruin of the chest. Martin got two tumblers, and fell to reading the book of verse, Henry Vaughn Marlow's latest collection.

"No Scotch," Brissenden announced on his return. "The beggar sells nothing but American whisky. But here 's a quart of it."

"I 'll send one of the youngsters for lemons, and we 'll make a toddy," Martin offered.

"I wonder what a book like that will earn Marlow?" he went on, holding up the volume in question.

"Possibly fifty dollars," came the answer. "Though he 's lucky if he pulls even on it, or if he can inveigle a publisher to risk bringing it out."

"Then one cant make a living out of poetry?"

Martin's tone and face alike showed his dejection.

"Certainly not. What fool expects to? Out of rhyming, yes. There 's Bruce, and Virginia Spring, and Sedgwick. They do very nicely. But poetry—do you know how Vaughn Marlow makes his living?—teaching in a boys' cramming-joint down in Pennsylvania, and of all private little hells such a billet is the limit. I would n't trade places with him if he had fifty years of life before him. And yet his work stands out from the ruck of the contemporary versifiers as a balus ruby among carrots. And the reviews he gets! Damn them, all of them, the little manikins!"

"Too much is written by the men who cant write about the men who do write," Martin concurred. "Why, I was appalled at the quantities of rubbish written about Stevenson and his work."

"Ghouls and harpies!" Brissenden snapped out with clicking teeth. "Yes, I know the spawn—complacently pecking at him for his Father Damien letter, analyzing him, weighing him—"

"Measuring him by the yardstick of their own miserable egos," Martin broke in.

"Yes, that 's it; a good phrase; mouthing and besliming the True, and Beautiful, and Good, and finally patting him

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on the back and saying, 'Good dog, Fido.' Faugh! 'The little chattering daws of men,' Richard Realfe called them the night he died."

"Pecking at star-dust," Martin took up the strain warmly; "at the meteoric flight of the master men. I once wrote a squib on them—the critics, or the reviewers, rather."

"Let 's see it," Brissenden begged eagerly.

So Martin unearthed a copy of "Star-Dust," and during the reading of it Brissenden chuckled, rubbed his hands, and forgot to sip his toddy.

"Strikes me you 're a bit of star-dust yourself, flung into a world of cowled gnomes who cannot see," was his comment at the end of it. "Of course it was snapped up by the first magazine?"

Martin ran over the pages of his manuscript book.

"It has been refused by twenty-seven of them."

Brissenden essayed a long and hearty laugh, but broke down in a fit of coughing.

"Say, you need n't tell me you have n't tackled poetry," he gasped. "Let me see some of it."

"Dont read it now," Martin pleaded. "I want to talk with you. I 'll make up a bundle and you can take it home."

Brissenden departed with the "Love Cycle," and "The Peri and the Pearl," returning next day to greet Martin with:

"I want more."

Not only did he assure Martin that he was a poet, but Martin learned that Brissenden also was one. He was swept off his feet by the other's work, and astounded that no attempt had been made to publish it.

"A plague on all their houses!" was Brissenden's answer to Martin's volunteering to market his work for him. "Love beauty for its own sake," was his counsel, "and leave the magazines alone. Back to your ships and your sea—that 's my advice to you, Martin Eden. What do you want in these sick and rotten cities of men. You are cutting your throat every day you waste in them trying to prostitute beauty to the needs of magazinedom. What was it you quoted me the other day? Oh, yes, 'Man, the latest of the ephemera.' Well, what do you, the latest of the ephemera, want with fame? If you got it, it would be poison to you. You are too simple, too elemental, and too rational, by my faith, to prosper on such pap. I hope you never do sell a line to the magazines. Beauty is the only master to serve. Serve her and damn the multitude. Success! What in hell 's success if it is n't right there in your Stevenson sonnet, which outranks Henley's 'Apparition,' in that 'Love-Cycle,' in those sea-poems?

"It is not in what you succeed in doing that you get your joy, but in the doing of it. I know it. You know it. Beauty hurts you. It is an everlasting pain in you, a wound that does not heal, a knife of flame. Why should you palter with magazines? Let beauty be your end. Why should you mint beauty into gold? Anyway, you cant; so there 's no use in my getting excited over it. You can read the magazines for a thousand years and you wont find the value of one line of *Keats*. Leave fame and coin alone, sign away on a ship tomorrow, and go back to your sea."

"Not for fame, but for love," Martin laughed. "Love seems to have no place in your Cosmos; in mine, Beauty is the handmaiden of Love."

Brissenden looked at him pityingly and admiringly. "You are so young, Martin boy, so young. You will flutter high, but your wings are of the finest gauze, dusted with the fairest pigments. Do not scorch them. But of course you have scorched them already. It required some glorified petticoat to account for that 'Love Cycle,' and that 's the shame of it."

"It glorifies love as well as the petticoat," Martin laughed.

"The philosophy of madness," was the retort. "So have I assured myself when wandering in hasheesh dreams. But beware. These bourgeois cities will kill you. Look at that den of traders where I met you. Dry rot is no name for it. One cant keep his sanity in such an atmosphere. It 's degrading. There 's not

one of them who is not degrading, man and woman, all of them animated stomachs guided by the high intellectual and art impulses of clams—"

He broke off suddenly and regarded Martin. Then, with a flash of divination, he saw the situation. The expression on his face turned to wondering horror.

"And you wrote that tremendous 'Love-Cycle' to her—that pale, shriveled, female thing!"

The next instant Martin's right hand had shot to a throttling clutch on his throat, and he was being shaken till his teeth rattled. But Martin, looking into his eyes, saw no fear there, naught but a curious and mocking devil. Martin remembered himself, and flung Brissenden, by the neck, side-long upon the bed, at the same moment releasing his hold.

Brissenden panted and gasped painfully for a minute, then began to chuckle.

"You had made me eternally your debtor had you shaken out the flame," he said.

"My nerves are on a hair-trigger these days," Martin apologized. "Hope I didn't hurt you. Here, let me mix a fresh toddy."

"Ah, you young Greek!" Brissenden went on. "I wonder if you take just pride in that body of yours. You are devilish strong. You are a young panther, a lion cub. Well, well, it is you who must pay for that strength."

"What do you mean?" Martin asked curiously, passing him a glass. "Here, down this and be good."

"Because—." Brissenden sipped his toddy and smiled appreciation of it. "Because of the women. They will worry you until you die, as they have already worried you, or else I was born yesterday. Now, there's no use in your choking me; I'm going to have my say. This is undoubtedly your calf love; but for Beauty's sake show better taste next time. What under heaven do you want with a daughter of the bourgeoisie? Leave them alone. Pick out some great, wanton flame of a woman, who laughs at life and jeers at death and loves one while she may. There are such women, and they will love you just as readily as any pusillanimous product of bourgeois sheltered life."

"Pusillanimous!" Martin protested.

"Just so, pusillanimous, prattling out little moralities that have been prattled into them, and afraid to live life. They will love you, Martin, but they will love their little moralities more. What you want is the magnificent abandon of life, the great free souls, the blazing butterflies and not the little gray moths. Oh, you will grow tired of them, too, of all the female things, if you are unlucky enough to live. But you wont live. You wont go back to your ships and sea, therefore you 'll hang around these pest-holes of cities until your bones are rotten, and then you 'll die."

"You can lecture me, but you cant make me talk back," Martin said. "After all, you have but the wisdom of your temperament, and the wisdom of my temperament is just as unimpeachable as yours."

They disagreed about love, and the magazines, and many things, but they liked each other, and on Martin's part it was no less than a profound liking. Day after day they were together, if for no more than the hour Brissenden spent in Martin's stuffy room. Brissenden never arrived without his quart of whiskey, and when they dined together down town he drank Scotch and soda throughout the meal. He invariably paid the way for both, and it was through him that Martin learned the refinements of food, drank his first champagne, and made acquaintance with Rhine wine.

But Brissenden was always an enigma. With the face of an ascetic, he was, in all the failing blood of him, a frank voluptuary. He was unafraid to die, bitter and cynical of all the ways of living, and yet, dying, he loved life, to the last atom of it. He was possessed by a madness to live, to thrill, "to squirm my little space in the cosmic dust whence I came," as he phrased it once himself. He had tampered with drugs and done many strange things in quest of new thrills, new sensations. As he told Martin, he had once gone three days without water, had done so voluntarily, in order to ex-

perience the exquisite delight of such a thirst assauged. Who or what he was, Martin never learned. He was a man without a past, whose future was the imminent grave, and whose present was a bitter fever of living.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARTIN was steadily losing his battle. Economize as he would, the earnings from hack-work did not balance expenses. Thanksgiving found him with his black suit in pawn and unable to accept the Morse's invitation to dinner. Ruth was not made happy by his reason for not coming, and the corresponding effect on him was one of desperation. He told her that he would come after all, that he would go over to San Francisco to the *Occidental* office, collect the five dollars due him, and with it redeem his suit of clothes.

In the morning he borrowed ten cents from Maria. He would have borrowed it, by preference, from Brissenden, but that erratic individual had disappeared. Two weeks had passed since Martin had seen him, and he vainly cudgeled his brains for some cause of offense. The ten cents carried Martin across the ferry to San Francisco, and as he walked up Market Street he speculated upon his predicament in case he failed to collect the money. There would then be no way for him to return to Oakland, and he knew no one in San Francisco from whom to borrow another ten cents.

The door to the *Occidental* office was ajar, and Martin, in the act of opening it, was brought to a sudden pause by a loud voice from within, which exclaimed:

"But that is not the question, Mr. Adams." (Adams, Martin knew, from his correspondence, to be the editor's name.) "The question is, are you prepared to pay?—cash, and cash down, I mean. I am not interested in the prospects of the *Occidental*, and what you expect to make it next year. What I want is to be paid for what I do. And I tell you, right now, the Christmas *Occidental* dont go to press till I have the money in my hand. Good day. When you get the money come and see me."

The door jerked open and the man flung past Martin with an angry countenance and went down the corridor muttering curses and clenching his fists. Martin decided not to enter immediately, and lingered in the hallways for a quarter of an hour. Then he shoved the door open and walked in. It was a new experience, the first time he had been inside an editorial office. Cards evidently were not necessary in that office, for the boy carried word to an inner room that there was a man who wanted to see Mr. Adams. Returning, the boy beckoned him from half way across the room and led him to the private office, the editorial sanctum. Martin's first impression was of the disorder and cluttered confusion of the room. Next he noticed a youthful-looking man, sitting at a roll-top desk, who regarded him curiously. Martin marveled at the calm repose of his face. It was evident that the squable with the printer had not affected his equanimity.

"I—I am Martin Eden," Martin began the conversation. ("And I want my five dollars," was what he would have liked to say.)

But this was his first editor, and under the circumstances, he did not desire to scare him too abruptly. To his surprise, Mr. Adams leaped into the air with a "You dont say so," and the next moment, with both hands, was shaking Martin's hand effusively.

"Cant say how glad I am to see you, Mr. Eden. Often wondered what you were like."

Here he held Martin off at arm's length and ran his beaming eyes over Martin's second-best suit, which was also his worst suit, and which was ragged and past repair, though the trousers showed the careful crease Martin had put in with Maria's flat-irons.

"I confess, though, I conceived you to be a much older man than you are. Your story, you know, showed such breadth, and vigor, such maturity and depth of thought. A masterpiece, that story—I knew it when I had read the first half-dozen lines. Let me tell you how I first read it. But no; first let me introduce you to the staff."

Still talking, Mr. Adams led him into the general office, where he introduced him to the associate editor, Mr. Jones, a slender, frail little man whose hand seemed strangely cold, as if he were suffering from a chill.

"And Mr. Pierce, Mr. Eden. Mr. Pierce is our business manager, you know."

Martin found himself shaking hands with a stout, round-headed man, whose face looked youthful enough.

The three men surrounded Martin, all talking admiringly and at once, until it seemed to him that they were talking against time for a wager.

"We often wondered why you did n't call," Mr. Jones was saying.

"I did n't have the car fare,and I live across the Bay," Martin answered bluntly, with the idea of showing them his imperative need for the money.

Surely, he thought to himself, my glad rags in themselves are eloquent advertisement of my need. Time and again, whenever opportunity offered, he hinted about the purpose of his visit. But his admirers' ears were deaf. They sang his praises, told him what they had thought of his story at first sight, what they subsequently thought, what their wives and families thought; but not one hint did they breathe of intention to pay him for it.

"Did I tell you how I first read your story?" Mr. Adams said. "Of course I did n't. I was coming West from New York, and when the train stopped at Ogden the train-boy on the new run brought aboard the current number of the *Occidental*."

My God! Martin thought; you can travel in a Pullman while I starve for the paltry five dollars you owe me. A wave of anger rushed over him. The wrong done him by the *Occidental* loomed colossal, for strong upon him were all the dreary months of vain yearning, of hunger and privation, and his present hunger awoke and gnawed at him, reminding him that he had eaten nothing since the day before and little enough then. For the moment he saw red. These creatures were not even robbers. They were sneak thieves. By lies and broken promises they had tricked him out of his story. Well, he would show them. And a great resolve surged into his will to the effect that he would not leave the office until he got his money. He remembered, if he did not get it, that there was no way for him to go back to Oakland. He controlled himself with an effort, but not before the wolfish expression of his face had awed and perturbed them.

They became more voluble than ever. Mr. Adams started anew to tell him how he had first read "The Ring of Bells," and Mr. Pierce at the same time was striving to repeat his niece's appreciation of "The Ring of Bells," said niece being a school-teacher in Alameda.

"I 'll tell you what I came for," Martin said finally. "To be paid for that story all of you like so well. Five dollars, I believe, is what you promised me would be paid on publication."

Mr. Adams, with an expression on his mobile features of immediate and happy acquiescence, started to reach for his pocket, then turned suddenly to Mr. Pierce, and said that he had left his money home. That Mr. Pierce resented this was patent; and Martin saw the twitch of his arm as if to protect his trousers pocket. Martin knew that the money was there.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Pierce, "but I paid the printer not an hour ago, and he took my ready change. It was careless of me to be so short; but the bill was not yet due, and the printer's request, as a favor, to make an immediate advance, was quite unexpected."

Both men looked expectantly at Mr. Jones, but that gentleman laughed and shrugged his shoulders. His conscience was clean at any rate. He had come into the *Occidental* to learn magazine-literature, instead of which he had principally learned finance. The *Occidental* owed him four months' salary, and he knew that the printer must be appeased before the associate editor.

"It 's rather absurd, Mr. Eden, to have caught us in this shape," Mr. Adams preambled airily. "All carelessness, I assure you. But I 'll tell you what we 'll do. We 'll mail you a check

the first thing in the morning. You have Mr. Eden's address, have n't you, Mr. Pierce?"

Yes, Mr. Pierce had the address, and the check would be mailed the first thing in the morning. Martin's knowledge of banks and checks was hazy, but he could see no reason why they should not give him the check on this day as well as on the next.

"Then it is understood, Mr. Eden, that we 'll mail you the check tomorrow," Mr. Adams said.

"I need the money today," Martin answered stolidly.

"The unfortunate circumstances—if you had chanced here any other day," Mr. Adams began suavely, only to be interrupted by Mr. Pierce.

"Mr. Adams has already explained the situation," he said with asperity. "And so have I. The check will be mailed—"

"I also have explained," Martin broke in, "and I have explained that I want the money today."

He had felt his pulse quicken a trifle at the business manager's brusqueness, and upon him he kept an alert eye, for it was in that gentleman's trousers pocket that he divined the *Occidental's* ready cash was reposing.

"It is too bad—" Mr. Adams began.

But at that moment, with an impatient movement, Mr. Pierce turned as if about to leave the room. At the same instant Martin sprang for him, clutching him by the throat with one hand in such fashion that Mr. Pierce's fat chin pointed ceilingward at an angle of forty-five degrees. To the horror of Mr. Jones and Mr. Adams, they saw their business manager shaken like an Astrakhan rug.

"Dig up, you swindler!" Martin exhorted. "Dig up or I 'll shake it out of you even if it 's all in nickels." Then, to the two affrighted onlookers: "Keep away. If you interfere somebody 's liable to get hurt."

Mr. Pierce was choking, and it was not until the grip on his throat was eased that he was able to signify his acquiescence in the digging-up program. Altogether, after repeated digs, his trousers' pocket yielded four dollars and fifteen cents.

"Inside out with it," Martin commanded.

An additional ten cents fell out. Martin counted the result of his raid a second time to make sure.

"You next!" he shouted at Mr. Adams. "I want seventy-five cents more."

Mr. Adams did not wait, but ransacked his pockets with the result of sixty cents.

"Sure that is all?" Martin demanded menacingly, possessing himself of it. "What have you got in your vest-pockets?"

In token of his good faith, Mr. Adams turned two of his pockets inside out. A strip of cardboard fell to the floor from one of them. He recovered it and was in the act of returning it, when Martin cried:

"What 's that? A ferry ticket. Here, give it to me. It 's worth ten cents. I 'll credit you with it. I 've now got four dollars and ninety-five cents, including the ticket. Five cents is still due me."

He looked fiercely at Mr. Jones, and found that fragile creature in the act of handing him a nickel.

"Thank you," Martin said, addressing them collectively. "I wish you a good day."

"Robber!" Mr. Pierce snarled after him.

"Sneak thief," Martin retorted, slamming the door as he passed out.

Martin was elated—so elated that when he recollected the *Hornet* owed him fifteen dollars for "The Peri and the Pearl," he decided forthwith to go and collect it. But the *Hornet* was run by a set of clean-shaven, strapping young men, frank buccaneers who robbed everything and everybody, not excepting one another. After some breakage of the office furniture, the editor (an ex-college athlete), ably assisted by the business manager, an advertising agent, and the porter, succeeded in removing Martin from the office and in accelerating, by initial impulse, his descent of the first flight of stairs.

"Come again, Mr. Eden; glad to see you any time," they laughed down at

him from the landing above.

Martin grinned as he picked himself up.

"Phew!" he murmured back. "The *Occidental* crowd were nanny-goats, but you fellows are a lot of prize-fighters."

More laughter greeted this.

"I must say, Mr. Eden," the editor of the *Hornet* called down, "that for a poet you can go some yourself. Where did you learn that right cross—if I may ask."

"Where you learned that half-Nelson," Martin answered. "Anyway, you 're going to have a black eye."

"I hope your neck does n't stiffen up," the editor wished solicitously. "What do you say we all go out and have a drink on it?—not the neck, of course, but the little rough house."

"I 'll go you if I lose," Martin accepted.

And robbers and robbed drank together, amicably agreeing that the battle was to the strong, and that the fifteen dollars for "The Peri and the Pearl" belonged by right to the *Hornet's* editorial staff.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ARTHUR remained at the gate while Ruth climbed Maria's front steps. She heard the rapid click of the typewriter, and, when Martin let her in, found him on the last page of a manuscript. She had come to make certain whether or not he would be at their table for Thanksgiving dinner; but before she could broach the subject Martin plunged into the one with which he was full.

"Here, let me read you this," he cried, separating the carbon copies and running the pages of manuscript into shape. "It 's my latest, and different from anything I' ve done. It is so altogether different that I am almost afraid of it, and yet I 've a sneaking idea it is good. You be judge. It's an Hawaiian story. I 've called it 'Wiki-Wiki.' "

His face was bright with the creative glow, though she shivered in the cold room and had been struck by the coldness of his hands at greeting. She listened closely while he read, and though he from time to time had seen only disapprobation in her face, at the close he asked:

"Frankly, what do you think of it?"

"I—I dont know," she answered. "Will it—do you think it will sell?"

"I 'm afraid not," was the confession. "It 's too strong for the magazines. But is 's true, on my word it 's true."

"But why do you persist in writing such things when you know they wont sell?" she went on inexorably. "The reason for your writing is to make a living, is n't it?"

"Yes, that 's right; but the miserable story got away with me. I could n't help writing it. It demanded to be written."

"But that character, that Wiki-Wiki, why do you make him talk so roughly? Surely it will offend your readers, and surely that is why the editors are justified in refusing your work."

"Because the real Wiki-Wiki would have talked that way."

"But it is not good taste."

"It is life," he replied bluntly. "It is real. It is true. And I must write life as I see it."

She made no answer, and for an awkward moment they sat silent. It was because he loved her that he did not quite understand her, and she could not understand him because he was so large that he bulked beyond her horizon.

"Well, I 've collected from the *Occidental,*" he said, in an effort to shift the conversation to a more comfortable subject. The picture of the bewildered trio, as he had last seen them, mulcted of four dollars and ninety cents and a ferry ticket, made him chuckle.

"Then you 'll come!" she cried, joyously. "That was what I came to find out."

"Come?" he muttered absently—"Where?"

"Why, to dinner tomorrow. You know you said you 'd recover your suit if you got that money."

"I forgot all about it," he said, humbly. "You see, this morning the poundman got Maria's two cows and the baby calf, and—well, it happened that Maria did n't have any money, and so

I had to recover her cows for her. That 's where the *Occidental* fiver went —'The Ring of Bells' went into the poundman's pocket."

"Then you wont come?"

He looked down at his clothing.

"I cant."

Tears of disappointment and reproach glistened in her blue eyes, but she said nothing.

"Next Thanksgiving you 'll have dinner with me in Delmonico's," he said cheerily; "or in London, or Paris, or anywhere you wish. I know it."

"I saw in the paper a few days ago," she announced abruptly, "that there had been several local appointments to the Railway Mail. You passed first, did n't you?"

He was compelled to admit that the call had come for him, but that he had declined it. "I was so sure—I am so sure—of myself," he concluded. "A year from now I 'll be earning more than a dozen men in the Railway Mail. You wait and see."

"Oh," was all she said, when he finished. She stood up, pulling at her gloves. "I must go, Martin. Arthur is waiting for me."

He took her in his arms and kissed her, but she proved a passive sweetheart. There was no tenseness in her body, her arms did not go around him, and her lips met his without their wonted pressure. She was angry with him, he concluded, as he returned from the gate. But why? It was unfortunate that the poundman had gobbled Maria's cows. But it was only a stroke of fate. Nobody could be blamed for it. Nor did it enter his head that he could have done aught otherwise than what he had done. Well, yes, he was to blame a little, was his next thought, for having refused the call to the Railway Mail. And she had not liked "Wiki-Wiki."

He turned at the head of the steps to meet the letter carrier on his afternoon round. The ever-recurrent fever of expectancy assailed Martin as he took the bundle of long envelopes. One was not long. It was short and thin, and outside was printed the address of the *New York Outview*. He paused in the act of tearing the envelope open. It could not be an acceptance. He had no manuscripts with that publication. Perhaps—his heart almost stood still at the wild thought—perhaps they were ordering an article from him; but the next instant he dismissed the surmise as hopelessly impossible.

It was a short, formal letter, signed by the office editor, merely informing him that an anonymous letter which they had received was enclosed, and that he could rest assured the *Outview's* staff never under any circumstances gave consideration to anonymous correspondence.

The enclosed letter Martin found to be crudely printed by hand. It was a hotch-potch of illiterate abuse of Martin, and of assertion that the "so-called Martin Eden," who was selling stories to magazines, was no writer at all, and that in reality he was stealing stories from old magazines, typing them, and sending them out as his own. The envelope was postmarked "San Leandro." Martin did not require a second thought to discover the author. Higginbotham's grammar, Higginbotham's colloquialisms, Higginbotham's mental quirks and processes, were apparent throughout. Martin saw in every line, not the fine Italian hand, but the coarse grocer's fist, of his brother-in-law.

But why? he vainly questioned. What injury had he done Bernard Higginbotham? The thing was so unreasonable, so wanton. There was no explaining it. In the course of the week a dozen similar letters were forwarded to Martin by the editors of various Eastern magazines. The editors were behaving handsomely, Martin concluded. He was wholly unknown to them, yet some of them had even been sympathetic. It was evident that they detested anonymity. He saw that the malicious attempt to hurt him had failed. In fact, if anything came of it, it was bound to be good, for at least his name had been called to the attention of a number of editors. Some time, perhaps, reading a submitted manuscript of his, they might remember him as the fellow about whom they had received an anonymous letter. And who was to say that such a remembrance might not sway

the balance of their judgment just a trifle in his favor?

It was about this time that Martin took a great slump in Maria's estimation. He found her in the kitchen one morning, groaning with pain, tears of weakness running down her cheeks, vainly endeavoring to put through a large ironing. He promptly diagnosed her affliction as La Grippe, dosed her with hot whisky (the remnants in the bottles for which Brissenden was responsible), and ordered her to bed. But Maria was refractory. The ironing had to be done, she protested, and delivered that night, or else there would be no food on the morrow for the seven small and hungry Silvas.

To her astonishment (and it was something that she never ceased from relating to her dying day), she saw Martin Eden seize an iron from the stove and throw a fancy shirt-waist on the ironing-board. It was Kate Flannagan's best Sunday waist, than whom there was no more exacting and fastidiously dressed woman in Maria's world. Also, Miss Flannagan had sent special instruction that said waist must be delivered by that night. As every one knew, she was keeping company with John Collins, the blacksmith, and, as Maria knew privily, Miss Flannagan and Mr. Collins were going next day to Golden Gate Park. Vain was Maria's attempt to rescue the garment. Martin guided her tottering footsteps to a chair, from where she watched him with bulging eyes. In a quarter of the time it would have taken her she saw the shirt-waist safely ironed, and ironed as well as she could have done it, as Martin made her grant.

"I could work faster," he explained, "if your irons were only hotter."

To her, the irons he swung were much hotter than she ever dared to use.

"Your sprinkling is all wrong," he complained next. "Here, let me teach you how to sprinkle. Pressure is what 's wanted. Sprinkle under pressure if you want to iron fast."

He procured a packing case from the wood-pile in the cellar, fitted a cover to it, and raided the scrap-iron the Silva tribe was collecting for the junkman. With fresh-sprinkled garments in the box, covered with the board and pressed by the iron, the device was complete and in operation.

"Now you watch me, Maria," he said, stripping off to his undershirt and gripping an iron that was what he called "really hot."

"An' when he feenish da iron, he washa da wools," as she described it afterward. "He say, 'Maria, you are da greata fool. I showa you how to washa da wools,' an' he showa me, too. Ten minutes he maka da machine—one barrel, one wheel-hub, two poles, justa like dat."

Martin had learned the contrivance from Joe at the Shelley Hot Springs. The old wheel-hub, fixed on the end of the upright pole, constituted the plunger. Making this, in turn, fast to the spring-pole attached to the kitchen rafters, so that the hub played upon the woolens in the barrel, he was able, with one hand thoroughly to pound them.

"No more Maria washa da wools," her story always ended. "I maka da kids worka da pole an' da hub, an' da barrel. Him da smarta man, Mister Eden."

Nevertheless, by his masterly operation and improvement of her kitchen-laundry, he fell an immense distance in her regard. The glamor of romance with which her imagination had invested him, faded away in the cold light of fact that he was an ex-laundryman. All his books, and his grand friends who visited him in carriages or with countless bottles of whiskey, went for naught. He was, after all, a mere working-man, a member of her own class and caste. He was more human and approachable, but he was no longer a mystery.

Martin's alienation from his family continued. Following upon Mr. Higginbotham's unprovoked attack, Mr. Hermann von Schmidt showed his hand. The fortunate sale of several storiettes, some humorous verse, and a few jokes, gave Martin a temporary splurge of prosperity. Not only did he partially pay up his bills, but he had sufficient

balance left to redeem his black suit and wheel. The latter, by virtue of a twisted crank-hanger, required repairing, and, as a matter of friendliness with his future brother-in-law, he sent it to Von Schmidt's shop.

The afternoon of the same day Martin was pleased by the wheel being delivered by a small boy. Von Schmidt was also inclined to be friendly, was Martin's conclusion from this unusual favor. Repaired wheels usually had to be called for. But when he examined the wheel he discovered no repairs had been made. A little later in the day he telephoned his sister's betrothed and learned that that person did n't want anything to do with him in "any shape, manner, or form."

"Hermann von Schmidt," Martin answered cheerfully, "I 've a good mind to come over and punch that Dutch nose of yours."

"You come to my shop," came the reply, "an' I 'll send for the police. An' I 'll put you through, too. Oh, I know you, but you cant make no rough house with me. I dont want nothin' to do with the likes of you. You 're a loafer, that 's what, an' I ain't asleep. You ain't goin' to do no spongin' off me just because I 'm marrying your sister. Why dont you go to work an' earn an honest livin', eh? Answer me that."

Martin's philosophy asserted itself, dissipating his anger, and he hung up the receiver with a long whistle of incredulous amusement. But after the amusement, came the reaction, and he was oppressed by his loneliness. Nobody understood him, nobody seemed to have any use for him, except Brissenden, and Brissenden had disappeared, God alone knew where.

Twilight was falling as Martin left the fruit-store and turned homeward, his marketing on his arm. At the corner an electric car had stopped, and at sight of a lean, familiar figure alighting, his heart leaped with joy. It was Brissenden, and in the fleeting glimpse, ere the car started up, Martin noted the overcoat pockets, one bulging with books, the other bulging with a quart bottle of whiskey.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BRISSENDEN gave no explanation of his long absence, nor did Martin pry into it. He was content to see his friend's cadaverous face opposite him through the steam rising from a tumbler of toddy.

"I, too, have not been idle," Brissenden proclaimed, after hearing Martin's account of the work he had accomplished.

He pulled a manuscript from his inside coat pocket and passed it to Martin, who looked at the title and glanced up curiously.

"Yes, that 's it," Brissenden laughed. "Pretty good title, eh? 'Ephemera'—it is the one word. And you 're responsible for it, what of your *man*, who is always the erected, the vitalized inorganic, the latest of the ephemera, the creature of temperature strutting his little space on the thermometer. It got into my head and I had to write it to get rid of it. Tell me what you think of it."

Martin's face, flushed at first, paled as he read on. It was perfect art. Form triumphed over substance, if triumph it could be called where the last conceivable atom of substance had found expression in so perfect construction as to make Martin's head swim with delight, to put passionate tears into his eyes, and to send chill creeping up and down his back. It was a long poem of six or seven hundred lines, and it was a fantastic, amazing, unearthly thing. It was was terrific, impossible, and yet it was scrawled in black ink across the sheets of paper. It dealt with man and his soul-gropings in their ultimate terms, plumbing the abysses of space for the testimony of remotest suns and rainbow spectrums. It was a mad orgy of imagination, wassailing in the skull of a dying man who half-sobbed under his breath and was quick with the wild flutter of fading heart-beats. The poem swung in majestic rhythm to the cool tumult of interstellar conflict, to the onset of starry hosts, to the impact of cold suns and the flaming up of nebulas in the darkened void; and through it all, unceasing and faint, like a silver shuttle,

ran the frail, piping voice of man, a querulous chirp amid the screaming of planets and the crash of systems.

"There is nothing like it in literature," Martin said, when at last he was able to speak. "It 's wonderful!—wonderful! It has gone to my head. I am drunken with it. That great, infinitessimal question—I cant shake it out of my thoughts. That questing, eternal, ever-recurring, thin little wailing voice of man is still ringing in my ears. It is like the dead march of a gnat amid the trumpeting of elephants and the roaring of lions. It is insatiable with microscopic desire. I know I 'm making a fool of myself, but the thing has obsessed me. You are—I dont know what you are—you are wonderful, that 's all. But how do you do it? How do you do it?"

Martin paused from his rhapsody, only to break out afresh.

"I shall never write again. I am a dauber in clay. You have shown me the work of the real artificer-artisan. Genius! This is something more than genius. It transcends genius. It is truth gone mad. It is true, man, every line of it. I wonder if you realize that, you dogmatist. Science cannot give you the lie. It is the truth of the seer, stamped out from the black iron of the Cosmos and interwoven with mighty rhythms of sound into a fabric of splendor and beauty. And now I wont say another word. I am overwhelmed, crushed. Yes I will, too. Let me market it for you."

Brissenden grinned. "There 's not a magazine in Christendom that would dare to publish it—you know that."

"I know nothing of the sort. I know there 's not a magazine in Christendom that would n't jump at it. They dont get things like that every day. That 's no mere poem of the year. It 's the poem of the century."

"I 'd like to take you up on the proposition."

"Now dont get cynical," Martin exhorted. "The magazine editors are not wholly fatuous. I know that. And I 'll close with you on the bet. I 'll wager anything you want that 'Ephemera' is accepted either on the first or second offering."

"There 's just one thing that prevents me from taking you." Brissenden waited a moment. "The thing is big—the biggest thing I 've ever done. I know that. It 's my swan song. I am almighty proud of it. I worship it. It 's better than whiskey. It is what I dreamed of—the great and perfect thing—when I was a simple young man, with sweet illusions and clean ideals. And I 've got it, now, in my last gasp, and I 'll not have it pawed over and soiled by a lot of swine. No, I wont take the bet. It 's mine, I made it, and I 've shared it with you."

"But think of the rest of the world," Martin protested. "The function of beauty is joy-making."

"It 's my beauty."

"Dont be selfish."

"I 'm not selfish." Brissenden grinned soberly in the way he had when pleased by the thing his thin lips were about to shape. "I 'm as unselfish as a famished hog."

In vain Martin strove to shake him from his decision. Martin told him that his hatred of the magazines was rabid, fanatical, and that his conduct was a thousand times more despicable than that of the youth who burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus. Under the storm of denunciation Brissenden complacently sipped his toddy and affirmed that everything the other said was quite true, with the exception of the magazine editors. His hatred of them knew no bounds, and he excelled Martin in denunciation when he turned upon them.

"I wish you 'd type it for me," he said. "You know how a thousand times better than any stenographer. And now I want to give you some advice." He drew a bulky manuscript from his outside coat-pocket. "Here 's your 'Shame of the Sun.' I 've read it not once, but twice and three times—the highest compliment I can pay you. After what you 've said about 'Ephemera' I must be silent. But this I will say: when 'The Shame of the Sun' is published it will make a hit. It will start a controversy that will be worth thousands to you just in advertising."

Martin laughed. "I suppose your next advice will be to submit it to the magazines."

"By all means no—that is, if you want to see it in print. Offer it to the first-class houses. Some publisher's reader may be mad enough or drunk enough to report favorably on it. You 've read the books. The meat of them has been transmuted in the alembic of Martin Eden's mind and poured into 'The Shame of the Sun,' and one day Martin Eden will be famous, and not the least of his fame will rest upon that work. So you must get a publisher for it—the sooner the better."

Brissenden went home late that night; and, just as he mounted the first step of the car, he swung suddenly back on Martin and thrust into his hand a small, tightly crumpled wad of paper.

"Here, take this," he said. "I was out to the races today, and I had the right dope."

The bell clanged and the car pulled out, leaving Martin wondering as to the nature of the crinkly, greasy wad he clutched in his hand. Back in his room he unrolled it and found a hundred-dollar bill.

He did not scruple to use it. He knew his friend had always plenty of money, and he knew also, with profound certitude, that his success would enable him to repay it. In the morning he paid every bill, gave Maria three months' advance on the room, and redeemed every pledge at the pawnshop. Next he bought Marian's wedding present, and simpler presents, suitable to Christmas, for Ruth and Gertrude. And finally, on the balance remaining to him, he herded the whole Silva tribe down into Oakland. He was a winter late in redeeming his promise, but redeemed it was, for the last, least Silva got a pair of shoes, as well as Maria herself. Also, there were horns, and dolls, and toys of various sorts, and parcels and bundles of candies and nuts that filled the arms of all the Silvas to overflowing.

It was with this extraordinary procession trooping at his and Maria's heels into a confectioner's in quest of the biggest candy-cane ever made, that he encountered Ruth and her mother. Mrs. Morse was shocked. Even Ruth was hurt, for she had some regard for appearences, and her lover, cheek by jowl with Maria at the head of that army of Portuguese ragamuffins, was not a pretty sight. But it was not that which hurt so much, as what she took to be his lack of pride and self-respect. Further, and keenest of all, she read into the incident the impossibility of his living down his working-class origin. There was stigma enough in the fact of it, but shamelessly to flaunt it in the face of the world—her world—was going too far. Though her engagement to Martin had been kept secret, their long intimacy had not been unproductive of gossip; and in the shop, glancing covertly at her lover and his following, had been several of her acquaintances. She lacked the easy largeness of Martin and could not rise suprior to her environment. She had been hurt to the quick, and her sensitive nature was quivering with the shame of it. So it was, when Martin arrived later in the day, that he kept her present in his breast-pocket, deferring the giving of it to a more propitious occasion. Ruth in tears—passionate, angry tears—was a revelation to him. The spectacle of her suffering convinced him that he had been a brute, yet in the soul of him he could not see how nor why. It never entered his mind to be ashamed of those he knew, and to take the Silvas out to a Christmas treat, could in no way, so it seemed to him, show lack of consideration for Ruth. On the other hand, he did see Ruth's point of view, after she had explained it; and he looked upon it as a feminine weakness, such as afflicted all women and the best of women.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"COME on—I 'll show you the real dirt," Brissenden said to him, one evening in January.

They had dined together in San Francisco, and were at the Ferry Building, returning to Oakland, when the whim came to him to show Martin the "real dirt." He turned and fled across the water-front, a meager shadow in a flapping overcoat, with Martin straining to keep up with him. At a wholesale liquor store he bought two gallon-demijohns of old port, and with one in each hand

boarded a Mission street car, Martin at his heels burdened with several quart-bottles of whiskey.

If Ruth could see me now, was his thought, while he wondered as to what constituted the real dirt.

"Maybe nobody will be there," Brissenden said, when they dismounted and plunged off to the right into the heart of the working-class ghetto, south of Market street. "In which case you 'll miss what you 've been looking for so long."

"And what the deuce is that?" Martin asked.

"Men, intelligent men, and not the gibbering nonentities I found you consorting with in that trader's den. You read the books and you found yourself all alone. Well, I 'm going to show you tonight some other men who 've read the books, so that you wont be lonely any more.

"Not that I bother my head about their everlasting discussions," he said at the end of a block. "I 'm not interested in book philosophy. But you 'll find these fellows intelligent and not bourgeoise swine. But watch out, they 'll talk an arm off you on any subject under the sun.

"Hope Norton 's there," he panted a little later, resisting Martin's effort to relieve him of the two demijohns. "Norton 's an idealist—a Harvard man. Prodigious memory. Idealism led him to philosophic anarchy, and his family threw him off. Father 's a railroad president and many times millionaire, but the son 's starving in 'Frisco, editing an anarchist sheet for twenty-five a month."

Martin was little acquainted in San Francisco, and not at all south of Market; so he had no idea of where he was being led.

"Go ahead," he said, "tell me about them beforehand. What do they do for a living? How do they happen to be here?"

"Hope Hamilton 's there." Brissenden paused and rested his hands. "Strawn-Hamilton 's his name—hyphenated, you know—comes of old Southern stock. He 's a tramp—laziest man I ever knew, though he 's clerking, or trying to, in a socialist co-operative store for six dollars a week. But he 's a confirmed hobo. Tramped into town. I 've seen him sit all day on a bench and never a bite pass his lips, and in the evening, when I invited him to dinner—restaurant two blocks away—have him say, 'Too much trouble, old man. Buy me a package of cigarettes instead.' He was a Spencerian like you till Kreis turned him to materialistic monism. I 'll start him on monism if I can. Norton 's another monist—only he affirms naught but spirit. He can give Kreis and Hamilton all they want to."

"Who is Kreis?" Martin asked.

"His rooms we 're going to. One time professor—fired from university—usual story. A mind like a steel trap. Makes his living any old way. I know he 's been a street fakir when he was down. Unscrupulous. Rob a corpse of a shroud—anything. Difference between him and the bourgeoisie is that he robs without illusion. He 'll talk Nietzsche, or Schopenhauer, or Kant, or anything, but the only thing in this world, not excepting Mary, that he really cares for, is his monism. Haeckel is his little tin god. The only way to insult him is to take a slap at Haeckel—

"Here 's the hang-out." Brissenden rested his demijohn at the upstairs entrance, preliminary to the climb. It was the usual two-story corner building, with a saloon and grocery underneath. "The gang lives here—got the whole upstairs to themselves. But Kreis is the only one who has two rooms. Come on."

No lights burned in the upper hall, but Brissenden threaded the utter blackness like a familiar ghost. He stopped to speak to Martin.

"There 's one fellow—Stevens. A theosophist. Makes a pretty tangle when he gets going. Just now he 's a dish-washer in a restaurant. Likes a good cigar. I 've seen him eat in a ten-cent hash house and pay fifty cents for the cigar he smoked afterward. I 've got a couple in my pocket for him, if he shows up.

"And there 's another fellow—Parry, an Australian, a statistician and a sporting encyclopedia. Ask him the grain

output of Paraguay for 1903, or the English importation of sheetings into China for 1890, or at what weight Jimmy Britt fought Battling Nelson, or who was welter-weight champion of the United States in '68, and you 'll get the correct answer with the automatic celerity of a slot-machine. And there 's Andy, a stone-mason, has ideas on everything, a good chess-player; and another fellow, Harry, a baker, red-hot socialist and strong union man. By the way, you remember the Cooks' and Waiters' strike —Hamilton was the chap who organized that union and precipitated the strike— planned it all out in advance, right here in Kreis' rooms. Did it just for the fun of it, but was too lazy to stay by the union. Yet he could have risen high if he wanted to. There 's no end to the possibilities in that man—if he were n't so superbly lazy."

Brissenden advanced through the darkness till a thread of light marked the threshold of a door. A knock and answer opened it, and Martin found himself shaking hands with Kreis, a handsome brunette man, with dazzling white teeth, a drooping black mustache, and large, flashing black eyes. Mary, a matronly young blond, was washing dishes in the little back room that served for kitchen and dining room. The front room served as bed-chamber and living room. Overhead was the week's washing, hanging in festoons so low that Martin did not see at first the two men talking in a corner. They hailed Brissenden and his demijohns with acclamation, and, on being introduced, Martin learned they were Andy and Parry. He joined them and listened attentively to the description of a prize-fight Parry had seen the night before; while Brissenden, in his glory, plunged into the manufacture of a toddy and the serving of wine and whiskey-and-sodas. At his command, "Bring in the clan," Andy departed to go the round of the rooms for the lodgers.

"We 're lucky that most of them are here," Brissenden whispered to Martin. "There 's Norton and Hamilton; come on and meet them. Stevens is n't around, I hear. I 'm going to get them started on monism if I can. Wait till they get a few jolts in them and they 'll warm up."

At first the conversation was desultory. Nevertheless Martin could not fail to appreciate the keen play of their minds. They were men with opinions, though the opinions often clashed, and, though they were witty and clever, they were not superficial. He swiftly saw, no matter upon what they talked, that each man applied the correlation of knowledge and had also a deep-seated and unified conception of society and the Cosmos. Nobody manufactured their opinions for them, they were all rebels of one variety or another, and their lips were strangers to platitudes. Never had Martin, at the Morses, heard so amazing a range of topics discussed. There seemed no limit save time to the things they were alive to. The talk wandered from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new book to Shaw's latest play, through the future of the drama to reminiscences of Nat Goodwin. They appreciated or sneered at the morning editorials, jumped from labor conditions in New Zealand to Henry James and Brander Matthews, passed on to the German designs in the Far East and the economic aspect of the Yellow Peril, wrangled over the German elections and Bebel's last speech, and settled down to local politics, the latest plans and scandals in the union labor party administration, and the wires that were pulled to bring about the Coast Seamen's strike. Martin was struck by the inside knowledge they possessed. They knew what was never printed in the newspapers—the wires and strings and the hidden hands that made the puppets dance. To Martin's surprise, the girl, Mary, joined in the conversation, displaying an intelligence he had never encountered in the few women he had met. They talked together on Swinburne and Rosetti, after which she led him beyond his depth into the by-paths of French literature. His revenge came when she defended Maeterlinck and he brought into action the carefully thought-out thesis of "The Shame of the Sun."

Several other men had dropped in, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke, when Brissenden waved the red flag.

"Here 's fresh meat for your axe, Kreis," he said; "—a rose-white youth with the ardor of a lover for Herbert Spencer. Make a Haeckelite of him —if you can."

Kreis seemed to wake up and flash like some metallic magnetic thing, while Norton looked at Martin sympathetically, with a sweet, girlish smile, as much as to say that he would be amply protected.

Kreis began directly on Martin, but step by step Norton interfered, until he and Kreis were off and away in a personal battle. Martin listened and fain would have rubbed his eyes. It was impossible that this should be, much less in the labor ghetto south of Market. The books were alive in these men. They talked with fire and enthusiasm, the intellectual stimulant stirring them as he had seen drink and anger stir other men. What he heard was no longer the philosophy of the dry, printed word, written by half-mythical demi-gods like Kant and Spencer. It was living philosophy, with warm, red blood, incarnated in these two men till its very features worked with excitement. Now and again other men joined in, and all followed the discussion with cigarettes going out in their hands and with alert, intent faces.

Idealism had never attracted Martin, but the exposition it now received at the hands of Norton was a revelation. The logical plausibility of it that made an appeal to his intellect, seemed missed by Kreis and Hamilton, who sneered at Norton as a metaphysician, and who, in turn, sneered back at them as metaphysicians. *Phenomenon* and *noumenon* were bandied back and forth. They charged him with attempting to explain consciousness by itself. He charged them with word-jugglery, with reasoning from words to theory instead of from facts to theory. At this they were aghast. It was the cardinal tenet of their mode of reasoning to start with facts and to give names to the facts.

When Norton wandered into the intricacies of Kant, Kreis reminded him that all good little German philosophies when they died went to Oxford. A little later Norton reminded them of Hamilton's Law of Parsimony, the application of which they immediately claimed for every reasoning process of theirs. And Martin hugged his knees and exulted in it all. But Norton was no Spencerian, and he, too, strove for Martin's philosophic soul, talking as much at him as to his two opponents.

"You know Berkeley has never been answered," he said, looking directly at Martin. "Herbert Spencer came the nearest, which was not very near. Even the staunchest of Spencer's followers will not go farther. I was reading an essay of Saleeby's the other day, and the best Saleeby could say was that Herbert Spencer *nearly* succeeded in answering Berkeley."

"You know what Hume said?" Hamilton asked. Norton nodded, but Hamilton gave it for the benefit of the rest. "He said that Berkeley's arguments admit of no answer and produce no conviction."

"In his, Hume's, mind," was the reply. "And Hume's mind was the same as yours, with this difference: he was wise enough to admit that there was no answering Berkeley."

Norton was sensitive and excitable, though he never lost his head, while Kreis and Hamilton were like a pair of cold-blooded savages, seeking out tender places to prod and poke. As the evening grew late, Norton, smarting under the repeated charges of being a metaphysician, clutching his chair to keep from jumping to his feet, his gray eyes snapping and his girlish face grown harsh and sure, made a grand attack upon their position.

"All right, you Haeckelites, I may reason like a medicine man, but pray how do you reason? You have nothing to stand on, you unscientific dogmatists with your positive science which you are always lugging about into places it has no right to be. Long before the school of materialistic monism arose, the ground was removed so that there could be no foundation. Locke was the man, John Locke. Two hundred years ago—more than that, even—in his 'Essay Concerning the Human Understanding,' he

proved the non-existence of innate ideas. The best of it is that that is precisely what you claim. Tonight, again and again, you have asserted the non-existence of innate ideas.

"And what does that mean? It means that you can never know ultimate reality. Your brains are empty when you are born. Appearances, or phenomena, are all the content your minds can receive from your five senses. Then noumena, which are not in your minds when you are born, have no way of getting in—"

"I deny—" Kreis interrupted.

"You wait till I 'm done," Norton shouted. You can know only that much of the play and interplay of force and matter as impinges in one way or another on your senses. You see, I am willing to admit, for the sake of the argument, that matter exists; and what I am about to do is to efface you by your own argument. I cant do it any other way, for you both are congenitally unable to understand a philosophic abstraction.

"And now, what do you know of matter, according to your own positive science? You know it only by its phenomena, its appearances. You are aware only of its changes, or of such changes in it that cause changes in your consciousness. Positive science deals only with phenomena, yet you are foolish enough to strive to be ontologists and to deal with noumena. Yet, by the very definition of positive science, science is concerned only with appearances. As somebody has said, phenomenal knowledge cannot transcend phenomena.

"You cannot answer Berkeley, even if you have annihilated Kant, and yet, perforce, you assume that Berkeley is wrong when you affirm that science proves the non-existence of God, or, as much to the point, the existence of matter. You know I granted the reality of matter only in order to make myself intelligible to your understanding. Be positive scientists if you please; but ontology has no place in positive science, so leave it alone. Spencer is right in his agnosticism, but if Spencer—"

But it was time to catch the last ferry boat for Oakland, and Brissenden and Martin slipped out, leaving Norton still talking and Kreis and Hamilton waiting to pounce on him like a pair of hounds as soon as he finished.

"You have given me a glimpse of fairyland," Martin said, on the ferry boat. "It makes life worth while to meet people like that. My mind is all worked up. I never appreciated idealism before. Yet I cant accept it. I know that I shall always be a realist. I am so made, I guess. But I 'd like to have made a reply to Kreis and Hamilton, and I think I 'd have had a word or two for Norton. I did n't see that Spencer was damaged any. I 'm as excited as a child on its first visit to the circus. I see I must read up some more. I am going to get hold of Saleeby, I will think Spencer is unassailable, and next time I'm going to take a hand myself."

But Brissenden, breathing painfully, had dropped off to sleep, his chin buried in a scarf and resting on his sunken chest, his body wrapped in the long overcoat and shaking to the vibration of the propellers.

To be continued.

The Defiance of the Seals

By Robert Dunn

THE North Pacific, like the South, has its lonely islands and small traders —half vagabonds, half outcasts. But in the North, not coral and palm, nor pearls and copra lure them; rather the sea-otter and seal, magic fog and icy gale. There the Aleutian Islands reach like a limp bow-string from Alaska to Siberia, closing Bering Sea within their moss and snows; and in its center, the forbidden seal rookeries.

Specks of wreckage floated toward the dunes of Unimak Island: what remained of the schooner *Moko Maru,* of Hakodate, Japan. A trail of smoke against the white spire of the Shishaldin volcano marked the revenue cutter *Python,* Captain Bayles, steaming south to Unalaska with fourteen oriental prisoners, poachers.

He had caught the *Moko* raiding the Koloff rookery on St. George, of the Pribilof Islands, and just cut her amidships, after five days' dodging through the fickle fog. The loot had been lying visible on the schooner when it had closed in thick the night off the Amak rocks, and on clearing two days after the pelts had vanished. The Japs had not stowed them in their hold, for while gathering in her prisoners, the *Python* had not picked up a single skin.

"Bayles run them down a-purpose. He clean got mad when he saw the seals gone," said Mike Asoff, aboard the remaining ship visible on the tarnished sea, his ten-ton coaster, *Beluga.* "Th' old pirate's done it before to poachers, and said they beached themselves."

Ephim, his half-breed son, turned the cabin stove-pipe to catch the wind. "I believe the Japs sneaked behind Amak, or into Nelson lagoon, and stowed them pelts there," he said. "Bayles ain't picked up half the yeller bellies. But let them drown! Two years now they 've swep' down here from Asia, raising hell. Why should n't we kill seals now? What 's they for, if not for us that has to live off these waters? Nothin 's done to the Japs for poaching. The last lot got only two months' jail in Valdez."

The father shook his head. He was a small, clean-shaven, yellow man, with great bulges of white eyebrows, and cheeks seamed so deeply that the lines appeared to be scars. "We know the law 's unjust to us, all wrong," said he, slowly. "But I, nor you, wont start to break it now. God knows the living we get is small enough, but it 's always kep' us going, boy. Take seals and we lose the schooner. It 's life and death to us." Wrecker and beach-comber that he was, Mikhael Asoff had never poached. It was a matter of pride with him. He was trusted throughout the archipelago.

"Your honesty has kep' us paupers, dad," said the son. "What 's trading flour for two-dollar fox pelts down the islands!" he scorned with flashing eyes. "Put me down on one of them rookeries, and see me club the bulls. I 'll take any chance a Jap does. Put you with me, and I 'd see you club them, too."

Ephim sprang to his feet as he spoke. Unlike his father, he was very tall and slim. His dark eyes had a sort of spectral penetration. That, with his high forehead, showed the whiteman in him; but his satiny skin, the flattish nose and podlike mouth, were the native Aleut's.

"Look a' this!" he shouted.

A shock ran along the schooner's stem. The pair dashed forward, to look down upon a human figure standing on a cluster of the *Moko's* timbers, grasping the wire foot-rope of the bowsprit.

"One of them fellers," breathed the old man. "What 'll we do with him?"

"Push him back," said the half-breed, staring sullenly.

But before either stirred, the bullet-headed castaway had swung himself upon the rope, and in his socks with a cot for every toe, slid toward them like an acrobat. His blue blouse telescoped over his head as he landed lightly on deck. He grinned, and shivering as he was with the icy water, all but touched the planks in an exaggerated bow.

Ephim met him defiantly, but his father interposed. "We ain't hurting you—yet," he said. "We dry off and feed any shipwreck. We treat all alike, though they 're yeller as rotted salmon."

"See 'f he talks English," said Ephim doggedly at the tiller, as they entered the hatch.

"Me speak—ver' littl'," at once volunteered the castaway.

"Hey? Then ye ken know what yer in for," exclaimed the old man. "Bayles 'll have a bounty on you fellers. Put about, boy, for Unalaska. We take him there," he ordered Ephim, who obeyed.

The wind was southeast, Unalaska lay southwest, so the course was an easy reach on the port tack. Ephim listened a while to his father, putting the fear of death into the Oriental for all his countrymen's late crimes. Suddenly the half-breed's lips parted in a wily, animal smile. An idea had dawned in him. At length he heard the teapot rattle, and the old man say, "We followed you all the way from St. George, and ain't slep for three days. I 'm petered out, and turning in." Ephim's face lighted curiously at the words.

The castaway emerged through the hatch, rigged in jumpers twice too big for him and ravening a mouthful of bread. He squatted at Ephim's side. The two had swapped looks—the Jap's face was now as hard as the half-breed's had been; and soon, as an easeful snore issued from the cabin, Ephim turned to him with a smile.

"What 's your name? Call you'self?" he said, sharply.

"Nakamura," answered the Jap. "Nakamura."

"And you can sail a boat?" He did n't wait for an answer. "You bet you can. You Japs is the very devil at it."

"Yes, I sail," said Nakamura, matter-of-factly.

"Good!" said Ephim, eagerly, and lapsed into silence.

The sky was darkening. The sun melted a vermillion way through cloud continents of smothered silver. From baleful clouds in the south, ragged shreds detached themselves, whirling swiftly toward the schooner. Mount Shishaldin pierced a whitish blur, into gloom. Ephim knew the warning—of the fierce southeast gale. He pressed his lean frame against the tiller. The wake gurgled hungrily. He yawned. He, too, was weary.

Then he leaned forward and began speaking down the hatch, but so softly it could not rouse his father. "Your honesty cant hinder me now," he muttered. "I put a catch of seals before you, jest the spelts, dead ones that we ain 't clubbed, and so have vi'lated no law. You pass them by? I guess not. And now *you cant.*"

He turned to Nakamura. "Bring her into the wind and come about," he ordered, yielding him the tiller. "Lemme see you." The Jap did so, and deftly. Flapping sails, creaking cleats, the change of list—none interrupted the snores down the hatch. "Quarter her. Point nor'east. There—" he whispered exultingly.

The *Beluga* now headed in exactly the direction opposite to Unalaska. "Amak's dead ahead," said Ephim. "Now, here 's your job. You steer there and show us the pelts. We 'll whack up a share with you, and put you ashore anywheres you say. It 's bad business if we 're caught, but I guess you 're used to that. You hid them seals near Amak, did n't you?"

The Oriental nodded blankly. "Yes. On Amak," he said.

"I 'm turning in," went on the half-breed. "She 's going to blow harder from the sou'east. Wake me to reef. Keep this course all night, and no tricks, now. We oughter be off Amak by daylight, and if we ain't—it 's overside you go."

He vanished down the hatch. The

castaway's lips parted, and a curious smile lit his slant features. It was neither of surprise nor cupidity,—but cynical, as when a wise servant perceives iniquity in his master.

II.

Fog and darkness closed in with an ebon obscurity. The binnacle light, a plain kerosene lamp, cast a cone of smothered paleness into the poacher's face, which had set into a Buddha-like image of abstraction. Sail and bobstay grew moist with a soft, globular rime, and for a long time the schooner rode the even seas, swishing sleepily.

All at once the Jap's face became alert, and he leaned forward, rigid. Ephim's snores began to mingle with his father's. He had been waiting for that. He reached for the main sheet, and unwound it stealthily; inch by inch he let out sail, so not a pulley creaked. The schooner, sailing freer, gradually changed her course to north.

But he had reckoned falsely. "Keep her up!" came the half-breed's shout from below. The leveling of her bottom—something—had waked him.

"Lapin. Cape right here," replied Nakamura, quietly. "Bad tide."

True, Cape Lapin extended west from Unimak. Ephim knew that the sheet might have to be eased to turn it, should the tide carry the schooner toward land; but as a fact the ebb would be bearing from it. Yet the Jap's answer seemed to satisfy him. "Point her up, soon as the last dune is abeam," he directed, resettling in his bunk.

Not a dune, no land, was in sight; any a ship's length away would have been invisible through the mist. The success of his lie gave Nakamura confidence. He had bluffed the foreign devil—but he had nearly been caught. He would wait before executing his more dangerous, final play: to run northwest, straight before the wind.

Hours passed. The bronze of his features peered through the lamplight upon the strange lettering of the compass card. Midnight came, when to the stolidest beings this planet may seem unstable. The competing snores below sank into the rhythmic sub-bass of deep sleep.

At last he reached furtively for the cleats; let out the sails inch by inch until the schooner pointed almost northwest. To carry out his plan he had to jibe. He knew that the creak of the pulleys as the boom swung over would rouse the dead. But he had cast his die. The mainsail flapped. Luckily, the wind remained light. He pulled the sheets gently, and the sails plunged past overhead with a crashing wrench.

Ephim's eyes—yet heavy with sleep—shone in the hatchway; but Nakamura cut off his invective with, "See! Wreck. Piece *Moko*," pointing into the boiling wake. "Jibe, not to hit him."

His strange gods must have been near and favoring him, for at that moment a great mass of kelp plunged to port past the schooner. Ephim saw it disappear into the darkness, and all he said was—

"Jibe back, then, d—n you, before she blows harder."

"Was jibe back. Have jibe before, for 'nother piece wreck. You sleep then."

Any whiteman's heart would have been in his mouth at such a crisis. One glance from the hatch would have showed Ephim the sails hanging to starboard,—the wrong side for reaching to Amak. But the Oriental betrayed not the least tension, and the half-breed sank into the dark cabin.

As Ephim had tricked his father, so Nakamura had deceived both. He had stolen the whitemen's schooner under their very eyes, with them aboard. For long hours again he faced the binnacle gleam, but with never even a flush of triumph on his face.

So northwest the *Beluga* plunged, toward the seal islands, the Pribilof rookeries,—the forbidden ground of the North, the contention of nations; circled by the cutters of the seal patrol—two for America, one for England; guarded by armed Aleuts, sentried by signal telephones on the cliffs. If by dawn he might put them east of him, so that when his captors awoke, he could head northeast, apparently toward Amak, and his trick not be discovered till land were sighted! Then, once ashore,—he had sized up Ephim from his words to his sleeping father. He could make a double

haul, return next year for the pelts already hidden. Why share them now with these white pirates? There was his desperate scheme.

At dawn the fog thinned, and the horizon was rimmed with a wasted scarlet. The bad omen at once brought its blasts and "woolies." He would have to reef, and heaving to for that must wake the sleepers. Once up in the wind, for a while he might not be suspected; but they would stay on deck, head northeast; would never make the rookery; not reaching Amak, they would find him out, and then—but it was heave to, or swamp. A swell broke over the deck. He swung the rudder hard a-port, dishes crashed across the stove, and the schooner sprang up into the gale with wild commotion.

"Reef!" he called down the hatch, but Ephim and his father were at the points before the word left his lips. Working nimbly, they called to him to hold her up with the jib. Then suddenly Mike Asoff's hands dropped to his sides, and he stood as if petrified, staring over the stern northwest. There a cloudy blur, edged darkly, attested land!

"The' can't be land there, 'f this kind's kep' northeast," burst out the old man, dashing to the compass— "An' it has."

"Amak, there," said Nakamura quietly. But he knew the lie was useless. By no chance under the sun, even had he kept faith with Ephim, could Amak now lie northwest. The half-breed was on him in the second. The Jap might have smiled at his oaths and accusations of treachery, but he could not repudiate his race's code, that holds flesh violence the deadliest insult. The half-breed had struck him. Nakamura sprang like a wounded puma. Ephim lithe and powerful, the Oriental quick and agile, the two struggled there among the wracking seas. The old man, forced to the tiller, soon saw his son being worsted. He sprang to his aid, seizing the first weapon at hand,—a steel chisel lying on deck. The Jap was covering Ephim's prostrate body, and with an arm twist about his neck, bent his head in upon his chest.

Instantly the schooner had swung off the wind, and with the seas breaking over her was swamping. Knowing the danger, the father caught the sheet to lower the peak, before dealing a blow. In doing so, he dropped his weapon. Nakamura, revenged, having worsted his adversary, relaxed his hold. In their anger and fear speech was beyond them all. To save the ship, too, Ephim sprang to the tiller. The Jap caught sight of the chisel at his feet. He stared at it a minute,—he of that race that fashions all our genius to its daring ends. The idea took him. He picked up the steel thing, and reaching a hand into the hatch, around the binnacle lamp, carefully dropped it between the compass and the wall of its shelf.

Instantly the needle swung—swung through just a quarter of the circumference, and to the west. The point marked as east on the card, now pointed north. This marked the land sighted to the northeast. All might yet be saved. Ephim might think that it was Amak, after all.

Then he tumbled into the hatch, feigning unconsciousness. He heard the father and son return from forward. They looked at him, and Ephim said, "I guess I done him bad. Over with him now, or shall we wait till he comes to, an' make drownin' a pleasure to him?"

"Better tie him, anyhow, for now," said his father, taking the tiller.

The Oriental yielded. There was nothing else to do. With the rope cutting his wrists, they threw him upon the board between their two bunks, and left him. They looked at the compass. "D—n, if the wind aint shifted," said the son. "She's hauled sou'west."

"No!" exclaimed the old man, bewildered. "It's some trick of the Jap's." They shook the box. At last Ephim said, "That's right. We be'n a half-hour reefin'. Wind jumps around quick this coast. That's Amak, all right."

"Amak? What d' you mean?" asked Mike Asoff.

For minutes, the eyes of father and son met in silence.

Then the half-breed confessed his duplicity. *They* hadn't killed the seals, he

argued; by taking them they broke no law. He pleaded. Anyway a landing must be made, as they were out of water. "We 'll make the thief show 'em to us yet," he ended.

"You 're as yeller as that pirate," burst out the old man. "No, by God! Not a skin 'll we touch. If we need water, we go ashore there, but not a skin!"

For the first time since the night before, when Ephim had left him at the tiller, Nakamura let his lips part,—with the same smile.

III.

The *Beluga* plunged under double reef across the smoking seas. The fog lifted dark opal edges. Sea-parrots ducked red heads in the hurtling swell, and a skinny shag circled their poles with bat-like irresolution. Father and son watched fixedly the approaching landfall, in the silence of men nearing an unfamiliar coast.

"No poacher's ever got away yet—Amak's high and cliffed, aint it?" said the elder quietly. "Yonder 's low.—*That* aint Amak."

"So I be 'n thinking," said Ephim quickly. "And not the mainland. That 's all sand. Here 's low *and* rocks. What the h—l!—"

They saw a smooth beach, which reached back across a concave of black rock, to an even ridge cut by a V-shaped gap. No fringe of green salt grass, no soil rank with lupin; it was unlike any land these corsairs of the bleak sea had ever seen.

"You see it, too?" whispered Ephim.

"The shack on the hills? Yes—but—Sea-lion! See 'em!"

The half-breed smiled tensely. "They aint no sea-lion," he measured his words. "They aint yeller. But brown!"

Their eyes met, and they understood.

"He 's took us to the Seal Islands, the fiend!" burst out the old man. "I see his game,—to get us caught."

But Ephim leaned forward to the hatch, and asked with excitement "What rookery is it, you fool?"

"All same. Koloff," came in answer from below.

" 'F he wanted more pelts an' slaughtering, he gets none," vowed the old man. "He dont go ashore."

The wind was dropping. They were but a cable's length from the beach. They could see the dark bodies of the mammals, hundreds of them, squirm here and there like titanic worms. They had swept the breeding ground clear of all vegetation. Now and then arose a guttural "Moo!" Sometimes a scuttling disturbed certain quarters, as the patriarchs charged upon the young bulls.

"The shack's a signal station to the settlement. The telephones we hear of," said Ephim, breathing fast. "You see anyone up there?"

"Hard lee!" called the old man, rising to the sheet.

Ephim interposed. "You said we 'd land, anyway. We need water. The 's no law against that." The father relaxed. There had been no determination in his order. Fascinated, their eyes again dwelt on the rookery. "Thousands and thousands of dollars there. Thousands and thousands! Mebbe it 's a sight we never git again," said Ephim with sly abstraction. "Ready with the hook."

"You aint a-goin' alone. I could n't trust you."

They brought the *Beluga* up into the wind, dropped the anchor, lowered the dory. Neither spoke. Ephim ill-concealed his excitement. The old man worked with a dazed unwillingness.

Dexterous from long practice, the surf cast them ashore without shipping a drop. Ephim started back from the beach on a run, leaving his father to unload the water-barrel. He shouted for his boy to return, but Ephim paid no attention. "Cuss him!" breathed Mike Asoff, but following after to the edge of the herd. They came upon three of the great, oblate creatures, pug-faced, with fur ruffled and sandy, scraping their webbed and shrivelled flippers upon a black ledge. A queer, cow-barn smell filled the air. Two they recognized as bulls, would menace and bump one another, then lurch amorously to the young cow, who dodged coyly. It was most human.

They stood rooted, entranced, as only men can be whose whole existence has been not unlike the lives of such wild beings. Then their eyes wandered out over the innumerable herd, and both faces

lit strangely, animally, with a sort of hungering desire.

A bleached root of driftwood, fashioned into a bulbous club, lay at their feet. "It 's what they use to kill them," said Ephim, trembling with excitement. He raised the root in his unstable hand.

"Dont—dont you touch it," warned Mike Asoff.

But no sooner had the half-breed's fingers gripped the root, than he laughed outright. His father reached to stay his arm, yet too late. Ephim let out a torrent of oaths, and the club fell on a seal with a chug and sputter of warm blood.

The two men faced each other. Ephim held off his father with the weapon. He made an effort to control himself. He aimed his words with persuasion. They were on the islands, had killed a seal, violated the law, anyway; it was as bad to kill one as a hundred. Why not make a good job of it? "We 'll hit for Siberia. We ken make it. That was the Jap's trick," he rattled on. "You never give me any chance, dad, to make money, to quit this dog's life an' see the world. We 'll be rich. No more winter cruises, grubstaking fox-hunters, freezin' to the tiller, casting a hook that 's more ice then iron in the surf off Atka village.—I 'm a native, an' we first come to these islands for the furs. Without them 's death. It 's our country. We 're the only folks can make a living here, and they 're ours by right. An' the law keeps us from what we was meant to have, only to make the rich richer, for them greedy companies. And the Japs take them!" he ended with final scorn and fury, for the sight of blood, the thirst for slaughter, had worked him up terribly.

Mike Asoff tried to answer, but broke down. Tears filled his blue eyes as he spoke. They could never reach the Asia shore. All his life he had kept faith with the revenue cutters. He had promised Ephim's mother on her death-bed that her son should lead his own honorable life.

It was ineffectual. Ephim breathed out truculently, and the club fell upon the other bull, upon the cow. Instinctively, the whole vast herd seemed to feel what was afoot. A blind, eddying motion, more a rumble than a roar, arose from the hundreds around them, the defiance of the strong, brute world, attacked by the enemy man in its stronghold—here in its ages-owned home, where it was omnipotent, and no other living things could be. Such a challenge arouses fury in any man; in men for whom possession of such brutes solves all the bitter fight for existence, it is overpowering.

Ephim responded to the hilt. The musty fetor of blood dilated his nostrils. He dashed into the middle of the herd, intoxicated with the fret and cupidity of slaughter. "Come on! Come on!" he shouted to his father, brandishing the club, hitting right and left, as the terrified, impotent mammals, roaring in helpless rage, rolled away from him.

Mike Asoff, too, had been born into the struggle of the wild. No passion that now stirred Ephim,—the brutes' defiance, the reek of livid flesh,—could find him cold. Suddenly the past was blotted out,—long, sea-buffeted, honorable years, tenacious pride, his vows and all. Only Ephim's specious pleas remained in the midst of red that he could not tear from before his eyes. He looked for no club. He seized a stone and followed his son.

Fierce and sudden as was their impulse to ravish, so was it spent. Yet the massacre kept up for near an hour. They were no judges of time. Only the image of this bull, that pelt, the mortal spot behind those mute eyes; vigor, brute force, possessed them,—a delirious luxury in smothering the beasts' challenge, a sort of sadism. They stumbled among the carcasses of the Japs' killing, smooth white mummies over which the living crawled callously. The reaction came as quickly as the frenzy. It shocked them each, like men dowered suddenly with inestimable treasure,—that they had enough. But the work was not half done. Killing was easy sport; but the skinning, dexterous as they were, would take long hours.

They began it instinctively, saying never a word. They worked like demons. Over a calm sea, the fog was closing in again, but they did not see it. It grew late, but they felt no hunger. At last, as their job neared its end, they began glancing toward the frame hut on

the hill. They lugged the skins to the beach and piled them there. They exulted in their long security. "We could n't be hit through the fog, *if* they seen us from up there," chuckled Ephim, indicating the shack. "Drunk or asleep yonder, I guess."

Instantly a bullet sang past his ear. They stopped rigid in their tracks. They looked despairingly at the skins, and then, in a common impulse of guilty panic, lifted the dory through the surf and piled into it. The fog was lifting and shutting in momentarily, in the all but supernatural way it has in the North. Scarcely had they touched the oars, when another bullet zizzed past them. The first had come from shore, but this was from the opposite direction, from the sea.

Yet they rowed like demons, speechless and white with fear. A rift tore the seaward obscurity. "Bayles!" choked Mike Asoff, turning. Between two devils, and upon the deep sea, as they were, they made for their ship with the homing impulse of hunted beasts. The yellow funnels and slim spars of the *Python*, gigantic by refraction, flashed out beyond the weather-beaten schooner. "Firin' inter each other," gasped Ephim. The old man toppled to the bottom of the boat, a thread of blood on his checker-lined neck.

Ephim followed him, feigning. They were now almost upon the *Beluga*. Soon they heard the throb of oarlocks and menacing voices. They felt the dory seized. A voice was reviling the shore guards for firing. "They 'll see us and quit," put in another.

"Take them!" came a rough command, and a silence followed, almost majestic, awful to Ephim with the meaning of his outrage.

His father tried to rise, but fell back. The half-breed lay flat on his face, till a prod with a boat-hook started him. His shifting eyes met the white beard and red features of the Captain.

"Mike Asoff," said Bayles, "I 'm sorry that it 's you. Your name 's too good around the islands. I 'd never expected this."

The old man tried to speak, but could not. His lined face hardened into a look of unutterable misery. Ephim gripped himself.

"It aint us!" he burst out defiantly. "An' we ken prove it. We killed no seals." A last resource flashed through him. "Hev you seen the Jap aboard our schooner—the one we picked up?" he probed.

"Yes," said a young officer. "And says he can 't talk English."

Ephim brightened. Why should n't the Jap defend them? Not held guilty of poaching twice, his penalty might be the less.

"Tell the truth, boy," came from the bottom of the dory.

"That 's how I 'll get us out of this," assured the half-breed.

"There 's no way out, Mike. You 're caught inside the thirty miles, and it 's the law," said Bayles.

"The aint no law against landing for water, is the'?" Ephim sparred, and pointing, "You see our barrel on the beach?"

An officer laughed jeeringly. "Yes, you liar, and saw you piling pelts there."

"Yes, and whose skins? Who killed them?" furiously burst out Ephim. He saw that his moment had come, and seized it. "You' d a-be'n piling them there, 'f you done your duty. You seen us follow the Japs, and the fog come up off Amak, and the pirates sneak behind the rocks. They hid them there, as you oughter known. But no, you cut them in two, take a couple of Japs and hit for Unalaska, let the rest drown, and the skins go to h—l." He paused for breath. "An' what do we do? We pick up one o' the poor beggars. We make him take us t' Amak, show us the pelts, an' we hit here with them, to give 'em back to the company they belong to, an' hand over the pirate to the guards. You found him tied, did n't yer? Well—You see us piling his skins on the beach, the guard sees us, too, and both fire on us. We put in our bill to the Gover'ment for this, and they pay for shootin' the old man—"

The sailors looked blankly at one another. Ephim's breast burned. If only they did n't go ashore! There they would find the freshly killed seals. Bayles glared at the beach through his glass

"We 'd go an' see for ourselves in there, if it were n't for the fog," said he. "Those natives 'ud pick us off, as well. Yes, I see the skins, all right. They 'll find 'em." And the guards, already met with the cutter's fire, would n't venture into the rookery till the carcasses were cold!

"Is that all straight, Mike Asoff?" said Bayles, turning to the old man. "I 'd almost believe your word. We 've always been friends, and I 'd hate to see you jailed. I give you every chance." It was said in Bering Sea of Bayles that if fate had n't cast him with the Government, he would himself have been a poacher.

"My boy—" breathed the old man, with closed eyes. The young officer in tarnished gilt touched his wound. "Only in the flesh," he said. "He 'll come about."

"I tell you," said another, at length. "How 's putting it up to the Jap? We can get the truth out of him, if we have to use hot irons. He can 't have no love for Asoff here, who 's strung him so. He 's nothing to gain by—"

The sound of a splash off the *Beluga's* bow cut him short. The men turned to see a spurt of white water rise dimly through the fog.

"Overboard! Untied, and drowned himself, by G—!" said Bayles. "And it 's his best place. He knows what 's coming to him. No use to bother a Jap when he 's set on suicide. You 're pretty bloody, you two," he turned to Ephim. "Make fast to us."

"So you 'd be, packin' forty fresh pelts ashore," he answered.

The half-breed hitched the dory to the long-boat's stern, and they made for the cutter.

Ephim leaned over and whispered into his father's ear.

"Don 't tell them, dad, *don 't,*" he pleaded. "It 's life and death to us. I did n't take you here,—you know it. We could n't help it when we seen the seals. What one of us raised in the North could, with them beasts bellering so? It was n't us did it, it was something come and took on us inside. An' we get away with nothing. Dad, Oh *dad,* I 've saved you!"

"You bet the bad story was the Jap 's all right," observed the lieutenant. "And there 's how he confessed it."

Still with closed eyes, Mike Asoff reached for his son's hand, and pressed it in his trembling fingers.



Development News

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, California, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippines

COMPILED BY RAN DALL R. HOWARD.

"The true law of the race is progress and development. Whenever civilization pauses in the march of conquest, it is overthrown by the barbarian."—Simms.

(Note: Individuals, organizations, and the various State and Federal Departments, are invited to submit, for use in this department, items relating to the states and territories west of the Rocky Mountains, and of general interest to its residents, or to prospective Eastern homeseekers or investors. Address Editor Progress Department.)

Note—Readers desiring more complete information regarding any enterprise mentioned in this department, should address the Chamber of Commerce of the city nearest the project mentioned.

GENERAL SUBJECTS.

The Invasion of the Last West.

It is said that there has been no movement in history comparable to the continual westward march of the American pioneer farmer and those who naturally follow him. The most typical Americans of each generation—the most rugged, bold and enterprising—have heard the Call of the West, and were not able to resist. By the process of elimination each new pioneer generation should be a little more rugged, bold and enterprising than the preceding. As a natural result each new section of the land should be colonized more intelligently and thoroughly. Thus the "Last West" should have a great advantage over the previous "Wests." And so it seems to be proving, for at no time in the history of the Coast and the Northwest has the colonist traffic been greater than during the present year. There are natural reasons for this condition, however, as well as the inherited. By inheritance the normal red-blooded American is a colonizer; and the old saying that "Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm" will not be classed among the trite untruths so long as the present thousands of acres of the West remain vacant. Beyond natural instinct, however, are the recent economic conditions that are forcing the people of the East to look westward. The million-a-year immigration is creating strong class feelings and sharp divisions of society, all of which can only be escaped by migration further West. A still greater factor in the increased Western movement is the recent financial flurry and the resulting hard times. During such times the newer and less developed sections of country always profit, for their undeveloped natural resources form an outlet for capital and labor. Their promise of big returns for money, brains and energy, regardless of the condition of the Eastern markets or the whims of the manufacturer send an irresistible appeal to the dissatisfied and the suffering. That this dissatisfaction has extended even to the middle classes and the well-to-do is conclusively proved by the fact that an entirely different class of immigrants are coming West this year as compared with the past years. Railroad men say that a very large per cent of their passengers this year are riding in the Pullman or occupying "tourist" berths. Also the Oregon Development League reports that half of the inquiries that they are receiving concerning the much-advertised Oregon fruit orchards are coming from professional men of the East and Middle West. As a last word, proving that opportunities are not wanting and that the man who really is serious about "coming West" will eventually find a chance to work and serve, it is said that two million people could be dropped into the states of Oregon and Washington, and nobody would notice the room that they would take. And where there is the call for the settler and the land developer is always room for and need of the professional man, the business man, the capitalist, and the laborer. A new community means new towns and cities, and these in turn demand the in-

vestments of skilled hands, specialized minds and large capital.

Western States Plan to Build Their Own Railroads.

One of the proposed new schemes to aid in the development of the West is that of "community-built railroads." If conditions within a community prove that a railroad would be a profitable investment, and if the natural railroad builders for that section persistently refuse to build a railroad themselves, and perhaps so dominate the situation that natural railroad competition is kept out, then, the advocates of the new movement say, the community has a natural right to itself build such railroads as are essential to its well being. The respective legislatures of Oregon and Washington, at the last session, passed laws favoring such a scheme. The law in one State was signed by a Democratic Governor, and by a Republican Governor in the other. Both bills were introduced before the Houses by their respective Speakers. In both States the laws will be referred to the people for their sanction or rejection. The first road proposed by the community-railroad builders is one leading from Boise, Idaho, to Coos Bay, Oregon. It would give transportation to a long neglected portion of Idaho and would pass through the great 40,000-square mile Central Oregon district, the largest section in the United States without a railroad. The principal organized body behind the movement is the Oregon-Idaho Development League.

Claims of 320 Acres Allowed Under New Dry-Farm Law.

One of the most important bits of exclusive Western legislation recently passed by Congress was the Mondell dry-farming law, which was approved on February 19, 1909. The purpose of this bill is to allow the settler to increase the possible land that may be "homesteaded" from 160 to 320 acres. The argument that Representative Mondell of Wyoming has been putting forth in favor of his bill during the past two sessions of Congress, is that since the better land of the West has already been taken up, further settlement should be encouraged by increasing the possible amount of land that may be taken. Also the Mondell dry-farming bill is meant to give especial encouragement to the dry-farming movement in the West. In the main, the new land law is meant to supplement the old Homestead law, under which the larger part of the land of the nation has been privately acquired. The new law is restricted in several directions, however. First, in regards to location, for it applies only to the States of Colorado, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico. A further restriction is, that only certain classes of land are subject to entry under the Mondell Act. The land must be non-irrigable, non-mineral, and contain no merchantable timber; and further, it must be located in a reasonably compact body and not over one-and-a-half miles in extreme length. A clause that will delay entry under this act is the provision that no filings can be received by the land offices until after the land has been designated by the Secretary of Interior as being, in his opinion, not susceptible of successful irrigation at a reasonable cost from a known source of water supply. Until such lands have been selected, then, no entries can be received under the terms of the new law. Residence is required within the State where the land is located, and upon the land itself, as provided in the terms of the homestead land law. In order to insure that the residence is accomplishing something, it is further required that one-eighth of the land taken be cultivated during the second year, and that at least one-fourth shall be continuously cultivated beginning with the third year of the entry. In order to give the advantage of the Mondell Act to those who have previously filed on land, the law provided that previous homestead entries may be supplemented by adjacent vacant land to bring the total up to 320 acres. Through the efforts of Senator Smoot, of Utah, a special clause is added providing that in Utah residence may be permitted at some distance from the land, in communities where it is found that water sufficient for domestic use cannot be had on the land. Through the disfavor of some of the Idaho Congressmen, that State was not included in those to which the law is to apply.

Irrigation and Reclamation Not New Experiments.

Due to their recent prominence we may sometimes get the impression that irrigation and reclamation are new accomplishments. On the contrary they are among the very oldest things in the world. Way back in the times pictured in II Kings 3:16-17 we may read the following command and promise: "Thus saith the Lord, make the valley full of ditches. Ye shall not see the wind, neither shall ye see rain, yet the valley shall be filled with water that ye may drink both ye and your cattle and your beasts." One of the real pioneers in the building of irrigation systems was Sesostris, who lived in Egypt some five thousand years ago. We still find traces of the ditches that he built, marvelous in many ways. Returning to our own land, there is evidence that irrigation was practiced in a highly scientific way by the prehistoric dwellers of the great Southwest. Coming down to the present time, what we are really doing, then, is to rediscover and reapply what

mankind has known and practiced for centuries and ages. The movement is new in America because it is given a new application. Had we, as a nation, not had so much free land, that did not demand irrigation, our arid land would certainly have been reclaimed decades ago. Since practically all of our free land is gone, excepting the arid and semi-arid, we have taken steps to use this former waste. Now that we are really determined to recover our irrigable land, we are beginning to realize that it is by far the best land that we have. It is this discovery that is giving the real spirit to our Reclamation and Irrigation Age and that is giving the West the greatest advertisement that she has ever had, not excepting the discovery of gold in the old '49 days. That the West is truly in the midst of an Irrigation Age is abundantly proved by either talking with a Westerner or watching the newspapers and magazines which he publishes and reads. Certain it is that the big topic in and about the West, is irrigation and reclamation. But it is not all talk, for behind this reclamation feeling and theory are some big facts. It is easy enough to say that an estimated 11,000,000 acres of land in the West have already been reclaimed, and that there is probably enough water to reclaim 30,000,000 acres additional; that $42,000,000 of public capital and $90,000,000 more of private capital have been expended in reclamation; and that the Government has thirty different reclamation projects under way, only two of which are fully completed. We only begin to appreciate the significance of these figures when we are told that the new land to be reclaimed in the West will support an estimated population of 15,000,000, or about one-sixth of the present population of the United States.

Land Fraud Investigation Will Be Continued.

It is said that two hundred trained investigators will be at once put into different sections of the West for the purpose of investigating the large number of alleged fraudulent land deals. This action comes as the result of the appropriation by Congress of a million dollars for this purpose on the recommendation of the retiring Secretary of Interior. This large appropriation was opposed vigorously, but finally passed at the last minute. There are 32,000 cases of alleged land frauds in the different States of the West, and the land under question has an estimated valuation of $110,000,000. Coal and timber land filings will furnish material for the larger part of these investigations.

Scramble For Indian Reservation Land in Oregon.

A little index as to what may be expected when each of the several Indian Reservations in the different Western States are opened to public entry, was recently shown in Portland, on the opening of the few claims of the Siletz Indian Reservation. The line of applicants for the choice lands of the reservation began to form a day and a night previous to the time that the applications would be received by the land office officials. The applicants were given numbers but were required to stand in line to hold their places. Though each person was allowed to file on 160 acres of land, many of the number in line filed only on eighty acres. By the terms of the homestead land laws, these parties are required to establish residence on the land within six months from the time of the filing and continue residence for a period of three years, though the land may be bought in, after a fourteen months' residence, at a fixed price of one dollar and fifty cents per acre. A number of land rushes may be expected in several of the Western States before the close of 1910, for approximately 10,000,000 acres of reservation land will be opened to public entry before that time, as announced in the April number of the Pacific Monthly.

OREGON.

Large Reclamation Project in Baker County.

The withdrawal of a large tract of land in Baker County, in Eastern Oregon, from entry, by the Reclamation Service gives assurance of a new irrigation project for Oregon. Under the proposed plans it is possible to irrigate from 20,000 to 50,000 acres of largely arid land, within fourteen miles of Baker City. That the project will be put through at once is proved by the fact that the State Land Board has already entered into contract with the Evans-Almiral Company and received a $10,000 deposit as a guarantee that the preliminary survey for the irrigation of the large tract will be completed within six months from April 1. After the report of this company, as to the probable cost of the scheme, they will be given the option of reclaiming it if their terms meet the approval of the State Land Board. If not, then some other company will be allowed to reclaim the land under the provisions of the Carey Act. This failing, the Reclamation Service will likely make it a Government project. The new project is located in the lower Powder Valley and was first discovered by State Engineer Lewis in 1907 and recommended by him in his last report. Entire secrecy has been observed in working out the preliminary details of the scheme, since about half the land to be benefited is still in Government ownership. The water

for the irrigation will be obtained by constructing a storage dam, ninety feet high and 450 feet long, in the Powder River Valley, ten miles above the land to be irrigated. Such a dam will store 36,000 acre feet of water, it is estimated. The land will be first class when irrigated. The average altitude is 2,800 feet. One of the especially promising features of the proposed scheme, is the promise of the company that now holds the option on the project, to construct an electric railroad from Baker City through the district. Such a road would give an easy outlet for produce.

Government Projects Prospective and Under Way.

Several facts combined would seem to indicate that Oregon may reasonably expect the completion of several new Government reclamation projects within the next few years. The fact of first importance is the new water code passed by the last session of the Oregon Legislature. It is known that a number of otherwise feasible projects have been given up or delayed by the Reclamation Service because of the hampering status of the previous water code of the State. But with the passage of what authorities have recently pronounced "the best water law to be found in the United States," this deterring influence has been eliminated. A second fact of importance is that a large part of Oregon's share of the national reclamation fund is still unused—announced to be over $6,000,000 some months ago. In fact, it has been asserted that less money proportionately has been spent in Oregon by the Reclamation Service than in any other of the Western States that are entitled to this fund. According to the terms of the Reclamation Act, the money that is contributed to this fund by the various States is placed to the credit of the particular States and supposed to be eventually expended there. There are several further facts to supplement the belief of immediate activity. It has been announced that several new projects in certain sections of Eastern Oregon are being considered, and land has been withdrawn at several points pending investigation. One of the most promising of the reclamation schemes that have been previously considered is the Malheur project in extreme Eastern Oregon. About four years ago much preliminary work was done on this project which would irrigate about 150,000 acres of land in the fertile Snake River Valley. The proposed project was finally abandoned by the Government because of the opposition of certain large land owners who refused to divide their land into small tracts, as required by the rules of the Reclamation Service. It seems that this difficulty has been met, however, for a petition has been circulated among the land owners, and it is said that over ninety per cent of them have entered their land under the terms prescribed by the Government. This petition will be placed before the Reclamation Service, who have promised to revive the project as soon as the land owners under it will meet the required legal conditions. Another encouraging fact towards the reclamation of some of Oregon's arid acres, is the recent announcement that the Government and the Water User's Association of the Klamath project have come to a complete understanding. Due to a misunderstanding as to the price to be charged for water, the settlers sent a protest to Washington, and the Government answered by declaring all work on the Klamath project suspended until an agreement was reached. It seems that at a public meeting, when the project was first gotten under way, the settlers were given to understand that the cost of water on the land was to be "not less than ten dollars and not more than twenty dollars an acre." After this verbal estimate was made, the San Francisco fire and other influences brought up the cost of labor, and it was soon found that the water would cost thirty dollars an acre. Settlers protested, saying that they had been misled. It seems, however, that the Government was in no way officially bound to the first estimate, and the settlers have come to see that it is no more than should be expected that they must pay the actual acreage cost of the project. In addition to these projects, prospective and under way, is the Umatilla project, near the Columbia River in Umatilla County, which has been officially opened and is being fast settled up.

Promised Railroad Through Central Oregon.

Central Oregon, "the largest area in the United States without a railroad," seems to be attracting the attention of railroad builders, if press announcements can be credited. Besides the roads that have been promised this section for the past generation, and the Harriman railroad that is announced to begin construction up the Deschutes River canyon as soon as the Reclamation Service approves the proposed right-of-way, another important announcement has just been made. This latest promise is the construction of an electric road across Central Oregon, connecting Butte, Montana, and Portland, Oregon as termini. This ambitious scheme is said to be financed and the company officered by men of prominence and influence. It is reported, too, that surveys are partially completed through the Cascade Mountains, and that engineers are in the field at other points on the proposed route. Beyond the fact that the electric line will pass through Baker City and the John Day Valley, no announcements of details have been made.

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As proposed, such a railroad would open up a vast country and create homesites and opportunities for thousands of settlers.

Will Colonize 40,000 Acres in Lake County.

What has been called the most important real-estate deal in the history of Lake County, in South Central Oregon, is the recent sale of 40,000 acres of the holdings of the Heryford Land and Cattle Company to a large colonizing company. The purchasing company already owns 15,000 acres in the vicinity of Lakeview, and it is their announced plan to colonize the total amount, selling the land largely in the East and Middle West. Further than the assurance of homesites for hundreds of new settlers in this fast developing section of Oregon, the sale of such a large parcel of land marks the industrial change that is taking place in the former stock-raising sections of the State. The Heryford land has been one of the best known stock ranches in this part of the West. The chief owner of the farm has been engaged in the cattle business in Oregon since 1872. It has been the policy of the three Heryford brothers to buy up land suitable for grazing and hay raising as fast as it became available, with the result of the creation of their large stock ranch. The company is strong financially and still owns 20,000 head of cattle, hence the sale was a surprise. They are said to have realized, however, that at the best the cattle business on a large scale in Oregon was doomed, and that it must give way before the thousands of Easterners who are coming in larger numbers this year than ever before in the history of this wonderful movement.

Plan to Grow Sugar-Beet Seed in America.

An agricultural experiment is now being conducted at Nyssa, in Malheur County, which if successful promises to completely revolutionize the beet-sugar industry in the United States. At the present time almost the total amount of sugar-beet seeds that are annually used in the United States is grown in Germany. So completely is the growing industry in the United States dependent upon this foreign country, that in case of a European war, the industry of sugar-beet growing must be entirely destroyed. The large amount of sugar-beet seeds needed annually in the United States has not been home-grown chiefly because of the great amount of time, patience and expense required to develop the industry. On the other hand, Germany has been making a specialty of sugar-beet seed growing for the past

seventy years. Practically the only successful American attempt to compete with Germany has been made by Colonel E. H. Morrissey of Fairfield, Washington. He has a large ranch at that place upon which experiments have been conducted for several years. A Government experiment station is located on his ranch and all of his results are carefully watched. The patience necessary in the growing of a "pedigreed" beet seed is evident when it is known that six years time is required, supplemented by careful selecting and cultivating. That the experiments of this man are proving successful seems to be abundantly proved from the fact that he has just purchased 400 acres of land in the vicinity of Nyssa, which will be devoted to a sugar-beet seed-growing farm. This land, being in one of the most fertile parts of the irrigable Snake River Valley, is thought to be almost ideal for such a commercial experiment.

Development Paragraphs From All Parts of Oregon.

A native of Switzerland, a man acquainted with the grape-growing sections of France and Italy, has declared that ideal conditions exist in the Hood River district for the growing of a high grade of grapes. Though Hood River has become especially famous in the growing of apples, this man expects to enter extensively into the grape-growing industry. To prove his faith, he has purchased 160 acres of land, it is said, eighty acres of which will at once be planted to grape vines. The value of Hood River lands in the production of apples is proved by a recent sale, said to be one of the records of that section. This particular purchase was made by a St. Louis man who paid $10,000 for ten acres of two and three-year-old Newton pippin trees.

An irrigation system which will cover the entire north end of the Rogue River Valley is said to have been perfected by a Medford company. It is the plan of this company, which operates a power dam on the Rogue River, to pump water from the river into a reservoir and from there carry it in large steel water mains to all sections that desire it. The water will be delivered under high pressure and it is estimated that water for irrigation will add an additional $100 per acre to the value of the land.

Although the "wise ones" contended three years ago that all of the homestead, desert and timber claims in the vicinity of Baker City had been taken at that time, the recorder of Baker County has issued a total of 800 patents to such claims during the past two years and nine months. These



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The *Victrola* is the greatest advance made in any musical instrument since the Victor was invented. An entirely new type on an improved principle; not a mere concealing cabinet.

The *Victrola* is complete in itself. The sounding board surface amplifies and reflects the tone waves, and the melody issues from behind the modifying doors, loud or soft, as desired.

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There is nothing else like the *Victrola*.

See and hear the *Victrola* at the nearest Victor dealer's.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of e ach month.

New Victor Records

for June

on sale throughout America on May 28

10-inch Records—Single-faced 60 cents; Double-faced 75 cents

The doubled-faced records are lettered "(a)" and "(b)".

Accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

5698 **Teddy After Africa**.....Pryor's Band
5694 **If You Alone Were Mine—Two-Step**.....Victor Orchestra
5692 **Yip! I Adeel I Aye!**.....Blanche Ring
5682 **When You and I Were Young, Maggie**.....Will Oakland
5693 **How Mother Made the Soup**.....Charley Case
5695 **Jungle Town Parody**.....Nat M. Wills
5697 **Good Luck, Mary**.....Macdonough and Haydn Quartet
5699 **My Bambazoo**.....Collins and Harlan
52016 **Wearing Kilts (That's the Reason Noo I Wear a Kilt)**.....Harry Lauder
52017 **Carnival of Venice** (Ocarina Solo).....Mose Tapiero
16295 (a) **Mariar**.....Clarice Vance
16295 (b) **It Looks Like a Big Night To-night**.....Clarice Vance
16297 (a) **Sullivan Medley**.....Pryor's Band
16297 (b) **Yankee Dude March**.....Pryor's Band

16299 (a) **Lincoln Centennial March**..U. S. Marine Band
16299 (b) **Gate City March**.....U. S. Marine Band
16300 (a) **Oh, the Women O Les Femmes**.....Victor Orchestra
16300 (b) **Rondo Caprice** (Cornet Solo)....Herbert L. Clarke
16301 (a) **Whistle and I'll Wait for You**.....Ada Jones
16301 (b) **When the Meadow Larks are Calling, Annie Laurie**.....Arthur C. Clough
16302 (a) **The Whitewash Man**.....Arthur Collins
16302 (b) **The Boogie Boo** (from "The Newlyweds").....Billy Murray
16303 (a) **I Remember You**.....Jones and Murray
16303 (b) **Lena** (guitar accompaniment).....Ward Barton
16304 (a) **Just One Sweet Girl**.....Harry Macdonough
16304 (b) **Summer Reminds Me of You**..Walter Van Brunt

12-inch Records—Single-faced $1; Double-faced $1.25

The double-faced records are lettered "(a)" and "(b)".

31735 **Parsifal—Processional of Knights of the Holy Grail**.....Pryor's Band
31734 **Hortense at the Skating Rink** (Comic Monologue).....Nat M. Wills

35076 (a) **Traviata Selection**.....Pryor's Band
35076 (b) **Trovatore Selection**.....Pryor's Band
35070 (a) **Golden Lilies—Three-Step**.....Victor Dance Orchestra
35070 (b) **Sirens Waltz (Les Sirenes)**.....Victor Dance Orchestra

New Victor Red Seal Records

Three Records by Mme. Arral

Blanche Arral, Soprano

64098 **Beggar Student**—Czardas (Millocker) 10-inch, $1—In French.
64099 **Valse d'oiseau (Bird Waltz)** 10-inch, $1—In French.
74132 **Traviata—Ah, fors' e lui (He My Heart Foretold)** (Verdi) 12-inch, $1.50—In French.

An English Ballad by Williams

Evan Williams, Tenor

64100 **The Lass of Richmond Hill** (McNally) 10-inch, $1.

A New Elman Record

Mischa Elman, Violinist

61184 **Gavotte** (Bohm) 10-inch, $1.

Two Duets by Eames and de Gogorza

Emma Eames—Emilio de Gogorza

89022 **Trovatore—Mira d' acerbe lagrime (Let My Tears Implore Thee)** (Verdi) 12-inch, $4—In Italian.
89023 **Nozze di Figaro-Crudel! perche finora (Too Long Have You Deceived Me)** (Mozart) 12-inch, $4—In Italian.

A Wagner Aria by Van Rooy

Anton Van Rooy, Bass

92062 **Lohengrin—Dank, Konig, dir, dass du zu richten kamst! (Telramund's Charge Against Elsa, Act I)** (Wagner) 12-inch, $3—In German.

Victor Records are works of art—masterpieces of music and mirth by the world's greatest artists—and their superiority is universally acknowledged.

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patents call for 128,000 acres of land. While it is admitted that the most choice of the open land has already been taken, it is maintained that there are thousands of acres still open for entry under the different land acts.

Minneapolis bankers and capitalists are reported to have purchased several hundred acres of land near Roseburg on which they plan to build a town. The land in question is on the South Umpqua River, ten miles south of Roseburg. It is the plan of the company to build twenty summer cottages at once.

The earning power of Umatilla County wheat land is well illustrated from the fact that a large farm in the wheat-growing area was recently rented at a cash rental of ten dollars an acre per summer-fallow crop, the contract covering a term of years.

The cheese production of Tillamook County, on the Coast, has been estimated at 3,000,000 pounds for 1908, with a valuation of $400,000. That the dairy industry as a whole is a profitable one to the farmers seems to be proved by the statement that the average price received by farmers for butter fat during the year was a fraction less than thirty cents per pound. They were also paid on an average a little more than a dollar and fifteen cents a hundred pounds for milk.

Two of the new industries that are being brought into prominence in Yamhill County are the growing of flower seeds and clover seeds. It is within the memory of almost the youngest of the community when wheat raising was the only industry of this part of the Willamette Valley, but that day is past. As transportation facilities have developed intensive farming has grown. New ideas have come with the new settlers and new industries result. For example, the latest innovation for the section of a flower-seed farm came with a Chicago aster specialist who was attracted to the section by the fact that the best of his own creation, the Crego aster, to be found among the Portland florists, came from McMinnville and Yamhill County. After a little investigation he decided to establish a flower-seed farm and grow seeds for Eastern markets.

A large company that has been making heavy investments near the town of Medford, in Southern Oregon, claims that there are large and valuable deposits of coal in that section. They say that estimates of their holdings alone show the presence of at least 179,000,000 tons of a good quality of bituminous coal. The veins have sandstone floors and roofs, thus requiring no timbering. Several mines have been partially developed and they promise large shipments with the improvement of transportation conditions.

WASHINGTON.

How a Railroad Can Assist in Developing the West.

It is said that more than thirty thousand new settlers came to the State of Washington during the two months of February and March and that the larger part of this number settled along the new Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad. These figures well illustrate the fact that settlement follows the railroad in the West. To fully appreciate the significance of the coming of this new railroad to the West, we must remember that it benefits several other States fully as much and perhaps more than it does the State of Washington. In fact Washington claims but about twenty of the one hundred and fifty stations and towns that have already sprung up along the sixteen hundred miles of the Milwaukee's new track from Mobridge, South Dakota to Tacoma, Washington. These towns, it will be seen average about ten miles apart, each having tributary about one hundred square miles. A very few of the towns along this railroad previously existed, but the greater number of these were created during the past two years by one fact alone—the promise of a new railroad. At least a fourth of the towns have been conceived, planned, and developed during the past twelve months. It is announced, too, that this main branch line with its one hundred and fifty stations is only the beginning of what the railroad hopes to do for the section which it traverses. The Milwaukee promises to build many branch feeder lines into the undeveloped sections. This action will likewise afford homesites and business and investment opportunities to other thousands of new people. It has often been said that there are two classes of railroad builders in the West, the developers and the exploiters. It is needless to say that the Milwaukee promises to be numbered among the developers. It has deliberately adopted the Hill policy. It should not be presumed that the Milwaukee and Hill railroads have adopted this policy of development as contrasted to exploitation, from the humanitarian feeling. Though railroads may be the greatest civilizing forces in the West, as they are, and mean more to the comfort and economic well-being of the community than any other conceivable factor, as they do, yet to the builders they are and necessarily must be, cold, business schemes. It merely means then that these railroad corporations have found that it is the best business policy to build up the traffic as they go, and develop it ahead of them. Their branch lines are constructed with the

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idea of developing the country, bringing in the people, creating traffic. As a last word, it may be said that the Hill and Milwaukee policies will continue to develop the State of Washington, and the prospective investor and homeseeker may expect the future offering of many opportunities, as the railroadless areas of the State are one by one recovered.

More Than 100,000 Acres in Washington Reclaimed This Year.

Exclusive of the Government projects under way and in contemplation in the State, it is estimated that 100,000 acres of Washington land will be newly irrigated this year. These private irrigation schemes are mostly located in the eastern and north central part of the State. The fact that the cost of getting water to the land is rather high in many cases proves that the land to be reclaimed is exceptionally valuable. In fact the greater part of it will be devoted to the growing of apples, peaches, pears and plums. It has been estimated that fully 7,000,000 of such trees, and possibly 10,000,000, will be planted in these and like areas in other Inland Empire sections during the next fourteen months. The cultivation of this extra land will insure employment to hundreds of extra men during the Fall of 1909 and the Spring of 1910. When the extra trees come into bearing still a larger number of men will be required to care for their produce, and many new industries must inevitably follow. Perhaps the most significant fact in connection with the reclamation of this 100,000-acre area is the opportunities offered to prospective homeseekers and investors. It is not alone the farmer that is interested, either. Figures of the Development League of the sister State of Oregon show that one half of the inquiries concerning orchard tracts in that State have been received from the Eastern and Middle Western professional men. Many of these business and professional men are planning forward to the time when they may claim the independence afforded by the care of a small tract of intensively cultivated land. In seeking this land it is natural that they should turn to the newly irrigated areas first, since science and experience prove that these lands are surer of returns than any other class of land under the sun. Even if they should not care to give up their business or profession at once, the land is always a safe investment and others can always be found to care for it, for a percentage of the returns. The apparent large influx of the Eastern business and professional man can be accounted for in another way. Certainly the new rapidly growing Western town offers greater business and professional advantages than the sluggish, overcrowded eastern town or city. Towns and cities must inevitably follow the settlement of a new country, and everything else being equal, the men specializing either in muscle, technical training, or capital, who are first on the ground have the best opportunity. The call to the young man of energy and foresight is especially strong.

Government Projects Contemplated or Under Way in Washington.

When the projects under way in the state of Washington are completed the Government will have reclaimed a million and a half acres of land. The larger part of this land will be brought from total waste to the highest state of productivity known in the Northwest. This large enterprise will be completed at an estimated cost of $50,000,000, which will be distributed among the buyers of the land reclaimed. It will thus be seen that the estimated average acreage cost of the land will be less than thirty-five dollars, which is considered very reasonable for the water right of Government land. One of the big encouragements to the future development of the country is that this large fund of $50,000,000—the total estimated cost of the projects—will in time be entirely returned to the Government, and will then be available to be used again. The projects in the State of Washington that are either partially or fully completed are: the Sunnyside project of 90,000 acres; The Tieton of 30,000 acres; and the Waphato of 12,000 acres. One of the hopeful new Government projects of the State is in the Kittitas project in the vicinity of Ellensburg. This project though pronounced feasible has been postponed by the Reclamation Service because of the lack of funds. Though it would reclaim 50,000 acres of very valuable land in the vicinity of Ellensburg, it has the misfortune of not bringing any land at all under water until a large amount of money has been expended. For this reason it has been sidetracked for the simpler projects. In addition to this large project it is thought that the Government will in time revive the Benton project in Yakima, Klickitat and Benton counties, and the great Palouse project of 100,000 acres.

Summary of Washington's Private Irrigation Schemes.

Two hundred or more private irrigation schemes are reported to be in operation in the Inland Empire. Many of the most important of these are in the State of Washington. Probably the highest-priced land in Washington, under these private irrigation schemes, is to be found in the Wenatchee section, the section made famous by its winning first honors and many other prizes in the National Apple Show held recently at Spokane. Unimproved land within reach of the ditch is said to be selling



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If you were to put down the names of the fifty leading Americans in public and private life the majority of them would be GILLETTE users.

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You should know GILLETTE Shaving Brush—a new brush of GILLETTE quality—bristles gripped in hard rubber: and GILLETTE Shaving Stick—a shaving soap worthy of the GILLETTE Safety Razor.

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NO STROPPING NO HONING

from $400 to $1,000 an acre, and the improved land in growing orchards, is reputed to be worth from $1,500 to $2,500 per acre. There is also great irrigation activity in other parts of Chelan County, especially in the Chelan and Entiat valleys. It is said that eighty thousand acres of land in the Spokane Valley are capable of irrigation, and many large irrigation schemes are under way in this section. In some cases the water is brought to the land by means of large pumps operated by electricity. Underground water channels are thus tapped, and though this process is expensive, the highly productive quality of the land justifies the expenditure. Much land is being irrigated in the vicinity of Priest Rapids on the Columbia River. The large plateau of 500,000 acres, north of the Yakima River and south of the Columbia, offers large rewards in the way of irrigation, but due to the expense of the project its reclamation has not as yet been undertaken. The fertile basin of 100,000 acres east of the mouth of the Yakima River is capable of irrigation. At present this land is being considered by the Government but if they do not act favorable on its reclamation, it is said that private capital is ready to undertake the large scheme. There are also two irrigation projects south of the Snake River in Washington, totaling about 15,000 acres. The larger of these is near Attila, and the other is known as the Two Rivers project. In addition to these enumerated schemes prospective and under way, private capital is also active in the irrigation of the logged-off lands in the vicinity of Spokane. Water for these latter is secured both by gravity and by means of wells.

Washington Colonizing Scheme Planned By French Scientist.

Six months residence in Seattle has seemingly convinced Dr. E. T. Gillard, a noted French bacteriologist, that the State of Washington is one of the most favorable places in the whole world for a colonizing scheme. The learned man is the possessor of large estates in France and other parts of the world, and according to announcements, he has decided to sell these all and invest in Washington and Puget Sound land. His idea is the establishment of a colony of French agriculturists, similar to the colonizing estate of 21,500 acres which he owns in Indo-China and which provides homesites for 700 families. Though possessed of large wealth, Dr. Gillard has devoted his life to science and philanthropy. One of the reasons for his great interest in the Puget Sound section of Washington comes from the fact that he thinks the climate and surroundings suitable to the development of science and art. "The time is not far distant," he says, "when Puget Sound will be to the United States what the Mediterranean is to Europe. This is a fruit country, and it is the fruit countries that have become the home of art." Besides the hope of interesting his four brothers and three sisters in France in the establishment of his French agricultural colony, the Doctor hopes to be able to establish a library of French literature in the Northwest.

General Washington Items of Progress and Development.

One of the proposed methods of securing water for irrigation along the Columbia River is by means of the current motor. Along this great river, both in Washington and Oregon, are large areas of irrigable land, but the tracts are so far above the water level that irrigation is impossible by gravity. Since the current of the stream is fairly strong in most places, the thoughtful ones have long been trying to devise a water motor that could be placed in the current thus allowing the water to pump itself to the higher lands. Many experiments have been made, but as yet the exact motor has apparently not been found. It is safe to predict, however, that it will be devised in time, and when that day comes thousands of acres of land will become irrigible.

That the new Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, which has but recently driven the last spike in its transcontinental line, is to use every possible means of building up the country for which it affords traffic, seems to be indicated from the fact that the road has requested a charter in Tacoma for a network of terminal tracks. Officials state that they have several large new industries in mind, which they will establish in and near Tacoma. The nature of these new industries has not yet been announced.

The Pacific Oregon Railway & Navigation Company has recently been incorporated in Tacoma for the sum of $10,720,000. The articles of incorporation state that the company will build and operate railroads in Washington, Oregon, California and Idaho. They also are authorized to carry on a steamship business between Tacoma and San Francisco and other Coast ports. It is thought by some that the road shows the hand of Hill, and that it means that he will enter into active competition with Harriman in his previously exclusive territory. This point seems further confirmed from the fact that the new company is supposed to be contemplating a road into the Coos Bay country in Western Oregon, which section is within the "Harriman Fence."

It is reported that a Seattle capitalist has let the contract for the pumping system that will irrigate 600 acres of land about a mile and a half north of White Bluffs, along the Columbia River. It is the plan to pump the water from the



The Howard Watch

AT night—with the train tearing through space—do you ever think of the man in the Engine Cab, his hand on the lever and his eye straining at the dark of the track ahead?

One thing shares with him his terrible responsibility—his *watch.* Do you wonder that the TIME INSPECTORS of one hundred and eighty leading railroads of America have officially certified and adopted the HOWARD—the most accurate watch that money will buy?

Despite any opinion to the contrary, American railways are the safest in the world—millions are spent for safety. Official inspection of employees' watches exists in no other country. The foreign railroad man carries no such watch as the HOWARD.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.
Drop us a postal card, Dept. Y, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

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the river with a gas engine and then distribute it to the land by means of wooden pipes. The land will be platted into ten-acre tracts for the market, it is said.

Another project for the irrigation of 400 acres of land near Grandview, in the North Yakima section, is announced under way by a local company. A vertical turbine is to be used in the pumping of the water and the scheme is to be finished in a very short time.

The Pioneer Steel Company promises to bring a large new industry to Tacoma and the Coast in the form of a big up-to-date steel plant. Plans are well under way in Tacoma, under the direction of Eastern experts. The new industry is being promoted by eastern capitalists, and that the plans are comprehensive, seems indicated by the fact that the first expenditure will be the amount of $3,300,000 for the two furnaces that will be constructed at once. Other supplementary plants will follow soon, and it is planned to ultimately manufacture everything in the line of steel construction material.

A recent purchase of 160 acres of land that will be turned into a Spokane City Park, seems to abundantly prove that the aesthetic and health-promoting is not forgotten in the midst of the marvelous material advancement of the metropolis of the Inland Empire.

Notes From Washington Fruit Growers and Agriculturists.

An Ellensburg man has just received 9,500 apple trees which he will plant on a quarter section of Kittitas Valley land. The varieties chosen are the Jonathan, Rome Beauty, Spitzenburg, Newton, Pippin, and Winter Banana.

Option has been given on what is perhaps the largest fruit orchard on the Snake River, and one of the largest in the Inland Empire, located at Wawawai, fourteen miles south of Pullman on the Snake River. The farm contains 960 acres, 250 of which is set to bearing fruit trees, from which are shipped from sixty to a hundred car loads of fruit every season. The fixed price of the orchard is understood to be $95,000.

A 480-acre wheat farm located eight miles southwest of Ephrata has just been reported sold for the sum of $14,400. Only a hundred acres of the land are under cultivation this season. The same land sold last fall for $10,500.

Two hundred acres near the town of Washtucna are to be planted to apple trees in the Fall.

A net profit of $6,000 from eighty acres of dairy land in Pacific County, Washington, for a six-year period, seems to prove the profitableness of this industry in this part of Washington.

IDAHO.

170,000 Acres of Idaho Land Restored to Public Entry.

Secretary of Interior Ballinger has restored to public entry 170,000 acres of Idaho land in the Salmon River and Whitebird regions. This act has significance from several different view points. First, perhaps, in that this action is a reversal of the opinion of former Secretary of Interior Garfield, who had this large area of grazing and timber land withdrawn for the avowed purpose of the protection of water supply. At the time of the withdrawal of this land from future entry there was a vigorous protest on the part of the two Idaho senators who combatted the action on the constitutional grounds that there was no specific law or authority granting such a withdrawal by the Secretary of Interior. The Garfield supporters answered that the reserve was created for the special benefit of the water courses of the State, hence was warranted under the constitutional clause relating to the protection of commerce. The fact that the new Secretary of Interior has restored the land to entry seems to prove that he considered the former secretary to have assumed unwarranted authority. The recent action is looked upon with deep concern by the promoters of the conservation movement, and the higher advocates of forestry. If the action may be taken as a precedent, much of the good that they thought they had already accomplished in the way of creation of reserves may be summarily undone. On the other hand, if the creation of certain of the forest and water-course reserves has been without authority, it should be known at once so that the matter can be met squarely and solved while the movement is yet new. That the action of Secretary Ballinger in restoring the 170,000 acres to public entry has constitutional significance alone, seems to be proved from the fact that both the secretary and President Taft are quoted as being sincere advocates of the new conservation movement. These restored lands will become subject to settlement and entry.

Idaho and Italy—a Comparison.

We can best know the new by comparing it with the old. And most oftentimes we come to appreciate the significance of the new only when we comparatively place it against the old and known. To apply the point let up compare the new State of Idaho with the old country of Italy. While Italy is about twenty per cent larger in area then Idaho, it more nearly approximates the area of the Western State than



THERE is a Cake-Baking Secret known to good cooks that should interest every housewife.

¶ It's the use of Kingsford's Corn Starch—not only in the *filling*, but in the *cake itself*—one part Corn Starch to three parts flour. It makes the daintiest smooth, light cake imaginable.

KINGSFORD'S CORN STARCH

is absolutely necessary for the best Angel Cake, White Mountain and other *white cakes*. Use one-half cup corn starch mixed with the flour. ¶ KINGSFORD'S has a hundred uses. The good cook reaches for the familiar yellow package a dozen times a day. It's on her grocery list *every week*.

¶ *A Word to Kingsford Friends* — Send us the name of any young housewife who thinks that Corn Starch is used only for puddings or desserts; we will send her our new little Book (*F*), "What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch." We will gladly mail you without cost a copy too if you like.

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any other of the great European states. Italy is supporting a population of 32,000,000—more than a hundred times that of Idaho. In fact the standing army of Italy totals about the same as the present population of Idaho and to support its navy Italy annually spends some $35,000,000 which is about one-third of the present assessed property valuation of the State of Idaho. As a little item of comparative cost of public maintenance, it is said that the King of Italy takes nearly three millions of dollars annually from the State, an amount that will pay all of Idaho's State expenses for two years. These comparisons of commonwealths might be carried further and it could be shown that the combined area of The Netherlands, Belgium, and Denmark is only half that of Idaho, while the population is over fifty times greater; also that these latter countries are burdened with heavy State taxation and the care of large standing armies. While the climate of Idaho differs from that of the countries of Southern Europe, it is declared that in many sections at least it has even greater possibilities of soil productivity and potential wealth. It is estimated that perhaps three-fourths of the 84,800 acres of Idaho land is capable of the highest state of agricultural development. The climate and the soil of the State, also, offer such diversity of production that should the State be entirely shut off from the outside world, the people would scarcely be aware of the fact after they had had time for a little readjustment.

Twelve Thousand Acres of State Land to Be Auctioned.

During the next few months State land amounting to 12,000 acres or more, will be auctioned off from the steps of the court houses of the six northern counties of Idaho. These State lands were taken off the market following the financial panic, and for the past eighteen months none have been sold. The State officials consider conditions now favorable however, and the regular sales will again be initiated. The State land selector has been appraising land in these northern counties of the state for some time past. The method of the State, in disposing of the lands that it decides are available, is to fix a minimum valuation on the different selections and then auction these selections to the highest bidders. It is understood that no lands can be sold for less than the appraised valuation but this valuation is always fixed fairly low. The land to be sold is largely adapted to agriculture, though a part of it is chiefly valuable as grazing land. The appraised valuation varies from ten to forty dollars per acre. These sales have been very popular in the past from the fact that they afford choice land at reasonable prices and under very easy terms. It is required by the State that one-tenth of the sale price be paid in cash at the time of the purchase and the remainder may be divided into eighteen annual installments if desired.

Lost River Project of 80,000 Acres Revived

According to the contract entered into between the State Land Board and the company that will revive the $3,000,000. Lost River project, construction work has already been begun. The company promises to have water for at least 15,000 acres of land this season and the amount of land to be reclaimed during 1909 may be extended to 30,000 acres. Though this project has had some financial reverses in the past, due to the fact that bonds could not be floated by the old company during the financial stringency, there is assurance that such an event cannot happen again, since the project was investigated by the Senate at the last session of the Legislature. New contracts have been made by the State Land Board and the new company will add an additional 20,000 acres to the segregation, which will bring the total of land to be irrigated up to 100,000 acres. The Lost River project is located on the western side of the Snake River Valley and includes parts from Blaine, Bingham, and Fremont counties, and is reached on a branch of the Oregon Short Line out from Blackfoot. The land is said to be first class, with very few exceptions. One of the chief features of the reclamation system will be a 3,000-acre storage reservoir in Custer County, which is to be constructed at an estimated cost of a million dollars.

Carey Act Project Likely for Medbury Valley.

Preliminary steps have been taken to insure a Carey Act reclamation project for Medbury. Valley, which is located about twenty miles southeast from Mountain Home, Idaho. It is understood that engineers are already at work, estimating the cost of such a reclamation system and the amount of land that could be irrigated. If these reports are considered favorable, capital is already promised for the irrigation of a large tract of fine Idaho land. A large part of the land that could be irrigated is already under private ownership, but the feeling of the settlers is shown from the fact that at a single meeting of land holders, 5,000 acres of land were pledged to meet their proportionate cost of the irrigation system. It is thought that an irrigation system can be constructed at a very low acreage cost, due to the nearness of a suitable reservoir site, and the very few canals necessary of construction. One of the interesting talked-of features of the proposed scheme is that a pressure pipe line be substituted for the customary canals. This could be done because of the abundant fall of the water, and many advantages are claimed. The



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first cost would be greater, but no water would be wasted, and then by means of inverted siphons across the little valleys it could be carried to many otherwise inaccessible places.

Miscellaneous Items About Idaho Lands.

Though the season for the opening of Carey lands had not yet arrived, the land office at Boise reports a larger number of land entries during the first half of March, than for any other full month in the history of the office. For this period of sixteen days, one hundred and thirty-nine entries had been made, and it was expected at the time of the report, that the total would easily reach two hundred for the full month. Many of the entries were made in districts that it is thought will be later included under reclamation schemes.

An election has been called for this month for the purpose of selecting directors and voting bonds that will insure a 32,000 community irrigation project in the county of Owyhee. That the measure will carry seems assured from the fact that the special election was allowed at the request of the property owners of the district. The scheme calls for the building of a large dam at Bernard Ferry on the Snake River and the 32,000 community irrigation district will be on the south side of the Snake River beginning at the Oregon boundary.

As proving the fairness of the Reclamation Service in dealing with the homeseeker, it is said that the regular payments under the Boise-Payette project, just completed, will not begin until next year. This is made possible by the Government not declaring the project officially completed until that time. This ruling has been made in deference to the fact that many of the settlers are not ready for their water this year hence are not ready for the beginning of regular tenthly payments under the regular terms of the act. For this season the water will be merely rented at a fixed price per acre, and delivered only to those who are ready to profit by its use.

What is said to be the largest grain field in Idaho is located in Blaine County within seven miles of American Falls. This wheat field consists of 2,008 acres; it is said it will be increased to at least 4,000 acres before next year. This field is in reality a number of fields that are being operated as one. It is locally known as "The Dry Farm" and employs about fifty men, and operates much labor-saving machinery. Two traction engines will daily turn between fifty and sixty acres each during the plowing season.

Following out this same idea, the Homestead Improvement Company is operating in the same neighborhood in the wholesale clearing and breaking up of dry-farming land. They already hold contracts for the improvement of 3,500 acres of land during the present season and have refused contracts for an additional 2,000 acres. It also operates a large traction engine that draws a long string of gang plows which break the land. The engine is provided with a strong light which permits its operation both day and night.

A Few Idaho Colonizing Schemes.

Seventeen citizens of Duluth, Minnesota, have sent a representative to purchase 12,000 acres of land in the Richland and Gooding section of Southern Idaho. It is the plan of these Middle Western men of wealth to devote the land to general farming for the present time, but to gradually set it to fruit trees and engage extensively in that industry. This part of the State was selected for their investment from the feeling that it was one of the most promising fruit districts. The investors number bankers, merchants and one supreme court judge. The parties would rather buy outright, it is said, than to bother with the development of a Carey Act scheme.

A Colburn, Idaho, man is placing on the market a 1,000-acre tract of land in that neighborhood, which is said to be adapted to fruit raising and grazing. It is significant that the land was purchased several years ago for its timber. Now that the timber has been removed it is found that it is adapted to agriculture and will be developed into a colony.

One of the largest deals in the history of Hagerman Valley is the recent sale of a 1500-acre ranch for the sum of $100,000. It is interesting to note that this same tract of land was bought by the first party for $21,000. The profits of the new owners promise to be fully as great proportionally, however, for it is the plan of the purchasing company to cut it into small fruit farms and place them on the market. This tract has been serving as a stock ranch since it has been occupied and it is practically all raw land.

Notes From the Idaho Fruit Growers.

The fruit-growing profits in the Payette Valley are proved from the recent refusal of $17,500 cash for a seventeen-acre apple orchard. In the same vicinity another grower reports over $5,000, net, from seven and a half acres planted to apples.

It is announced that not less than 1,200 acres will be planted to fruit trees in the "Emmett Bench" neighborhood during the early season of this year. There is a marked tendency in this district to cut down the fruit ranches to a maximum of twenty and a minimum of two acres, which have proved to afford support for a family.

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A single farm in the Lewiston Valley will plant 75,000 trees, mostly apples, this spring. Many smaller tracts in this section will also be planted.

Twin Falls.

One of the features in and around Twin Falls, Idaho, which perhaps has done more to correct any mistaken ideas in the minds of intending investors regarding just what soil in that section will accomplish, is the splendid Perrine ranch at Blue Lakes. Besides being one of the scenic beauty spots of the section, it is one of the most productive. The ranch proper is located an easy ride of a dozen miles from Twin Falls and if one chooses it can be reached by way of the wonderful Shoshone Falls, admittedly one of the wonder scenic places of Idaho.

This ranch containing a prune orchard, the product of the trees from which captured prizes at the Paris world's fair virtually seems to be planted among the rocks of volcanic lava beds. It is never necessary to offer this place as an evidence once the newcomer reaches Twin Falls, but there it is, nestling down in a canyon.

In connection with the planting of the orchard, the story is told of Mr. I. B. Perrine, one of the pioneers of the Twin Falls country, that when he made known his intentions of laying out and planting an orchard at Blue Lakes that his nearest neighbors and all his Idaho friends predicted for him that he would not alone make the biggest mistake of his life, but that he would forever ruin any prospects of establishing anything like a city anywhere in the immediate vicinity.

It would seem Mr. Perrine's "neighbors" and "friends" erred slightly in their judgment.

Blackfoot.

Perhaps no section of the great Upper Snake River Valley is attracting more attention at the present time than Blackfoot and vicinity. Recently one of the strongest commercial clubs in the Gem State was formed for the purpose of better developing the contiguous territory to the city proper. Heretofore most of the land under development has been handled in very large tracts. It is the purpose of Blackfoot interests most deeply interested to offer the best possible inducements to the home builder—the middle westerner and far easterner—who desires to bring under cultivation ten, twenty and forty acre tracts.

Diversified farming heretofore carried on extensively on a larger acreage will soon be conducted by greater numbers of people. Then too, large tracts extending over fertile, well irrigated valleys on two sides of the city proper will soon be covered either by apple orchards or planted to sugar beets, wheat or potatoes.

Many of the new settlers in and about Blackfoot are planning embarking in the fruit industry extensively. One of the strong features about Blackfoot land is that it is selling at the present time slightly lower than other land throughout the valley, due more particularly to the fact that heretofore the disposition has been on the part of land owners to cultivate larger tracts to the exclusion of the smaller investor.

MONTANA.

May Irrigate Crow Indian Reservation.

It is reported that the Department of Interior has withdrawn twenty-five townships of the Crow Indian Reservation from entry. This amount together with what has been previously withdrawn, gives a total of more than a million acres that will later be thrown open to settlement. It is thought that this action on the part of the Government indicates that a large reclamation project is being planned for the Reservation. The last session of the Montana Legislature petitioned for the opening of this reservation to settlement, and it may be that the public voice is being heard, though no direct announcement has been made as to the time that the million acres or more may be expected to be opened for public entry. As announced in this department last month, the Reservation is now being surveyed, and 40,000 acres have been withdrawn for the establishment of a large horse farm for the benefit of the Indians. Also the withdrawal of an equal area, to be created a National Park, is contemplated by the Government.

Flathead Reservation Opened in July or August.

An interview with one of the Montana United States Senators states that the Flathead Indian Reservation will be opened to public selection during the latter part of July of this year or the first part of August. Only a few of the details of the preliminary work necessary on the part of the Interior Department remain to be completed. When these are completed a public announcement of the exact date of the opening may be expected. There will be about 350,000 acres of land open to entry, and it is said to include some of the best agricultural, grazing, and timber land in the State.

Colonize 30,000 Acres of Montana Land.

A company of North Yakima, Washington, men, has been organized to colonize 30,000 acres of new Montana land. Such a large land scheme is made timely and possible because of the new branch line of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, just extended through the part of Yellowstone County, Montana, where the land in ques-

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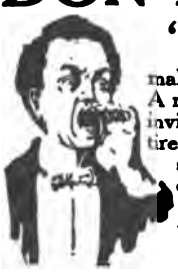
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tion is situated. The land is a part of the famous "7-9" ranch, which was such a favorite range section that in an early day the buffalo and elk had to be driven away before the cattle could be fattened. It is the purpose of the promoters to turn the vast ranch into numerous small wheat farms, and to appeal to the Eastern settler who is looking rather for the cheaper dry-farming lands than the more expensive irrigated and intensive farming lands. The land is not without its promise in other directions, however, for the district represented is being fast settled by homesteaders. The land is said to be flat, the soil deep, and the climate favorable for raising peaches and apples. Each land proposition has its special talking point, and in this case, above the fact that the land is cheap, one of the special points is that there is much vacant land adjacent to the Musselshell Valley. It is argued that these may be taken up in addition to the purchase, or by other members of the family.

General Progress Notes Concerning Montana.

It is said that a second unit of the Shoshone Government Reclamation project will be opened to public entry sometime during May. The first unit of the project consisting of 15,000 acres, was opened during 1908, and it is announced that this unit is nearly all taken by the homeseekers, compelling the opening of the second unit of 13,000 acres. Canals are now being surveyed for still a third unit which is expected to be needed early in 1910. The project towns of Garland and Powell are reported very lively, and as an index, it is said that during one unexceptional day, six cars of settlers were unloaded at the latter station.

At the last session of the Montana Legislature a bill was passed permitting the county commissioners to appropriate from the county funds, for publicity purposes. The counties of the State are divided into different classes, and the amounts that may be appropriated annually by the commissioners, upon application of a certain per cent of the tax payers, varies from $800 to $1,500. To prove the spirit in which the bill has been received, the business men of Missoula and Missoula County have already made application to the commissioners for their permitted $800. In order to make the fund more effective, they have asked the co-operation of two other western Montana counties, Ravalli and Sanders, the proposal being that the three counties join in getting out a Western Montana booklet.

In the counties of Custer and Dawson, it is said that there are fully 12,000,000 acres of Government land open to homestead entry, and that an equal area may be purchased at very cheap prices from the railroads. As an index to the growth of the section, Miles City, which calls herself "The Heart of the Yellowstone," is said to

have more than doubled her population in the past three years.

CALIFORNIA.

Garibaldi Plans Italian Agricultural Colonies.

It is the announced ambition of Giuseppe Garibaldi, a nephew of the famous Italian patriot of the same name, to establish extensive Italian colonies in California. The scheme, which is being presented to prominent California men for their advisement and co-operation, differs widely from the average colonizing plan. While the undertaking is expected to return profits on the investment, its primary purpose is one of co-operation towards aiding the Italian immigrant of limited means to help himself in acquiring a Western home. Mr. Garibaldi seems happily fitted for the work which he is undertaking, for he has completed just such colonizing schemes for the Italian Government in Australia and Argentina, it is said. It was while acting as a special commissioner for the Italian Government to inspect labor conditions at Panama that he became acquainted with Colonel Goethals in charge of the Panama Canal construction. After completing his work for the Italian Government he was prevailed upon to continue similar work in behalf of the Canal authorities, and he has been thus engaged for the past two years. Chancing to return via California he was impressed with the colonizing opportunities, which might be summed up in the labor needs of California and the chance to acquire cheap land. In general, the scheme of Mr. Garibaldi is to secure the support of capital sufficient to purchase land, homes, and seed ample for a large colony. These lands would be divided and alloted to the Italian immigrants of no means. Planting and harvesting would be under the direction of a competent commission at first, and as profits from crops returned they would, above the interest charge, be credited to the homeseeker. When the labor of the individual was not needed on his farm, he would be hired by the colonizing company in the improvement of the townsites. This labor would be credited towards the purchase price of his farm unit and towards a credit in the central store which would supply all living necessities. It is figured in this manner that the land would pay for itself within a few years, through the labor of the immigrant alone. As fast as one colony became self-supporting, the capital invested would be transferred to another. According to announcements the ambitious scheme is still in the preliminary stages and is being considered by the California Promotion Committee at San Francisco.

Review of San Francisco Trade Conditions.

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the growth and development of the chief city of California during the past calendar year, is interesting, especially as the report is not only authentic, but highly conservative. According to this 1908 report, more money was spent in improving the city than during any past year in its history, despite the large amount of new material that was used during the previous year. It is probable, states the report, that during the past thirty-two months, the per capita expenditure for city improvement has been larger than that of any other American city for a similar period. One of the results has been to give the city a much finer appearance than it had previous to the fire, since all of the buildings are more modern and of greater symmetry. One of the largest bond issues in the history of the city, totaling $18,200,000, has been voted in the interest of school buildings, fire protection, sewerage and other public utilities. Real estate transfers have represented a valuation of $28,292,244, during the last eleven months of the year, though this large amount is a little less than for the same period for the previous year. Building permits for the same period of 1908 were for $31,905,338. The interstate traffic by rail has been very large, and the water shipments of California petroleum are the largest in the history of the port, totaling 127,000,000 gallons of the crude and refined product.

ARIZONA.

Celebrate Completion of the Yuma Project.

One by one the great Government projects of the West are being brought to completion. One of the latest of these to be formally open is the Yuma project on the Lower Colorado, which is to irrigate about 170,000 acres of desert land in Arizona and California. Several facts give this project especial importance among the various Government projects. First, it has been one of the most difficult of construction hence its successful completion is a real triumph for the Reclamation engineer. The water for irrigation is diverted from the treacherous Colorado River, with its sand bottom, muddy waters and spring floods. Further than this, a large part of the tract to be reclaimed was subject to spring overflow. The whole situation was met by the construction of a mile-long high cement dam, which will create a reservoir of water containing eight square miles of water surface, and the building of over seventy-five miles of levees below the dam. There is a main canal on either side of the river, and a large inverted siphon will carry water under the Colorado River at a lower point. The 170,000 acres of land reclaimed are classed among the richest of the great Southwest, and a large number of homeseekers were already on the ground waiting to receive the first drops of water. Naturally, the formal opening of the Yuma project was an event of great local importance, and it was appropriately celebrated.

Special trains from several directions brought thousands of people to assist in the merrymaking. There were speeches by the Governor and other prominent officials, followed by parades and the inevitable barbecue. The Indians of the Yuma Reservation entered into the spirit of the occasion, for the new project will bring 17,000 acres of their reservation under water. The natural center of interest was the mile-long Laguna Dam across the Colorado, the crucial point in the large project which will create millions of dollars in new wealth and afford occupation for thousands of homeseekers, professional men and business men.

Agriculture in Arizona.

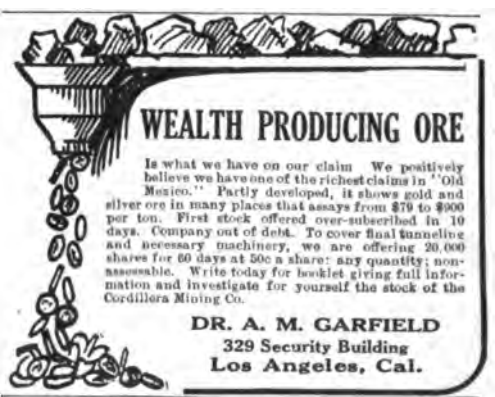
The average net profits from the raising of alfalfa in Arizona is said to vary from $60 to $120 per acre, in the favored sections. Six crops a year are expected and under present conditions there is a good sale for the yield. Near Tucson one strawberry patch is said to have returned $1,000 an acre net, from the sale of berries and plants. The strawberry bloom may be seen practically every month of the year, and berries ripen continuously from the middle of March to late fall and often until Christmas time. Sweet potatoes are among the profitable crops and one tract has been known to return a profit of $300 an acre for the past nine years. Land is said to be still open to homestead entry, within fifteen miles of Tucson. This land is arid, or at least semi-arid, but it is asserted that there are still many chances to conduct water to the land by simple gravity systems, and where this fails it is nearly always possible to secure water for pumping from wells. The pumping of water for irrigation is not considered expensive, when it is remembered that the land increases in value several hundred per cent as soon as water is provided, and that water makes possible the intensive farming of exceptionally productive soil.

HAWAII.

Periods of Hawaii's Economic History.

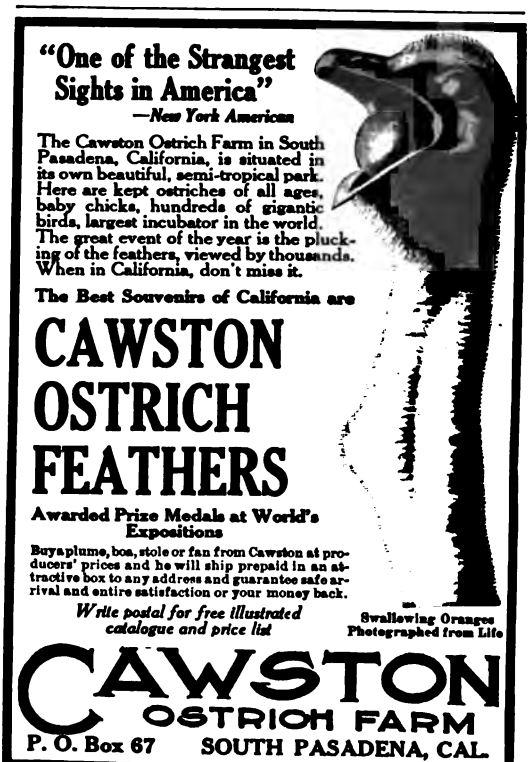
A review of Hawaii's economic history shows three very distinct periods, interesting because they tell the tale of the advance from the crude and insignificant to the complex and highly valuable in trade relations. During the first and earliest trade relations with the outside world, importations were wholly under the control of the native kings and chiefs and consisted almost wholly of sandalwood. The second period dates from the making of Hawaii the outfitting and trans-shipping station of the large North Pacific whaling fleets. The whaling industry fell off, however, upon the development of the petroleum industry during the period following the Civil War. With this, Hawaii was ready for the third period in her economic development, which was initiated by the large sugar plantations. At the present











time, over $100,000,000 is invested in the sugar industry of the Island, and the product of 521,000 tons affords employment to over 40,000 men. The second present industry of the Island is rice, and sisal promises large returns as soon as firmly established. The other new industries that are being developed are those relating to pineapple culture, the production of rubber and tobacco, and general diversified farming.

Banana Canning as a Promising Industry.

It is said that only one or two different varieties of the banana are known in the markets of the temperate zones, though fifty or sixty different varieties may be had in the home climate of the fruit. More interesting, too, is the statement that the quality known is classed as inferior, due to the fact that the more delicately flavored and delicious of this popular fruit will not stand shipment. These facts added to the one that Hawaii is classed as the natural home of the banana, have given promise to interesting trade possibilities. Several of the local canning establishments have been investigating the possibility of canning the banana as a means of carrying the best varieties to the tables of the temperate zone. So far as is known, the canned banana would be a new thing in the fruit industry, though it seems that with proper publicity it ought to become very popular. The experiments have given promising results to the present time.

Bread as the staff of life is a term that is neither understood nor accepted by the native Hawaiian, though no meal is complete to him without his poi, and for the great majority this is the chief diet. The dish is made from the tuberous roots of a plant that in appearance very closely resembles our sweet potato. The plant is first baked, then pounded into a paste which is allowed to slightly ferment, and is then ready for serving. The old custom was to use the fingers in carrying the food to the mouth from the wooden bowls, one, two or three fingers being used according to the consistency. The taste for this diet is largely acquired and many of the white residents have come to use the peculiar dish as much as the natives.

Because of the rugged nature of the land in Hawaii, the rectilinear form of land-division common to the states has not been adopted. Land is in general classed as agricultural, grazing and forest, and certain areas may be acquired under the homestead lease-plan, which gives the right of ultimate purchase, payment to be made within twenty-one years. All government lands are disposed of at auction with a minimum appraised value fixed by land agents. Grazing lands vary from two dollars to five dollars an acre; general farming land from five to twenty-five dollars an acre, and sugar lands from twenty-five to sixty dollars an acre.


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